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EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

(*NEW SERIES.*)

VOL. III.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1873.



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CONTENTS.

A.		Page			Page
A Floating Fortune	Chambers's Journal	42	Dietetics of the Soul	The Saturday Review	488
A Ghost Story	The Sunday Magazine	76	Dickens, Charles, The Life of	Temple Bar	608
"An Ugly Dog"	The Cornhill Magazine	104		E.	
Animal Grottoes	The Spectator	99	Exploration, English Arctic	The Saturday Review	97
Almanac Crop, The	All the Year Round	57	Europe, The Great Fairs and Markets of	The Saint Paul's	268
Alienation, Of	Fraser's Magazine	158	Eastlake's Hints on Household Taste	The Saturday Review	389
Apollonian Spectre Stories	The Cornhill Magazine	160	Enemies Painted by One Another	The Pall Mall Gazette	416
A Ride in Queensland	Dublin University Magazine	220	English Ballet, The	The Saint Paul's	429
A Golden Wall	Cassell's Magazine	252	Extravagance, English	The Saturday Review	670
At Her Window	Frederick Locker	280		F.	
A Chat About Feathers	Cassell's Magazine	300	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges	27, 54, 82, 111, 188, 187, 194, 223, 249, 279, 307, 355, 383, 391, 417, 447, 475, 504, 525, 558, 584, 614, 643, 671, 700, 722
Artificial Flower Trade in London and Paris, The	The Practical Magazine	815	Fourier, III., IV.	The Fortnightly Review	28
A Young Hero	Chambers's Journal	320	" V.	" " "	44
A Brazilian Market at Sunrise	All the Year Round	328	Fire-proof Buildings, Concerning so- called	The Practical Magazine	88
Aerostatics in France	The Cornhill Magazine	358	Faraday, Michael	The Illustrated Review	175
Antarctic Regions, The	The Cornhill Magazine	351, 378	Fire Brigade, The London	The Saturday Review	218
A Winter Fantasy	Frederick Locker	374	" Fifine at the Fair " and Robert Brown- ing	Temple Bar	288
Animals and their Masters	The Spectator	376	Forligner, The Intelligent	All the Year Round	311
Art and Morality	The Saturday Review	386	Fly in Amber	Cassell's Magazine	616
A Winter Wedding	Good Words	392	French Thrift	The Pall Mall Gazette	677
Aunt Dunk	The Belgravia	403, 423		G.	
A Letter to a Man of Leisure	P. G. Hamerton	435	Goethe, Johann Wolfgang	Blackwood's Magazine	1
A New French Paper	The Pall Mall Gazette	439	Gautier Théophile, Memorial Verses on the Death of	Fortnightly Review	55
Anagrams	The Cornhill Magazine	484	Gená	The Quiver	59
A Maudlin, Episodes in the Life of An American Humorist	Fraser's Magazine	488	Gautier, Théophile	The Cornhill Magazine	289
After the Night—Day	The Spectator	593	Ghosts and Goblins, Notes on	The Cornhill Magazine	452
A Night on the "Bit'er Lake"	The Saint Paul's	622		H.	
A Raid Among Recent Gossips	The Saint James's Magazine	638	Harte, Bret, in England	The Spectator	82
A Few Pot Ferns	Dublin University Magazine	677	" "	The Athenæum	411
Aubrey, Madame, and Rev. Julian Gray, Ideas of	All the Year Round	683	Herolan. By CHARLES KINGSLEY	The Cornhill Magazine	190
At the Gate. By MATTHEW ARNOLD	The Spectator	707	His Level Best	The Spectator	305
	Good Words	724	Holmes, Oliver Wendell	The Belgravia	468
	B.		Hair, Our	Dublin University Magazine	520
Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet"	The Saturday Review	148		I.	
Byron and his Worshipers	The Saturday Review	217	Ivories, Ancient and Mediaeval	Chambers's Journal	126
Book Shelves	The Pall Mall Gazette	219	Ibsen the Norwegian Satirist	The Fortnightly Review	138
Biographer A Charlatan	The Athenæum	173	Improvement, Hereditary	Fraser's Magazine	207
Buck, Mr., Reminiscences of	The Athenæum	247	Incurables, The New Cure for	The Fortnightly Review	821
Bury Lee	Macmillan's Magazine	527, 559, 585	Irish Court, The	The Belgravia	880
Bulley and the Bodleian	Fraser's Magazine	662	In these Hard Times	The Saint Paul's	401
	O.		In search of Boggart Smith	All the Year Round	459
Concerning the Disadvantages of Living in a Small Community	Fraser's Magazine	29	Ireland, The Poetic Folk-Lore of	The Saint Paul's	471
Coincidences and Superstitions	The Cornhill Magazine	36	In the Heights	Chambers's Journal	548
Christmas in Russia	The Belgravia	180		J.	
Criticism, Some Caricatures of	Fraser's Magazine	145	Johnny Fortnight	All the Year Round	198
Curios, The	The Pall Mall Gazette	358		K.	
China, The New Emperor of	Daily News	451	Kill or Cure	Temple Bar	264
Capt	The Saturday Review	5	Knight, Mr. Charles	The Athenæum	451
" and Its Roman Remains	The Saturday Review	691	Keble, John, The Rev.	The Illustrated Review	589
Cathacian Our	The Cornhill Magazine	380		L.	
	D.		La Bonne Mère Nannette	Good Cheer	81
Darwin, the study of	The Pall Mall Gazette	16	Le Jour des Morts	The Cornhill Magazine	90
Dumas, Alexandre, Fitzgerald's Life of	The Athenæum	100	Lady Dugdale's Diamonds	London Society	121
Dumas Roundline. By IVAN TURGENIEFF Translation	85, 113, 141, 189, 197, 225, 258, 281, 309, 337, 365, 393, 421, 449		Land and Sea	London Society	185
Dumas, Alexandre, "Grand Diction- naire de Coislin"	The Pall Mall Gazette	216	Lytton, Lord, as Litterateur	The Spectator	243
Dumas, M., a New Play by	The Daily News	222	" " as a Novelist	The Cornhill Magazine	387
Le Mortels	The Saturday Review	236			
"Disengagement" as a Cause of Mur- der	The Spectator	266			
Don, Gustavo, at Work	The Gentlemen's Magazine	368			
"Dublin"	All the Year Round	383			

Lola	<i>All the Year Round</i>	245	R.		
La Roquette, 24th May, 1871	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	256	Recollections of Mr. Grote and Mr.		
Lever, Charles, A Sketch of	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	261	Babbage	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	509
Laboulaye, M. Edouard	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	274	Rousseau	<i>The Times</i>	576
Literary Frivolities	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i>	290	Red Cotton Night-Cap Country	<i>The Spectator</i>	640
Love, The Philosophy of	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	352	Rosières	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	721
Littre's Dictionary	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	524			
Letter-writers, The Queen of	<i>Temple Bar</i>	555	S.		
Light Literature	<i>The Belgravia</i>	555	Shops and Shopping in Paris	<i>The Belgravia</i>	21
Luther and the Two Students	<i>Good Words</i>	719	Shorthand Writing	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	74
			Slip Carriage, The	<i>The Belgravia</i>	107
M.			Sleep	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	151
Matchmaking by Advertisement	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	53	Sporting Guns and Smokeless Explosives	<i>The Gentleman's Magazine</i>	166
Morris's New Poem	<i>The Academy</i>	96	Springing a Mine	<i>All the Year Round</i>	210
Milkwoman, The	<i>London Society</i>	101	St. Paul's, A Night on the Top of	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	200
Murger, Henry	<i>Temple Bar</i>	116	Satory, The Executions at	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	229
Memory	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	332	Suggestions towards Making Better of It	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	275
My First Rajah	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>	409	Shamyl's Country, A Visit to	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	293
Moving House	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	414	Sixty Years of Fashionable Life	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	329
Moon, Notions about the	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	463	Some Old Rogueries	<i>All the Year Round</i>	398
Memoir of a Brother	<i>The Spectator</i>	550	Séguir, Philippe Paul de	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	612
Mermaids	<i>All the Year Round</i>	555	Shakespeare's Funeral	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	497, 513
Malingering	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	681	Social Changes in England	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	549
Macready, Mr.	<i>The Athenæum</i>	642	Spirit Circles and How to Move in Them	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	574
Mill, Mr. John Stuart	<i>The Spectator</i>	668	Social Barriers	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	594
			Some One Pays	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	601
N.			School for Scandal, The	<i>London Society</i>	621
Numbers, Lucky	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	81	Soprano and Tenor	<i>London Society</i>	658
Newman, Professor, On the Duty of	<i>The Spectator</i>	356	Sunset Wings. By DANTE G. ROSETTI	<i>The Athenæum</i>	724
Suicide	<i>Colburn's New Monthly</i>	419			
Nelges d'Antan	<i>The Spectator</i>	436	T.		
Natural Theology, "The Contemporary	<i>All the Year Round</i>	438	Talleyrand	<i>Temple Bar</i>	47
Review "on	<i>The Saint Paul's</i>	443	Two Letters that crossed	<i>Good Cheer</i>	69
Northern Lights	<i>The Spectator</i>	508	"The Very Last Idyl"	<i>Punch's Pocket-Book</i>	112
Novellists, German	<i>The Cornhill Magazine</i>	566	The Potter of Tours	<i>The Gentleman's Magazine</i>	140
Names, and their Influence, Lord	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	596	Two New Year's Days	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i>	153
Lytton on	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	606	To the Queen	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	196
Napoleon, Louis. Painted by a Con-	<i>The Fortnightly Review</i>	644	The Last Scene of the Janissaries	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>	205
temporary	<i>Temple Bar</i>	678, 705	Touti and the Tontines	<i>All the Year Round</i>	268
Niagara. By JOHN TYNDALL	<i>Temple Bar</i>	715	Tennyson	<i>The Spectator</i>	302
Nerval, Gérard de	<i>The Cornhill Magazine</i>	724	The Baron in England. I.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	334
North and South. By A. C. SWINBURNE			" " " " II.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	349
Northumberland House and the Percys			Thackeray	<i>The Edinburgh Review</i>	340
Nineteenth Century, Life in the			Tichborne Dole, The	<i>The Gentleman's Magazine</i>	420
New Rome. By G. E. MERRITT			To Lina O —	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	616
			Troubled Times in Spain	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	686, 710
O.					
Old Age	<i>John Dennis</i>	84	U.		
Overwork	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	174	Under a Cloak	<i>Temple Bar</i>	123
On Society	<i>P. G. Hamerton</i>	397	Unfinished Still	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>	476
Observations of Monsieur Chose, The	<i>All the Year Round</i>	537	Unhappiness, The Art of Cultivating	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	649
P.			V.		
Poor Pretty Bobby	<i>Temple Bar</i>	10	"Very Odd"	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>	17
Pretender, The New	<i>The Spectator</i>	215	Vov-Kulak	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	93
Parliamentary Phrases, Designations,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	237	Valentines, Brown Paper	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>	336
etc.	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	370	Vienna	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	634
Problems of Civilization. By TOM HUGHES	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	578			
" " " " Second Paper	<i>The Fortnightly Review</i>	241	W.		
Property and Taxation	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	440	Water, The Forms of	<i>All the Year Round</i>	241
Panegyric Curiosities	<i>All the Year Round</i>	552	" " " "	<i>All the Year Round</i>	308
Perfumes	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	686	Wagner in London	<i>The Pall Mall Gazette</i>	458
Pekin	<i>The Academy</i>	690			
Poems, Some New	<i>The Saturday Review</i>	708	Y.		
Prince Prettyman, Waiting for			"You must know Banks"	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i>	650
Q.			Z.		
Quacks of the Eighteenth Century	<i>Temple Bar</i>	78	Zelda's Fortune	<i>The Cornhill Magazine</i>	477, 505, 538, 561, 589, 617, 645, 673, 701

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

[No. 1.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

It must always be a great deal more difficult to estimate justly and understand fully the power and gift of a poet whose works are in a foreign language, than to appreciate the singers whose tongue is our own. A great deal of the absolute essence and soul of poetry evaporates in the very best translation; and all its most subtle graces are apt to elude the student who reads by the help of dictionaries and grammars. In this particular, above all others, is made visible the influence of that little audience of cultivated readers who stand between the poet and the ordinary public, impressing often by but slow degrees their judgment and opinion upon the less-informed intelligences that take from them their cue. There is no poetic name within the last hundred years which has won a higher place than that of Goethe—we might indeed say, and with some truth, has won so high a place; and yet how few is the number of ordinary English readers who know Goethe in anything but the most superficial and accidental way! A translation of "*Faust*," taken up impartially, without scrutiny into its rank—the most indifferent being as likely as the best; a remembered glance, twenty years ago, for those of us who are old enough, into Carlyle's "*Wilhelm Meister*;" a vague traditional recollection of Werter, with perhaps the Erl-king, as a very great refinement of knowledge, to crown the information,—about so much of Goethe, but no more, may be supposed to be generally known to the English reader. And yet even the un-instructed reader, thus meagrely informed, recognizes the greatness of the name, and does a sort of homage, mingled with reverence or with scorn, with love or with hatred, as the case may be, to the great poet, fashioned so unlike most of our ideas of what a poet should be, yet shadowing over earth and sea in an abstract size and vastness which no one can deny. This kind of shadowy impression of greatness made upon the mind of the world in spite of itself, is almost a more convincing proof of the rank of the poet than that more just and clear conviction of excellence which intimate knowledge gives; and in Goethe's case the unanimous testimony is all the greater from the fact that he is, as a man, hateful to a great proportion of the people who unwillingly accord to him so high a place among his peers. His is one of the figures about which men, looking back, lose all the calm of historical observation. The thought of him still influences the mind as with a personal partisanship. To the smaller number (and let us allow that this smaller number includes those who know Goethe best) he is more than a poet—he is an idol, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of beings. But to a large proportion of the world he is, as a man—we do not think we use too strong a word—hateful. His votaries worship him with a blind faith and superstition such as are commonly enough found in conjunction with the highest intelligence, so long as that faith is not called forth towards sacred things; and a great many of the rest of us detest him with an instinctive and thorough repugnance which is independent of reason. But no one denies his greatness, his exalted place, his rank among the highest. To very few men since the world began has such a universal testimony been given; and it

is not in the nature of things that such a testimony could be other than true.

But in face of this great and perplexing figure there are so many questions to ask and difficulties to settle, that the work of the critic is hard and doubly perplexing. A great many minds of high endowment have yielded themselves, with a devotion almost abject, to the influence of Goethe; while upon as many more he has exercised as distinct an influence of repulsion, driving them from him. The former class have expounded themselves and their worship so fully as to need no further exposition. To the latter he appears in his greatness like a gigantic *génie* of the earth and air—a being possessing attributes so different from ours that it requires an effort to recognize him as actually of our own species, bound by the same rules of being. This separation from human nature is not of the kind which in imagination we are willing to assign to poets. His is not the fanciful, abstract, dreamy being, helpless among the cares of earth, born for higher occupations and aspirations which we are disposed to accept with a certain indulgence—an indulgence which makes our reverence the greater. Instead of that poetical conception of the poet, the spectator finds himself face to face with a man perfectly qualified to contend with the world, and to master it; not only not deficient in practical force and adroitness, but singularly endowed with all the strength and all the weapons necessary for every-day warfare; not shrinking, timid, and impassioned, but brave and cool beyond the ordinary range of mortal strength and self-command; not impulsive and wayward, but collected and steadfast—full of reflection, resolution—a man of purpose and perseverance and strenuous capacity. At sight of all these manifold endowments our inclination to patronize what we admire is rendered impossible; and with something of the same feeling which steels a man's heart against the woman, however attractive, however fascinating, who has no need of his superior strength, the heart of the world is repelled by the poet who stands in need of no indulgence, no tender patronage, no kind shutting of the eyes to his weakness, in the very midst of its adoration of his powers.

There are, however, reasons deeper than this superficial one for the repugnance which many readers, even when unable to resist the magic of his genius, feel towards Goethe. There is something inhuman in his greatness. We do not use the word as implying any want of geniality in his character, or of general benevolence and kindness towards other men; but rather to express the strange separation and self-concentration of his nature. He was inhuman, as Jove and Apollo were inhuman. It is not as a man, but as a demi-god raised above man in a smooth and grand completeness, that we regard him. He is not, as other men, created for common duties and common relationships, whose life is a network of connection with others, who exist for others, and for the ordinary use and service of the world. Goethe, on the contrary, is one of those rare beings for whom the world is made. To his own consciousness it is a huge machine devised for his education, for his instruction—to minister to him, to communicate experiences, informations—to afford him, by its different arts, and by various of its inhabitants, stepping-stones by which to elevate himself to such a position that gods and men may look upon him and wonder. He is irresponsible, un-moral, a being above law—nay, he makes

the impression upon us of a being existent of his own power and will, not throwing off the bonds of duty so much as born in a sphere above them — created for his own purposes, not for God's. To some minds this very idea may seem profane, as if implying that such an incarnation of semi-deity was one of the possibilities of life; but it is an idea which we think must, in one way or other, strike all who seriously contemplate the character of Goethe. So far as we can recall, he stands alone in this superb but unswerving isolation. There is no one like him anywhere — so self-concentrated, so self-conscious, so calmly certain that for him the universe is and was created. Such an idea lightly and momentarily held is part of the splendid inheritance of faith with which most of us enter life; but in usual circumstances this confidence is torn from us so soon that the belief is too airy and evanescent to afford more than one delusive moment of grandeur and delight. Goethe never allowed this faith to be taken from him. It was no delusion of his youth, but the calm assurance of the demi-god's nature: that earth and Germany and Saxe-Weimar were especially formed — not he for them, as is the generous ideal of another kind of soul, but they for him; that the men, and especially the women, who came in his way, were in like manner created for his use, to afford him the means of cultivating himself and all his faculties. We might put Shakespeare, and Italy, and the Greek mythology, and even science, into the same category, were it not that these sources of mental profit had to be shared with other men, and primarily belonged, so to speak, to other men, so that he could not lay the first and most absolute claim to them. But this is the position in which we find him from the earliest of his days to the last. Even when he makes himself the exponent of his age, he is still separate from that age, taking advantage of it, raising himself upon its shoulders, indifferent to it, thoughtful only for himself.

This self-concentration, however, can scarcely be called selfishness; neither is there any lack in it of a certain careless generosity, magnanimity, even fellow-feeling for the lesser creatures who surround him. No one more than he feels the pathos of the situation in which he leaves his Frederikas, his Frau von Steins. His sympathy, it is true, has not the slightest influence upon his actions, which are moulded by a higher rule — viz., that of the necessities of progress and self-culture; but still he has the power of throwing himself into their feelings, and of sorrowing with them. In other relationships less delicate he is perfectly kind, liberal, friendly. Suffering is as disagreeable to him as ugliness, and he never hesitates to exert himself to remove it. He is even susceptible — most tremulously and delicately susceptible — to all superficial influences. In his youth, his biographer Mr. Lewes tells us, he would take up the occupations and accomplishments of his friends along with them, studying art with the painter, and even learning his trade with the craftsman, in an exuberance of social sympathy such as few can emulate. All that the demi-god is capable of was strong in Goethe. He could throw himself into the being of others, working with them, feeling with them, finding the enjoyment of a larger nature in their sorrows as well as in their joys. What he could not do was to receive them into his being, as he threw himself into theirs. That was not possible to him. It is the limitation of greatness, but still it is a limitation. He could communicate almost to any extent of liberality, but he could not receive. All that came to him from the outer world was superficial, affected the surface of him, and was consciously used by him for his own mental advantage, but never possessed him, carried him away, drew him out of himself. Such natures are to be met with even on a lower intellectual altitude than that of Goethe. Men there are in the world, and even women, kind, generous, and sympathetic, who are yet incapable of those impressions from others which turn the scale of fortune and direct life into new channels. They may receive comfort, pleasure, instruction, from without, but never direction, or even serious influence. They may be warm lovers and strenuous friends, but they are incapable of being turned from the

natural tenor of their way, or swept into the fullness of another. Goethe was moved by all, yet moved by none — tremulous like the compass, yet, like it, fixed, and incapable of divergence from the grand centre of gravitation. And in his case the centre was himself.

We are not so daring as to say a word against that mystery of self-culture which many philosophers hold out to us as the only thing worth living for, and in which many great minds have spent all their powers. It may have a generous as it certainly has a noble side. The idea of a man who consecrates this fleeting human existence to the improvement of the faculties God has given him, scorning all meaner kinds of advantage, is without doubt a fine one; and it is finer still when his aim in self-improvement is to serve and help his fellow-men. Yet there is something in human nature which cries out against this pursuit with the vehemence of instinct, and is, secretly or openly, revolted by it. We applaud the man who pursues Art to perfection, who pursues Science even in her least attractive forms, or who devotes himself with enthusiasm even to the lower branches of human knowledge. The spectator figures to himself something abstract, something apart from and loftier than the student, which he follows through all difficulties, and labors, and struggles, even though at the cost of his life. But at the name of self-culture our enthusiasm flags. We do not explain the change of sentiment, we merely state the fact. No doubt, of all the waste lands that are given us to cultivate, this one of the mind is the most valuable, and probably the most improvable; and we are bound to do our best with it, to produce the best that is practicable from it, and in the best way. Most true; yet our prejudice remains unaffected. And there is reason in it, as in all universal prejudices. There is something in the theory of self-culture which transgresses all the modesties of human nature, and strikes that hidden consciousness of insignificance which lies deep down in our hearts, as with a jar of discord and ridicule. What! use all this great universe, so majestic, so steadfast, and so sublime, for the cultivation of one speck upon its surface; make vassals of all the powers of earth, and all the sights of nature, and all the emotions and passions of man — not for some big purpose, like the glory of God or the advancement of the race, but for the polishing and improvement of one intellect, for the sharpening of one man's wits, and the enlarging of his experience and the improvement of his utterance! The intellectualist may say, How splendid the organization which can thus show its supremacy over all things created! but the common man feels a certain sharp revulsion, a mixture of scorn and indignation, humiliation and shame. There is even a bitter mockery to him in this devotion of himself as well, his anguish and his errors, to the cultivation of the arrogant intellect, which regards him as a bundle of natural phenomena. This gives the special sting to that repugnance which we feel involuntarily towards the human creature whose life is professedly spent in the culture of himself. Does not something fail in our reverence for Wordsworth, for example, when we are bidden to believe that the poet — instead of living, as we are glad to think, in an enthusiasm of communion which was almost worship, with his mountains and lakes — made them instruments for the cultivation of himself, putting himself simply to school there, and living that life of lofty seclusion for him and not for them? How different is the feeling with which we contemplate Burns, who was never apart from these influences of nature, whose head and heart were full of them, who was made a poet by the gray hills and moorlands, the homely beauty of the ploughed fields, the daisy under his plough, and the stars over his head, but never once thought, in his simplicity, of self-culture by their means! Goethe offends a thousand times more deeply than Wordsworth ever did, since man, not to say woman, is his primer and spelling-book, and the years of his curriculum are marked by so many sucked oranges in the shape of loves and friendships from which he had taken all the sweetness that was in them ere he passed upon his triumphant way. This is his sin against humanity —

the sin which we cannot pardon him; which neither genius nor success, nor even benevolence, graciousness, and charity, can make up for. Other men have no doubt been equally inconstant, equally disrespectful of their fellows; but somehow the coarsest Lovelace has an excuse which the philosophical lover has not; and he who sacrifices old allies to his ambition is less of a criminal to nature than he who, after having *exploited* another human soul, puts it aside because he has got all he can out of it, and it is useful to him no more.

It is thus that we sum up the indictment of humanity against the great poet, whose greatness we throw no doubt upon, whose works we will not attempt to depreciate, and whose place among men is, we admit, beyond the reach of assault. No contemporary nor any successor has had so much influence upon literature. He has been the originator of schools of poetry with which he himself was scarcely connected. He has given the divine stimulus of awakening life to more than one mind almost as great as his own, and all this independent of the mass of noble poetry which in his own person he has bestowed upon the world. But with all he stands among us in a beauty scarcely human, smiling that smile of the superior which is alien to genius, — a great being who watches us, pities us, tolerates us, pierces us through and through, with half-divine perception, but is no more one of us than Jove is. His fulness, completeness, good fortune, long life, exemption from all natural griefs and calamities, are scarcely required to heighten the effects of nature; but they do nevertheless raise the tone of color and intensify the high lights in this wonderful picture. Even his personal beauty adds to the strength of the hypothesis. He is no man like us, but a veiled Apollo, a visitor from among the gods. All sense of ordinary human morality, responsibility, is to be laid aside in our contemplation of him, and we yield to admiration, even to enthusiasm, for his genius, with a reluctance which contrasts strongly with the hearty readiness of the applause which we bestow on much inferior men.

We must add, however, that all this is said from an English point of view, and professes to represent no more than the sentiments of a large portion of foreign readers. Goethe has been the idol of his own country since ever he revealed himself to her, as Dante is the idol of Italy, and Shakespeare of England. And we do not doubt that, had we space to pursue the inquiry, he would be proved to be such an embodiment of the genius of his country, in all its height and breadth, its remorselessness and kindness, its cold determination and mystical hot enthusiasm, its steady pursuance of an end through whatsoever means were necessary, shrinking from nothing — as to afford reason sufficient for the worship given him by his countrymen. Into this consideration it is not necessary to enter; but it is well to remember that the aspect of the man, which strikes us with repugnance, is one which has raised his own people to the highest expression of sentiment which a nation can make towards its favorite singer. That deep-searching Teutonic mind which spares no trouble, no labor to itself, no cost to others — which has such a melting susceptibility indoors, and such a pitiless determination without — is the kind of mind to appreciate self-culture in all those heights and depths which thrill our less thoroughgoing philosophy. The steady perseverance of a scientific aim through everything, the subordination (when necessary) of other people's happiness and comfort to the acquisition of a fine piece of spiritual experience — processes which strike us with a certain sense of calm and polished barbarity — are to the Teuton so natural and praiseworthy as to claim no special comment. Neither the poet nor the nation would do this wantonly — only when necessary, — when the culture of the one or the progress of the other made it indispensable. To our minds such ways of working one's will are never indispensable: but feelings differ even in the heart of civilization. That Goethe, however, in his integrity, may very well be taken as a type of his nation, few Germans will hesitate to allow with pride. All its patient, long-enduring theories, its kindliness in detail, its stern abstract disregard of all cruelties that are necessary, its per-

severing pursuit of knowledge at any cost, its abundant sentimentalities and pitiless resolution, are all to be found in him magnified and glorified. His serenity is the very apotheosis of its phlegmatic temper, his brilliant persistence the most beautiful type of its obstinate determination. And when we read of the poet's use of everybody and everything around him, men's friendship and women's love, for his own stepping-stones and educational courses we remember (with a shudder) the later story of those Prussian¹ officers who marched secretly at the head of imaginary armies through peaceable France before a blow had been struck or menace uttered, placing their pickets in imagination with a horrible matter-of-fact and business-like prevision of what was to come; and writing down — in the gay *cafés*, amid merry talkers all unconscious of that grim comment upon the uncertainty of their peaceable lives — those notes and reports which were at once the foundation and foreshadowing of reports made afterward, when the armies were no longer imaginary, and when all this awful cold-blooded study had ended in the victory which no doubt it deserved. No doubt the victory was deserved; being wrought for by such long labor, such minute care, such persevering, patient, unwearied work. But the work, and the way of deserving, are such as chill the blood in one's veins.

We repeat, if it is necessary to repeat it, that we are neither accusing Goethe nor his country of any want of the gentler affections — kindness, charity, and benevolence. He was very good to a great many people, supported various poor petitioners, took thought and pains for his dependants, and was often most considerate and sympathetic in word and feeling, as well kind as in act. He was simply remorseless in carrying out his projects, whatever they might be — pleasantly, good-humoredly, affectionately remorseless — not to be turned from that sublime work of self-cultivation by anything in earth or heaven.

Goethe was born in the year 1749, in the town of Frankfort, in the old world, before the French Revolution was dreamt of, when Frederick was fighting, and Louis Quinze heaping up the measure of iniquities which were to be visited upon the heads of his children. Germany was an unknown land to what were then called the Muses. To all the wits it was a country of barbarians, of everlasting mist and darkness. Even its own sons despised its noble language, its wealthy traditions, the poetry and music that lay incipient, undeveloped about the roots of the national life. A few bald French couplets were more precious in the eyes of Teuton kings and nobles than all the chaotic traditional riches native to the soil. Other stars were beginning to come out in the sky, less known and less knowable, by dint of dealing with arts less universal than that of Song, when the great Sun of German literature rose unthought of, out of the homely Frankfort street. The poet was born in that condition of life which the melancholy Jewish thinker prayed for. His family was neither rich nor poor. They had no nobility to open to them the higher heavens of German society, but they had civic importance and consideration, which in its way is almost as good. If thus he had little claim upon the notice of the great, the young Goethe was still in a position which attracted the interest of many, a perfectly well known individual, whose doings, if remarkable, could not fail to attract speedy notice. And from the beginning these doings were remarkable. Through all the course of his education he stands forth upon the duller background of the ordinary youths about him — a figure always striking, though more from a certain air of jocund greatness and good-humored superiority to everybody around than from more tangible causes. At Leipsic, at Strasburg, at home in Frankfort, wherever he goes, he is not as other lads; he is already the young demi-god among ordinary flesh and blood — kind to the lower creatures about him — with a jovial carelessness, beneficence, and sympathy, throwing himself into their smaller concerns, yet always looking over their heads, finding no equal amid the youthful crowd, and requiring none, his nature being satisfied

¹ See officers' reports of Prussian generals touching the late war.

with the other relationship. At Leipzig there was a certain Käthchen upon whom he experimented with rudiments of love-making, trying his 'prentice hand in that art of producing emotion which was always so pleasant to him. At Strasburg or near it he found Frederika, one of the sweetest, simplest figures in the whole panorama of his life, whom he loved after the Goethe fashion as long as was perfectly agreeable and useful to him, and left when her day was over, sorry for her with a magnanimous sense that to lose him was indeed a calamity worth lamenting. His friends of the other sex ministered equally to the young demi-god's spiritual nourishment. One of them was Jung Stilling, whose poverty and homeliness the beautiful popular Goethe patronized and protected. "Sympathizing with Stilling, listening to him, and dexterously avoiding any interference with his religious faith, he was not only enabled to be his friend, but also to learn quietly and surely the inner nature of such men." Another friend attracted him by a different exposition of human nature, as knowing how "to subordinate himself with dignity." Thus the splendid student began his life's career. With or without dignity, all who came in his way had to subordinate themselves, to open their secret chambers, and give up what enlightenment was in them to the eager and insatiable curiosity with which he ranged about this little-known world. A noble sentiment and a noble power, it may be said, and the pursuit of such knowledge well worth any man's while. Yet somehow the process chills the spectator, gay as is the soul and brilliant the career of this great learner, this Welt-kind, apprenticing himself to life.

His first work of any importance was the heroic drama of "Götz von Berlichingen," which was also Walter Scott's work, so to speak; the forerunner of all those Marmions and Ivanhoes which have long obliterated and superseded their German pioneer. "Götz" was written when Goethe was twenty-two, and is perhaps more remarkable as being his banner of revolt against the poetical canons of his time, the outburst of a new national literature and new generation of genius — and also as the origin of a school of poetry widely extended among ourselves, and scarcely yet exhausted in force and power — than from its own intrinsic merits. These merits we cannot think to be great; though that it was wonderful in its daring there can be no doubt, and startled the whole German world by a marvellous revelation of something of their own, worth caring for, which would naturally have the profoundest effect upon a people living, as it were, out of their own language in the borrowed delights of an alien literature, neither congenial nor natural to them. In circumstances so exceptional it may be right to characterize this drama as "a work of daring power, of vigor, of originality — a work to form an epoch in the annals of letters;" or, with a newspaper of the day, to describe it as "a piece in which the three unities are shamefully outraged, and which is neither a tragedy nor a comedy, but is, notwithstanding, the most beautiful, the most captivating monstrosity." In these days, however, few English readers will find "Götz" either captivating or beautiful. It is bustling, rapid, and full of activity in its plot and action; yet it strikes us as looking much more like a fossil than an animated picture of life. One reason of this probably is, that the author, with a philosophic coolness most characteristic of his nature, makes it his aim, not to represent any group of individual souls, their passions and motives, but to give "a picture of the age." His picture of the age, however, is abrupt and fragmentary. It has neither the fulness and richness of Scott, nor the minute and patient detail of Manzoni; although, so far as this effort is concerned, Goethe was the parent of both these great writers. The drama is a breathless sketch — rapid, stirring, and full of movement, but without passion, almost without strong emotion. Götz himself is but thrown in in bold outline upon the canvas, his character very faintly indicated, and his position never made quite clear. His mixture of patriotism and individualism; his readiness for a raid at any time; his loyalty, such as it is, to the Emperor, and hostility to everybody else, — have not the clearness and force which such a picture requires.

The vacillating *contre-héros*, again, Weislingen, is little more than a shadow. The manner of his reconciliation of Götz; the way in which he falls in and then out of love with Maria; the perfectly proper and pretty behavior of that young woman herself, who, after a brief engagement to this captivating traitor, calmly makes up her mind to love and wed her next suitor, — are neither distinctly explained, nor indued with that positive reality of action which makes explanation unnecessary. Of itself, indeed, the production would be but of small account, were it not for the results which have flowed from it: it was as the opening of a door into that romantic and picturesque world of the middle ages, which has since afforded us so many splendid pictures. A work altogether destitute of passion and made up rather of conventional drawings of certain typical characters than of any living study of the men and women of the past, it has yet produced the brilliant school of fiction in which Scott's glowing pictures take the highest place, and to which we also owe the "Promessi Sposi," and even "Notre Dame."

Goethe's genius opened up this way, and gave the first impulse. Perhaps it was but the carelessness of his youth pushing the door open as he passed, throwing the impulse from him at random, in the swing and fulness of his progress, which made the real and immediate result of his first effort in sustained composition so much less great and notable than its succeeding ones. But the English reader, at least, will trace with more interest the germs of some of Scott's most animated scenes in the hasty narrative of "Götz von Berlichingen," than will move him towards that narrative itself. The trooper's description to the wounded Selbitz of the distant battle has in it a curious suggestion, which is worked out with infinitely superior force in the prison scene in "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca with much more eloquence performs a similar service for the wounded Saxon. And the abrupt introduction of the *Vehme Gericht* may also be identified as having suggested the more elaborate study of that mysterious and somewhat theatrical secret society which is to be found in "Anne of Geierstein." Thus Goethe's first production had a fate quite beyond its absolute merits. It was not a creation, but it was creative. It helped into being perhaps the most brilliant, and universally, if temporarily, successful development of literature ever known. The philosophical critic, looking back upon all the extravagances and exaggerations of that romantic school, may doubt whether the world was much the better for it. But certainly the world has been the better for Scott; and Goethe's early outburst of romanticism would seem to have been the sign-post which directed his genius to that hitherto untrodden way.

Having cast this seed into the fruitful world, which received it eagerly, with clamors of applause more than suited to the occasion — for indeed that world did not know that Scott was coming, and Manzoni and the rest, and clamored for "Götz" only, who was scarcely worth its trouble — the careless young demi-god swept on upon his wildly-splendid, ungovernable, yet always self-controlled way. The bigness and sweep of his going gives a certain air of wild freedom to his youthful career; but it is curious to see how perfect is the self-control which exists underneath the youthful *abandon*, and how thoroughly Goethe has himself and his passions in hand, going just so far as he thinks fit, and no further, either in love or riot. "Götz," we have said, was his standard of revolt against literary canons, unities, and established law of every description, the restraints of which he did not choose to endure. But the work which followed was more real, permanent, and influential than "Götz." We in this generation have partially forgotten, partially drifted away from, all possibility of interest in the "Sorrows of Werter;" but its influence has not yet died out of the world, and it is very nearly impossible to overestimate the importance not of itself, but of the stimulus it gave to the imagination. As "Götz" created the romantic, so did "Werter" the sentimental school of literature — which was a questionable advantage perhaps, yet acted upon the mind of Europe in a quite prodigious and almost incalculable way. The wild passion of

the second outburst is as different as possible from the calm historical character of the former. "Werter" is, as everybody knows, the story, told almost entirely by himself, of a young man distraught with love. It is a mixture of two experiences in real life — one of them being that of Goethe himself who, like Werter, fell in love with a betrothed maiden; but being Goethe, and not Werter, mastered his love as soon as he had got all the imaginative and mental sweetness possible out of it: the other that of a less fortunate youth, bearing the unlucky name of Jerusalem, whom love drove to suicide. Goethe put his friend's end to his own story, and the result was such a revelation of youthful sentiment in all its foolishness, weakness, strength, infinitude, and absurdity, as perhaps has never been made before or since. This is not the time to criticise "Werter." Its faults have long been apparent to the world, and, as ill-luck would have it, these faults are the very things which have been so repeated *ad nauseam* that the parent book has to bear the burden of much folly not its own. But something more true and real lay beneath, in which human nature itself found expression. In these melancholy pages, there is not only a somewhat maudlin lover working himself up to frenzy, but the imagination of a whole race, wild, excited, full of questioning and discontent, tossing itself against those prison walls of ordinary life, law, and well-being, which are to the sober soul a home and shelter. Skepticism and clean negation of everything unseen and intangible had come to their climax in the world; and following that climax, or along with it, had come its unfailing accompaniment, that profound spiritual disgust, weariness, and misery, which, so long as human nature retains something spiritual in it, must always attend upon infidelity. If man is to have no soul, it seems indispensable either that he should have no imagination, or that that imagination should go mad and lose itself in a hundred fluctuations of misery, from unrest to despair. "Werter," says Carlyle, "is but the cry of that dim-rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing; it paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint — and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once responded to it. True, it prescribes no remedy; for that was a far different, far harder enterprise, to which other years and a higher culture were required; but even this utterance or pain, even this little, for the present, is ardently grasped at, and with eager sympathy appropriated in every bosom."

This description places the work upon a higher level than we should ourselves be inclined to give it. "Werter," so far as it is a spiritual cry at all, seems to us more a protest against unhappiness than the expression of that sublime discontent which concerns one's own being in the first place. But of all the protests of humanity there is none that echoes so widely and strikes so deep. Why should not *we* be happy? What need can there be in heaven or earth so absolute, so unanswerable as this? and if personal happiness is not to be had, why should the lawless and hopeless soul endure, why should it suffer the happiness of others? Setting aside all religious restraints, the question, it seems to us, is simply unanswerable. Philosophy at the highest can but encourage and stimulate the despairing soul by arguments as to what is best and most courageous in his circumstances. But there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question; and while suicide is cowardice in one way of thinking, it is undoubted courage in another. Such was, we think, with great reason, the opinion of Goethe's age. But "Werter" is neither an apology for suicide nor an argument in its favor. It is only a picture of the processes by which a weakly-passionate, vacillating, and doubtful man is driven by the gradual working up, half conscious and voluntary, of his own feelings, to adopt that vulgar *tour de force* and easy way of getting out of his dilemma. No character has proved itself so interesting to genius as that of this doubtful being, never quite sure of what he would be at, unable to take any decisive step, plagued by his power of seeing all sides of a question (which is our modern fashion), or by incapacity for taking stringent measures of any kind either to carry out his own wishes or to

subdue them. What a wonderful descent, however, it is in the scale of power, from the sublime vacillation of Hamlet to the maudlin lingering of Werter! We do not mean to compare the two — that would be in every way unjust; for the great charm of "Werter" is simply its youthfulness, its revelation of an immature mind and exuberant imagination — and any comparison between it and our great poet's most splendid work would be as ridiculous as inappropriate; but yet under what changed conditions, does the great type of hesitation, of doubt, of unrest, present itself to the one and the other! Shakespeare, with that perfection of good sense, good taste and feeling, which are so largely mingled in the divine intuition of genius, has put away love altogether from the great intellectual being who wavers before the awful question set before him — a question which concerns principles much more momentous than his own personal happiness or misery. It seems even profane to imagine the possibility of Ophelia's frown putting the times out of joint for Hamlet. But the question of personal happiness is the one specially involved in "Werter." It is Lotte who is the sun and centre of his world: his philosophy, his musings, nature itself, alter according as her brow is bright or cloudy; and though all manner of sadnesses are skilfully worked into the picture to exaggerate the situation and deepen the gloom, these are rather reflections of feeling than independent thought, and as certainly ray out from the central fact that Werter himself is personally wretched, as do the details of his suicide. With Hamlet on the other hand, personal feelings have little to do. We have no reason to suppose that disappointed ambition, for instance, had any share in the heaviness which overshadows him from the beginning. He is sick of the mystery of sorrow and evil about him, full of forebodings which have nothing personal in them, dim perceptions of undefined wrong, suspicion, and fear, as of a spirit walking in the dark, not knowing but divining the presence of evil companions that make night hideous. This dim and sickening consciousness of wickedness and falsehood round him has swept the natural delights and miseries of youth out of Hamlet's mind at the very outset of his history. His love has been blown out of sight, out of mind, by that chill air of suspicion and miserable doubt which has killed, so to speak, his personal existence, his self-regard, his capacity for enjoyment — even his natural interest in what becomes of him. Even before the shock of absolute knowledge which unveils to him the mystery of crime which he suspected, he has ceased to care much what becomes of him. Not one gleam of personal motive is in all he thinks and says. His sense of undisclosed wrong — of evil preferred to good, and falsehood to truth, of unreality and lies in everything great and small that surrounds him, has paralyzed the very sense of self within him.

We ought to ask the reader's pardon once more for placing Hamlet in juxtaposition with Werter — but Werter here means Goethe, a more worthy comparison; and it is interesting to note how utterly opposed our Shakespeare's theory is to all the artistic principles of Goethe's life and work. It embodies an aspect of the human nature astray in the world which has not occurred to his intelligence, great as that intelligence is. In "Werter," as in "Meister," and still greater in "Faust," the entre of the world to Goethe is self. His highest misery is that man can get so little out of this world — that his happiness must be but in dreams — that all is limited about him — that he never gets what he wants: whether it be Lotte, whether it be the supreme satisfaction of wisdom, whether it be pleasure — never can he get what he wants. If for a moment the delight that he seeks is accorded to him, how he has to smart for it! In his later years the poet himself attempted to show how there might be a remedy for this in a voluntary renunciation of everything that was not to be procured — a thin sort of life-theory not of much general use, we fear. But for the present, here is the grand point at which his vacillating hero and his philosophy generally break off from everything Shakespearian. Werter moans and maunders till the reader is very sick of him; while the excellent couple, whose union makes his misery, stand by wondering some-

what, sympathizing a little, their stolid German steadiness just modified by their equal German sentimentalism. He does not want to separate that excellent Lotte from her excellent Albert; in short, he does not know very well what he wants, except to undo all the conditions of life, and get to be happy somehow. This is the aim, the sole end visible or conceivable; and this is the great poetic tendency of Goethe's genius. In "Faust" it is treated with infinitely more splendor; but the central idea is still the same.

The reader of the present day cares very little, we presume, for "Werter;" but that there are really charming scenes in it, full of the most delightful sense of both natural and moral beauty, no one who has ever glanced at the book will deny. Its celebrity has harmed it in this particular. Had it not been the cause of a kind of literary revolution, the creation of a new school, the stimulus to a new kind of intellectual life, more justice would infallibly have been done to the exquisite simple background against which the hero staggers and stumbles. Notwithstanding one recollection of delicious comicality which thrusts itself into our memory, — the climax of that scene of the thunder-storm, in which Lotte, awed and overcome by sublime emotion and admiration, lays her hand upon Werter's and murmurs "Klopstock!" — we agree with Mr. Lewes in his admiration of "such clear sunny pictures, fulness of life, and delicately-managed simplicity." The groups of children, especially, are lovely, natural, and unaffected in the highest degree; and Goethe's power of representing them is one of the most attractive features of his genius, saying much which we should not have otherwise divined both for the poet and the man.

"Werter" took the world by storm. It pleased everybody except — for a time — Lotte herself and her good husband, who resented, as they well might, the liberty taken with them. Goethe, dazzled by the brilliancy of the light he flashed upon them, was, or professed to be, much astonished by this, and breathed forth the deepest penitence. It is difficult, however, to believe that a man so able could have thought it possible that the respectable couple whom he made the centre of such a romance could have taken it calmly. He got over this difficulty, however, with ease, and thus leaped into fame by means of that which is generally one of the most private episodes in a young man's life — an unsuccessful love; his sense of the artistic force of the situation mastering even that unpleasant sense of personal discomfiture which is apt to move the youthful mind under such circumstances. Mr. Lewes proves most distinctly that his separation from the admirable Lotte was indeed very little of a heartbreak to the poet, and that he managed to enjoy life and a multiplicity of other loves even at the terrible moment of her marriage. And immediately after, another star, called Lili, rose upon the firmament, calling forth much the same comedy of rapid love, rapture, wavering, and indifference to the affection once attained, which had marked his youthful passions before. He was delivered from his last indecisions in respect to this new experience by the appearance upon the scene of his Duke, Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, the little potentate who has snatched out of oblivion a certain standing-ground among the things that remain, by dint of his patronage of the great poets of Germany, and the curious æsthetical centre which he managed to establish — metropolis of wit and refuge for genius. Goethe was but twenty-six when this distinction occurred to him. He went with his Duke to Saxe-Weimar, falling immediately into a friendship with him which lasted till death. Nothing could be more simple than the life they led: but its homeliness, and roughness, and odd mixture of the fine and the brutal, its dainty over-refinements and its romping jollity, belonged to the time and the nation, and were sanctified, as it were, by being fully shared by the prince upon whom the whole circle depended. The curious royal riot of the period which ensued, the grand-ducal entertainments, the open-air play-actings, the celebrations of everybody's birthday, the odes, the masks, the illuminations, the crackers, and the music, — are they

not all written in the book of Mr. Lewes? The members of the little court were almost all young, let it be said; and the pranks they played, and the high-jinks they executed, are the drollest interruption to a serious story. Everything was there that the imagination could desire to enrich the rollicking life of the young prince and the young poet; and, on the whole, there are worse things than the nonsense into which they plunged royally, though it was sometimes distinguished by tricks as stupid as if they had been a couple of foolish young Guardsmen. Here, too, Goethe found another love, in some respects the most serious relation of his life, in the person of the Frau von Stein, one of the high well-born ladies of the little court, — a wife and a mother, to be sure, but that was a subject of indifference at the time; and we presume a believer in human nature may be allowed to think their connection, though most intimate and tender, an innocent one. At least it is unnecessary to discuss it here; for in those days morality, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, had scarcely any existence. To this lady Goethe remained entirely devoted for ten years of his life. He consulted her about everything, saw her and wrote to her daily, loved her as much apparently as he was capable of loving, and was loved by her; and though Mr. Lewes, in his capacity of prophet to Goethe, overwhelms this poor woman with reproaches for having shown a little feeling when she too, in her turn, was cast aside, yet that will be the least of her faults to the reader, who probably will feel that a woman who has been worshipped for ten years may naturally be expected to feel a certain pained surprise when that worship is withdrawn. Mr. Lewes has no mercy for the Frau von Stein. She was forty-five at the end of her reign, and ought to have made her lover a courtesy and retired gracefully, as is the best policy of women; or perhaps, better still, should have interested herself in finding a successor to her own place in the demi-god's affections. On the contrary, she was so extremely unreasonable as to be angry and wounded by his desertion! However, she was the centre of his life during his earlier career at Weimar, before the visit to Italy which made another epoch in it. During this time he wrote several of his plays, and at least began the composition of "Meister." Of "Iphigenia," "Tasso," and the rest, space will not permit us to treat. These are not the works which separate Goethe from other men; and "Faust" had yet to be written and "Meister" completed — the great works of his life.

We are so profoundly aware of coming at a disadvantage after the elaborate and complete comments of such writers as Carlyle, Lewes, and a host of others, that we feel our courage waver as we approach the greater productions of Goethe's genius. But for the fact, indeed, that no list of great poets in the century which is past could be in the least possible without including the author of "Faust," we should have shrunk altogether from the task. Goethe culminates in this great poem, which is as much the epitome of his genius as the "Divina Commedia" is of the genius of Dante. The story is too well known to require any description. It is founded upon one of the legends which has taken deepest hold of the popular mind, especially in Germany; and with all its mystic meanings, its wild mixture of *diablerie*, and its profound intellectualism, no subject can be supposed more likely to tempt the imagination of Goethe or to rivet the attention of his countrymen. The whole fable is peculiarly national. No other country has ever given so exalted a place to the philosopher, or been so willing to regard him as the possible first actor in a great drama; nowhere else have such lofty pretensions of mind been put forth, and nowhere else is such rough horse-play practicable, or such wildly grotesque superstitions. The rude life of the common people, unveiled by any poetic graces — the utter separation of the soul living in thought in the very midst of that teeming vulgar existence which gives so characteristic and striking a beginning to the story — is thoroughly Teutonic. Such a contrast elsewhere might have appeared overstrained, but in Germany it is natural. And only in Germany could the wild fantastic dream of the Brocken and its amusements, and the

coarse horrors of the witch's kitchen, have been possible to the imagination. The drinking-bout in the wine-cellar might perhaps be equalled in other countries; but we doubt if any but a German poet would have ventured on so brutally realistic a picture, or permitted the boors to stand forth before us in all their besotted stupidity without even a gleam of wit to make them pardonable. The subject was thus adapted in an extraordinary degree both to the poet and his audience. In England its splendid power would no doubt sooner or later have forced it into notice, but its success could never have been national. Even now, we believe, when it comes to them with the sanction of generations, the first effect of "Faust" upon the simple mind is much more an impression of disgust than of enthusiasm. We have been dragged into admiration by dint of the effusive and loudly-proclaimed delight of those we have looked up to as our guides in literature. But in Germany no such mediation was ever necessary. The work at once found understanding and appreciation; and it comes to us with this vast mechanical advantage, so to speak—the advantage of having been received into the permanent picture-gallery of the world by at least one unanimous nation.

The work itself, when we come to regard it more closely, is like the old Werter-cry repeated in a deeper, vaster, more splendid tone. It is one of the most confusing and bewildering of all great poems. It satisfies the reader who looks no further by its strange and wildly tragic story, keeping its meaning safe for those who seek it. But to those who seek that meaning most anxiously, it appears a grand phantasmagoria wilfully broken, in which great gleams of sudden light are everywhere flanked by fantastic storm-clouds drifting up from some unknown sea, from some abyss of mystic vapor full of the most bewildering shapes and sounds of wonder. "The scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures," says Coleridge, who in his own dreamy soul ought to have been able, one would have thought, to comprehend his brother poet: and there is a certain reality in the image, however false its application may be. Scenes from a magic-lantern—with, however, the great living world for the curtain on which to display them, and a greater unseen world with all its mystic forces crowding in to fill up the intervals, framing every picture with rolling clouds of wonder, with huge shadows visionary and fantastic, yet terrible in their suggestiveness. Through the whole drama this sense of blended reality and unreality, this phantasmagoric character, possesses the spectator. He does not read, but looks on while he is carried from the bright soft scenes of out-door life, from the chamber of the student, from the more sacred chamber of the girl—up and away into the mountain mists, where that wild, senseless, hopeless revel is going on among the clouds, vainer than humanity at its vainest, sickening and terrible; then down again with a swoop, fate-driven, to the deeper phantasmagoria below, where all the sky and lights are changed, and woe has succeeded bliss, and the brief human dream of thoughtless love and delight has ended in death and murder and madness. Dreams all! with only that gigantic grasp of sorrow, pain unendurable, to distinguish the dream which is clothed in flesh and blood from that which is mere air and spirit.

What does it all mean? It means that in all the earth and all the air there is nothing that can satisfy the wandering, yearning, passionate soul, which is a stranger in this world and a sojourner like its fathers. Let this being throw every restraint aside; let him try knowledge at any cost, pleasure at any cost; let him adventure himself on the most awful of penalties in wild pursuit of something to satisfy him, scorning safety, comfort, virtue, everything that might be supposed to stand between him and enjoyment—and, lo! his fate is no better than that of the dullest slave: he has but a darker climax of misery, a deeper depth of pain, in proportion to the violence of his struggle. Who will show him any good? He seeks it in lofty ways, and in vile; in the flesh, in the spirit, in some wild intermediate region where fantastic delusions reign, and all is as wildly false as the disappointment is bitterly true. Never was a

more tremendous moral worked out for our instruction; but the object of the poet is not moral. He cares as little for morality as he does for probability, or the unities of art, or any other conventional thing. When Faust sets forth upon his wild journey, it is even with no belief in the possibility of that satisfaction for which he scornfully risks his soul, indifferent to the danger. In all he does and wishes there is the constant presence of this scornful despair, this want of all faith and real expectation. We feel that he accepts the devil's bargain, and sets out with him infinitely more for the excitement's sake, and to escape from the gnawing sense of his personal failure, than with any real belief that Mephistopheles can help him. His arbitrary and arrogant demand of the demon's services to procure him Margaret on the spot, as he might have demanded a flower, betrays this half-savage, half-contemptuous scorn of hopelessness. For Faust at that moment has no thought of Margaret in the deeper way of love, which surprises him afterwards when his soul is brought in contact with the fresh and frank girlish being, so simple, true, and tender, whose sudden and unthought of touch staggers him for a moment in his wild career. Here one gleam of human reality, clear as the daylight, simple and penetrating as Nature herself, alights momentarily upon the wanderer, but is obscured by the wild clouds that swallow him once again, the wild search to which he is driven by the fever within him and the fever without, his weird companion and his hungering, despairing soul. This, to our thinking, is the very heart and soul of the wonderful drama. The story embodies the tragedy of Gretchen, but to Faust it is but an incident in his awful history, an incident summing up, indeed, its inevitable and unchangeable character, its struggle of life and death between the true and the false, between the actual and the unseen, and its desperate attempt to snatch some supreme flower of satisfaction out of that universal chaos—if not of the soul, then of the senses—anything, anything! which will make him say to the passing moment, "Linger, thou art so fair!" If we could imagine the mournful writer of Ecclesiastes—be he Solomon, be he some other heart-stricken sage—roused up into a sudden tragic passion of desire, making one last frantic effort to find something which has not already been, something out of the sickening routine of every-day disappointment, there are no other garments in which we could clothe him than those of this eager but unhoping spirit, the scornful, passionate, despairing Faust, who is as contemptuous of the risk of his soul as he is of the signing in blood of the conventional compact. And here it must be added that, if any gentle reader retains a lingering wish to be able to approve of Faust, or to find some moral excellence struggling through his darkness, that fond imagination had better at once be dismissed from the mind. No thought of morality is in the whole; on the contrary, its bonds are voluntarily and consciously laid aside in order that the last experiment may be tried without any obstacle; and this even the most didactic mind will recognize as a kind of necessity. Faust, accordingly, is not a being to excite any moral sympathy; he is not a good man captive to error, or led away by temptations of the devil—or even struggling against the forces of evil which are massed and grouped around him. On the contrary, he goes out to meet them. He inspects them with an eager scrutiny, and makes a distinct mental effort to find in them, if not some good, yet some pleasure,—a fact which naturally increases tenfold the reality of his disgust and sickening perception of the everlasting meanness and pettiness of that wild riot which is so full of seeming *abandon*, but yet so slavish in its fantastical restraints. The only moment at which the man is hushed out of his wild fever is when the touch of love has arrested him—when compunction seizes him—when his wild course is stopped for the moment, and a thought of the ruin he may bring upon the creature he loves, daunts him in the delirious fearlessness which up to this moment has been his condition. The scene in the cave, for which Mr. Lewes curiously enough declares he can find no reason, seems to us the one point where the storm-driven spirit touches earth, before all the powers of hell tighten upon him that grasp which he scorns and loathes, but can-

not any longer shake off. Love and Nature have momentarily turned him back into a man. "Shall I not feel her pangs — her ruin?" he cries. "Must I drag her and her peace into the dust?" It is the sudden soft murmur of the brook amid the horrors of the mariner's dream — the sudden break of light in the sky, showing still in the midst of the tempest a possibility of calm. Short-lived possibility — impracticable hope! for fate is not to be cheated, nor the demon, nor those wild impulses which give both fate and demon their power.

The character of Mephistopheles is perhaps the most wonderful creation in all fiction. He is not a man in the guise of a demon, like Milton's magnificent Satan, but a true devil, without one mitigating feature, one compunction, one feeling, good or bad. From the time that he appears in the presence of the Lord, in a scene which we must say is not so shocking to our feelings of reverence as it seems to have been in many cases, until the last word of the drama, which he snatches at to destroy if possible the one hope of the dying girl and her miserable destroyer, the completeness of his heartless, soulless, devilish nature is never disturbed by any inopportune breaking-in of humanity. The mocking unbelief which chuckles in the very presence of divinity over its own changeless, emotionless estimate of things human, is a more original conception than that of the haughty, remorseful demons who still remember their high estate, and in the very height of their pride are conscious of having fallen. Mephistopheles, however, who still now and then likes to see Der Alte, and finds it good of so great a Lord to be civil to the Devil, is such an inconceivable mixture of cold-blooded impudence and mockery as no human imagination ever before dreamt of. And there is an infinite subtle power in the way in which this being, in the very height of his unmitigated, unimpressible intellectualism, is yet bound by the most fantastic cantrips of *diablerie* which fascinates the spectator. He who could jeer when he came out of the presence of God, is yet held fast by the pentagram on the floor as if he were some sorcerer's familiar; and has to be thrice bidden to enter, and to go through various other contemptible formulas with a mixture of absolute rigmarole in his supernatural cleverness which betrays a mockery still more profound than the mockery of the devil — the saturnine laugh within a laugh of the man who can create and despise the very demon who leads him to perdition. We do not know of anything that can be put beside this extraordinary creation of genius. Shakespeare was at once too human and too profoundly moral in his nature — to have been capable of it. He never could have brought himself to sneer at the Sneerer, and to hold up to everlasting mockery only, the worst and strangest and most pitiful impersonation of evil which ever occurred to genius. Other poets have elevated the Devil into a splendid embodiment of despair — they have hated him, condemned, even in a tender turn of the great poet's nature have pitied, the hopeless One; but only Goethe has made him at once powerful and ridiculous, victorious and paltry — the grotesque slave of an angle, as well as the remorseless master of the perishing soul.

It is in Margaret, however, that the mind of the reader, baffled and bewildered by all these mysteries, finds rest and refreshment and food for his sympathies. She is placed so beautifully on the canvas, and surrounded with such a bewitching atmosphere of song — and her presence is, besides, such an intense relief from the gloom and tumult of the other scenes — that it is almost impossible for us to allow that her character is the least truly conceived, and the least perfect in execution. This is so far natural that the use of woman in poetry is chiefly conventional, or rather typical, and that so long as she represents a certain ideal of beauty, love, and innocence, individualism is not required for her. She is the light in the picture, a thing much more straightforward and free from complication than the darkness. We fear that in saying this we will shock many readers to whom Margaret is the true attraction of "Faust." Yet, nevertheless, we do not doubt that they will, to a certain extent, at least,

agree with us when they have looked a little closer into her. She is intended, it is evident, to be extremely young — younger even than the ordinarily imagined age of girlish perfection — and perfectly simple, though rapidly developed under the magic of Faust's presence, admiration, and love. But perhaps, more from the fault of the age than the poet, this gentle creature is made so purely superficial as to yield at once to her lover without even a thought of the pollution involved — and that after she has been discoursing him in the garden scene with that wonderful mixture of gravity, piety, and bewildered girlish simplicity about his religion. To be sure, this may be said to be the effect of the spiritual power of Mephistopheles; but it is by no means one of the least powerful points in the story that Mephistopheles has no power whatever on Margaret. He steals the jewels for her, and manages for Faust a visit to her empty chamber — but he does no more. He cannot take the lover there when Margaret is within. He can neither force her innocent soul into sin, nor even throw her into a questionable position. Her downfall has to be left to herself; but this very downfall is at variance with her character. She who has but a moment before been full of sweet and anxious though confused thought about her lover's faith — who has shown such quick and true spiritual perception as regards Mephistopheles — and who a little after sings to the Mother of Sorrows a hymn so full of the loftiest pathos — consents with the careless readiness of a wanton to the first proposal of evil. This is a mistake which would have been fatal had the drama been one founded upon the ordinary principles of art. As it is, however, the wild rush of the phantoms, who are always ready to flood the scene, and hurry it on from one chapter to another, prevents us from dwelling upon the incredible rapidity of the action at this the central point of the story. Never was figure more pathetic than that of poor Margaret afterwards, though, indeed, her aspect up to the crowning anguish of the prison scene is that of an innocent martyr rather than of a Magdalen. "My heart is sore, my peace is gone," she sings in her early dependency before evil has come nigh her. But it is with a deeper tragic anguish that her song is full when she addresses the Mother of Tears —

"Whereoe'er I go,
What woe! what woe! what woe
Is in my bosom aching!
When to my room I creep,
I weep! I weep! I weep!
My heart is breaking."

She is the victim whom man and the devil, the struggling mind and the malign spirit, require to give emphasis to their conflict with all the powers of heaven and all the laws of earth. Without this example of their reckless progress over the very neck of humanity, indifferent how and where their crushing footsteps fall, the impression made upon the audience would have been less immense; and the tragedy of Margaret brings the drama into a region accessible to those who have neither insight nor patience enough to follow that unending tragedy of "Faust," which may, for aught we know, be going on still in ever new and new experiment, new clutches at those apples of Sodom which turn to ashes in the mouth.

We need not add that the "Faust" tragedy goes on to another weird scene, into which we shall not attempt to follow the poet. The worshippers of Goethe will be led by their *cultus* into these obscure shades of mystic poesy; but to us it is impossible to go with them, neither would the reader thank us for endeavoring to open to him a bewildering region where even Mr. Carlyle's enthusiasm could induce few to follow. One of the many proofs that universal and sovereign poetry must confine itself within the limits of common human perception and feeling, lies in the fact that the great fable of "Faust" resolves itself, in reality, with by far the greater majority of readers, into the story of Margaret. In her — in her simplicity and naturalness, and in the heart-rending pathos of her woe — the human interest centres. It is immaterial to the most of us whether the philosopher ever finds or not the mouthful of content

for which he risks heaven and hell; but the weeping maiden placing those flowers before the shrine, appealing to the Mother of Sorrows—the broken heart distraught with misery—never can be indifferent to us. The simplest soul weeps over her, and the greatest. What is Helena to us, or any other prehistoric witch?—but Gretchen lays the claim of inalienable human compassion and sympathy upon all our thoughts.

"Wilhelm Meister" is in every way a less comprehensible, less definable work than the great poem which has made Goethe's name forever illustrious. The best and soundest critics, and those who are most deeply acquainted with the genius of Goethe, speak with a concealed bewilderment which is not less, though it is more amusing, than that of the casual reader. Mr. Lewes himself is driven to beseech us to relinquish any attempt to discover the idea of the work, and to "stand fast by history," which would be very reasonable if it were simply a history of Meister which we were contemplating. "The first six books—beyond all comparison the best and most important—were written," says Mr. Lewes, "before the journey to Italy: they were written during the active theatrical period when Goethe was manager, poet, and actor. The contents of these books point very clearly to his intention of representing in them the whole nature, aims, and art of the comedian; and in a letter to Merck he expressly states that it is his intention to portray the actor's life. Whether at the same time he meant the actor's life to be symbolical, cannot be positively determined. That may or may not have been a secondary intention. The primary intention is very clear." This statement we should receive, we repeat, as perfectly satisfactory, had the novel been anything but the "Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister." The life of the comedian is indeed perfectly clear, and full of genius. Though the incidents are scanty, and though the tale goes on in that leisurely way which promises eternal duration, there is quite enough in it to justify its existence, were we not mystified at the beginning by an intimation of some hidden thread of meaning which no intellect yet has been clear enough to seize. "The work is one of the most invaluable productions," Goethe says to Eckermann; "I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it." It was the work of nearly twenty years of his life, was given to the world with vast solemnity, and has been accepted ever since its publication as an admirable parable of the highest class—if we only could divine what it meant. We confess frankly that the meaning which is so very hard to discover seems to us scarcely worth the trouble. The Goethe-idolater who reads it over and over will doubtless be rewarded for his pains; but the man who is not a worshipper, to begin with, will probably never return to this perplexing book. Even from Carlyle we can glean not much further in the way of absolute enlightenment than an enthusiastic commendation of the "temper of mind"—that is, the universal calm, impartiality, and largeness of apprehension displayed in the work—a temper which permits the most diverse characters to display themselves, each "having justice done" to him, each living "freely in his own element, in his proper form." This is the same quality which Mr. Lewes defends from the charge of immorality, by defining it as "a complete absence of all moral verdict on the part of the author." But both critics take refuge finally in that personal plea which seldom betokens much strength of argument. Goethe did it, therefore it must be great. "Meister" is the mature product of the first genius of our times, and must, one would think, be different in various respects from the immature products of geniuses who are far from the first, and whose works spring from the brain in as many weeks as Goethe's cost him years." This is a dangerous kind of certainty.

The second part of "Wilhelm Meister"—his *Wanderjahre* or Travels, as it is called in the English version—is still more profoundly bewildering. The processions of misty figures that wind in endless obscurity through it, defy at once the intellect and the memory—and the mysterious education which goes on in the "pedagogic Province" under the superintendence of "the Chief of the Three,"

reaches to a height of mysticism quite beyond our reach. Such knowledge is too high for us. Yet there are lovely pictures in this wildest and strangest little volume; and a kind of ineffable unmeaningness, as of a purpose which has quite overshot its mark, attracts us somehow to the quaint, beautiful picture of the Holy Family in the first four or five chapters. We have not the remotest idea what it means, and would much rather not have it explained to us; but it is like a picture of Van Eyck, or some other early Teutonic master—a group of beings, half celestial, half peasant, like nothing earthly, yet full of the sweetness of the homely soil. We have no reason whatever to give for this caprice of admiration; and it may be, for aught we know, rather a disgrace to us than otherwise; but we confess that in all "Meister" this curious fantastic picture is only one which has taken deep hold of our thoughts, or in the least touched our heart.

However, to return to the one irrefragable base of argument: Goethe wrote this book, and therefore it must have had a great deal of meaning in it. He lingered over it, in some curious twist of his great intellect, more than he did over any other work. "Faust" was a trifle in comparison with what "Meister" cost him. That this is but another instance of the manifold mistakes of genius, and of the special perversity of this genius, we might venture to say, were the poet any one but Goethe, who has the special privilege of possessing still a body-guard ready to repel any attack. But that the demi-god had this perversity is evident enough. When we read that in Rome his whole mind was occupied with study of the structure of plants—an investigation which surely would have been more appropriate to the Gartenhaus at Weimar—and that during the French campaign in which he accompanied his Duke, he was absorbed in a theory of colors—the reader cannot but feel that either a wilful abstraction of his great faculties from the more important matters under his eye, or an almost childish waywardness of imagination, must have been the cause of such strange aberration. A small man, who had been seized by such fantastic philosophies, would either have concealed them sedulously, or would have been characterized, *senza complimenti*, as a fool. But it was part of the great Goethe's instinct to follow his own intuitions wherever they led him without shame or self-explanation.

We need not dwell upon such productions as the "Elective Affinities," the *Wahlverwandtschaften*—the monument of a last love, which seized him when he was sixty, and at length married, for a pretty girl in her teens, who was sent back to school by way of putting an end to the uncomfortable romance. This story relates how a husband and wife fell in love with their two visitors, and all the delicate conflict of sentiment that ensued as to whether the four lovers were to be made happy or not. Mr. Lewes ingeniously assures us that, "taking life as it is, not as it ought to be, this situation may be considered as terribly true, and, although tragic, by no means immoral"—an opinion, however, so little agreed in by the English public at least, that the "Wahlverwandtschaften" is the only important one of Goethe's works which remains untranslated. We have said that by this time Goethe was at last married, an event which did not occur till nearly twenty years after the beginning of his connection with Christiane Vulpius, the mother of his children, who only then became his wife. The incident is not so pleasant that we should dwell upon it; but it is curious as illustrating the often-illustrated theory of the weight of bondage which men avowedly dread—the yoke of marriage bring upon themselves by other connections. Goethe, who has taken the bloom off so many young existences, had in his old age to groan under the bond, unlegalized, but strong as habit and his own weakness made it, to a coarse and intemperate companion, whom he could neither mend nor get free from. He married her finally, which was well, but did not alter the character of his sufferings, in which, recollecting the experiences of his past life, the vindictive reader will feel a certain satisfaction as of poetic justice. Certainly, unless the rules of morals and of feeling are abrogated by a man's

greatness, which we do not hold to be the case, Goethe richly deserved to have a fat and intemperate termagant saddled upon him in the latter part of his life.

That life ended most tranquilly, among such honors as have fallen to few men. He lived so long that his fame went to the ends of the earth, and brought him universal worship. From all the different points of the compass idolaters came to bow before his shrine, and these not common idolaters. In intellectual Germany he ruled supreme, though he was not a political or patriotic German, and took but little interest in the national cause. His indifference, indeed, to public events must have reached the length of affectation, as we find him in August, 1830, commenting upon "the eruption of the volcano" in Paris, meaning not the Revolution, news of which had just arrived, but a discussion in the Academy between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire! — surely a ridiculous piece of pretence, which it is impossible to account for otherwise than by the perversity already referred to, or such a petty determination to be superior as it is painful to connect with the memory of a great man. His way to the grave was as pleasant, as gradual, as softly carpeted with mosses and flowers, as ever beguiled human footstep onward. Weimar became famous through the world by his means. It was no longer known as a little ducal Residenz, or the capital of a tiny province, but as the temple in which was adored the greatest poet of his age. There, surrounded by his friends and children, he died. His companions were mostly gone before him. Duke and duchess and brother poet had been swept away into the unseen, and another generation had taken their place; but it was a generation which, from their earliest breath, had been trained to adore Goethe. He was eighty-two when the end came. He died an ideal death, with as small an amount of suffering as was inevitable, and with no consciousness of the approaching conclusion. The last words he uttered in this world were "More light!" — words most touchingly symbolical, though he meant it not. His life had been exceptionally prosperous, calm, and without anxiety. All he had wished for had fallen into his hands, and a long and mellow evening of repose had followed upon the bright and busy and lingering day.

Thus lived and labored and died a man who has, perhaps, been classed at more widely different estimations than any other man of his time. If we cannot allow, with Carlyle, that he and the first Napoleon were the two greatest men of their day, it must at least be conceded by the least willing that his influence spread more widely, and, we may say, has lasted longer than that of any other modern member of the great brotherhood of poets. He did much, and he suggested much. He set minds as great as his own going with a touch of his finger. And he was infinitely fortunate in catching exactly the right moment and the right subject to move the world withal. His fame and his nature were both profoundly national; and though his patriotism was dull, he had perhaps more to do than any of his contemporaries with the creation of that national sentiment without which no country can ever be great. In every way, therefore, the effects which he meant to produce were increased and magnified by effects which he did not mean to produce — reflections and impulses which he threw off almost without knowing. There can be no better applause given to human greatness.

POOR PRETTY BOBBY.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

"Yes, my dear, you may not believe me, but I can assure you that you cannot dislike old women more, nor think them more contemptible supernumeraries, than I did when I was your age."

This is what old Mrs. Wentworth says — the old lady so incredibly tenacious of life (incredibly as it seems to me at eighteen) as to have buried a husband and five strong

sons, and yet still to eat her dinner with hearty relish, and laugh at any such jokes as are spoken loudly enough to reach her dulled ears. This is what she says, shaking the while her head, which — poor old soul — is already shaking a good deal involuntarily. I am sitting close beside her arm-chair, and have been reading aloud to her; but as I cannot succeed in pitching my voice so as to make her hear satisfactorily, by mutual consent the book has been dropped in my lap, and we have betaken ourselves to conversation.

"I never said I disliked old women, did I?" reply I evasively, being too truthful altogether to deny the soft impeachment. "What makes you think I do? They are infinitely preferable to old men; I do distinctly dislike them."

"A fat, bald, deaf old woman," continues she, not heeding me, and speaking with slow emphasis, while she raises one trembling hand to mark each unpleasant adjective; "if in the year '2 any one had told me that I should have lived to be that, I think I should have killed them or myself; and yet now I am all three."

"You are not *very* deaf," say I politely — (the fatness and baldness admit of no civilities consistent with veracity) — but I raise my voice to pay the compliment.

"In the year '2 I was seventeen," she says, wandering off into memory. "Yes, my dear, I am just fifteen years older than the century, and it is getting into its dotage, is not it? The year '2 — ah! that was just about the time that I first saw my poor Bobby! Poor pretty Bobby."

"And who *was* Bobby?" ask I, pricking up my ears, and scenting, with the keen nose of youth, a dead-love idyl; an idyl of which this poor old hill of unsteady flesh was the heroine.

"I must have told you the tale a hundred times, have not I?" she asks, turning her old dim eyes towards me. "A curious tale, say what you will, and explain it how you will. I think I *must* have told you; but indeed I forget to whom I tell my old stories and to whom I do not. Well, my love, you must promise to stop me if you have heard it before, but to me, you know, these old things are so much clearer than the things of yesterday."

"You never told me, Mrs. Hamilton," I say, and say truthfully; for being a new acquaintance I really have not been made acquainted with Bobby's history. "Would you mind telling it me now, if you are sure that it would not bore you?"

"Bobby," she repeats softly to herself, "Bobby. I dare say you do not think it a very pretty name?"

"N — not particularly," reply I honestly. "To tell you the truth, it rather reminds me of a policeman."

"I dare say," she answers quietly; "and yet in the year '2 I grew to think it the handsomest, dearest name on earth. Well, if you like, I will begin at the beginning and tell you how that came about."

"Do," say I, drawing a stocking out of my pocket, and thriftily beginning to knit to assist me in the process of listening.

"In the year '2 we were at war with France — you know that, of course. It seemed then as if war were our normal state; I could hardly remember a time when Europe had been at peace. In these days of stagnant quiet it appears as if people's kith and kin always lived out their full time and died in their beds. Then there was hardly a house where there was not one dead, either in battle, or of his wounds after battle, or of some dysentery or ugly parching fever. As for us, we had always been a soldier family — always; there was not one of us that had ever worn a black gown or sat upon a high stool with a pen behind his ear. I had lost uncles and cousins by the half-dozen and dozen, but, for my part, I did not much mind, as I knew very little about them, and black was more becoming wear to a person with my bright color than anything else."

At the mention of her bright color I unintentionally lift my eyes from my knitting, and contemplate the yellow bagginess of the poor old cheek nearest me. Oh, Time! Time! what absurd and dirty turns you play us! What do you do with all our fair and goodly things when you

have stolen them from us? In what far and hidden treasure-house do you store them?

"But I did care very much—very exceedingly—for my dear old father—not so old either—younger than my eldest boy was when he went; he would have been forty-two if he had lived three days longer. Well, well, child, you must not let me wander; you must keep me to it. He was not a soldier, was not my father; he was a sailor, a post-captain in his Majesty's navy, and commanded the ship *Thunderer* in the Channel fleet.

"I had struck seventeen in the year '2, as I said before, and had just come home from being finished at a boarding-school of repute in those days, where I had learnt to talk the prettiest *ancien régime* French and to hate Bonaparte with unchristian violence from a little ruined *émigré maréchale*; had also, with infinite expenditure of time, labor, and Berlin wool, wrought out 'Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac,' and 'Jacob's First Kiss to Rachel,' in finest cross-stitch. Now I had bidden adieu to learning; and inly resolved never to disinter 'Télémaque' and Thomson's 'Seasons' from the bottom of my trunk; had taken a holiday from all my accomplishments, with the exception of cross-stitch, to which I still faithfully adhered—and indeed, on the day I am going to mention, I recollect that I was hard at work on Judas Iscariot's face in Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper'—hard at work at it, sitting in the morning sunshine, on a straight-backed chair. We had flatter backs in those days; our shoulders were not made round by lolling in easy chairs; indeed, no *then* upholsterer made a chair that it was possible to loll in. My father rented a house near Plymouth at that time, an in-and-out *nooky* kind of old house—no doubt it has fallen to pieces long years ago—a house all set round with unnumbered flowers, and about which the rooks clamored all together from the windy elm tops. I was laboring in flesh-colored wool on Judas's left cheek, when the door opened and my mother entered. She looked as if something had freshly pleased her, and her eyes were smiling. In her hand she held an open and evidently just read letter.

"A messenger has come from Plymouth," she says, advancing quickly and joyfully towards me. 'Your father will be here this afternoon.'

"*This afternoon!*" cry I, at the top of my voice, pushing away my heavy work-frame. 'How delightful! But how?—how can that happen?'

"They have had a brush with a French privateer," she answers, sitting down on another straight-backed chair, and looking again over the large square letter, destitute of envelope, for such things were not in those days, 'and then they succeeded in taking her. Yet they were a good deal knocked about in the process, and have had to put into Plymouth to refit, so he will be here this afternoon for a few hours.'

"Hurrah!" cry I, rising, holding out my scanty skirts, and beginning to dance.

"Bobby Gerard is coming with him," continues my mother, again glancing at her dispatch. 'Poor boy, he has had a shot through his right arm, which has broken the bone, so your father is bringing him here for us to nurse him well again.'

"I stop in my dancing.

"Hurrah again!" I say brutally. 'I do not mean about his arm; of course I am very sorry for that; but at all events, I shall see him at last. I shall see whether he is like his picture, and whether it is not as egregiously flattered as I have always suspected.'

"There were no photographs you know in those days—not even hazy daguerreotypes—it was fifty good years too soon for them. The picture to which I allude is a miniature, at which I had stolen many a deeply longingly admiring glance in its velvet case. It is almost impossible for a miniature not to flatter. To the most coarse-skinned and mealy-potato-faced people it cannot help giving cheeks of the texture of a rose-leaf and brows of the grain of finest marble.

"Yes," replies my mother, absently, 'so you will. Well, I must be going to give orders about his room. He

would like one looking on the garden best, do not you think, Phæbe?—one where he could smell the flowers and hear the birds?'

"Mother goes, and I fall into a meditation. Bobby Gerard is an orphan. A few years ago his mother, who was an old friend of my father's—who knows? perhaps an old love—feeling her end drawing nigh, had sent for father, and had asked him, with eager dying tears, to take as much care of her pretty forlorn boy as he could, and to shield him a little in his tender years from the evils of this wicked world, and to be to him a wise and kindly guardian, in the place of those natural ones that God had taken. And father had promised, and when he promised there was small fear of his not keeping his word.

"This was some years ago, and yet I had never seen him nor he me; he had been almost always at sea and I at school. I had heard plenty about him—about his sayings, his waggeries, his mischievousness, his soft-heartedness, and his great and unusual comeliness; but his outward man, save as represented in that stealthily peeped-at miniature, had I never seen. They were to arrive in the afternoon, but long before the hour at which they were due I was waiting with expectant impatience to receive them. I had changed my dress, and had (though rather ashamed of myself) put on everything of most becoming that my wardrobe afforded. If you were to see me as I stood before the glass on that summer afternoon you would not be able to contain your laughter; the little boys in the street would run after me throwing stones and hooting; but *then*—according to the *then* fashion and standard of gentility—I was all that was most elegant and *comme il faut*. Lately it has been the mode to puff one's self out with unnatural and improbable protuberances; *then* one's great life-object was to make one's self appear as scrimping as possible—to make one's self look as flat as if one had been ironed. Many people *damped* their clothes to make them stick more closely to them, and to make them define more distinctly the outline of form and limbs. One's waist was under one's arms; the sole object of which seemed to be to outrage nature by pushing one's bust up into one's chin, and one's legs were revealed through one's scanty drapery with startling candor as one walked or sat. I remember once standing with my back to a bright fire in our long drawing-room, and seeing myself reflected in a big mirror at the other end. I was so thinly clad that I was transparent, and could see through myself. Well, in the afternoon in question I was dressed quite an hour and a half too soon. I had a narrow little white gown, which clung successfully tight and close to my figure, and which was of so moderate a length as to leave visible my ankles, and my neatly-shod and cross-sandaled feet. I had long mittens on my arms, black, and embroidered on the backs in colored silks; and above my hair, which at the back was scratched up to the top of my crown, towered a tremendous tortoise-shell comb; while on each side of my face modestly drooped a bunch of curls, nearly meeting over my nose.

"My figure was full—ah! my dear, I have always had a tendency to fat, and you see what it has come to—and my pink cheeks were more deeply brightly rosy than usual. I had looked out at every upper window, so as to have the furthest possible view of the road.

"I had walked in my thin shoes half way down the drive, so as to command a turn, which, from the house, impeded my vision, when, at last, after many tantalizing false alarms, and just five minutes later than the time mentioned in the letter, the high-swung, yellow-bodied, post-chaise hove in sight, dragged—briskly jingling—along by a pair of galloping horses. Then, suddenly, shyness overcame me—much as I loved my father, it was more as my personification of all knightly and noble qualities than from much personal acquaintance with him—and I fled.

"I remained in my room until I thought I had given them ample time to get through the first greetings and settle down into quiet talk. Then, having for one last time run my fingers through each ringlet of my two curl bunches, I stole diffidently down-stairs.

"There was a noise of loud and gay voices issuing from

the parlor, but, as I entered, they all stopped talking and turned to look at me.

"And so this is Phœbe!" cries my father's jovial voice, as he comes towards me, and heartily kisses me. "Good Lord, how time flies! It does not seem more than three months since I saw the child, and yet then she was a bit of a brat in trousers, and long bare legs!"

"At this allusion to my late mode of attire, I laugh, but I also feel myself growing scarlet.

"Here, Bobby!" continues my father, taking me by the hand, and leading me towards a sofa on which a young man is sitting beside my mother; "this is my little lass that you have so often heard of. Not such a very little one, after all, is she? Do not be shy, my boy; you will not see such a pretty girl every day of your life—give her a kiss."

"My eyes are on the ground, but I am aware that the young man rises, advances (not unwillingly, as it seems to me), and bestows a kiss, somewhere or other on my face. I am not quite clear *where*, as I think the curls impede him a good deal.

"Thus, before ever I saw Bobby, before ever I knew what manner of man he was, I was kissed by him. That was a good beginning, was not it?"

"After these salutations are over, we subside again into conversation—I sitting beside my father, with his arm round my waist, sitting modestly silent, and peeping every now and then under my eyes, as often as I think I may do so safely unobserved, at the young fellow opposite me. I am instituting an inward comparison between Nature and Art: between the real live man and the miniature that undertakes to represent him. The first result of this inspection is disappointment, for where are the lovely smooth roses and lilies that I have been wont to connect with Bobby Gerard's name? There are no roses in his cheek, certainly; they are paleish—from his wound, as I conjecture; but even before that accident, if there were roses at all, they must have been mahogany-colored ones, for the salt sea winds and the high summer sun have tanned his fair face to a rich reddish, brownish, copperish hue. But in some things the picture lied not. There is the brow more broad than high; the straight fine nose; the brave and joyful blue eyes, and the mouth with its pretty curling smile. On the whole, perhaps, I am not disappointed.

"By and by father rises, and steps out into the veranda, where the canary birds hung out in their cages are noisily praising God after their manner. Mother follows him. I should like to do the same; but a sense of good manners, and a conjecture that possibly my parents may have some subjects to discuss, on which they would prefer to be without the help of my advice, restrain me. I therefore remain, and so does the invalid.

II.

"For some moments the silence threatens to remain unbroken between us; for some moments the subdued sound of father's and mother's talk from among the rosebeds and the piercing clamor of the canaries—fishwives among birds—are the only noises that salute our ears. Noise we make none, ourselves. My eyes are reading the muddled pattern of the Turkey carpet; I do not know what his are doing. Small knowledge have I had of men save the dancing-master at our school; a beautiful new youth is almost as great a novelty to me as to Miranda, and I am a good deal gawky than she was under the new experience. I think he must have made a vow that he would not speak first. I feel myself swelling to double my normal size with confusion and heat; at last, in desperation, I look up, and say sententiously, 'You have been wounded, I believe?'"

"Yes, I have."

"He might have helped me by answering more at large, might not he? But now that I am having a good look at him, I see that he is rather red too. Perhaps he also feels gawky and swollen; the idea encourages me.

"Did it hurt very badly?"

"N—not so very much."

"I should have thought that you ought to have been in bed," say I, with a motherly air of *solicitude*.

"Should you, why?"

"I thought that when people broke their limbs they had to stay in bed till they were mended again."

"But mine was broken a week ago," he answers smiling and showing his straight white teeth—ah, the miniature was silent about *them*! "You would not have had me stay in bed a whole week like an old woman?"

"I expected to have seen you much *ill*," say I, beginning to feel more at my ease, and with a sensible diminution of that unpleasant swelling sensation. "Father said in his note that we were to nurse you well again; that sounded as if you were *quite* ill."

"Your father always takes a great deal too much care of me," he says, with a slight frown and darkening of his whole bright face. "I might be sugar or salt."

"And very kind of him, too," I cry, firing up. "What motive beside your own good can he have for looking after you? I call you rather ungrateful."

"Do you?" he says calmly, and without apparent resentment. "But you are mistaken. I am not ungrateful. However, naturally, you do not understand."

"Oh, indeed!" reply I, speaking rather shortly, and feeling a little offended, "I dare say not."

"Our talk is taking a somewhat hostile tone; to what further amenities we might have proceeded is unknown; for at this point father and mother reappear through the window, and the necessity of conversing with each other at all ceases.

"Father stayed till evening, and we all supped together, and I was called upon to sit by Bobby, and cut up his food for him, as he was disabled from doing it for himself. Then, later still, when the sun had set, and all his evening reds and purples had followed him, when the night flowers were scenting all the garden, and the shadows lay about, enormously long in the summer moonlight, father got into the post-chaise again, and drove away through the black shadows and the faint clear shine, and Bobby stood at the hall-door watching him, with his arm in a sling and a wistful smile on lips and eyes.

"Well, we are not left *quite* desolate this time," says mother, turning with rather tearful laughter to the young man. "You wish that we were, do not you, Bobby?"

"You would not believe me, if I answered 'No,' would you?" he asks, with the same still smile.

"He is not very polite to us, is he, Phœbe?"

"You would not wish me to be polite in such a case," he replies, flushing. "You would not wish me to be *glad* at missing the chance of seeing any of the fun?"

"But Mr. Gerard's eagerness to be back at his post delays the probability of his being able to return thither. The next day he has a feverish attack, the day after he is worse, the day after that worse still, and in fine, it is between a fortnight and three weeks before he also is able to get into a post-chaise and drive away to Plymouth. And meanwhile mother and I nurse him and cosset him, and make him odd and cool drinks out of herbs and field-flowers, whose uses are now disdained or forgotten. I do not mean any offence to you, my dear, but I think that young girls in those days were less squeamish and more truly delicate than they are nowadays. I remember once I read 'Humphrey Clinker' aloud to my father, and we both highly relished and laughed over its jokes; but I should not have understood one of the darkly unclean allusions in that French book your brother left here one day. You would think it very unseemly to enter the bedroom of a strange young man, sick or well; but as for me, I spent whole nights in Bobby's, watching him and tending him with as little false shame as if he had been my brother. I can hear *now*, more plainly than the song you sang me an hour ago, the slumberous buzzing of the great brown-coated summer bees in his still room, as I sat by his bedside watching his sleeping face, as he dreamt unquietly, and clinched and again unclenched his nervous hands. I think he was back in the *Thunderer*. I can see him *now*, the little close curls of his sunshiny hair straggling over the white pillow. And then there came a good and blessed day, when he was out of danger, and then another, a little further on,

when he was up and dressed, and heard I walked forth into the hayfield beyond the garden—reversing the order of things—he, leaning on my arm; and a good plump solid arm it was. We walked out under the heavy-leaved horse-chestnut trees, and the old and rough-barked elms. The sun was shining all this time, as it seems to me. I do not believe that in those old days there were the same cold unseasonable rains as now; there were soft showers enough to keep the grass green and the flowers undrooped; but I have no association of overcast skies and untimely deluges with those long and azure days. We sat under a haycock, on the shady side, and indolently watched the hot haymakers—the shirt-sleeved men, and burnt and bare-armed women, tossing and raking; while we breathed the blessed country air, full of adorable scents, and crowded with little happy and pretty-winged insects.

“In three days,” says Bobby, leaning his elbow in the hay, and speaking with an eager smile, “three days at the furthest, I may go back again; may not I, Phœbe?”

“Without doubt,” reply I, stiffly, pulling a dry and faded ox-eye flower out of the odorous mound beside me; “for my part, I do not see why you should not go to-morrow, or indeed—if we could send into Plymouth for a chaise—this afternoon; you are so thin that you look all mouth and eyes, and you can hardly stand, without assistance, but these, of course, are trifling drawbacks, and I dare say would be rather an advantage on board-ship than otherwise.”

“You are angry!” he says, with a sort of laugh in his deep eyes. “You look even prettier when you are angry than when you are pleased.”

“It is no question of my looks,” I say, still in some heat, though mollified by the irrelevant compliment.

“For the second time you are thinking me ungrateful,” he says, gravely; “you do not tell me so in so many words, because it is towards yourself that my ingratitude is shown; the first time you told me of it it was almost the first thing that you ever said to me.”

“So it was,” I answer quickly; “and if the occasion were to come over again, I should say it again. I dare say you did not mean it, but it sounded exactly as if you were complaining of my father for being too careful of you.”

“He is too careful of me!” cries the young man, with a hot flushing of cheek and brow. “I cannot help it if it make you angry again; I *must* say it, he is more careful of me than he would be of his own son, if he had one.”

“Did not he promise your mother that he would look after you?” ask I, eagerly. “When people make promises to people on their death-beds they are in no hurry to break them; at least, such people as father are not.”

“You do not understand,” he says, a little impatiently, while that hot flush still dwells on his pale cheek; “my mother was the last person in the world to wish him to take care of my body at the expense of my honor.”

“What are you talking about?” I say, looking at him with a lurking suspicion that, despite the steady light of reason in his blue eyes, he is still laboring under some form of delirium.

“Unless I tell you all my grievance, I see that you will never comprehend,” he says sighing. “Well, listen to me and you shall hear it, and if you do not agree with me, when I have done, you are not the kind of girl I take you for.”

“Then I am sure I am not the kind of girl you take me for,” reply I, with a laugh; “for I am fully determined to disagree with you entirely.”

“You know,” he says, raising himself a little from his hay couch and speaking with clear rapidity, “that whenever we take a French prize a lot of the French sailors are ironed, and the vessel is sent into port, in the charge of one officer and several men; there is some slight risk attending it—for my part, I think, *very* slight—but I suppose that your father looks at it differently, for—I have never been sent.”

“It is accident,” say I, reassuringly; “your turn will come in good time.”

“It is *not* accident!” he answers, firmly. “Boys

younger than I am—much less trustworthy, and of whom he has not half the opinion that he has of me—have been sent, but I, *never*. I bore it as well as I could for a long time, but now I can bear it no longer; it is not, I assure you, my fancy; but I can see that my brother officers, knowing how partial your father is to me—what influence I have with him in many things—conclude that my not being sent is my own choice; in short, that I am—*afraid*.” (His voice sinks with a disgusted and shamed intonation at the last word). “Now—I have told you the sober facts—look me in the face,” putting his hand with boyish familiarity under my chin, and turning round my curls, my features, and the front view of my big comb towards him, “and tell me whether you agree with me, as I said you would, or not—whether it is not cruel kindness on his part to make me keep a whole skin on such terms?”

“I look him in the face for a moment, trying to say that I do not agree with him, but it is more than I can manage. ‘You were right,’ I say, turning my head away, I *do* agree with you; I wish to heaven that I could honestly say that I did not.”

“Since you do then,” he cries excitedly—“Phœbe! I knew you would, I knew you better than you knew yourself—I have a favor to ask of you, a *great* favor, and one that will keep me all my life in debt to you.”

“What is it?” ask I, with a sinking heart.

“Your father is very fond of you”—

“I know it,” I answer curtly.

“Anything that you asked, and that was within the bounds of possibility, he would do,” he continues, with eager gravity. “Well, this is what I ask of you: to write him a line, and let me take it, when I go, asking him to send me home in the next prize.”

“Silence for a moment, only the haymakers laughing over their rakes. ‘And if,’ say I, with a trembling voice, ‘you lose your life in this service, you will have to thank me for it; I shall have your death on my head all through my life.’”

“The danger is infinitesimal, as I told you before,” he says, impatiently; “and even if it were greater than it is—well, life is a good thing, very good, but there are better things, and even if I come to grief, which is most unlikely, there are plenty of men as good as, better than I, to step into my place.”

“It will be small consolation to the people who are fond of you that some one better than you is alive, though you are dead,” I say, tearfully.

“But I do not mean to be dead,” he says, with a cheery laugh. “Why are you so determined on killing me? I mean to live to be an admiral. Why should not I?”

“Why indeed?” say I, with a feeble echo of his cheerful mirth, and feeling rather ashamed of my tears.

“And meanwhile you will write?” he says, with an eager return to the charge; “and *soon*? Do not look angry and pouting, as you did just now, but I *must* go! What is there to hinder me? I am getting up my strength as fast as it is possible for any human creature to do, and just think how I should feel if they were to come in for something really good while I am away.”

“So I wrote.”

III.

“I often wished afterwards that my right hand had been cut off before its fingers had held the pen that wrote that letter. You wonder to see me moved at what happened so long ago—before your parents were born—and certainly it makes not much difference now; for even if he had prospered then, and come happily home to me, yet, in the course of nature he would have gone long before now. I should not have been so cruel as to have wished him to have lasted to be as I am. I did not mean to hint at the end of my story before I have reached the middle. Well—and so he went, with the letter in his pocket, and I felt something like the king in the tale, who sent a messenger with a letter, and wrote in the letter, ‘Slay the

bearer of this as soon as he arrives!' But before he went—the evening before, as we walked in the garden after supper, with our monstrously long shadows stretching before us in the moonlight—I do not think he said in so many words, 'Will you marry me?' but somehow, by some signs or words on both our parts, it became clear to us that, by and by, if God left him alive, and if the war ever came to an end, he and I should belong to one another. And so, having understood this, when he went he kissed me, as he had done when he came, only this time no one bade him; he did it of his own accord, and a hundred times instead of one; and for my part, this time, instead of standing passive like a log or a post, I kissed him back again most lovingly with many tears.

"Ah! parting in those days, when the last kiss to one's beloved ones was not unlikely to be an adieu until the great Day of Judgment, was a different thing to the listless, unemotional good-byes of these stagnant times of peace!"

"And so Bobby also got into a post-chaise and drove away, and we watched him too, till he turned the corner out of our sight, as we had watched father; and then I hid my face among the jessamine flowers that clothed the wall of the house, and wept as one that would not be comforted. However, one cannot weep forever, or, if one does, it makes one blind and blear, and I did not wish Bobby to have a wife with such defects; so in process of time I dried my tears.

"And the days passed by, and nature went slowly and evenly through her lovely changes. The hay was gathered in, and the fine new grass and clover sprang up among the stalks of the grass that had gone; and the wild roses struggled into odorous bloom, and crowned the hedges, and then *their* time came, and they shook down their faint petals, and went.

"And now the corn harvest had come, and we had heard once or twice from our beloveds, but not often. And the sun still shone with broad power, and kept the rain in subjection. And all morning I sat at my big frame, and toiled on at the 'Last Supper.' I had finished Judas Iscariot's face and the other Apostles. I was engaged now upon the table-cloth, which was not interesting and required not much exercise of thought. And mother sat near me, either working too or reading a good book, and taking snuff—every lady snuffed in those days: at least in trifles, if not in great things, the world mends. And at night, when ten o'clock struck, I covered up my frame and stole listlessly up-stairs to my room. There, I knelt at the open window, facing Plymouth and the sea, and asked God to take good care of father and Bobby. I do not know that I asked for any spiritual blessings for them, I only begged that they might be alive.

"One night, one hot night, having prayed even more heartily and tearfully than my wont for them both, I had lain down to sleep. The windows were left open, and the blinds up, that all possible air might reach me from the still and scented garden below. Thinking of Bobby, I had fallen asleep, and he is still mistily in my head, when I seem to wake. The room is full of clear light, but it is not morning: it is only the moon looking right in and flooding every object. I can see my own ghostly figure sitting up in bed, reflected in the looking-glass opposite. I listen: surely I heard some noise: yes—certainly, there can be no doubt of it—some one is knocking loudly and perseveringly at the hall-door. At first I fall into a deadly fear; then my reason comes to my aid. If it were a robber, or person with any evil intent, would he knock so openly and clamorously as to arouse the inmates? Would not he rather go stealthily to work, to force a *silent* entrance for himself? At worst it is some drunken sailor from Plymouth; at best, it is a messenger with news of our dear ones. At this thought I instantly spring out of bed, and hurrying on my stockings and shoes, and whatever garments come most quickly to hand—with my hair spread all over my back, and utterly forgetful of my big comb, I open my door, and fly down the passages, into which the moon is looking with her ghostly *smile*, and down the broad and shallow stairs.

"As I near the hall door I meet our old butler, also rather dishevelled, and evidently on the same errand as myself.

"Who can it be, Stephens?' I ask, trembling with excitement and fear.

"Indeed, ma'am, I cannot tell you,' replies the old man, shaking his head, 'it is a very odd time of night to choose for making such a noise. We will ask them their business, whoever they are, before we unchain the door.'

"It seems to me as if the endless bolts would never be drawn—the key never be turned in the stiff lock; but at last the door opens slowly and cautiously, only to the width of a few inches, as it is still confined by the strong chain. I peep out eagerly, expecting I know not what.

"Good heavens! What do I see? No drunken sailor, no messenger, but, oh joy! oh blessedness! my Bobby himself—my beautiful boy-lover! Even *now*, even after all these weary years, even after the long bitterness that followed, I cannot forget the unutterable happiness of that moment.

"Open the door, Stephens, quick!' I cry, stammering with eagerness. 'Draw the chain; it is Mr. Gerard; do not keep him waiting.'

"The chain rattles down, the door opens wide, and there he stands before me. At once, ere any one has said anything, ere anything has happened, a feeling of cold disappointment steals unaccountably over me—a nameless sensation, whose nearest kin is chilly awe. He makes no movement towards me; he does not catch me in his arms, nor even hold out his right hand to me. He stands there, still and silent, and though the night is dry, equally free from rain and dew, I see that he is dripping wet; the water is running down from his clothes, and his drenched hair, and even from his eyelashes, on to the dry ground at his feet.

"What has happened?' I cry hurriedly. 'How wet you are!' and as I speak I stretch out my hand and lay it on his coat sleeve. But even as I do it a sensation of intense cold runs up my fingers and my arm, even to the elbow. How is it that he is so chilled to the marrow of his bones on this sultry, breathless, August night? To my extreme surprise, he does not answer; he still stands there, dumb and dripping. 'Where have you come from?' I ask, with that sense of awe deepening. 'Have you fallen into the river? How is it that you are so wet?'

"It was cold,' he says, shivering, and speaking in a slow and strangely altered voice, 'bitter cold. I could not stay there.'

"Stay where?' I say, looking in amazement at his face, which, whether owing to the ghastly effect of moonlight or not, seems to me ash white. 'Where have you been? What is it you are talking about?'

"But he does not reply.

"He is really ill, I am afraid, Stephens,' I say, turning with a forlorn feeling towards the old butler. 'He does not seem to hear what I say to him. I am afraid he has had a thorough chill. What water can he have fallen into? You had better help him up to bed, and get him warm between the blankets. His room is quite ready for him, you know—come in,' I say, stretching out my hand to him, 'you will be better after a night's rest.'

"He does not take my offered hand, but he follows me across the threshold and across the hall. I hear the water drops falling drip, drip, on the echoing stone floor as he passes; then up-stairs, and along the gallery to the door of his room, where I leave him with Stephens. Then everything becomes blank and nil to me.

"I am awake as usual in the morning by the entrance of my maid with hot water.

"Well, how is Mr. Gerard this morning?' I ask, springing into a sitting posture.

"She puts down the hot water tin and stares at her leisure at me.

"My dear Miss Phœbe, how should I know? Please God he is in good health and safe, and that we shall have good news of him before long."

"Have not you asked how he is?' I ask impatiently.

'He did not seem quite himself last night; there was something odd about him. I was afraid he was in for another touch of fever.'

"Last night—fever," repeats she, slowly and disconnectedly echoing some of my words. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, I am sure, but I have not the least idea in life what you are talking about.'

"How stupid you are!" I say, quite at the end of my patience. 'Did not Mr. Gerard come back unexpectedly last night, and did not I hear him knocking, and run down to open the door, and did not Stephens come too, and afterwards take him up to bed?'

"The stare of bewilderment gives way to a laugh.

"You have been dreaming, ma'am. Of course I cannot answer for what you did last night, but I am sure that Stephens knows no more of the young gentleman than I do, for only just now, at breakfast, he was saying that he thought it was about time for us to have some tidings of him and master.'

"A dream!" cry I, indignantly. 'Impossible! I was no more dreaming than I am now.'

"But time convinces me that I am mistaken, and that during all the time that I thought I was standing at the open hall-door, talking to my beloved, in reality I was lying on my bed in the depths of sleep, with no other company than the scent of the flowers and the light of the moon. At this discovery a great and terrible depression falls on me. I go to my mother to tell her of my vision, and at the end of my narrative I say,

"Mother, I know well that Bobby is dead, and that I shall never see him any more. I feel assured that he died last night, and that he came himself to tell me of his going. I am sure that there is nothing left for me now but to go too.'

"I speak thus far with great calmness, but when I have done I break out into loud and violent weeping. Mother rebukes me gently, telling me that there is nothing more natural than that I should dream of a person who constantly occupies my waking thoughts, nor that, considering the gloomy nature of my apprehensions about him, my dream should be of a sad and ominous kind, but that above all dreams and omens, God is good, that He has preserved him hitherto, and that, for her part, no devil-sent apparition shall shake her confidence in his continued clemency. I go away a little comforted, though not very much, and still every night I kneel at the open window facing Plymouth and the sea, and pray for my sailor boy. But it seems to me, despite all my self-reasonings, despite all that mother says, that my prayers for him are prayers for the dead.

IV.

"Three more weeks pass away; the harvest is garnered, and the pears are growing soft and mellow. Mother's and my outward life goes on in its silent regularity, nor do we talk much to each other of the tumult that rages—of the heartache that burns within each of us. At the end of the three weeks, as we are sitting as usual, quietly employed, and buried each in our own thoughts, in the parlor, towards evening we hear wheels approaching the hall door. We both run out as in my dream I had run to the door, and arrive in time to receive my father as he steps out of the carriage that has brought him. Well! at least one of our wanderers has come home, but where is the other?

"Almost before he has heartily kissed us both—wife and child—father cries out, 'But where is Bobby?'

"That is just what I was going to ask you," replies mother quickly.

"Is he not here with you?" returns he anxiously.

"Not he," answers mother, 'we have neither seen nor heard anything of him for more than six weeks.'

"Great God!" exclaims he, while his face assumes an expression of the deepest concern, 'what can have become of him? what can have happened to the poor fellow?'

"Has not he been with you, then?—has not he been in the *Thunderer*?' asks mother, running her words into one another in her eagerness to get them out.

"I sent him home three weeks ago in a prize, with a letter to you, and told him to stay with you till I came home, and what can have become of him since, God only knows!" he answers with a look of the profoundest sorrow and anxiety.

"There is a moment of forlorn and dreary silence; then I speak. I have been standing dumbly by, listening, and my heart growing colder and colder at every dismal word.

"It is all my doing!" I cry passionately, flinging myself down in an agony of tears on the straight-backed old settle in the hall. 'It is my fault—no one else's! The very last time that I saw him, I told him that he would have to thank me for his death, and he laughed at me, but it has come true. If I had not written you, father, that accursed letter, we should have had him here now, this minute, safe and sound, standing in the middle of us—as we never, never, shall have him again!'

"I stop, literally suffocated with emotion.

"Father comes over, and lays his kind brown hand on my bent prone head. 'My child,' he says, 'my dear child' (and tears are dimming the clear gray of his own eyes), 'you are wrong to make up your mind to what is the worst at once. I do not disguise from you that there is cause for grave anxiety about the dear fellow, but still God is good; He has kept both him and me hitherto; into his hands we must trust our boy.'

I sit up and shake away my tears.

"It is no use," I say. 'Why should I hope? There is no hope! I know it for a certainty! He is dead' (looking round at them both with a sort of calmness); 'he died on the night that I had that dream—mother, I told you so at the time. Oh, my Bobby! I knew that you could not leave me forever with coming to tell me!'

"And so speaking, I fall into strong hysterics and am carried up-stairs to bed. And so three or four more lagging days crawl by, and still we hear nothing, and remain in the same state of doubt and uncertainty, which to me, however, is hardly uncertainty; so convinced am I in my own mind, that my fair-haired lover is away in the land whence never letter or messenger comes—that he has reached the Great Silence. So I sit at my frame, working my heart's agony into the tapestry, and feebly trying to say to God that He has done well, but I cannot. On the contrary, it seems to me, as my life trails on through the mellow mist of the autumn mornings, through the shortened autumn evenings, that, whoever has done it, it is most evilly done. One night we are sitting round the little crackling wood fire that one does not yet need for warmth, but that gives a cheerfulness to the room and the furniture, when the butler Stephens enters, and going over to father, whispers to him. I seem to understand in a moment what the purport of his whisper is.

"Why does he whisper?" I cry, irritably. 'Why does he not speak out loud? Why should you try to keep it from me? I know that it is something about Bobby.'

"Father has already risen, and is walking towards the door.

"I will not let you go until you tell me," I cry wildly, flying after him.

"A sailor has come over from Plymouth," he answers hurriedly; 'he says he has news. My darling, I will not keep you in suspense a moment longer than I can help, and meanwhile pray—both of you pray for him!'

"I sit rigidly still, with my cold hand tightly clasped, during the moments that next elapse. Then father returns. His eyes are full of tears, and there is small need to ask for his message; it is most plainly written on his features—death, and not life.

"You were right, Phœbe," he says, brokenly, taking hold of my icy hands; 'you knew best. He is gone. God has taken him!'

"My heart dies. I had thought that I had no hope, but I was wrong. 'I knew it,' I say, in a dry, stiff voice. 'Did not I tell you so? But you would not believe me—go on!—tell me how it was—do not think I cannot bear it—make haste!'

"And so he tells me all that there is now left for me to

know — after what manner, and on what day, my darling took his leave of this pretty and cruel world. He had had his wish, as I already knew, and had set off blithely home in the last prize they had captured. Father had taken the precaution of having a larger proportion than usual of the Frenchmen ironed, and had also sent a greater number of Englishmen. But to what purpose? They were nearing port, sailing prosperously along on a smooth, blue sea, with a fair, strong wind, thinking of no evil, when a great and terrible misfortune overtook them. Some of the Frenchmen who were not ironed got the sailors below and drugged their grog; ironed them, and freed their countrymen. Then one of the officers rushed on deck, and holding a pistol to my Bobby's head, bade him surrender the vessel or die. Need I tell you which he chose? I think not — well" (with a sigh) "and so they shot my boy — ah me! how many years ago — and threw him overboard! Yes — threw him overboard — it makes me angry and grieved even now to think of it — into the great and greedy sea, and the vessel escaped to France."

There is a silence between us: I will own to you that I am crying, but the old lady's eyes are dry.

"Well," she says, after a pause, with a sort of triumph in her tone, "they never could say again that Bobby Gerard was afraid!"

"The tears were running down my father's cheeks, as he told me," she resumes presently, "but at the end he wiped them and said, 'It is well! He was as pleasant in God's sight as he was in ours, and so He has taken him.'"

"And for me, I was glad that he had gone to God — none gladder. But you will not wonder that, for myself, I was past speaking sorry. And so the years went by, and, as you know, I married Mr. Hamilton, and lived with him forty years, and was happy in the main, as happiness goes; and when he died I wept much and long, and so I did for each of my sons when in turn they went. But, looking back on all my long life, the event that I think stands out most clearly from it is my dream and my boy-lover's death-day. It was an odd dream, was not it?"

THE STUDY OF DANCING.

A GLANCE at the advertisements in the newspapers at this season of the year, reveals a goodly array of offers from professors of the art of dancing to teach the accomplishment in a few lessons. Some of these announcements appear to imply on the part of the masters or mistresses of the craft the possession of a secret as mysterious as the celebrated charm of Mr. Rarey; that is to say, they undertake to tame the wildest and most uncouth of pupils into tame and graceful performers by a process so quick that it seems to owe its virtue to magic. This, indeed, is the new mode. The old fashion prescribed that a lady or gentleman should learn to walk before dancing. Neophytes were practically put to the back board and the goose step. They were made to march slowly to a tune upon a squeaking kit or sort of pup-fiddle, and after a severe course of such treatment were at length initiated by single steps into the manner of moving in a quadrille. We have now changed all that. The cramming system is at work in the dancing school. And as horse trainers are in the habit of harnessing proficient stagers with animals unaccustomed to the shafts, professors of the dance have discovered that nothing expedites the culture of a pupil like having "the benefit of his daughters to practise with." Of course the number of people engaged in this calling is a proof of the large proportion of persons in town requiring their services, but no adult will readily confess to taking lessons, any more than he or she will if possible be detected dyeing the hair, or dining at one o'clock. However, there are both ladies and gentlemen who really make dancing a study.

Although the winter is the season of the dancing man's discontent, he has a few opportunities of consolation in those off-hand scratch parties which indefatigable mothers are not indifferent to promoting at any time of the year.

In fact, he loves the little dance perhaps even more than the big ball. In the crush and polite confusion of the large assembly, there is but scant room for the proper exercise of waltzing as a fine art. To be sure the occasion may be seized in order to exhibit the gifts of pilotage and steering, but these are only the minor niceties of the dancing man's craft. There is nothing he likes better than an improvised affair, when at some one's suggestion middle-floor furniture is thrust into corners, a centre space is established under the gaselier, and the piano is made to give tongue in a quadrille. For the genuine dancing man does not ignore quadrilles. The figures enable him to develop latent capacities of fascinating movement which contrast remarkably with the sort of plantation walk in which an ordinary practitioner endeavors to do what is expected of him. There is an air of assurance and of certainty about his manners which is imposing. In Lancers or Caledonians he is as completely at home as a drill sergeant among raw recruits. He is master of every perplexity, and by his discreet management will extricate puzzled performers from the miseries of that ridiculous dead-lock which at intervals will occur in quadrilles of a semi-domestic kind. But, of course, it is in the round rather than the square dance that your rigadoning expert chiefly triumphs. The whirling dervish would not get the better of him in wind. His head is equal to the most limited circle of revolution. His shoes flash simultaneously with the gleam of his partner's white boots. Contrast his perfect composure at the rapid finish of a galop with the discomfiture, to say the least of it, visible on the countenances and the neckties of common-place guests. One has been hauling a blonde against the music until every step was torture to both. Another is obliged to stagger to a sofa with a general appearance of having had the boxing gloves on with a friend. A third has been compelled to stop after a single turn in order to make the requisite apologies for a torn dress and a disturbed temper. A fourth, who has contrived to keep up like a man in a dream, when the reprieve of a halt comes, drops in a crisis of vertigo into the bosom of an indignant wall-flower. Our dancing man serenely twirls through it all. If his partner can stay, it is really a pretty sight to note the perfect rhythm of the spinning, and the ease with which the grand problem of the reverse is solved without a hitch. For the dancing man disdains the mere alphabet of waltz or galop, and if he has a good partner, you will discover them taking relief from the monotony of the figure by alternating the direction of the swing. This can be done without risk of collision by moving inside the regular round of the dance, describing a smaller circle; but it has also the effect of precipitating an inclination to giddiness to which unaccustomed waltzers of the outside ring may be subject.

The dancing man is made, not born. It is not in private parties that he acquires so wonderful a command over his legs. He is the person to whom the professors of calisthenics, etc., both male and female, to whom we have before alluded, largely address themselves. Our dancing man frequents the academy of some distinguished skipjack, where the professor receives only advanced pupils. Here our dancing man learns the feats which put you to the blush when your awkward interpretations of Strauss or Godfrey into motion were contrasted with his. Not that the professor or his daughters could do with every one what they have done with our dancing man. He brings his soul to his work, and gives his whole mind to his heels. He picks up steps with wonderful alacrity. He has a kind of phenomenal apprehensiveness for the most recondite of figures. He has a memory of exceptional strength for postures. But besides his studies with adepts, the dancing man has twice the experience of the average adventurer into evening parties. He is indefatigable in the season, and never misses the chance of showing his accomplishments out of it. And, oddly enough, it often happens that neither middle age nor marriage cures the dancing man; and his gyrations are perfect to the last. Portliness imparts a kind of graceful swimming motion to his circuits, and any girl who knows the value of having her own danc-

ing seen at its best, cannot do better than keep a waltz or two on her card for the Benedict who, in his early youth and long after the expiration of his legal infancy, had won the admiration of many a ball-room by his grace, expedition, and confidence in the discharge of a fascinating obligation of polite intercourse.

"VERY ODD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

I.

WE had spent the whole morning in talking and laughing. I was so delighted to be with Charlotte again; and though I liked her husband of all things — who could help liking such a good-looking, gentlemanly fellow? — I don't mind confessing that I was just the least bit in the world afraid of him; so I was charmed when he announced during breakfast that he had to attend petty sessions at Rathmaleel, the nearest town or village (I did not know which) to Glenloch, and that consequently we should have the whole morning to ourselves.

I had only arrived the previous night, and I had never been in Ireland before, and to be staying with Charlotte, and Charlotte married, was delicious.

"And to think of your being married to a magistrate, and being mistress of such a house, and all so big, and you such a little bit of a woman!"

And then we laughed at the notion of her smallness and the bigness of everything about her, as if it was the best joke in the world.

"What fun it is being married!" said I.

"It's very pleasant, dear," replied Charlotte, smiling, "If you've such a husband as George; but it wouldn't be nice to be married to Old Bo."

"Old Bo" was the name we had given to a certain elderly baronet of our acquaintance, whom we both detested, and who had been supposed to be an admirer of Charlotte's.

"George desired me not to wait luncheon," said she.

"I'm awfully hungry," replied I, "and shall like to see what sort of a meal you have provided."

Charlotte rang the bell and ordered luncheon.

"The master's just come in, ma'am," said the butler; "I saw him in the dining-room this minute."

So we went in also, my spirits a little dashed by the information that "the master" was there. However, he was *not* there.

"You had better tell Mr. Lawson that luncheon is ready," said Charlotte.

The man left the room, but presently returned to say he could find the master nowhere.

"Sound the gong, then, and ring the bell out of doors, too; he dislikes getting things half cold so very much."

So the gong was sounded and the bell was rung; but no George made his appearance. I was not sorry, but the good little wife seemed slightly *distrained*. "It is so unlike him," she said, "not to look for me the minute he comes in."

"Never mind," cried I, "I am still a little bit afraid of him, and ever so much happier when he is not by."

"Afraid of George!" said she, opening her blue eyes very wide. "Oh, Laura, what a goose you must be!"

After luncheon, she took me all over the house, and then all over the gardens, and into the yard, and the stables, and the kennel. I believe she was really looking for George, though she pretended that she was showing me the place.

"Some one must have taken him out on business the minute he came in," said she pensively; "but he never did such a thing before; it's very odd."

Just as she spoke, Mr. Lawson rode up to the house, and she sprang forward to meet him as he got off his horse.

"Where have you been?" she cried.

"Where have I been?" answered he, surprised; "why at Rathmaleel, to be sure; you knew I was going there."

"Yes, yes, of course, but I mean since. Why did you not lunch with us?"

"My dear girl, I could not get away a moment sooner. I have not been anywhere since. All the men have been getting drunk and breaking all the women's heads since last sessions day, and I was kept pretty busy, I assure you."

"But you came home before luncheon. Robins saw you in the dining-room, and I sent to look for you everywhere."

"Robins is a very clever fellow," replied Mr. Lawson, "If he saw me in the dining-room when I was at Rathmaleel court-house — a very clever fellow indeed."

We had all entered the hall by this time, and the butler appeared to help Mr. Lawson off with his coat.

"Why, Robins!" cried Charlotte, "how could you tell me the master had come home, while he was kept at Rathmaleel all day?"

"Sure, ma'am," answered he, immediately, "I saw him in the dining-room myself."

"I have only just returned from the court-house," said Mr. Lawson, coolly.

Robins stared.

"Well, then," said he, "I saw somebody jist like you there."

"There is noboby jist like the master," cried Charlotte, indignantly.

Mr. Lawson looked steadily at the man, who, however, did not appear in the least confused, but repeated, "It *must* have been some one jist like you, sir."

"But you did it once before," cried his mistress; "you told me the master was in the summer-house, and sent me to the end of the long shrubby walk to find him, and he had never left the hay-field all the time!"

"If the master said he had never left the hay-field, ma'am, of course he never had," said the man very respectfully, but without lifting his eyes from the ground.

"Come along!" cried George, addressing his wife rather impatiently; "don't let us stand here all day."

And we went into the drawing-room.

"It is so very odd," said Charlotte, plaintively.

"I saw a good many drunken fellows at the court-house to-day," said Mr. Lawson, "I hope I have not come home to find one more. I should be sorry to think Robins had taken to drinking."

"He looked as sober as a judge," said I.

"Are you experienced in the looks of drunkards, Miss Laura?" asked he, politely.

I laughed, but had not an answer ready.

"Do you know, the hardest drinker I ever knew was a judge," continued he; "he used to eat a plum-cake and drink a bottle of port wine every day on the bench; and he continued the drinking when he got home, and never went to bed sober."

"That was an Irish judge," said I.

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied; "Englishmen never drink, do they?"

And so we all chattered on till it was time to dress for dinner.

Two or three days passed pleasantly away, and I began to like my host much more cordially. He was a reserved, rather silent man, more like an Englishman than an Irishman; but he improved greatly on acquaintance. He had been educated at a German university, and had recently spent some years in America. He was ten years older than Charlotte, but as she was only twenty, this did not make him a very old man. And they were as fond of each other as ever they could be; I never saw a happier couple.

One afternoon he invited us to take a long walk with him to call on a Mr. Mallony, who had recently come home; but as Charlotte was rather tired, we determined to amuse ourselves as best we could during his absence, and he promised to be back in time to drive us out before din-

ner. So we two girls took our work and books on to the lawn, and sat together very cosily under the great cedar.

"The worst of Ireland is the distances," said Charlotte; "things are so far apart; everything is such a way from everything else; a morning call, that would be the work of an hour in England, takes a day here."

"So that there is no such thing as a trifle in Ireland," replied I; "all things take time, and consequently all things are of importance; but, oh, Charlotte! I do like it!"

"It's all so amusing," said she; "there is nothing common-place or jog-trot in Ireland. Everything that happens almost seems like a joke."

"And do you remember, Charley, when you were so sure that you would marry a Scotchman? You never would hear of anybody else, because of Sir Walter Scott."

"Well, I do think Sir Walter ought to have been Irish," said she; "I do indeed."

"That's one way of settling the difficulty," cried I, laughing.

"Oh, here's Peter Doherty!" said Charlotte, as a man appeared on the drive, strolling along in that leisurely manner peculiar to Irishmen. "Why, Peter, where are you going in such haste?"

"Sure, ma'am dear, I'm just hurryin' meself to call Joe to the master."

"To the master? why, the master's not at home, Peter."

"Deed he is, ma'am; I left him in the stables this minute."

"In the stables?"

"No less. I jist looked in as I was passin' to my dinner, and the master was standin' by Young Steppin'-stones, who by the same token hurt his shoulder last fair-day; an' I thought maybe the master wanted Joe, to tell him somethin' that should be done to the cratur, so I was runnin' to call him."

"Well, I wonder what's made him come back," said I, rather disconsolately, for I still delighted in Charlotte's companionship.

"Isn't it charming!" answered his wife, joyously; "and I thought we should not see him these two hours."

And up she got, and was off to the stables; but for my part I sat on under the cedar-tree, and continued my knitting. In five minutes she came back, out of breath, and half laughing.

"It's all nonsense," she cried; "is it not a shame? He's not there, and there's Denis has been in the stables for the last hour, and says he has never been there at all."

"Why, Peter must have taken Denis for the master," said I, and we both laughed tremendously at the idea, for Denis was a little hump-backed man, employed to do odd jobs about the place, and the master was six feet two inches high.

We went on chatting merrily, notwithstanding Charlotte's disappointment, till we saw Peter coming back up the drive, and Joe with him.

"Why, Peter, you have been dreaming," said the mistress; "Mr. Lawson has not been in the stable at all."

"Shure then I saw him meself, ma'am, not an hour ago," said Peter; "I saw him with the sight of my eyes."

"Did he tell you the master was there, Joe?" asked Charlotte, quite puzzled.

"He did, ma'am," answered Joe, "he said the master was lookin' at Young Steppin'-stones' shoulder, and maybe he'd want to be axin' me questions about it."

"Well, the master's gone to see Mr. Mallony, and he hasn't been in the stables at all," said Mrs. Lawson, decidedly.

"Isn't it quare," said Joe, and the two men walked off together.

Rather before we expected him George returned, and brought Mr. Mallony with him, whom he introduced to Charlotte and myself. I think Mr. Mallony would not have been a bad sort of man if he had let himself alone; but he was die-away, dreary, and dandified; afraid of his own voice and his own brogue, and apparently impressed by an idea that he ought to resist all natural inclinations

as much as possible, and make himself in all respects unlike what he was originally intended to be.

Charlotte told her husband that he had been seen in the stables, looking at Young Stepping-stones' shoulder, since he left Glenloch.

"I was in Mallony's stable," said he, "but in none other."

"Peter saw you, however."

"Aw now, mustn't it have been in your sleep, aw, don't ye see?" drawled Mr. Mallony; "he went to sleep — aw — he did indeed — upon my word he did, Mrs. Lawson, while I — aw — had to answer a letter."

"Yes, and I dreamt I was doctoring Stepping-stones, I suppose," said George, laughing.

"And Peter saw your spirit in its dream," said I.

"It's an epidemic," said Mr. Lawson; "they are all seeing me; don't you remember Robins saw me on Tuesday?"

"But," said Charlotte, "were you quite well, that you went to sleep?"

"Of course I was," said he, rather sharply; "what should be the matter with me, and why shouldn't I go to sleep?"

That night Charlotte told me that her husband had had a fall from his horse two years ago (before she knew there was such a person in existence), and had had a long illness in consequence, which had left him for some time with a tendency to unnatural sleepiness, and so it always made her a little uneasy when she heard of his taking a nap at an unusual time. He occasionally had headache and sleepiness still, though not often; but she charged me to say nothing to him about it, as he did not like its being referred to. We had a great deal of laughing about Mr. Mallony while we brushed our hair. It seems he had expressed strong admiration of me to George — "a sweet pretty girl — aw, really now, Lawson, she is indeed — upon my word she is, aw, aw" — and Charlotte entreated me to regard him with favorable eye, because it would be so delightful to have me as a neighbor.

"I'll never marry a man who's not himself," said I; "Mr. Mallony is always trying to be somebody else, and as he can't succeed in that, he's just nobody, and I'll never marry nobody."

"Poor Mr. Mallony!" replied Charlotte, "I think he's very nice; and just fancy your being settled there, within a walk; oh, Laura! it would be delicious."

"I'd just as soon marry Old Bo himself as that creature," was my answer. "Why can't he speak out with a good, natural, honest brogue at once, instead of mincing his words, and aw-awing at the rate he does, just as unlike an Englishman as an Irishman — in fact, like nothing at all but a goose?"

The next day we were arranging flowers for the drawing-room vases. The gentlemen had been looking at the horses, and when they returned from that occupation they gathered flowers for us. Mr. Lawson after a time came in through the French window, and sitting down, partially concealed by the curtain, fell asleep. Robins brought us in a jug of water, and at the same minute Mr. Mallony entered from the hall, his hands full of roses.

"Aw — aw — why, where's Lawson?" asked he.

Before we could either of us answer, Robins spoke. "He's in the library, sir," he said.

"He is *not*," cried Charlotte, astonished.

"But he is, ma'am," said Robins. "I saw him just this minute, when I came through with the water."

"How can you say so, Robins? your master has been sitting there asleep for the last quarter of an hour." And she drew the curtain aside so as to show that he was in the window.

Robins almost dropped the jug; he put it suddenly down, and turned quite white.

"I did see him in the library," cried he.

"Robins, I won't bear it," exclaimed Charlotte, quite excited. "You sha'n't go on seeing your master in this way; it is intolerable."

"But what can I do, ma'am?" said Robins, despairingly. "It must be something wrong in my eyesight."

"But the other men are taking to do it," Charlotte replied very indignantly, "and that can't be anything in your eyesight."

"Lord help us!" cried Robins, "we are an unfortunate family, but it's hard to blame me for what the other men see."

"What's all this about?" said Mr. Lawson, coming forward.

"Robins has been seeing you again," said his wife, half crying.

"Seeing me again?"

"Yes, he says he saw you in the library, and you were asleep in this window all the time."

"Confound his impudence!" cried Mr. Lawson. "Now look here, Robins, I'll not stand it; if you see me again, you may just consider that I've given you warning, and take your departure. I won't have this sort of thing going on in my house. Now go out of the room and say no more about it."

Robins obeyed.

"In my opinion," said I, "it is some plot, and Robins and Peter are both of them Fenians."

"Oh, Laura, how dreadful!"

"I am convinced of it," I repeated.

"Yes, that will account for everything," cried Charlotte; "how odd we never thought of it before! Oh, George, to think that even our own servants are Fenians, and with this shocking plot among them! Oh! what shall we do?"

"Won't you send for the police, Mr. Lawson?" said I.

"But why? what? how?" cried he quite bewildered; "why should they be Fenians?"

Charlotte looked to me to explain.

"Well," said I, rather taken aback, "we are in Ireland, you know, and — what else can it be?"

"But why, if they are Fenians, should they pretend they saw me?"

"Well, that is just the part of it one can't understand," replied I, slowly; "if one understood it all there would be no concealed plot, you know."

"And there evidently is a concealed plot," put in Charlotte.

"There is evidently nothing of the kind," said Mr. Lawson; "my dear girls, don't frighten yourselves about nothing and be so very foolish. You really took me in for a moment, and I thought you must have some foundation for what you were saying; but it is just nonsense. Fenians, indeed! Robins seems to be laboring under some delusion, but that does not make him a Fenian."

"And Peter?" said Charlotte.

"Oh, that was just a coincidence — a mistake. And now, please, don't let us trouble ourselves about such nonsense any more."

II.

Mr. Mallony sat opposite to me at dinner that evening, and never took his eyes off me the whole time. I can't think how he contrived to eat or drink, for I am sure he did not see what he put into his mouth. It occurred to me afterwards that Mr. Lawson was amusing himself with the poor man's admiration, for he asked me in rather a pointed way whether I would like to live in Ireland. Had the idea struck me at the time I would not have answered as I did; but I said instantly and innocently —

"Oh, of all things! an Irish home is delightful, and Charlotte is really a lucky girl!"

Mr. Mallony actually put down untasted a tumbler of foaming pale ale he was just lifting to his mouth.

"Aw — really now — aw," said he, "I am — aw — charmed to hear you say that — I am indeed — aw — aw!"

I burst out laughing.

"Why, Mr. Mallony," cried I, "you try so hard not to be an Irishman, that I should not have thought you would appreciate a compliment to Ireland in the least."

"Perhaps he has his reasons for appreciating it," said Mr. Lawson, coming to his friend's rescue.

During the evening Mr. Mallony never left my side, and the difficulty of carrying on a conversation with him, without insulting him by either laughing or yawning, sent me to the piano, when I enchanted him, I suppose, with waltzes and songs till bed-time. He turned over the leaves of the music for me, and made remarks which would have been by no means unintelligent, but for the aw-aws with which they were incessantly garnished.

The next morning he found me alone in the library, and made me an offer of marriage. I had never received a proposal before, though I was nineteen years old, and I was dreadfully astonished.

"Why, you hardly know me!" was all I said.

"Aw — really, but I do now," he replied; "you are more charming in a day than any other woman in a month — aw — you are indeed so — aw — a day's acquaintance with you is as much as a month's with anybody else — aw, aw."

"Very clever indeed, Mr. Mallony," thought I; "I shouldn't have given you credit for that." But I answered that I was very sorry; but as I had only known him for a day, and could not feel as if I had had a longer acquaintance with him, of course I could not think for a moment of marrying him; and then I blushed very much, and felt extremely bold to be talking to a man about marrying or not marrying him to his face.

"But," said he, "I'll tell you what: I admit — aw — aw — that I have got a month's start of you, but I don't think I'm more than a month behind you the other way; so I'll come here every day for a month, and stay all day long, and then, at the end of the time, you'll know me as well as I do you now, and I'll ask you for an answer."

He was so much in earnest that he quite forgot to say aw-aw once after the commencement of the speech; and, amused at the ingenuity of his plan, I secretly wondered why a man who, I began to suspect, was in reality bright enough, voluntarily turned himself into an idiot.

But I shook my head and said it would not do, and I was sure I never should like him well enough, and I did not wish, and I begged him not, and I must refuse altogether, and — oh, dear! I wished he wouldn't — and so I ran away. Presently Charlotte came to me in my own room.

"What a goose the man is!" said she.

"Is he gone?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; George has taken him off. There's a hunt to-day, and George has lent him a horse. He says if anything will console a man, that will. And probably George will not be back to dinner; he says most likely he'll dine with the poor swain and ride home afterwards."

"And not bring him back, I hope."

"Oh, no, of course not. George is so sorry. He desired me to say he hoped you did not mind, and that he would take care the next man he brought here didn't make you an offer."

"What idiots men are, Charley! Fancy falling in love in a day!"

We made ourselves very comfortable that morning, and very merry, I am afraid, at poor Mr. Mallony's expense; but what else could be expected from a couple of girls, under the circumstances? and, as we justly observed, if men will be idiots they must take the consequences. Presently Robins entered the drawing-room where we had settled ourselves, and in rather a flushed way asked if the master was in.

No, Charlotte said; he had gone out hunting, and would not be back to dinner.

"Oh!" said Robins, and his countenance fell. "You are quite sure he went out, ma'am?"

"Certainly; do you want him very particularly?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's of no consequence;" and he was just leaving the room when he turned back, and said imploringly, "You are quite sure he did not come back, ma'am?"

Charlotte gave a great start.

"Oh, Robins!" she exclaimed very reproachfully, "you don't mean to say you have been seeing him again? and after all we said to you. I couldn't have supposed it possible."

"No, no, ma'am," he replied hurriedly, "indeed I haven't. I wouldn't think of such a thing; I would not indeed," and he left the room very quickly.

We looked blankly at each other.

"He evidently has!" said I.

"I do think it is the most incomprehensible thing that ever happened in a family, and I can't believe it ever did happen before to anybody else," cried Charlotte.

"I wonder that you put up with it."

"Why, what can I do?"

"I know I wouldn't put up with it, if it was my husband."

"It's so very easy to say that, Laura, but what would you do?"

"Oh," I said after a little pause, "I can't quite say; I can't think all in a minute, but I suppose there always is something that can be done."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Charlotte, "because then nothing would ever happen, for everything might be prevented."

"Would that be the result?" said I; "well, I did not seem to mean that; but never mind, don't let's worry ourselves with that stupid old Robins any more. I want you to tell me all about your first meeting George, as you promised you would, you know, when we got alone."

"Yes," said she, blushing and smiling; "well, the first time I ever saw him was at a ball at Mr. Dacres'."

"And who introduced him? and how often did you dance with him?"

"Nobody, and not at all. I saw him standing in the door-way of the ball-room, and thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen, and I wondered who he was, and wished I could dance with him."

"And of course you made an equal impression on him."

"Indeed, no; when I told him about it, weeks afterwards — when we were well engaged, you know — he said he had never seen me, and denied that he had been there at all."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that he had forgotten all about it — he confesses he had an invitation, and meant to look in for ten minutes among other parties; and that, of course, is what he did. But he actually can't recollect having done so. I suppose, when people go to half a dozen parties every night in the week, that must often be the case."

"And when did you meet him again?"

"At a dinner-party, the very next day; he sat opposite to me, and I could not help stealing looks at him; I thought it so odd to meet him again directly; and wherever I looked I found he was looking at me — just like Mr. Mallony yesterday, you know, Laura."

"Have done with your Mr. Mallony; it is Mr. Lawson I am interested about just now, not Mr. Mallony."

"A very different person, certainly. Well, then, after that we went on meeting each other everywhere, and very pleasant it was."

"And then?"

"It was at Colonel Townley's the affair was wound up; we were staying there for a week together — and that staying in the same house, Laura! — well, I'll tell you how it happened at last. I was getting frightened."

"Frightened, my dear! — why?"

"I found I was liking him, and was not sure that he was liking me. Uncle John was there, and wanted me to go away with him next day, instead of staying till Tuesday; and I determined I would, unless — It was one of those foolish things I have always been doing all my life, Laura, which are so very foolish, and yet I can't help doing them."

"But what was it?"

"Well, I call them omens. There was a little garden at the end of the shrubbery walk, where Uncle John and George sometimes went to smoke, and before dinner that day I was going there to get some passion-flowers to put in

my hair, and I determined that if I found George there it was all right, and it would be a sign I should stay; but if he was not there I would go away with Uncle John next morning."

"But what a chance to let the happiness of your life turn on!"

"Yes, it was very silly, but I couldn't help it, somehow; so I went, and — oh, Laura! I passed a bench in the shrubbery walk, and there was Mr. Lawson lying on it with a newspaper in his hand, fast asleep. So I gave up all for lost, and went very sorrowfully on to gather my passion-flowers, and when I came into the garden I could hardly believe my eyes, for there he was standing at a little distance from me — he was indeed!"

"And how did he get there?"

"Ah! that I never knew, for I just gathered my flowers and ran back to the house a short way, and I never knew from that day to this how he got there; for he had not passed me, and as far as I know there was no other way. But wasn't it odd that the omen should come, and all for good?"

"And so you remained?"

"I rather think I did; and next day, after Uncle John was gone (and if the omen had been wrong I should have gone with him), George asked me to marry him."

"And when did you tell him about the omen?"

"Never, my dear. I knew he would think it all so very silly; besides which, I didn't want him to know I had been caring and thinking in that sort of a way before, you know" — and she stopped, laughing and blushing at her own words.

Just then the dressing-bell rang, and we went up stairs to prepare for dinner.

I was doing my hair before the mirror, and happening to look out of window, I saw George Lawson at the end of the lime-walk, strolling leisurely towards the house. He had his hat in his hand, and the light of the setting sun falling straight on his head and face, I could not help thinking what a fine-looking, handsome man he was. I noticed, for the first time, how much his hair was worn away on his temples, and I thought he would early be bald, but that a little baldness would not be at all unbecoming to his style of looks. "I always did like bald men," I thought, as I looked at myself in the glass, "while bald women are detestable. How glad I am to have such a quantity of hair! I suppose it will be gray some day, if I live long enough, but I never can be bald." When I had finished congratulating myself on these happy prospects, and looked out of the window again, Mr. Lawson had disappeared behind some evergreens near the house, and I thought no more about him. I dawdled so much in my toilette, that though the gong did not sound for half an hour after this, I had not gone down-stairs when I heard its sonorous throbs, and, indeed, was not even then quite ready; but as soon as it sounded through the house, I finished dressing in a great hurry, and ran down into the dining-room.

Charlotte was there alone, and we took our seats at the table.

"Where is George?" I asked, looking round. They both insisted on my calling him George, and I was gradually acquiring the habit, though I found it one more easily practised in his absence than in his presence.

"George?" replied Charlotte; "why, did not I tell you he would not return to dinner?"

"Yes, but he changed his mind and has come."

"Not really?"

"Yes, very really; I saw him in the lime-walk half an hour ago."

"How glad I am! but, Robins, why did you serve dinner before your master was ready?"

"The master has not returned, ma'am."

"Did you not hear what Miss Brooke said? He came in half an hour ago."

"No, ma'am, I did not hear; but I think it is a mistake; I am sure the master has not come in; I must have heard him."

"But he has," said I; "I saw him come up the lime-walk to the house."

"Wait one minute," cried Charlotte; "I will run and tell him dinner is ready." And off she ran.

"Well," she said, coming back more slowly, "he is not in his dressing-room, and he has not been there at all."

"Then some one has called him off," I said, "for I watched him as far as the clump in the lime-walk, and there, you know, he is not two minutes from the house."

At that moment the dining-room door opened, and Mr. Lawson came hastily in, a good deal flushed, with his hat and whip in his hand, and his hair rather disordered, and showing off to great advantage the bald temples I had admired.

"Such a gallop as I have had!" cried he, "and I am not in time for dinner after all."

"But you have not had a gallop since I saw you, surely?" said I.

"Where have you been, love?" asked Charlotte.

"We went by the moor-field, and through Macbride's Wood," said he; "and then I left Mallony at his own gate, and came straight home; and I just did the ten miles in five-and-thirty minutes, which was pretty well, let me tell you, ladies, after a morning's hunting; but Thalabar is a capital steed."

"But, then," said I, puzzled — and he interrupted me to continue his own account of his proceedings.

"I left Mallony's gate at twenty minutes to seven, and reached the stable-door at fifteen minutes past; and if you had been but a little late for dinner — as you very often are, by the by — I should have done it beautifully."

"But, then," cried I, determined to be heard, "what were you doing more than half an hour ago in the lime-walk?"

"I in the lime-walk?" said he; "I haven't been in the lime-walk to-day — certainly not half an hour ago, for I was then galloping on the Rathmaleel Road as hard as Thalabar could carry me."

"But I saw you, Mr. Lawson, I saw you myself, and you walked up to the house, and I watched you the whole way."

"Why, Laura, you must have been dreaming!"

"Dreaming!" cried I, indignantly; "no, indeed, I was wide awake; I was doing my hair before the window, and there you were; and you know you were there, for you couldn't have been there without knowing it;" then a sudden thought, almost a fear, seized me, and I called out, "Oh, my goodness!"

"You don't mean to say," cried Charlotte — "oh, Laura! you never would — *you've* not been seeing him? Oh, it's too bad; I never could have suspected you of such a thing — no, never!"

We all looked at each other.

Robins grew quite white, and trembled from head to foot.

"The Lord be thanked!" said he; "then it's not a disease in my eyes."

"It's much worse if it's the master!" said Charlotte, excitedly.

"But it's not me; it can't be me!" cried Mr. Lawson; "there's nothing in the world I do — I —"

"Oh," said Charlotte, "it is so dreadful, and nobody can help us." And she began to cry.

"Oh, don't, dear," said I, kissing her; "perhaps he only does it when he's asleep. Have you been asleep?" (turning to him). "Do you know" (to her), "I think it extremely likely that it's only when he's asleep he does it."

"As if that made it a bit better!" said Charlotte, still crying.

"But *what* is it I do?" cried Mr. Lawson, in a voice of thunder.

And that was a question not one of us could answer.

SHOPS AND SHOPKEEPERS IN PARIS.

THOSE persons who, having known Paris well under the Empire, visit the city now, must find a very great change in all that regards every-day life — a change which is most assuredly not one for the better. I do not allude to the burnt-down public buildings, to the charred walls of the Tuileries, on which the silly legend "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" forms a curious comment to the scene of desolation visible upon a palace which, not long ago, was the most tasteful royal residence in Europe. Nor does the want of movement, the want of gayety, or the emptiness of the streets cause the immense alteration of which I speak. Paris never did and never will flourish, as regards its material prosperity, under a republic. Its people have an innate conviction that, although all may go on well under the present administration, there is a coming storm, a blood-red cloud of revolutionism hanging over them; and that they may, and most certainly will, awake some morning to find themselves the subjects of some score or more of democratic adventurers, who, not having succeeded in any other calling, took to socialistic republicanism as a trade, in which they might gain, but could not possibly lose. "When I see what is going on around me, when I read the blasphemous red radical newspapers that are allowed to be sold publicly in Paris," said the other day an English writer of no mean repute, who had for years abused the Empire and the advent of Napoleon III. to the throne, "I cannot only understand, but can fully justify, the famous *coup d'état*." But to the casual visitor — to him who, although well acquainted with France, Frenchmen, and the French language, does not go beneath the surface of society — the great change visible in Paris is in the people, and more particularly in the shopkeeping class of Parisians. Not that the representative man of this category was ever a very estimable being. His soul, as now, had rarely any aspirations beyond the massing together of centimes and francs. But before the war — before the abominations of the Commune, and before it was permitted that public newspapers should openly propagate atheistical opinions, and sneer not merely at the forms or dogmas of any particular creed, but at the very notion that there is a God — the Parisian shopkeeper, if he attempted to cheat you, did so to a minor extent, and was in any case civil therewith. It is, however, far otherwise now. The shops and the shopkeepers of the capital are ruining their own city. Strangers — without whom Paris can no more live than a theatre can without an audience — come and go, but do not settle in the town they once loved so well. Trade is consequently at a stand-still; the laboring classes — more particularly the thousands of skilled workmen who used to earn such good wages under the Empire — are without employment; demagogues who hope to govern, and certain newspaper editors who expect to hold office under them, inflame more and more the evil passions of the multitude; and the blame is not laid, as it ought to be, to present rascalities, but to the government of the past, under which even the revolutionists cannot deny that there was at any rate peace and security in the land.

If any one wants, I will not say to live cheaply, but even to get his money's worth for what he spends, Paris is no place to reside in at present. Under the Empire everything was dear, but was at the same time the very best that could be had in Europe. Under the Republic living, clothing, and everything upon which men must spend money, is much more expensive, and the very worst of its kind. The commercial rules of Paris shopkeepers seem to be that, after adding to the prime cost of an article all the different outlays of custom duty, freight, insurance, rent, wages of shopmen, and ten per cent. net profit, they then double the sum total, and ask their customers that price. Rents, taxes, and other expenses are not small at the West End of London; but the resident in Paris who sends for what he requires in the way of clothing to a retail shop in Piccadilly or Regent Street, has the goods sent by rail to Paris, and pays duty on their arrival, will find that he

TOM HOOD, editor of London *Fun* and the son of the famous Tom Hood, is lecturing in Scotland.

has spent fifty to sixty per cent. less than if he purchased the same articles on the Boulevards or the Rue Richelieu. And this is the system which not only the few resident English in Paris, but French families also, are adopting. The few English tradesmen that are to be found in the city are largely patronized by the upper classes of French people; for they find them honest and truthful, qualities which seem to be unknown amongst the present race of Parisian shopkeepers. And this distrust extends to all callings and trades. I met the other day a well-known member of the Assembly coming out of Sprent and Phipps', the house-agents in the Rue de Rivoli. "What on earth can you be wanting here?" I asked him; "I thought that none but English and Americans came here for apartments?" "*Mon cher*," he replied, "I seek your countrymen to do my business for me, because they are civil and honest, qualities which our French tradesmen seem to have buried in the earth, and forgotten where they hid them." In sober truth, it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast in every way than that to be witnessed between English and Parisian shopkeepers of the present time. The former is a man who works to live, and to put by something for his family. He goes at his business with a will for a certain number of hours, but looks to the retirement of his own home in the evening, as the reward of his day's labor. The latter never leaves his shop, day or night; even on Sunday he sticks to his work, and keeps his place open, as if frightened unto death that a few stray francs should escape him. To save the expense of a book-keeper, his wife takes her place all day long at the desk. To enable her to do this, the one or two children they may have in the course of their married life are sent out into the country, to a wet nurse, the moment they are born; and, save on very exceptional days when the shop is closed for a few hours, she never sees them again until they are eighteen months or two years old. One of the leading medical men in Paris—a gentleman whose name is well and favorably known all over Europe—assured me the other day, that amongst the women of the bourgeoisie class in Paris, not three per cent. who became mothers nursed their own children; not more than twenty per cent. even of the most respectable and well-to-do shopkeeping classes had wet nurses at home, on account of the expense, but sent their infants into the country to nurse; and that of those thus sent into the country, more than seventy per cent. died from neglect before they were sent home again. All these facts are perfectly well known to the Parisians; and yet amongst the middle classes the practice continues, simply because it is cheaper and more economical that the wife as well as the husband should work in the shop or warehouse; for the habit is as common amongst wholesale as retail tradesmen. Many Englishmen new to France admire very much the custom of a smart well-dressed wife presiding over the book-keeper's department of her husband's shop, little thinking of the home misery, and the misery to helpless young children, which the custom entails. But to a class whose politics, whose religion, whose existence, and the very air they breathe is summed up in the word "money"—whose very God is made up of the bank-notes they accumulate, and the investments in the funds they are able to make—it would be useless to attempt making them aware of their folly and wickedness.

Is it possible to live, not cheaply, but with reasonable economy, in Paris at the present day? is a question I often hear asked by Englishmen whose occupation obliges them to reside in the French capital. It is certainly possible, although very difficult. To have all articles of clothing sent from England; to market for yourself, never trusting French servants, but bargaining for whatever you consume—as in England you would for the price of a horse at a country fair; to pay for everything with ready money, and offer every tradesman a little more than half what he asks,—are rules that ought never to be neglected, unless you wish to spend thousands where hundreds will suffice. The shopkeepers of Paris at the present day seem to take a pleasure in charging a foreigner double what they would ask one of their own country men or women. An instance

of this came under my notice not a month ago. Two ladies—one an American, the other a Frenchwoman—were walking down the Rue Saint Honoré, when the former saw in the window of a most respectable shop a straw hat which she thought she would like for one of her children. She went in and asked the price, and the shopwoman asked her sixteen francs, about thirteen-and-sixpence, for an article she could have bought at any West End shop in London for about three-and-sixpence or four shillings. Americans are not much given to find anything too dear—in Paris, people say that most of them would rather pay a high than a low price for what they want—but so manifest an attempt at imposition was too much for her; she laid down the hat and joined her friend, who had waited outside. The latter asked why she had not bought the hat. When told the reason, she said she feared she did not know how to drive a bargain in France, and if she would say how much she would give for the article, she, the French lady, would try and get it for her at that price. The American lady said that the utmost she would pay for the hat was six francs—five shillings. The French lady entered the shop alone, asked the price, and was told that it was nine francs instead of sixteen, as had been demanded of her friend. She said that was too much, and offered six francs, whereupon the article was put in paper and made over to her. She then taxed the shopwoman with having attempted to impose upon a stranger, but the other was not in the least ashamed of herself. "*Mon Dieu, madame, les étrangers sont toujours très riches, et les affaires à Paris sont si mauvaises à présent*," was all the satisfaction she could get out of this pleasant specimen of a Parisian tradeswoman. Accustomed as we are in England for tradesmen to ask what they intend to take—no more and no less—the idea of bargaining for everything we buy—from the silk dress to the handful of carrots required for the soup—is to English men and women most obnoxious; but in Paris it is absolutely necessary, unless we wish to throw away money by the pocketful. I saw a curious trial of the art of bargaining made last winter in Paris. Two French gentlemen, each accompanied by his wife, and having an umpire with each to see fair play, started round the Halles Centrales, or central markets, to lay in their provisions for the day. A list was made out, so that the two individuals were to purchase exactly the same articles and the same qualities of food—so much fish, so much vegetables, so much beef for soup, so much mutton for roasting, so much poultry, and the like. One of them was to bargain and get things as cheap as he could; the other was to give whatever the women at the different stalls asked him. They were not to go round together, but within half an hour of each other; and the bet was a breakfast for the whole party at Bignon's, that the gentleman who did not bargain with the dealers would have to pay double what he who did bargain paid for his supplies—not one by one, but taken as a whole. They met about an hour later at the door of St. Eustache, and when the umpires came to compare notes, it turned out that the non-bargaining purchaser had paid not only double, but more than three times what his adversary had done, and yet both had got the very same articles, and the same quantity and quality of each.

A curious trait in the character of the Parisian shopkeeper is his utter indifference about politics, and his extreme ignorance about all that is going on, not only in foreign lands, but even in his own country outside Paris. Both of these are no doubt caused, in a great measure, by his all-absorbing greed of gain. He is in this, as in most other respects, a very different being from our English tradesman, who has not only a very decided opinion of his own on political matters, but takes good care to show that opinion at every election for parliament. The Parisian shopkeeper rarely if ever votes, no matter what deputies are put up as candidates for election. At the last election for Paris, if the shopkeepers had shown the courage of their opinions, and voted for men of order, some dozen or more of the most dangerous, more than half Communists, now in the National Assembly might have been kept out of the House. And if, on the 18th March, 1871, the same

class had responded to the call made upon them and joined the ranks of the National Guard, to which they all belonged, the shame to France of seeing that reign of scoundrelism called the Commune might have been saved. I remember on that fatal day being in the Quartier de la Madeleine — a district in which the respectable shopkeeper class exceeds greatly all other ranks and conditions of men. There were in this *quartier* more than four thousand of this category who belonged to the National Guard, and who had all of them their arms and uniforms in their houses. Everybody in Paris knew perfectly well how badly matters had turned out at Montmartre; how Generals Lecomte and Thomas had been foully murdered by the insurgents, and that a small body of resolute men might yet restore order. If the Breton Mobiles had been yet in Paris, they would soon have given Assi and his disciples of the International a lesson that they would not have forgotten. But it was otherwise with the brave Parisian shopkeepers. The drums of the battalion went up and down the various streets of the *quartier* beating the *rappel*, or call to arms; and when they had done so for more than two hours there were *exactly twelve men* who had joined them; and with two exceptions these all belonged to the laboring classes. And it was very much the same during the Commune. If the shopkeepers of Paris had united in a body — have joined together as Englishmen of the same class would certainly have done under similar circumstances — they might at any time during the first month have driven the scoundrels who kept Paris in awe back to the dens whence they came. But unfortunately, personal courage is not one of the characteristics of the trading classes in the capital of France. Even as it is, they might at the next general election in a great measure save France from the fearful destiny that awaits her, of coming under the rule of a red republican dictator; but it is equally certain they will do nothing of the kind, and that not one in fifty of them will so much as take the trouble of recording his vote. There are some ten or fifteen deputies now representing Paris in the Assembly, whose expulsion from the chamber would do more to help the cause of good government in France than all the writings and speeches that will be made in the next five years. This is a work which the tradesmen of the capital might effect by their vote in a few hours. But to do so would be to act like intelligent men and patriots, whereas it is to be feared that the shopkeepers of Paris cannot lay claim to either of these titles.

FOURIER.¹

III.

THE polity of harmony is a confederation of phalanxes, bound together, as the individuals are to their community, by the complex passions of *unitéisme*. The functions of the central government of the world, seated at Constantinople, seem to be merely honorary; for, in so well regulated a state, there can be little necessity for the interference of government. Each phalanx, in fact, governs itself; that is to say, a council chosen for the purpose directs the production of wealth and afterwards regulates its distribution. This council is composed of the chiefs of series, of the patriarchs, the magnats, and the principal shareholders or capitalists. They exercise no constraining authority, but their advice is taken as "*boussole d'industrie*." The books of the phalanx are kept by a series, and are at all times open to inspection. There is no necessity for laws where each man is a law to himself, of police where no crime is committed, of an army where no enemy has to be met. Yet there appears to be a central office attached to the government of the omniarch, wherein the votes of the world are collected by which the great titles and rewards of humanity are discerned. Eminent men will be elevated to the rank of magnats of the globe, and receive the triumphal decorations. Ten millions will be no uncommon fortune

for an author to make, and the universal diffusion of education will gradually extirpate all bad taste, so that real merit will alone succeed. Nor need publishers and writers of old-fashioned theology and philosophy fear that the sale of their works will diminish. There is a continual demand for them, in order that their folly may furnish entertainment to the Harmonians.

From what has been said it will be seen that Harmonian society is peculiarly unfavorable to the growth of political agitation. Although there exists, indeed, great inequalities both of rank and wealth, yet all classes are so harmoniously cemented together, that class prejudices and jealousies are completely unknown. This is to be ascribed to the entire absence of anything that can be called poverty, to the facilities afforded to every one to acquire both wealth and title, to the excellent manners diffused through all classes by the system of education, to the total absence of injustice and of class privileges, and finally, to the admirable way in which persons of exalted stations confer services upon those who are beneath them.

The religious opinions of the Harmonians are not less remarkable than their social arrangements. It is a religion in which the fear of God is unknown. They regard Him with feelings of friendship, equally apart from the awe manifested by a boor in the presence of royalty, and from the insolent affectation of equality into which a democrat is occasionally betrayed. The former they consider to be characteristic of current theology, the latter of skeptical philosophy. They maintain that God desires to share his supreme happiness with his creatures, and that He has not given them passions or aspirations without providing means for their full exercise and enjoyment. We have already seen how this principle is applied to certain questions effecting morality, and how entirely it tends to change the present order of society. It has an influence not less marked upon the views relating to a future existence. No aspiration of man is more ardent than that for immortality; and the very aspiration affords, according to the Harmonians, a proof of its existence. If it were not so, what opinion could we form of the Being who had vainly created such hopes in the breast of man? But connected with the desire of immortality, there is another feeling scarcely less universal; this is none other than to revisit at intervals this earth, the scene of our former labors.

For eighty thousand years, therefore, the soul alternates between heaven and earth. In heaven it recovers the memory of the past, but loses it upon its return to earth, where about one third of its existence is passed. Of this, it is possible that one eighth or one ninth has been spent in suffering, caused by the possession of passions imperfectly gratified. Long before the close of its terrestrial career, however, all memory of this misery will have been obliterated by ages of unalloyed happiness. Its heavenly abode is situated in the upper atmosphere, from whence it can penetrate to the very centre of the solid earth, or soar to the distant stars; for it has assumed an incombustible body, composed of two elements, aroma and air, and possesses some of the qualities of the magnetic fluid. Its pursuits and pleasures are very similar to ours, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the future life is a scene of idleness. Nor has the voluptuary any cause to apprehend that he will cease to delight in the pleasures of the table, or to glow with the ardor of love. It must not be supposed that the happiness of the trans-mundanes, as they are called, is as yet altogether unclouded. They remain sympathetically connected with their terrestrial kindred, and participate in their joy and sorrow. So long as we suffer here below, the ethereal spirits participate in our misery; and the greatest service we can render them, is to lighten our own calamities. The Harmonians believe also that the planets are animated beings, possessing sensitive souls like ours, with bodies that experience similar wants and passions. There are gradations of rank among them, and a comet is a planetary soul in a state of dissolution, preparing to renew its life in a more elevated sphere. As our bodies are a part of the body of the planet, so are our souls a portion of its soul. We share its fate throughout eternity, living

¹ See EVERY SATURDAY, Vol. II. pp. 638-649.

when it lives, and dying when it dies. For a time will come when death will seize even the great planetary soul itself, and it will pass into the form of a comet, and career through space for a season, till, in some distant quarter of the universe, it takes shape and form again, and animates another planet nobler than the one it has quitted. And the memory of our former life will then lose its distinctness, and exist but as a languid consciousness of some long-forgotten happiness.

Each phalanstère is provided with a temple devoted to religious worship. We are not informed as to the exact nature of the service. Doubtless, however, it is conducted with great pomp and splendor; its altars decorated with the choicest flowers, and its music performed by the most accomplished artists from the opera. We can imagine the eloquent lecturer dilating upon the dignity of labor, the charm of terrestrial love, the duty of obedience to the dictates of passion, as being the highest expression of the divine will. He will not forget to remind his hearers of some of the horrors through which humanity has passed. He will illustrate his discourse by quotations from some of the sternest moralists, and most uncompromising theologians of civilization. He will conclude by a touching allusion to the great Apostle of Harmony, Charles Fourier, who delivered the world from its bondage to these men whose business it was to vilify human nature, and by presuming to judge and condemn the noblest of created beings, blasphemously to asperse the character of his creator. The Harmonians cherish the memory of their great men with the devotion of a Catholic to the saints. Their busts are placed upon the altars, belonging to the series whose labors they have adorned, or to whose studies they have contributed some eminent service. Rural altars are erected in every field throughout the phalanx, whereon incense is burned before the labor of the series is begun. Thus, at every hour of the day, the Harmonian is reminded of the presence of the being who is to him a real God of love, and who communicates to him a portion of his own supreme happiness. His mind naturally dwells upon so pleasing a theme, and he has indeed much cause for thankfulness that the dark and menacing superstition by which it is obscured to us has passed away forever.

From what has been said, it will be sufficiently clear that the Harmonians, as a race, are very different from ourselves. In character, unitéisme is a type not only unknown to us, but directly opposed to the egotism that generally regulates our actions. In appearance, they have attained to a great height, and their vigor is so much increased, that the ordinary term of life has been vastly extended. In opinions and customs, the difference is no less striking. Indeed, they maintain that man has developed from a low origin — the ourang-outang being his more direct progenitor — and that the same improvement in form and faculty that has characterized our past, is destined to continue for many thousands of years. The Harmonian is the next step in the series after civilized man. All creation accompanies our progress, and in each successive stage is typical of our condition. "L'analogie," writes Fourier, "est complète dans les différents règnes : ils sont dans tous leurs détails, autant de miroirs de quelque effet de nos passions, ils forment un immense musée de tableaux allégoriques où se peignent les crimes et les vertus de l'humanité," and the chapter in which he develops this idea, if highly fantastic, is not quite so dreary as the rest of his big work. The Harmonian will find himself surrounded by animals and plants as different from those with which we are familiar, as he is from us. A lion will appear, of a nature to bear him speedily from one place to another, so that leaving Brussels in the morning, he can breakfast in Paris, dine at Lyons, and sleep at Marseilles. A whale of a pacific character will take his vessels in tow in a calm; a hippopotamus will help him through canals and narrow channels; he will even ride through the water upon the back of a seal, and sharks will lend him their friendly assistance in fishing. Scientific discovery will keep pace with other improvements, and means will be found to communicate with the stars. Mercury will be

kind enough to teach us the stellar language, which will rapidly become universal upon earth. A permanent aurora will lighten and warm the polar regions, and even the earth will in time get itself properly adjusted upon its axis. Affairs will continue to progress in this manner for thirty-five thousand years, and then we shall enter upon our decline. In thirty-five thousand years more, we shall have sunk back again to civilization, and in five thousand years afterwards, we shall be dissolved into a comet, and shall have fallen into the eternal sleep of death.

I have now endeavored to sketch the leading features of that ideal state of Harmony into which it was Fourier's mission to pilot society. It is impossible, of course, to condense within these limits the three thousand closely printed pages that compose the six volumes of his complete works without making many omissions. The patience of the reader has been already sufficiently taxed, and he is probably willing to dispense with the minute details and the absurd affectation of scientific demonstration with which the pages of Fourier are loaded.

Not the least entertaining portion of his writings are those in which he prophesies the speedy and complete realization of his views. It only requires a wealthy nobleman to expend two millions upon the foundation of the first phalanx; the rest will follow of themselves. The population of the world, attracted by the success of the experiment, will all rush together into similar combinations. In three years civilization will have departed from Europe, and in five barbarism from the rest of the world. Mighty empires will start into existence in Australia and America, in Asia and Africa, their hereditary thrones occupied by the families of the enlightened men who assisted in their foundation. One universal language has already arisen, and the contention of rival nations has ceased forever. The climate is modified by the judicious cultivation of the earth. The polar regions are converted into fertile plains; their seas are the highways of commerce; fogs and hurricanes no longer endanger the safety of ships. Vines are growing upon the barren mountains of Scotland. The limpid purity of the Thames reflects the shadow of the palm, and Italian skies stretch above the dome of St. Paul's. Rival armies have assembled by the banks of the Euphrates; they are composed of chosen legions from sixty empires of the globe, but they have come, not to destroy, but to contend for the prize to be awarded for the best *petit pâté*. Such is the absorbing question in which the peaceful world is now interested. Daily bulletins are published and eagerly read in the four quarters of the earth reporting the progress of the contest. At length the umpires have given their decision, and the series that has produced the victorious *pâté* is entertained at a splendid banquet. Six hundred thousand warriors are assembled. Every form of *pâté* is laid upon the table; but the prize *pâté* is accompanied by three hundred thousand bottles of sparkling wine. At a given signal the whole three hundred thousand corks rise with a simultaneous pop into the air — and this is the only explosion permitted in Harmony.

IV.

These singular views were put forward with great gravity and very apparent sincerity; yet it was to be feared that they would encounter a good deal of opposition, and even ridicule. As soon as they were published, Fourier at once proceeded to Paris to endeavor to procure favorable reviews. He had some influence with the press, as he was personally acquainted with the editors of the *Journal de Débats* and the *Revue Encyclopédique*. His efforts were, however, of no avail. Shortly after his arrival he wrote to his friend, M. Muiron, "Pour intriguer à Paris, il faut une voiture et beaucoup d'argent. Puis des bassesses tout cela me manque." In the following year he published a summary of his great treatise, hoping that those readers who had been dismayed by the extreme length of the original might be attracted by the theory when presented in condensed form. He contrived, however, to make the summary as unreadable as can well be imagined, and by

profusion of strange words and hieroglyphics greatly to increase the unfavorable impression. In vain he sent copies, both of the summary and of the treatise, to eminent men in France and England. From some he received no answer, from others a mere formal acknowledgment. In the midst of profound discouragement he made the acquaintance of an English lady, Mrs. Wheeler, and at her house he met a Mr. Smith. Both became ardent disciples. He induced the latter to translate the summary into English, in order that the theory might appear to be the work of an Englishman. Fourier knew that a prophet can expect no honor in his own country; but he fancied that if he represented himself as a foreigner he would at once become popular. We are not informed of the success of this device. At length, however, a M. Mazel copied a portion of Fourier's writings, made some additions of his own, and published the whole as an original work. An article appeared in the *Revue Encyclopédique* upon the subject, in which Fourier had the mortification to find himself satirized. He resolved to quit Paris, and to return to Lyons. Yet his efforts had not been altogether without results: he had succeeded in making two more disciples—Madame Clariasse Vigoureux, a lady of some property and considerable ability, and M. Victor Considérant, an engineer, and then a very young man. Both of these subsequently became active auxiliaries, and by their writings contributed in no small degree to the spread of the new doctrine. He also became acquainted with a M. Gréa, a gentleman of independent position, who offered him accommodation in his own house if he would undertake to write a condensation of his opinions, freed from the extraneous matter with which his previous works had been disfigured. This, however, Fourier declined to do. He determined to return to business, and he accepted a small situation as cashier in a commercial house at a salary of twelve hundred francs.

He was too satisfied of the importance of his theories to accept failure with resignation. In the following year (1826) he returned to Paris to urge them upon the public. His private resources were not sufficient to enable him to dispense with employment, and he procured a clerkship in an American firm. Here he worked from ten to five for an income of twelve hundred francs; yet he found leisure to write another book which he called "Nouveau Monde Industriel." It is little more than a recapitulation of his former treatise, with the great merit of being in one volume instead of in four. He experienced considerable difficulty in finding a publisher. If, he said bitterly, Chateaubriand chose to write a book to prove that two and two make five, the publishers would eagerly compete for the honor of printing it; but the great successor of Newton, the discoverer of the science of passionate attraction, had to go to Besançon for the purpose. While he was there, he enjoyed the hospitality of Madame Vigoureux, from whom he received whatever assistance he required. His new work appeared in 1829, and was almost as unsuccessful as any of the preceding. It was, however, satirized by the *Revue Française*, of which M. Guizot was then the editor. Fourier replied in a pamphlet that is chiefly remarkable for its extreme violence, and the persistence with which he attributed his own failures to the base motives of others. He says, "Il a été résolu en comité philosophique d'écraser cette découverte," and suggests that the name of the offending journal should be changed to *Revue Vandale*. For some years he had cherished the hope that Mr. Owen, the English socialist, would find him employment at some of his experiments, either in Scotland or America; but now he assails that "sophiste audacieux" as "le plus nuisible qui ait jamais paru," and explains how Owen's attack upon religion was made to obtain the suffrage of the "philosophes," his communism to secure that of the people, and his views on marriage to attract youthful sensualists. It is but fair, however, to add that Fourier had all along consistently opposed these tendencies of Owen. Nor was he at all more favorable to the Saint-Simonians. He attended some of their meetings in the Rue Monsigny, and his contempt found ready expression. He declaimed against those "sacerdotal buffoons" who "believe no more

in Saint-Simon than they do in the Alcoran." "How I would trash those mountebanks," he adds with vigor, "if I had a journal." He accuses them of plagiarism, and is confident that a time will yet come when "I will nonplus these hypocrites." That time was, indeed, drawing near. The increasing extravagance of Enfantin had led, in the autumn of 1831, to the secession of M. Bazard, by far the soberest of the two chiefs of Saint-Simonism. M. Bazard was followed by several other leading disciples. Of these many adopted the views of Fourier. Jules Le Chevalier and Transon embraced them with the ardor that had characterized their former apostleship. They immediately commenced a course of lectures upon the subject, almost before they had time to become fully acquainted with it. They communicated their own inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm to the elder disciples, and in June, 1832, the first journal advocating Fourierism was published. It was called the *Phalanstère, ou la Réforme Industrielle*.

The principal contributors were MM. Muiron and Victor Considérant and Madame Vigoureux, assisted by the new recruits, MM. Transon and Le Chevalier, and subsequently by MM. Lemoyne, Paget, and Pellarin, who had all been formerly Saint-Simonians. M. Pellarin had been a doctor in the navy. He became converted to Saint-Simonism at Brest, through the preaching of M. Charton. He embraced the faith with enthusiasm, and when required, he cheerfully gave up his profession, sold his small family property, and brought the proceeds, amounting to 4,000 francs, to the monks at Ménilmontant. The contribution was opportune, as the baker had just then refused to supply more bread, and the disciples had already pawned their watches. For some time his early enthusiasm supported his faith, though he found much to weaken it. At last, one morning, when he was engaged in cleaning the room of the Apostle Lambert, he was attracted by a volume of Fourier. The scales, he says, at once fell from his eyes. He hastened to quit Ménilmontant. He got back one and a half francs of his money to pay for the carriage of his portmanteau, and found himself alone in Paris almost without a friend, and altogether without a sou. In this desperate position he determined to commit suicide. He started off for the Arc de Triomphe, with the intention of throwing himself down; but fortunately he met an acquaintance, who asked him to breakfast. A beefsteak and a glass of wine changed his intention; and, after much difficulty, he found employment upon the staff of the *Phalanstère*. He has remained ever since a faithful disciple of Fourier. He has published an interesting biography of his master, which has this year reached a fifth edition, and an exposition of his opinions, which has the supreme merit of brevity, and is not more unintelligible than might be reasonably expected.

The *Phalanstère* contributed greatly to the spread of Fourierism. In 1832, M. Baudet-Dulary, the deputy for the Seine et Oise, determined to try the experiment of a phalanx. He purchased an estate for the purpose at Condé-sur-Vesgre, on the borders of the forest of Rambouillet. A company of shareholders was formed, and buildings were commenced. The experiment was not made at all upon the scale that Fourier had desired; and, as was subsequently proved, the resources of the company were wholly inadequate. Nor did the architect carry out the views of Fourier. He built piggeries "ainsi que les cochons seront trois fois mieux logés que les Messieurs," and to which he forgot to put any doors, so that a ponderous sow would have to be hoisted in and out over the wall. It was no wonder that Fourier should write, in July, 1833, "il ne faut pas se le dissimuler — la colonie est ravagée." "On n'a pas suivi," he adds, "une ligne de mes instructions." The failure was complete. Indeed, actual association seems never to have been attempted. The company, says Fourier, "n'a point fait d'essai, mais des préparatifs en culture ordinaire." M. Dulary generously indemnified the shareholders, and himself sustained the entire loss. The disappointment was at least equal. Henceforth superficial inquirers would point to the actual failure when tried of all the fine theories of the new prophet. This failure caused great dis-

couragement among the disciples of Fourier. In August, 1833, the *Phalanstère*, which till then had been a weekly journal, began to appear but once a month; and in February, in the following year, it expired altogether. For more than two years Fourierism was unrepresented in the press, and its enemies began to fancy that it had been completely extinguished. But this was by no means the case, and a considerable literature, reflecting the new views, was gradually arising. The first work upon the subject had been published in 1824, by the eldest disciple, M. Muiron. It was entitled "Aperçus sur les Procédés Industriels," and in 1846 it reached a third edition. It contains a short exposition of the doctrine, with special reference to its practical application. It was intended to show that "toutes les améliorations morales proposées sont le développement naturel et facile des bons germes offerts par l'état actuel des choses."

Fourier had already, in many parts of his treatise, pointed out in what manner the transition might be effected from the old to the new state of society. In the transitional period of "Garantisme," the principle of association now extensively practised in trade was to be greatly extended, but one of its leading features would be the formation of a "Comptoir communal actionnaire." The Comptoir was to be established in every agricultural commune, it was to be a "maison de commerce et de manutention agricole exerçant l'entrepôt et faisant des avances de fonds au consignateur." It would purchase all necessary goods at wholesale prices, and retail them at a small profit to its members, who will thus obtain their implements, seed, &c. When the harvest is gathered, the produce will be deposited in the store belonging to the Comptoir, and an immediate advance in money will be made to the depositor upon his goods. The Comptoir will wait for an advantageous condition of the market to effect its sales, and the peasant farmer will consequently derive some of the benefits of capital. Besides this, public kitchens will be established to economize food and fuel, and there will be manufactories attached to each Comptoir to afford employment during the winter to the agricultural community. The Comptoir will always undertake to provide work for its members, who will thus be removed from the risk of want. It was expected that this institution, when once fairly established, would enter the open field of competition with forces so overwhelmingly great, as in the end to beat out all private competitors, and thus to resolve rural society into agricultural companies, each company farming the entire land of the commune. Such an organization would greatly facilitate the ultimate formation of phalanxes. M. Muiron devoted a large part of his book to develop the practical working of this scheme; and, at the request of the Academy of Besançon, he drew up elaborate rules for the regulation of the Comptoir. His work was favorably reported upon by the local academy, but we do not hear of any effort having been made to test the value of its suggestions by experiment. In 1832 he published "Transactions Sociales," which has since reached a second edition. In it he has displayed a good deal of ingenuity in proving that Fourierism need not be considered as subversive either of religion or morals, and that it is perfectly compatible with any form of government. Indeed, he argued that self-restraint is a necessary condition of civilization, and that it becomes our duty to submit, for the present, with all humility to the dictatorship of priests and legislators. The reform he urged was a purely social one, totally independent of religious or political theories; and to attack these would be only to divert our energies from the true business in hand.

In the same year M. Maurize exposed the "Dangers de la situation actuelle de la France," and pointed to the peaceful gospel of Fourier as the only means of escape. Between 1832 and 1834 M. Jules Le Chevalier gave his lectures upon Fourierism to the world; and shortly afterwards abandoned the school, to enter into the arena of radical politics. In 1835 M. Transon, who, like Le Chevalier, had formerly been a Saint-Simonian, published his "Théorie Sociétaire de Fourier;" but subsequently he also deserted his new master, and found a final refuge in the

orthodox Church. Fourier himself added in the same year another to his already numerous writings.

But by far the most zealous contributor to the literature of Fourierism was M. Victor Considérant. He commenced in 1834 the publication of his "Destinée Sociale," a work that has since then undergone many alterations and additions, till in 1851 it reached its fourth edition. We may regret indeed that this work is so excessively long, and that it should reproduce so faithfully the barbarous phraseology and the wearisome analytical tables of Fourier, but it possesses no small interest from the prominence it has given to the Commune, as the element in society upon which all measures of reform should be commenced. "La Commune," he said, "est l'atelier social, l'élément alvéolaire de la province, de la nation, de la société;" and, therefore, "le premier problème à résoudre pour avoir une bonne organisation sociale est celui d'une bonne organisation de l'élément social — de la Commune." His work is devoted to explain how Fourierism may be applied to the Commune, and how out of the Commune the phalanxes of the future may arise. In common with the other disciples at that time, he strongly disclaimed all political agitation. A few years after, however, he was induced to take an active part in the Revolutionary Government of 1848; and, as he then acknowledged leader of Fourierism, he somewhat compromised its peaceful character. The faith of M. Dulary had not been shaken by the losses he had sustained at Condé-sur-Vesgre. Nor was his zeal in any degree diminished. In 1834 he wrote a pamphlet respecting the "Crise Sociale," and in 1836 he greatly contributed by his fortune to the reestablishment of a Fourierist journal. It was called *La Phalange; Journal de la Science Sociale*. It was to appear three times a month, and the first number was published on the 10th July. During the seven years of its existence we may follow the gradual progress of the school.

When it began the opinions of Fourier were restricted to a few disciples, and were completely ignored or misunderstood by the general public. When it was transformed, in 1843, into a daily paper, with a new name, those opinions were extensively professed throughout France. They had newspaper organs in England and America; they were expounded in learned treatises in Germany and Spain; they had sent out colonists to many a distant settlement in the Far West, and an experiment had been even begun upon the shores of the Mexican sea. In France they had raised the most violent opposition. The disciples were attacked by the conservative party as aiming at the destruction of private property; by the radicals they were accused of political cowardice; by the revolutionary communists of the school of Babeuf, by the social innovators of the school of Louis Blanc, they were equally condemned. Theologians had of course raised their usual cry of impiety; and even good men were appalled by what seemed to be the sensual tendency of their tenets. During the years preceding the revolution no writers depicted in darker colors the condition of the suffering poor, or denounced with greater eloquence or earnestness the injustices under which they labored. Few more excited the imagination by glowing descriptions of the natural rights of man and the happiness which, in a well ordered state, should be the common lot of all. It was a time of great political ferment, of secret societies, of suppressed revolution, and the burning words of the disciples of Fourier mingled powerfully with the wild elements already gathering for the coming storm. Fourier himself did not live to witness this success. He died in October, 1837, when the fortunes of his school seemed to be again upon the wane. In the preceding May *La Phalange* had to limit its publication to once a month. One of the last acts of Fourier was to preside over the foundation of a society with a view to train up children in the new views. Such was the modest scheme to which at the close of his life he was obliged to limit his hopes.

He is described as a man rather under the usual height, with delicate features, and peculiarly expressive countenance. His blue eyes were brilliant when animated, and remarkable for mildness in repose. His light brown hair,

changed by age into a silvery white, encircled a forehead distinguished for the beauty of its form, its height, and smoothness. In youth he is said to have been of a lively and sarcastic humor, which he indulged in satirical verses and lampoons. But as he increased in years his countenance acquired a cast of melancholy, and he was rarely seen to smile. He became so reticent as seldom to speak, except to answer a direct question, which he did as briefly as possible, and then relapsed into silence. When alone with a few intimate friends, however, he would expound his views with facility and eloquence; his habitual peniveness would vanish, and the fire of enthusiasm rekindle in his eye. He generally went about with his stick properly notched as a measuring-rule, and would take the dimensions of any building that struck him. He would stop suddenly in the street, or in the middle of a conversation, pull out his note book, and make an entry of whatever brilliant idea had passed through his brain. He lived almost entirely alone, and in his solitary walks he would talk aloud and declaim with energy to himself, a habit that led him not unfrequently to be mistaken for a lunatic. Very different estimates have been formed of the extent of his knowledge. In youth he read much, and collected a great deal of crude information upon many subjects. To this he added his own speculations, which he was apt at times to substitute for more positive knowledge. In later years he read very little, except the current newspapers or magazine literature. His time was principally devoted to writing and the elaboration of his own theories. It was his habit to begin work early in the morning and to go for a short walk after every two hours' application. His works are very long; they are filled with strange words, and endless repetitions. They affect extreme scientific precision, and are ables of analysis abound. They are adorned by occasional hieroglyphics, and by letters or numerals turned upside down. They are curious to look at, but most tiresome to read. Fourier spoke in public with clearness and ease, without any pretension to oratorical effect. He was very fond of animals, and especially of cats. He had an intense horror of caterpillars, the emblem, he said, of civilization, and would not, on their account, sit upon the grass. He once beheld a spider upon the ceiling over his head. He jumped up, and, almost naked, rushed frantically out the house to implore assistance to remove the terrible apparition. He was a kind and generous friend. He would take any amount of trouble to perform a service; and, out of his own small income, he was able to do many works of unostentatious charity. He was never married. It was said that he was peculiarly fickle in his attachments, and, notwithstanding the conjecture of his biographer to the contrary, we may doubt if ever his heart had been touched by the purifying influence of love.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Austrian empress' dress-maker's bill is an annual one of fifty thousand dollars.

THE papers say that the author of "Middlemarch" is intending to visit this country.

THE *New Free Press* announces the completion of the exhibition building at Vienna. A department of women's industrial work of all kinds will be one of the features of the Exhibition.

MM. COROT and Diaz have been named knights of the order of Leopold, on the occasion of the general Exhibition of the Fine Arts which has just taken place at Brussels.

It would be difficult for any one except Mr. Beeton of London to conceive anything more stupid than this year's edition of Mr. Beeton's "Christmas Annual." It is intended

to burlesque Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and consists of five thousand verses, in which there is neither pith nor point. Fancy a parody five thousand lines long! And one of Beeton's parodies!

THE Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* points out that the religious establishments at Rome are far from being so wealthy as is generally supposed. The magnificent decorations in the churches are for the most part due to the generosity of private benefactors, and the extent of the territory possessed by the religious bodies is generally a very insufficient test of their actual wealth. Thus two thirds of the Campagna belongs to Roman monasteries and convents, but this represents a very small income, and even in the more fertile parts of the country the produce of the land attached to religious establishments is very insignificant.

ADMIRERS of Donizetti's pretty opera "La Figlia del Reggimento" will be interested to hear, on the authority of the *Russian Invalid*, that the 159th Regiment of Russian Infantry possesses at this moment a "daughter of the regiment." The young lady who bears this not unenviable title is the daughter of Father Malinin, the regimental chaplain, who died in 1867, leaving his little girl, then only ten years old, entirely unprovided for. The officers, with whom the chaplain had been a great favorite, made a subscription for the child, on the understanding that it should be continued annually, and placed her at a boarding-school at Saratoff, where the regiment is stationed during the winter. The *Russian Invalid* does not say whether Mdlle. Malinin plays the drum; but whenever a regimental entertainment is given the officers invite their daughter to do the honors.

SPEAKING of Mr. Dixon's libel suit against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Times* remarks that it would be monstrous if it were libellous to point out truly and gravely that a book has an immoral tendency, and no one who reads the passages selected by Sir John Karslake, even without looking further into the volumes whence they are taken, can doubt that such is the inevitable tendency of such language on such a theme. Human nature being what it is, no one was likely to be morally the better, while many were certain to be morally the worse, for reading Mr. Dixon's graphic descriptions of societies in which "free love" is substituted for marriage, and all the unwritten laws regulating the relations of the sexes are ostentatiously defied. No doubt there is a place as well as a time for all things, and a far less guarded treatment of forbidden subjects than Mr. Dixon's would be open to no objection if it occurred in a medical treatise. But Mr. Dixon's "New America" and "Spiritual Wives" are not medical treatises, nor are they, as Mr. Dixon would now have the world believe, psychological discourses, or essays on the history of religious fanaticism. They are lively sketches of men and manners, intended for popular reading, and sure to be widely disseminated. They must therefore be tested by a wholly different standard, and had the *Pall Mall Gazette* limited itself to a condemnation of them as inevitably conducive to a low tone of morality, there would not have been so much as a *prima facie* ground for an action of libel. As it is, Mr. Dixon has gained his suit. Tennyson says that the jingling of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels. The healing capability of one penny — the amount of damages awarded to Mr. Dixon — cannot be very great.

It is refreshing in these days of ill-bred ghosts and vulgar turbulent spirits who can apparently find no better use for their supernatural powers than the destruction of windows and the smashing of furniture, to hear of a gentlemanlike old ghost of a class, alas! now almost extinct, the members of which would have scorned to commit actions that have given modern ghosts such an unpleasant notoriety, and have brought ridicule and reproach on a once honored designation. A correspondent of the *London Observer* states that while sitting in the dining-room of his father's house,

reading a book, he became conscious of some object standing at the side of his chair, and on turning round discovered that it was a ghost, dressed in a Spanish cloak, and wearing a broad-brimmed slouched hat. So far from being in a disagreeable humor, the ghost was looking down upon him "with a most benignant expression." Of course he was startled, — anybody would be under similar circumstances, — his hair rose on his head, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his limbs were deprived of all motion. This is the good, healthy effect taken by all genuine ghosts on those whom they visit, and is far more natural than the easy familiarity which marks the intercourse between adulterated spirits and their friends and admirers. There was, however, no real cause for alarm, the ghost "melted away slowly and with a retreating motion," without even breaking a wine-glass or upsetting a table. In fact, the interview was conducted with the utmost dignity and courtesy on both sides; no noise, no bustle, and the whole affair was over in a few minutes. Such a ghost as this is a valuable acquisition to any mansion. He is evidently a first-class old family ghost, "worth his weight in gold," if we may venture to use this expression in speaking of an immaterial being, who, of course, does not weigh an ounce, and might be forwarded by post for a penny stamp so far as his gravity is concerned. Ghosts of this description are never found in the houses of the *nouveaux riches*. The wealthy manufacturer may buy aristocratic mansions. He may purchase old armor and family pictures, and make believe they belonged to his ancestors, but with all his gold he cannot buy one family ghost, and is obliged to content himself with miserable table-rapping shams.

THE SENATORS OF TREVES.

BECAUSE the Goths are nigh,
And Cæsar's help is late,
Because the time is come to die,
The time is past to wait;
Therefore, we feast in state,
And fill the goblet high,
To drink to steadfast prophecy
And to avenging fate.

The Cæsar's throne may fall,
But Cæsar's law shall stand,
To reign within the blackened wall,
Over the wasted land.
Our sons, though weak of hand,
Shall conquer in their thrall,
For they shall bind on great and small
Words in a bitter band.

Our daughters, in their shame,
Shall stoop to harsh behest;
But they shall set their lords aflame
With longing, sick unrest;
Yea, and the sackcloth vest
The strong desire shall tame,
And by the Heavenly Husband's name
They shall avenge us best.

Till shame, and doubt, and care,
In barren years to be,
Shall teach a foe too proud to spare
To pine to be as we.
Whatever sights we see,
At last we can despair;
They shall be hopeless and not dare
Call death to set them free —

Like us whose hair grew white
Under a rosy crown;
For Cæsar chid us back from fight

In days when it was brown.
We lay our burden down,
And almost count it light;
We sink without a blow to-night,
But not without renown.

It shall be said that some
Out of the listless mass,
Whose hearts were cold, whose arms were numb,
Who were cut down like grass,
Looked full in Time's dim glass,
And drank ere they were dumb,
To all the woe that is to come,
To all that is to pass.

For time will make a prey
Of bitter fruit he bore,
That he may bear another day
Fruit, bitter as before.
We pass, but we adore
What will not pass away,
Cæsar or Christ shall be that toy
Of Rome for evermore.

Since what we have defied
Is still an empty show,
'Tis well that other eyes abide
Its bloodier overthrow.
Hark! 'tis the shout we know,
And they are just outside;
But still the western gates stand wide
For all who care to go;

We eye the battle line,
We list the battle din,
We have watched long in Victory's shrine,
Her feast will soon begin.
Perhaps she counts it sin
Because her marbles shine
With nothing redder yet than wine —
Let other revellers in.

L'ENVOI.

At Treves they sang this song
Some centuries ago;
As other Goths may come ere long,
The tune is good to know.

ASTHMA! — Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy! — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated the disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. **JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.**

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 2.

CONCERNING THE DISADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A SMALL COMMUNITY.

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON.

THIS afternoon, a sunshiny winter afternoon, the sky bright blue and the air cold and clear, I climbed the winding turret stair which leads to the top of a certain tower. The tower, which carries a low spire, is that of the parish church of a certain little city. That church was built, centuries ago, as an ancient document bears, *in mediâ civitate*: and from its tower you may see the whole city very distinctly. Very picturesque is the view. You look down on red roofs, and ivied ruins: green gardens are interspersed: and on two sides the buildings cut against the blue sea. A stranger, looking at the prospect for the first time, exclaimed, "How charming!" And no one can feel the special charm of it more than the writer does. But I thought, looking round, that I know better than the stranger; at least I knew more. For I know every house on which you look down: every household; and the curious relations between many of them, friendly and other. I know the poverty and privation: the anxiety and care: which abide under many of those roofs. It is not all improvement, to know any place so well, which is inhabited by human beings. Few human beings look the better for being looked into too constantly and too long. And coming down the cork-screw stair, whose steps are worn by some centuries of infrequent use, I thought of certain disadvantages which come of living in a small community.

Let it be explained what I mean by a small community. I mean a little place with a considerable number of families of nearly equal social position. A country parish is not, in the sense intended, a small community. But a Cathedral Close is: or a little town.

And let it be understood that I admit the advantages of a small community. There is something homely and kindly in living where you know everybody and everybody knows you. There is a desolation in the heart of the denizen of such a society, when he walks the London streets, and gazes into the shop windows. "No one knows me here," he thinks, with a certain icy shiver. I do not now see how any one can feel at home in that awful place, though I once lived there for years. I cannot now understand how I did it. In the little town, when you go into a shop, no one watches to see if you intend to steal something. No policeman has an eye of suspicion on you, as you leisurely pass along the street. Your vocation and place are known accurately; and your income with sufficient approximation. You are not tempted to incur expense you cannot afford. You know that the only reflection which will follow your doing so will be that of the Roman citizen returning home after seeing Curtius jump into the gulf in the Forum: to wit, "What a fool!"

But there are things on the other side of the balance. Let us try to state them, look at them, weigh them.

One is sometimes strongly felt, though it may seem fanciful. It is the general vague sense that you have not room to stretch yourself. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." I do not mean to say that this feeling is constant. Sometimes, one is quite content. But again, the wish arises for space in which to expand and expatiate. There comes a weariness of always

seeing the same faces, and going the same round. I fancy that a mill-horse, ever turning round in the same narrow track, would sometimes wish for anything for a change. I do not, however, say more on this point: because I know various eminently sensible persons, who have in my hearing stated that Goethe was a fool, and who would declare that what has already been said is fanciful, and even morbid. So let us advance to what is beyond all question real.

Living in a small community, you come to discern people's faults with painful clearness. When you see your friends every day, you see through them. No human character can bear being looked at so constantly and so closely. Under the microscope we all look rough, and discolored, and warped. And with those one is always seeing, one does not take the pains to conceal weaknesses which one does with a stranger. Unless a man is a very great fool, he knows quite well when he is saying or doing something foolish: and he keeps it back when with those with whom he stands on ceremony. But it all comes out in the familiarity of constant intercourse. Our own family, and our near kin, are part of ourselves: and we excuse their errors and follies as we do our own: even when we see their faults plainly, we like them hardly the less. But beyond that intimate circle, there arises the peculiar feeling which Scotch folk call a *scunner* towards a friend who frequently annoys us by outbursts of vanity, or wrong-headedness, or spitefulness, or littleness, or envy. Familiarity, as the proverbial saying has it, breeds contempt. And unless with very rare specimens of humanity, there is very much that is little and contemptible in human nature. The greatest fool every man has known, is himself: and this because (in spite of the old Greek counsel) he knows himself better than he knows any other. Now in a large place, when you feel that some little frailty of a really worthy man is obtruding itself on you so painfully as to make you forgetful of his real worth, you can see less of him for a few weeks till you get over the painful impression. But there are places so small, that you must see your friend every day: even when it would be far better for both of you that you did not see much of one another for a time.

Then, in a small community, people come to stand in such relations to one another that they may be said to be real enemies: in so far as that can be in the decorous restraint of word and deed which goes with our civilization. I used once to think that decent folk would have no enemies. When I was a little fellow, I used continually to hear public worship conducted by one of the best of men, and that in a country where there is no liturgy. An ever-recurring petition was, "If we have enemies, forgive them." It seemed to me, as a boy, that the petition was needless. Who could be his enemy? But, growing up, one thought differently. There are actual cases in which a person has only to know that you wish for such a thing to be done, to resolve to oppose that thing. Because A would fain have things go one way, B will push for the opposite way. Now, that is being an enemy, as permitted in this age. And much more in a little place than in a big will such enemies be found. The scope is too large, the people are too many, in the big place, for the peculiar feeling which creates them. I could give curious examples; but that is exactly what I am not going to do. And the further ebullition of enmity which makes one man exult in the little annoyances

which befall another, will hardly be found in its full maturity amid a large population and a wide acquaintance.

And though you do not like a man, and find that in him which rubs you the wrong way, you cannot draw wholly off from him, as you would in a large city. In the little town you must be constantly meeting: you cannot choose your own circle of associates. You are of necessity thrown into frequent contact with persons whom you would not select for your friends. In a large place, if you discover in any man indications of a character which makes it impossible that you should respect or trust him, you can without awkwardness drop his acquaintance wholly. But it is awkward and inconvenient not to be at least on terms of civility with a human being whom you must frequently pass in the street, and with whom you must sometimes transact business. You cannot indulge in the luxury of cutting dead even the person you know to have been telling malignant falsehoods about you, in print or otherwise. Then a certain sense of insincerity arises in your heart when you treat with outward courtesy, however reserved, one whom you know to be a cowardly enemy. Further, if you dislike a person's character and ways at all, you will dislike that person very much, if he is constantly obtruded on you. He will become to you what the grinding of a hand-organ was to Mr. Babbage: what the creaking of wood rubbing on wood is to some people: the object of a vehement antipathy, which by continuance grows altogether unbearable. When I enter a beautiful cathedral close, it appears to me as the home of sacred quiet and kindness: surely the souls that inhabit here must be calm, beautiful, and holy as their outward surroundings: what but peace and love can dwell in this abode of unworldly repose and brotherly devotion? Nor do I mean to say that this is wholly a pleasant illusion. But in some cases the fact is far from the ideal. Envyings and strifes, social bumptiousness and social indignation, worldliness of spirit and foolish extravagance, have entered even here. And if unfriendly relations exist at all, how embittered they must be by the constant presence of the disagreeable object! To constantly hear the Litany sung by a man whom you esteem to be a humbug, must be a great provocation. There are those towards whom you can maintain a tolerably forgiving spirit only by keeping them out of your sight and hearing.

Among those members of the little community who remain fast friends, perils arise which must be guarded against. One is, that there comes the tendency to use the same freedom of speech towards one another which exists in some outspoken and inharmonious families. Disagreeable things are plainly said: faults pointed out with a confounded candor. There is even a disposition to rake up unpleasant subjects without any call. Now it has ever appeared to the writer that an excessive closeness of intercourse is not desirable, unless among those very closely related by blood. The atoms which make up physical Nature are kept a good way apart, even in the substances which to the unscientific eye and touch appear the most solid and homogeneous. This seems a teaching by parable. Even so, human beings ought to be kept in some measure apart by a certain reserve and a constant courtesy. Do not tell your friend that he has made a fool of himself (however certain the fact may be), unless you design that henceforth there shall be an undefined something between you, a little rift, which may spread till you are divided far. The recollection will be unpleasant of that over-frank judgment, even in an unmorbid mind. And I have remarked that in a small community, many minds are morbidly sensitive and touchy. One never goes wrong in practising towards all around a studied courteousness of demeanor. And one has remarked how a man, little used to be treated so, and known for a hasty temper and a rough tongue, is gentled and humanized into a corresponding courtesy and amiability towards another who scrupulously and unaffectedly renders him his social due.

The public-spirited man who desires in a small community to carry out any public improvement, will find by experience what difficulties arise of the situation. It is not merely that the small community is apt to be old-fashioned

in its likings, and have no mind for innovation; strongly holding that what was good enough for the fathers must be good enough for their children. Not merely that such a community is apt to regard with jealousy the proposals of a new-comer from the outer world, esteeming it as an answer to all his arguments, that many of its members knew the place before he was born: the difficulty is a further one. It comes of the singular interlacing of private interests, connections, likes and dislikes, jealousies and enmities. C will not go heartily into any work, which he believes is instigated or supported by his enemy D. E will not support any reform, which may affect the custom of the shop of his cousin F. G will solemnly declare that black is white, if the recognition of the fact that black is black would make things go hard with the man whose son is to marry his niece. All this is very irritating to a downright person, eager that some good work be done, or at least that the work be estimated on its proper merits. It shakes your faith in the honesty and rightheartedness of human nature. It painfully convinces you what inferior motives practically impel the doings of many men. And if you manage your fellow creatures into the doing of what is good and right by driving them according to their natures: by suggesting to the cantankerous man reasons fitted to sway the cantankerous, and to the foolish man considerations which would have weight only with a fool; you may carry your point, and that a good point; but not without some sense of self-degradation. It is by imperceptible degrees that the tact and skill of an Archbishop of Canterbury shade into the cunning trickery of the Artful Dodger. And near the line which parts the permissible from the mean, an honest man will begin to feel very unhappy.

I do not linger on that which in a little place is sometimes felt as provocation: the tendency on the part of some of your neighbors to investigate all your proceedings, and make them the subject of much conversation and discussion. Gossip, if not false or ill-natured, is a needful and justifiable part of real life: it merely means that human beings are interested in the persons and events which are nearest to them. Yet there come seasons in which you are more sensitive to the littleness of humanity than at other times; in which it makes you angry, while it ought simply to amuse you, to find anxious inquiries made as to who dined with you on such a day, and even what you had for dinner: likewise why you did not invite A and B, each of whom is as good as you. But if you have so much good sense as to decline to listen to such petty talk, you will not be annoyed by it; and it comes to very little, after all. Passing from this, let me sum up by saying, generally, that if you live in a small community, it is expedient that from time to time you should go for a little while away from it; if possible, to a considerable distance from it. Thus only will you keep your mind in a healthy state. Thus will you see things in true perspective, and looking their true size. Thus only will you keep it present to you, how modest your own dimensions are, and how small your weight. I have known a really clever man, after living for some months together in the unhealthy moral atmosphere of a small place, burst out into exhibitions of arrogance and conceit so deplorable, as to be barely consistent with sanity. It is needful that you go where you may sit down, and take in that the sphere wherein you live is not all the world; and that its affairs are in fact not much thought or talked of by the majority of the human race. And discerning this, you will go home again quite resolved not to be drawn into small strifes, ambitions, and diplomacies, which are thoroughly bad for soul and mind. To educated and sensitive men, dwelling in little towns, London is a great and wholesome alternative. If I were a rich man, I would provide an endowment which might send every country parson in Britain to London for three weeks each spring. Just to walk about the streets, and behold one's unknown fellow-creatures, and see how big the place is, is to many an over-driven and over-sensitive mortal the most precious of medicinal gum.

I have been setting forth moral rather than material considerations. But one cannot help thinking how in a little

place one misses the material advantages (not without their moral consequences) which come in a large community of the clubbing together of the limited means of a great number of comparatively poor people. In a large city, there is everywhere a solidity, an appearance of wealth. As in a club, a congeries of men of very moderate resources are able to afford a palace, with the arrangements, the books and periodicals, which only a millionaire could provide for himself, so is it in a great town. The very pavement of the streets is different. The water-supply is better and more abundant. The shops are incomparably handsomer and better provided. You have the great luxury of a first-rate bookseller, on whose tables you can see all the new books: buying a few, and seeing as much as you desire of many more. In the little place you may be thankful to have a railway at all; so thankful that you do not grumble at the wretched, rickety wooden shed which serves for a station, the rattling carriages, the ill-laid rails which would make express speed destruction. You cannot expect to step into the luxurious and fluent carriage, which in nine hours and a half bears you four hundred miles: conveying you from Athens to Babylon. Neither can you, when you feel dreary and stupid, wander away and lose yourself in mazes of smoky streets in some noisy and squalid quarter, whence you return with a penitential sense that you have little right to be discontented. Most middle-aged men remember to have got good in that way. I remember talking with a very intelligent working man who abode in a little city, but had at one period in his life lived for some years in London. "What I liked about London," said he, "was this: that if a body was ill off, you had only to go on for a walk and you would see some other body worse off." The idea was sound, though awkwardly expressed. It was as when the Highlander said, "The potatoes here are very bad; but, God be thanked, they are a great deal worse about Drumnadrochit."

On the whole, the little community is a school wherein, with certain disadvantages and certain advantages too: one may cultivate good temper, sympathy, patience; forbearance with the faults of others, and the habit of occasionally remembering one's own.

LA BONNE MERE NANNETTE.

ONE of the "red-letter days" of our tour through Normandy was that on which, according to the good advice of the man who threw us from Caen, we decided to stop for a day at Vire, instead of at once taking the train to Granville. Accordingly, we and our luggage were deposited at the Hôtel St. Pierre, the entrance to which, as is common in these old-fashioned towns, was through the kitchen. At its door stood our hostess, waiting to receive us, not only as travellers and customers, but to give us that hearty greeting which so smacks of welcome, and at once makes one feel at home.

Between our driver and ourselves a thorough friendship had sprung up, and this he conveyed in his manner, as he presented the Monsieur et Mesdames Anglais to La Bonne Mère Nannette, as she stood there in a short, full, brown petticoat, a striped red kerchief crossed on her bosom, and a high net cap, lined with blue, the perfect type of a handsome Norman country-woman, aged, seemingly, between fifty and sixty.

"Go, my child," she said to a pretty fair girl who stood a little behind her, eying us with curiosity; "go, and show to madame the chambers which we have;" and following our young guide, we were conducted through two or three rooms, with comfortable, clean-looking beds, and handsomely carved wooden presses; and having made our choice, we descended to the salon to partake of the table d'hôte dinner, which was just being served. The result of all this was, that instead of leaving (as had been our intention) for Granville the next day, that day week found us still at Vire, the rest of the party exploring the valley; while I, seated on the bench in front of the hotel, with Mère Nan-

nette by my side, asked her to tell me the story of her life, which, from various things we had heard in the town, I knew must be one I should like to listen to.

"Madame will not think me vain," she said, turning her still lovely dark eyes towards me, "when I tell her that some forty years ago the travellers and the customers who came here daily to breakfast or dinner, called me La Belle Nannette. My cousin, whose husband was master of the hotel, would often bid me not to pay heed to their flattering speeches, which meant no good to a poor orphan girl, who thought her fortune was made, when food and shelter were offered to her in exchange for the services she rendered in doing the work and being servant at the Hôtel St. Pierre."

Jeanne Ferouelle, good woman as she was, might have spared Nannette all these cautions, for the child had been made deaf to the pleasant words other men might say, since Raoul Vanier, the blacksmith's young son, had whispered into her willing ear his tale of love.

Ah! Madame, where can I tell you to look for a man, who shall describe to you what Raoul was at the time of which I speak? He was tall, broad, and handsome, with head up, and limbs made nobler each day by wielding the great hammer, the sound of which I loved far more than the sweetest music. There was but one grand drawback to our happiness. Marcel Vanier was a rich man, with money saved up, and a trade as good as any smith's in Calvados, and he looked that his son should choose higher than Nannette, a poor serving-maid. But for a time he seemed to close his eyes to the love-making which could hardly escape his notice, for the forge stood as madame sees it now; and where the roses bloom, of which her country thinks so much, there used Raoul to stand and give a whistle, which some good angel seemed always to carry to Nannette's ears, and she would run to the window, to kiss her hand, and read some sign, which told her where he was going or how and where they could meet.

Marcel Vanier, it seems, took vexed heed of all this, but being a cunning man at heart, he thought such young love, if unopposed, would surely fade out and die. But when month after month went by, and still the only one whom Raoul strolled with to the castle, and lingered whispering with beneath the shadow of the old trees, continued to be Nannette, Marcel felt the time was come to put a stop to this foolishness. At this time one of the best thought of men in Vire was Paschal Cloutier, the wool-dyer, whose only child, Eulalie, was counted a beauty in Vire, added to which her father boasted he could give her a better *dot* than any man in the town could match. It was on this girl Marcel Vanier cast his eyes, and, after a few talks between the two fathers, the whole matter was in their minds settled, and neither of the parents troubled himself as to what his child might have to say. With Eulalie there was little fear of opposition, for Paschal Cloutier's will was law in his household; besides which, Raoul was comely enough to win any woman's heart, and was already the envy and admiration of all the girls round, although they said it was of no use looking at a man who only saw one woman.

Marcel Vanier decided that he would speak first on this matter to his son, who should then pay a visit to the Cloutiers, and see Eulalie at home; after which, Paschal said, he would inform his daughter that in Raoul Vanier she saw the man he had chosen for his son-in-law, an honor he ranked far before his being Eulalie's husband. Accordingly, a few days after, Marcel told his son that he desired they should have a little treat together.

"Let it be a walk to René Sage's," he said; "and, to sustain us, what sayest thou to dining at the Hôtel St. Pierre?"

Raoul, well pleased, gave his consent, and at the hour, to Nannette's great surprise, the two of them walked into the kitchen.

"Madame Ferouelle has a good dinner to-day, I hope, Nannette," said Marcel Vanier, more pleasant and cheerful than was his wont.

"Oh yes, m'sieu," answered Nannette, not knowing quite

how she had best behave herself towards one whose goodwill she so desired to obtain.

"That is well. Set two places, for myself and my son."

"Yes, certainly, m'sieu:" and away ran Nannette to secure the best places she had vacant, to put on her red apron, and make her hair look quite smooth under her cotton cap; for a lace one such as I wear now was then far beyond her poor means.

Madame may be sure whoever might be neglected, Marcel Vanier was well served. Nannette scarcely dared venture a glance at Raoul, who, well-pleased at the attention his father was getting, sat with a contented look on his handsome face, listening to the news which the commercial travellers, the great talkers at all country tables, were obligingly giving to the company. Little did it matter to Nannette, whether Charles X. would be forced into exile or not; the thing was, should she be able to secure for Monsieur Vanier plenty of stuffing with his helping of the veal. The chances as to the Duke of Orleans being made King of the French was very secondary to her, while she had to manage that Raoul's father got the best share of andouilles. Her attentions at last seemed to force an acknowledgment from Monsieur Vanier himself, for he looked back at her, and said—

"Mademoiselle Nannette, you are a treasure. I must come and dine here again." And his speech pleased the young girl more than if the grand folks of whom they were talking had praised her.

While his father had a word with Madame Ferouelle, Raoul contrived to whisper to Nannette to meet him that evening; and then with a light heart, she watched the two down the hill, and along the road which leads to Jurque.

Nannette could only steal a little time for these meetings with Raoul, on account of which she got many a scolding from her cousin; so, as was her custom, no sooner had she stolen out of the house, than she began running as fast as she could through the porte, past the church, and up the steep bit which leads to the back of the castle. There was no moon, so she could not see Raoul's face. He was already there and waiting; but the moment he spoke, Nannette's heart sank, and she asked with trembling voice what had gone wrong. For a little minute Raoul tried to deceive her, and then he told all their trouble, and why his father had asked him to walk that evening. I need not repeat to madame all the poor young things said to each other, the vows of constancy which Raoul made, the hatred he professed for Eulalie, whose fair beauty he denied, and whom he compared to a white mouse or a yellow rabbit. Nannette smiled when he begged her to keep true to him. Ah! she had no cause to be otherwise; it was Raoul who must be firm; and when he vowed that nothing should change his heart, Nannette believed him as she believed herself.

After they had parted, the poor child turned towards home with a heavy heart. She stopped by the gateway over which stands our Lady, and tried to ask her help; but the lantern's light showed the blessed mother's face happy and radiant with joy, and Nannette felt that perhaps she might never be happy again, for Marcel Vanier was a stern man, and he had sworn an oath that Raoul should never marry Nannette. She stood for a moment—"was there time?" The clock had just struck nine, and already she was sure to get a scolding. Well, better be scolded, and beaten too, than lose his help to whom her heart said "go;" and, with no more tarrying steps, she nearly flew to the Rue St. Croix, where still stands the blessed crucifix, which, in memory of the good bishop, Monsieur le Curé had then recently put up. Kneeling there was the widow Leroux, whose husband had been buried that very day, and old Gautier Perrine, whose only daughter lay sick of fever, and Nannette, with an untried heart, that thought no burden could be sorer than that laid upon it, took her place between these two mourners; and when she rose, she felt strengthened with a hope that all would go well with her.

Jeanne Ferouelle was a little harsh that night—her

temper had been tried; and because Nannette took her reproaches without a word, she called her obstinate and stubborn as a mule.

Now, Marcel Vanier was greatly perplexed how to act for the best. Raoul absolutely refused to go to the Cloutiers' house, or to say anything to Eulalie which might be twisted into love-making. Without doubt, if this were told to Paschal Cloutier, he would resent it, and refuse the addresses which Marcel determined sooner or later his son should make. After work-time, he strolled down to the bridge, where he knew he should find Paschal, and told him that as he had a large order for horse-shoes, which must be ready before the 15th, he should say nothing about Eulalie to Raoul just then, for fear it would take all his thoughts off his work. Paschal nodded his assent, although he did not give entire credit to his neighbor's excuses; for he was not so ignorant of Raoul's attentions to Nannette as Marcel supposed.

So day by day Raoul and his father fought wordy battles, which grew more and more bitter and hard, until Marcel went to Jeanne Ferouelle, and told her all his grievance and got her to promise that she would keep a strict watch on Nannette, and so prevent her meeting Raoul. For a time this surveillance succeeded, but one morning, on account of a word which the old soldier Brisac brought to her, Nannette was up by break of day, and stealing down into the yard, she found Raoul waiting there, looking desperate, with a little bundle in his hand, as if for going away.

"Yes," he said, "Nannette, I have come to say adieu. I cannot live under the roof of my father, eat his bread, and listen to the words he speaks of thee and me. He will give me no proper wages; he calls me at best an idle dog, who will never earn enough to fill my own mouth. So I leave him, Nannette; and more, I leave thee, my well-beloved, but only to gain enough to call thee mine in face of all the world. Brisac tells me that in England and America they value smiths more than any trade going, and pay them as much in a month as in Caen or Rennes one would get in a year, so I shall go to Granville, and find some ship to take me there; and, in a year, thou wilt be mine, Nannette."

Nannette did not speak; she felt as one with senses stunned.

Raoul read this in her white face, and the quick tears for the sorrow he was causing her filled his eyes, and made him give a sob of pain, which loosened Nannette's tongue.

"Will nothing do," she groaned, "but that thou must go from me?"

"It is best, Nannette; indeed it is," said poor Raoul, down whose cheeks the tears were rolling. "If I stay, I know not what may happen. Each day my father grows more violent. In his rage he threatens to do things of which thou couldst never dream; he makes vows, takes oaths, until I think the devil himself must have got into his skin and be speaking to me. Be brave, Nannette, for my sake. Remember it is my love for thee which gives me courage for this step. See, I can of my own will give thee up for a whole year, that I may then come back and claim my wife. I would rather never see thy face again, than be compelled to give my faith to Eulalie;" and then his face growing anxious, and seeing that it was time that he left her, he prayed Nannette to be constant, and, come what might, never to listen to the love of any other man, nor ever to believe aught ill of him, who, while his life was left, would live for her alone; and Nannette, with all the solemnness of faith and love, gave him the vow he asked of her.

When it was discovered that, without a word of what he meant to do, or where he meant to go, Raoul had left his home, Marcel Vanier, though furious at heart, feigned to say that he was well rid of the young rascal, though "would not be long before he was back again, cap in hand, begging for forgiveness." And he added that "he would kill the fatted calf for the wedding feast."

The reason for all this was, that he felt sure that Raoul had gone to a good customer of theirs at Rennes; and

thither, thinking he should find him employed in the smithy, Marcel pretended he was forced to go; but when he was told that his son had neither been seen or heard of, he set off for Mortain, and, his anxiety increasing, he even went to Caen, at all of which places he supplied nails and horseshoes, but no tidings could he get. Then his hard heart melted within him like wax, until at last he was fain to come to Nannette, and, asking to see her alone, he implored her, if she knew anything about his boy, to tell him.

All that Nannette had to tell she told; and the very next day the diligence took Marcel to Granville, where, after much search, he learnt that some weeks before Raoul had left for Canada on board a vessel called the *Angelique*, the captain of which was cousin to our old friend Brisac. Persons whom he met at Granville said Raoul had found a good chance, for the talk was that out there they would pay high wages to any good workman, and the captain had given him leave to work out his passage.

So there was nothing for it, but that Marcel Vanier should return to Vire, and make out of his son's departure the best story he could. He pretended that he thought it no such bad thing for a young fellow to see a little of the world. It would take the fool out of him, he said, and when he came back "he'd have learned to know wine from cider." But for all this talk his stern face looked harder, his voice was sharper, and he turned aside from Nannette as if she had the plague. People began to wonder why it was, that, evening after evening, he was always to be met walking down the valley towards the house of Monsieur Fourcher, who was then agent to the paper mills there: and at last it came to be whispered abroad, that Monsieur Fourcher could put people in the way of making a fortune so easily, that you had but to give your money to some one in Paris, whom he would tell you of, and it was doubled and trebled in no time.

Some were all for wishing that they had money to give him, but the old ones shook their heads, and said no good ever came of new ways, and only fools trusted money out of sight and reach: still they did not say this to Marcel Vanier, but treated him with great courtesy and respect, for when a man begins to grow rich no one knows to what grandeur he may attain.

Nannette often sighed over these reports of Marcel's growing riches, for in them she only saw a fresh barrier between her and Raoul. Poor child! it seemed to her that this year of Raoul's absence would never come to an end; and she turned impatiently away from the old gossips and mothers, who croaked, and shook their heads, to the young girls, who were as full of life and vigor as herself, and who believed no clouds could overshadow their future, or prevent the fulfilment of their wishes.

Of course she knew that Raoul might be delayed a week, a month, or even two months; but after that — oh, she felt certain he would come; so she gave back saucy answers to the speeches of the men whom she met in the town. She laughed at the farmers, who, while their carts waited to pass the octroi, would come in for cider, and who would tell her that her eyes were darker than the plums upon the walls, and her cheek rosier than the apples which hung in their orchards, slyly sighing, or openly saying, the cottage that stood in the midst of all this had no mistress, and the chair at the table's head was waiting for one. Jeanne Ferouelle was vexed at times because so much notice was taken of her young cousin. Nannette was too good a worker to lose, and she would say sharply, that she would not have them fill the girl's head with such idle gossip.

Well, madame, at last the weary year came to an end. The great fête was over, and the day on which Raoul should have returned to Vire past a month since. People thought little of learning in those days; so that, though Raoul was able to write, he did not send any letters, knowing that neither Nannette nor his father could read them; and we country folk being accustomed to this silence, it did not trouble or alarm us. Just before Christmas, Marcel Vanier went to Granville, but no tidings could he learn of

the *Angelique*, neither had Jean Brisac been able to get any intelligence of his cousin, the captain; and so two or three years passed slowly away, and still no word of Raoul. Reports would come occasionally that some one had seen some one else, who had seen a sailor at Granville, who knew Raoul Vanier, and who said he was at —, and was getting on famously. At another time it would be hinted that neither the *Angelique*, nor any one on board her, would ever be heard of again, as a vessel answering to her in every way had foundered at sea, and gone down with every soul in her.

Happily Nannette paid no heed to any of this talk. Hope in a young girl's breast is so strong that it seems impossible to crush it. At intervals great bursts of passionate sorrow would seem to break over her, and overwhelm her with despair. Could it be, that she was alone in the world with no one to love, no one to cling to? The bare idea seemed too terrible to make its realization for more than an instant possible. No, no — God would be good to her — would send him back yet. Why, a thousand things might be keeping him; and then cheating herself by picturing the happiness which was most surely in store, the poor child, for such at heart she was, would forget her misery and turn her tears into smiles.

In the autumn of the fourth year, real tidings did come of Raoul, through the captain of the *Angelique*, whom Marcel Vanier travelled all the way to Havre to see. From him Marcel heard that he left Raoul at Quebec, that he was doing well and could have got work in the dockyard there, but he had had a better offer further in the interior, and he started for that part the same day the *Angelique* left for the port to which she was bound. The captain had quite expected to find him at home again; for he laughed at Raoul, as having made but a sad sailor. Before they were half across the great ocean, he said, the poor boy was filling the sea with tears of sorrow, and heaving sighs fit to fill the sails of the ship which was carrying him far away from all he loved. He comforted Marcel by telling him that he was sure his son was all safe, but doubtless he had grown wise enough to stay and make his fortune, which he was certain to do there. He would be going out again in the autumn, and then he would take all the letters and messages which Marcel liked to send; and when in September the *Angelique* sailed she carried besides what Marcel sent, a letter from Nannette begging Raoul to return home at once. Nannette could not write the letter, neither could she read it when written, but until it went she carried it next her heart, and seized every spare moment to cover it with kisses, feeling certain that Raoul would do the same, and would not delay his return a moment, after reading the tender entreaties that she had made Mère Leroux fill it with.

For months after the vessel sailed Marcel Vanier's good spirits seemed to rise. Everybody talked of the money he was making. 'Twas plain, they said, that Cloutier did all the courting now, and he had made Eulalie refuse several young men, hoping he might yet secure Raoul as a husband for her.

Marcel Vanier now came nearly every day to breakfast and dinner at the hotel, that he might get into talk with the travellers, who knew Paris, and could tell him of the banks, and the funds, and the bourse, about all of which he seemed to understand as much as they did. Sometimes Monsieur Fourcher would accompany him, and his presence was always welcome; for he was very merry and ready with his joke and laugh, and everybody was sorry to hear one day that he had been offered a better post near to Paris, and that he was going to leave Vire almost immediately. Nannette had of late become a much more important personage than in former days; for her cousin, Jeanne Ferouelle, lost her husband of a fever, which notwithstanding that he had been dying of asthma for twenty years, carried him off in a week. Madame Ferouelle caught the complaint, and Nannette, she found, had helped her through her illness, and kept all going straight down stairs.

Jeanne's good heart never forgot it, and she told Nan-

nette, that if Raoul came home and claimed her now he should wed no portionless bride. But another year came to a close, and no news of Raoul. Often when Madame Ferouelle was pressing on Nannette the suit of some persevering lover (and as her prospects, brightened her admirers became more numerous), she would hint at the increasing certainty that something must have happened to Raoul, and the probability that in this world he would never be seen again, but Nannette never faltered or gave way. If he was living, she said, though it were fifty years, he would come back, and if he were dead, she would go to him faithful to the vow which made her his forever.

Marcel Vanier had been much more friendly spoken of late. Something seemed to draw him towards Nannette. Eulalie Cloutier was at last tired of waiting, and had married Jacques Onfroï, the tanner of Mortain; and as much as he could without actually saying so, Marcel showed Nannette that he would put no further obstacle in the way of his son's wishes. He paid very little attention to his forge now, and left most of the work to be done by the men whom he employed.

One morning there was a great stir in the place. Marcel Vanier had had a letter, and, while it was being read, he had fallen down in a fit, from which he could not be recovered. Soon at least a dozen stories found their way to the Hôtel St. Pierre. The letter, it was said, was about Raoul, that he had returned, that he was dead, shipwrecked, drowned — words that now froze Nannette's heart, and now turned her blood to fire.

"I must learn the truth," she said; "he will tell me; I have a right to know." And without listening to more, she ran to Marcel Vanier's house, where the doctor was by this time come, and the sick room was emptied of all intruders. Monsieur Levasseur, however, heard Nannette's voice, and knowing a good deal of her and her story, he called to her to step inside. There lay Marcel, like one dead, and, bending over him, stood his old housekeeper, Celestine, too frightened to pay any attention to the directions Monsieur Levasseur was giving, or had given her. The room faded away before Nannette's gaze, and a cold sweat broke out over her, and her senses seemed dying away with the certainty, that her worst fears about Raoul were more surely confirmed. The good doctor saw the girl's blanched face, and, guessing the cause, he said, "Nannette, my child, take courage, it is his money he has lost." And oh, madame, at those blessed words what wonder that Nannette fell upon her knees, and thanked God for his goodness to her?

"Poor man!" said Monsieur Levasseur, "it is a sad blow for him; he was so confident of that Fourcher, whom I always mistrusted. The whole concern, it seems, was a fraud, and one for which many an honest fellow beside poor Vanier will suffer — that is, if he lives to realize his loss, which just now is doubtful." But to make my story short, he did recover, madame, although for many weeks Nannette expected each breath he drew would be his last. She watched him and tended him in every spare minute of her time, as if he had already been that which she hoped to call him — her father. And he well repaid her care, for never was love more devoted, than that he now heaped upon the once despised Nannette. She managed everything for him; got Mère Leroux for a small sum to take him to live with her; sold his business for him, and went day by day to see that he wanted nothing. His strength had now all gone, and one arm and one leg hung quite helpless. Many neighbors shook their heads, and called his heavy affliction a judgment, and said 'twas well for him that Nannette could forgive all the misery his pride had brought upon himself, and all belonging to him. But, madame, believe me, the girl was happier than she had been since Raoul left her. She had some one now on whom she could shower the love which oppressed her heart. Marcel had to be humored, petted, and caressed like a child. From being a strong, stern man, he would cry, and scold Nannette if she forgot to bring him his little packet of snuff. Fortunately about this time Jeanne Ferouelle began to pay Nannette wages, so that

four hundred francs a year she was able, when Marcel's little money came to an end, to pay for his board and lodging. All this time no tidings came of Raoul, and the only news which reached Vire was that the *Angelique* had been wrecked, and lost on her way back from Quebec; so that the last hope was gone, and it came to be looked upon as a settled thing that Raoul was dead, that for love of him Nannette had even said "No," to M. Leroi, the government cloth-buyer, that she would never marry, and therefore nobody need ever again ask her; and upon this knowledge, to her great relief, after a time, they acted, treating her much as she wanted them to do, and regarding her as a widow.

She and old Marcel never talked of what was now going on in the town. All their conversation ran on the days which were past, when Raoul was a boy; how handsome and strong he grew up; what he used to say, where he went, what he did, and so on. On fête days, when the couples went by to some merry-making, they would cast pitiful glances upon Nannette, as she sat knitting by the side of old Marcel, who, in his wheel chair, had been pushed by her into the sun or up to the forge. But she was happy; and knowing that God loves not to see us with sour discontent in our hearts or our faces, she was even merry and cheerful.

"Ah! Nannette," Marcel would sometimes say, with a sigh, "dost thou still mourn my boy? If some miracle were to send him back to us, and I could see thee and he one, I would ask no more, no more; but my eyes will never again behold him. It is just that I who drove him from his home, and killed him, should suffer!" and then he would fall to weeping, and Nannette had to comfort him as best she could, though not by saying that Raoul would yet return, for that she felt could never be.

It was now more than eighteen years since Raoul Vanier left Vire, and but once in all this time had news been heard about him.

It was spring-time, and the Hôtel St. Pierre was being cleaned, and smartened up, for the summer visitors, who had of late taken to stop and drive up the valley, and paint pictures of Porte Horloge and the castle. Nannette was as busy as the birds, and up almost as early. She had just set the salon in order when Treboul, the postman, looked in at one of the windows, and said —

"Good day, m'mselle Nannette, I expect I have some news for you in my leathern bag — a letter for Monsieur Vanier."

"A letter!" gasped Nannette.

"Yes, perhaps to tell him his money has all come back again."

"Oh! yes," said Nannette, who had for a moment forgotten about the money, "about what else could it be? Assuredly nothing." Still Nannette took the very first opportunity to run to the cottage and see Marcel had got his letter, which he was keeping for Nannette; he had not opened it because he could not read it, but he said he felt certain it was about his money, because it looked exactly like the last he had, and very anxious he was to have an end put to his hopes and fears. So Nannette undertook to carry it to the school-room, where she felt certain that one of the good brothers would tell them what it was about. Frère Dominique was walking up and down the green outside and he willingly acceded to Nannette's request. She handed the letter to him, and he read it through, and then said —

"It is from Marcel's son, Raoul Vanier. He lies at Granville, at the point of death, and implores his father will go to him at once. See, it is but a dozen words." But Nannette's whole life seemed gone, and she fell down on the ground like a stone. When she came to herself, a crowd had gathered round her, and every one was talking of the wonderful news that Raoul Vanier was alive, and was at Granville, from which place some one had written to say he was ill, and his father must not delay going to see him.

What was to be done? who should go? Marcel, it was certain, could not move.

"I shall go," said Nannette, as soon as she could speak, "and stay until he is well enough to bring home."

As gently as possible she broke this sad news to Marcel, and then she went off to Jeanne Ferouelle, told her that she must leave her for a few days, but that she would return as quickly as possible. She made her few arrangements, thanked Jeanne for the money the good woman made her take with her; and then, because there was no diligence until the next Tuesday, set off in a country cart, returning to Poutbert, whence she hoped to fall in with some other conveyance which would take her to or near Granville. People said how quietly she took it all, because she could not talk, or think of anything, but how soon she should reach Granville.

From Poutbert, a farmer gave her a seat in his cart for some miles. After that she walked, and the next morning's sun was well up before she found herself entering the town foot-sore and weary, but pressing on to the direction given in the letter, which was to go to the quay and inquire for Agar Cagot's. This she did, and a dingy-looking house was pointed out to her, about whose door were clustered a number of sailors, and above their heads she read in large, black painted letters, " *Ici on fait la chaudière.*"

"Madame Cagot?" she asked, addressing one of the men.

"Yes, madame." And he made way for her to pass into the house, where a smell was as if all the bouilli in the place was being boiled. It was now that Nannette's courage seemed coming to an end. Her head swam, her heart beat, her knees knocked together. She could hardly find voice enough to say to the woman who came forward—

"I believe, madame, you have some one lodging here named Raoul Vanier?"

"Certainly we have. Are you his sister, madame? I am truly glad you are here, for he is very ill, and the doctor says he can do nothing for him. But you will wish to see him." And she turned, and went through into a passage, and up a low flight of creaking stairs, at the top of which poor Nannette was forced to stop. "Oh!" thought she, "surely he will be spared. He can never have come back only to die." The woman, who had stepped inside the room, now reappeared, and made a sign to Nannette, to come in.

"He still sleeps," she whispered, as she stood on one side to let her pass; and in another moment Nannette was again face to face with him whose love she had cherished though all these long dreary years. Yes, it was indeed Raoul, pinched and haggard, but still the dear face her eyes had so hungered to see. Falling on her knees, she blessed God for letting them meet once again. "He will get better," she thought. "I will so tend and watch him, that he must recover, and if he is not strong I can work for both;" and her eyes looked with pride on her big hands, tanned with toil and labor.

"You'd best have something to eat," said Madame Cagot. "He won't wake up for hours yet from the doctor's draught, and when he does he'll want all your time; for he needs a deal of waiting upon. Come down with me," she urged, seeing Nannette hesitate. "I'll take you into my little salon, and there we can have a chat together. You will like to hear what the doctor says." And she let her into a sort of closet boarded off from the large cooking room. "There, take that. I see you are upset by seeing him so ill; but it's a mercy you have found him alive. He had a terrible attack yesterday. I should never have consented to having him if I'd known how ill he was; but my son is on board the *Jean Marie*—that's the vessel he came in. 'Twas his father, I think, he expected to see."

"Yes," replied Nannette; "but his father is helpless, and not able to move."

"Ah, well, it is better that you are here. A woman is best in sickness, and he wants so much waiting upon. I don't know what I should have done if my niece had not offered to take the children; they are so fretful all among strangers. Perhaps they'll be better with you, though you're a stranger to them, too."

"What?" exclaimed Nannette, sharply.

"Didn't he tell you of all his troubles in his letter?"

Nannette shook her head.

"I know nothing," she managed to say.

Madame Cagot's face brightened at the thought of getting the first chance of imparting melancholy news.

"And you do not know then that his poor wife is dead? Ah! yes, three weeks after they had left land, sickness for home and sickness of the sea killed her, and she had to be thrown overboard. Ah, what a terrible fate!" And Madame Cagot stared hard into Nannette's gray, stony face.

"I must get out into the air, madame," Nannette said, jumping up.

"But why?" exclaimed Madame Cagot, frightened at her new guest's fixed look. "Had you not best lie down, and be quiet a little?"

"No, no; this trouble is so sudden, I shall be better outside." And not waiting for more argument, she rushed out, and ran along past the few houses on the quay, hoping she should find some place where, unseen, she could realize this newly found agony. There was no one in sight among the rocks—the tide had left them black and bare, and down among them sank poor Nannette, with a thousand wild thoughts surging through her bewildered brain.

Should she go back to Vire without looking again on the face of him who had proved so cruelly false? Should she go far away from all who knew her and about her? How should she act?

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "Thou, who knowest my misery, show me what to do; leave me not now that I am indeed forsaken of all others!" And then she laid her poor burning head on the wet sea-weed, and thought of all she had hoped, all she had feared. Many terrible things had often occurred to her, but never aught like this. She would have staked her life against Raoul's love for her. Never had a day passed without her prayers being offered up for him; for his sake she had let her youth pass, her beauty fade, and all that women hold dear go by; and was this to be her reward, to find herself forsaken? Oh that she had never known the truth! Better far that she could have gone down to the grave with her faith and trust unbroken.

"I rejoice," she cried out fiercely, "that he has heavy trials, that he suffers horrible pain! I am glad that he will die! I would not hold out my finger to"—and here God had pity, and her good angel touched her poor stony heart, and in a moment the tears were raining from her eyes, and she was imploring that his life might be spared. Willingly for it did she offer her own; "for," said she, "his children need him, but no one now needs me."

At length her sobs subsided, and she lay soothed by the wonderful murmur of the sea, and as she lay she thought of all her life past, and of him who had seemed to be her source of joy and comfort; and, after a long time she rose, saying that she would go back to the house and see Raoul, and there should be peace between them.

So she went back, and Madame Cagot not being in the way, she went up into the room where Raoul still lay sleeping. She took a chair, and sat looking at his poor thin face, until her whole nature was so filled with pity, that she forgot all else but sad grief that they must let him go, for there was no mistaking that the seal of death was upon his face. She had sat some time before the door was pushed a little open, and a pale-faced child, looking nine or ten years old, put in its little head, and then stood staring silently at Nannette, who, feeling sure who she was, beckoned her forward.

"I am your papa's sister," she whispered. "Thou must love me, my child." And the little one held up its face, and let Nannette fold her in her arms.

"Babette is down-stairs," said the child. "Wilt thou fetch her too? She cannot walk up-stairs, and she will cry without me."

So Nannette went to the top of the staircase, and Madame Cagot gave into her arms the little one, Babette, who soon went to sleep, while Marie, sitting at Nannette's

feet, amused herself quietly, as children accustomed to sickness and suffering can. Therefore, it happened that when Raoul Vanier opened his eyes, they rested upon Nannette, with his two children nestled close beside her. He knew her in a moment — indeed, he called her little changed. But he could not do much else than hold her hand in his and call down blessings on her head. 'Twas Nannette's tears that flowed. Raoul was too weak to show much outward emotion. He listened to her tale of his father's loss and illness, and how both he and all his friends had thought he must be dead. He never spoke while she told her story, as simply as she could, for fear of agitating him, only every now and then from between his closed eyes would roll down big tears. During the day he said no word of his marriage, his life, or why he had never written. Only, as Nannette attended to his wants, he would call her an angel, and press his poor lips on her hand, though by that time, madame, with the tender love a mother has towards her helpless babe, Nannette longed to take him in her arms, and fold him to her heart.

Towards evening he seemed to grow stronger, and they two being alone, he called her to him, and told her that he well knew his days, perhaps his hours, were numbered, as the doctor had told him that he could not live through another outburst of bleeding (for it was of a consumption he was dying), and he wanted to tell her of things that were upon his conscience. Nannette begged he would let her go for a priest.

"Yes," he said, "that too, my good angel, thou shalt do; but first I must speak to thee, Nannette;" and then, madame, he told a piteous tale; how, in a foreign land, away from all he loved, to drown the grief which, after he had put the sea between himself and us, seemed to take possession of him, he fell into bad ways. Among companions more wicked than he in his innocent heart dreamed of, he forgot the good lessons he had been taught in the home he had left behind. Happily, he never lost his sense of guilt, only the devil prevailed enough to overwhelm him so completely with shame, that he despaired of forgiveness, and plunged more recklessly into sin. The poor woman he afterwards married, was but little better than the others by whom he was surrounded; and, though both he and she were making wages enough to have been looked upon at Vire as a fortune, they were often in want of food and clothes. He received the letters which we sent to him by the *Angelique*, and the love they contained seemed, he said, to poison his whole future. Even in his wildest mirth, those words sounded in his ears like a funeral bell, and their memory was often his first awakening to consciousness.

At last his health gave way, and then life seemed insupportable, though, when a voice within would tell him his life was drawing to a close, he shrank away terrified, and tried hard to stifle the warning. How he longed for home and quiet he could never say, and more than all else, the desire possessed him to see once more his father and Nannette; the life he had lived since he left them seemed a hideous dream, and his one hope now was, that he might live until he could get back. His wife opposed him at first, but when he told her that his father was rich, and would keep her and the children without work, she consented. Perhaps the poor woman had a presentiment that she should never reach the foreign land; for though her parents had been French settlers, she knew nothing of their country. Of her, however, Raoul spoke but little, and there was so much to say, and so little strength to tell it with, that Nannette did not learn much, except that he had never felt for any other woman the same love he had given to her whom he had forsaken.

"Nannette," he said, "miserable as I had ever been, 'twas happiness compared to the agony that took possession of me, when I first awoke to what I might have been, and the full knowledge of what I was. The only prayer for years I dared to utter, was to beg happiness for you."

"And God heard that prayer, Raoul," said Nannette, "I had your father to love, and you to remember. Ah! think not, my friend, that my life has been one of sorrow;"

and, hoping to comfort him, she told him how good Jeanne Ferouelle was to her, and that her place at the hotel now was as a daughter, not a servant; and in her poor way, madame, she tried to make him see that God, who ordereth all things well, had ordered that in life these two should be apart, but that in death they should be again united. Then, worn by this talk, the poor fellow dropped into a kind of sleep, from which every now and then he would arouse himself enough to say, "Thou forgivest me, Nannette?" and the peaceful smile her answer would bring, made his look as young as when he was first her own. Ah! madame, it was hard to give him up, and weak and sickly as he was, willingly would Nannette have kept him.

About five o'clock the priest came, and before he left, he spoke kindly to Nannette, and told her that he would see if anything could be done for the children, whose welfare alone now troubled the sick man; but Nannette eased him of that burden; and when she went to Raoul again, she told him that he must give his children to her, and she would be a mother to them; and after that a great peace seemed to come to him, and he began to hope that God would yet grant him the pardon, that for three long years he had sought with sorrow and despair. 'Twas Nannette's prayer had gained him this, he said; had it not been for her, his hard heart had never been touched. Two days after this he died, madame, calling down blessings on her head, and bidding Marie remember, that Babette and herself owed everything they had to their bonne Mère Nannette.

Madame could not credit the goodness which everybody showed to me at that time. The little money Raoul had was spent in paying Madame Cagot's bill, and, bad name as the people around gave the woman, she refused to take a single sou for Nannette; but at parting, whispered, would she pray for her. The seamen, who seemed so bold and rough, that Nannette shrank from their free looks and words, made together a sum to carry the poor one to Vire, so you will know that never since has a sailor gone empty from the Hôtel St. Pierre. The good priest went surety for the undertaker's bill, and wrote a few weeks after to say a friend of the Church had paid it; and so, with such help, Nannette was able to lay Raoul among his people. Jeanne Ferouelle scolded a little about the children, but in the midst she broke down, saying their food would never be missed, and they should not be parted from Nannette.

The time had passed for grief to strike sharply into Marcel's heart, and he was greatly comforted, poor old man, by the grand funeral Monsieur le Curé gave his son, about which he talked with pride until his death.

After a few years, Jeanne Ferouelle also died, leaving all she had to her cousin Nannette, who thus became mistress of the Hôtel St. Pierre. My daughter, Marie Vanier, is already married to Louis Renouf, the farmer at Jurque. Babette, madame, has seen — Ah, yes, 'tis true she is a dear child; but I cannot expect to keep her long, for oftentimes, when the day's work done, I sit thinking on those gone before me, I hear a sound, and, standing outside the forge, I see Fernand, the young blacksmith; while, from the window above, I know leans out Babette, and a mist rises, and the years vanish, and for a short moment it is Raoul who stands there, and Nannette who leans at the window. Then with a smile, I rise and bend my steps to a loved spot, which, for its flowers, the children call the garden of "La Bonne Mère Nannette."

COINCIDENCES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

EVERY one is familiar with the occasional occurrence of coincidences, so strange — considered abstractly — that it appears difficult to regard them as due to mere casualty. The mind is dwelling on some person or event, and suddenly a circumstance happens which is associated in some altogether unexpected, and as it were improbable manner, with that person or event. A scheme has been devised

which can only fail if some utterly unlikely series of events should occur, and precisely those events take place. Sometimes a coincidence is utterly trivial, yet attracts attention by the singular improbability of the observed events. We are thinking of some circumstance, let us say, in which two or three persons are concerned, and the first book or paper we turn to, shows, in the very first line we look at, the names of those very persons, though really relating to others in no way connected with them; and so on, with many other kinds of coincidence, equally trivial and equally singular. Yet again, there are other coincidences which are rendered striking by their frequent recurrence. It is to such recurring coincidences that common superstitions owe their origin, while the special superstitions thus arising (that is, superstitions entertained by individuals) are innumerable. It is lucky to do this, unlucky to do that, say those who believe in common superstitions; and they can always cite many coincidences in favor of their opinion. But it is amazing how common are the private superstitions entertained by many who smile at the superstitions of the ignorant. We must suppose that all such superstitions have been based upon observed coincidences. Again, there are tricks or habits which have obviously had their origin in private superstitions. Dr. Johnson may not have believed that some misfortune would happen to him if he failed to place his hand on every post which he passed along a certain route: he would certainly not have maintained such an opinion publicly; yet, in the first instance, that habit of his must have had its origin in some observed coincidences; and when once a habit of the sort is associated with the idea of good luck, even the strongest minds have been found unready to shake off the superstition.

It is to be noticed, indeed, that many who reject the idea that the ordinary superstitions have any real significance, are nevertheless unwilling to run directly counter to them. Thus, a man shall be altogether skeptical as to the evil effects which follow, according to a common superstition, from passing under a ladder; he may be perfectly satisfied that the proper reason for not passing under a ladder is the possibility of its falling or of something falling from it: yet he will not pass under a ladder, even though it is well secured, and obviously carries nothing which can fall upon him. So with the old superstition, that a broken mirror brings seven years of sorrow, which, according to some, dates from the time when a mirror was so costly as to represent seven years' savings; there are those who despise the superstition who would yet be unwilling to tempt fate (as they put it) by wilfully breaking even the most worthless old looking-glass. A story is not unfrequently quoted in defence of such caution. Every one knows that sailors consider it unlucky for a ship to sail on a Friday. A person, anxious to destroy this superstition, had a ship's keel laid on a Friday, the ship launched on a Friday, her masts taken in from the sheer-hulk on a Friday, the cargo shipped on a Friday; he found (heaven knows how, but so the story runs) a Captain Friday to command her; and lastly, she sailed on a Friday. But the superstition was not destroyed, for the ship never returned to port, nor was the manner of her destruction known. Other instances of the kind might be cited. Thus a feeling is entertained by many persons not otherwise superstitious, that bad luck will follow any wilful attempt to run counter to a superstition.

It is somewhat singular that attempts to correct even the more degrading forms of superstition have often been as unsuccessful as those attempts which may perhaps not unfairly be called tempting fate. Let us be understood. To refer to the example already given, it is a manifest absurdity to suppose that the sailing of a ship on a Friday is unfortunate; and it would be a piece of egregious folly to consider such a superstition when one has occasion to take a journey. But the case is different when any one undertakes to *prove* that the superstition is an absurdity; simply because he must assume in the first instance that he will succeed, a result which cannot be certain, and such confidence, apart from all question of superstition, is a mistake. In fact, a person so acting errs in the very same way as those whom he wishes to correct; *they* refrain from a certain

act because of a blind fear of bad luck, and *he* proceeds to the act with an equally blind belief in good luck.

But one cannot recognize the same objection in the case of a person who tries to correct some superstition by actions not involving any tempting of fortune. Yet it has not unfrequently happened that such actions have resulted in confirming the superstition. The following instance may be cited. An old woman came to Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, to ask him whereabouts a certain bundle of linen might be, which she had lost. Flamsteed determined to show the folly of that belief in astrology, which had led her to Greenwich Observatory (under some misapprehension as to the duties of an Astronomer Royal). He "drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch, near her cottage, in which he said it would be found." He then waited until she should come back disappointed, and in a fit frame of mind to receive the rebuke he intended for her; but "she came back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place."

In connection with this story, though bearing rather on over-hasty scientific theorizing than on ordinary superstitions, we quote the following story from De Morgan's "*Budget of Paradoxes*": "The late Baron Zach received a letter from Pons, a successful finder of comets, complaining that for a certain period he had found no comets, though he had searched diligently. Zach, a man of much sly humor, told him that no spots had been seen on the sun for about the same time — which was true — and assured him that when the spots came back, the comets would come with them. Some time after he got a letter from Pons, who informed him with great satisfaction that he was quite right; that very large spots had appeared on the sun, and that he had found a comet shortly after. I have the story in Zach's handwriting. It would mend the story exceedingly if some day a real relation should be established between comets and solar spots. Of late years good reason has been shown for advancing a connection between these spots and the earth's magnetism. If the two things had been put to Zach he would probably have chosen the comets. Here is a hint for a paradox: the solar spots are the dead comets, which have parted with their light and heat to feed the sun, as was once suggested. I should not wonder if I were too late, and the thing had been actually maintained." De Morgan was not far wrong. Something very like his paradox was advocated, before the Royal Astronomical Society, by Commander Ashe, of Canada, earlier we believe than the date of De Morgan's remarks. The present writer happens to have striking evidence in favor of De Morgan's opinion about the view which Zach would probably have formed of the theory which connects sun spots and the earth's magnetism. When the theory was as yet quite new, it was referred to by the present writer in a company of Cambridge men, mostly high mathematicians, and it was received at first as an excellent joke, and welcomed with laughter. It need hardly be said, however, that when the nature of the evidence was stated, the matter assumed another aspect. Yet, in passing, it may be mentioned that there are those who maintain that after all this theory is untrue, the evidence on which it rests being due only to certain strange coincidences.

In many instances, indeed, considerable care is required to determine whether real association or mere casual coincidence is in question. It is surprising how, in some cases, an association can be traced between events seemingly in no way connected. One is reminded of certain cases of derivation. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, for instance, would laugh at the notion that the words "hand" and "prize" are connected; yet the connection is seen clearly enough when "prize" is traced back to "prehendo," with the root "hend" obviously related to "hand," "hound," and so on. Equally absurd at a first view is the old joke that the Goodwin Sands were due to the building of a certain church; yet if moneys which had been devoted to the annual removal of the gathering sand were employed to defray the cost of the church, mischief, afterwards irreparable, might very well have been occasioned. Even the explanation of certain mischances as

due to the circumstance that "there was no weathercock at Kiloe," may admit of a not quite unreasonable interpretation. We leave this as an exercise for the ingenious reader.

But when we have undoubted cases of coincidence, without the possibility of any real association (setting the supernatural aside), we have a problem of some interest to deal with. To explain them as due to some special miraculous intervention may be satisfactory to many minds, in certain cases; but in others, it is impossible to conceive that the matter has seemed worthy of a miracle. Even viewing the question in its bearing on religious ideas, there are cases where it seems far more mischievous (as bringing ridicule on the very conception of the miraculous) to believe in supernatural intervention, than to reject such an explanation on the score of antecedent improbability. Horace's rule, "*Nec deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus*," remains sound when we write "*Deus*" for "*deus*."

Now there have been cases so remarkable, yet so obviously unworthy of supernatural intervention, that we are perplexed to find any reasonable explanation of the matter. The following, adduced by De Morgan, will, we have no doubt, recall corresponding cases in the experience of readers of these lines: "In the summer of 1865," he says, "I made myself first acquainted with the tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the first I read was about the siege of Boston in the War of Independence. I could not make it out: everybody seemed to have got into somebody else's place. I was beginning the second tale, when a parcel arrived: it was a lot of old pamphlets and other rubbish, as he called it, sent by a friend who had lately sold his books; had not thought it worth while to send these things for sale, but thought I might like to look at them, and possibly keep some. The first thing I looked at was a sheet, which, being opened, displayed 'A plan of Boston and its environs, showing the true situation of his Majesty's army, and also that of the rebels, drawn by an engineer, at Boston, October, 1775.' Such detailed plans of current sieges being then uncommon, it is explained that 'The principal part of this plan was surveyed by Richard Williams, Lieutenant at Boston; and sent over by the son of a nobleman to his father in town, by whose permission it was published.' I immediately saw that my confusion arose from my supposing that the king's troops were besieging the rebels, when it was just the other way" (a mistake, by the way, which does not suggest that the narrative was particularly lucid).

Another instance cited by De Morgan is yet more remarkable, though it is not nearly so strange as a circumstance which we shall relate afterwards: "In August, 1861," he says, "M. Senarmont, of the French Institute, wrote to me to the effect that Fresnel had sent to England in, or shortly after, 1824, a paper for translation and insertion in the *European Review*, which shortly after expired. The question was what had become of the paper. I examined the *Review* at the Museum, found no trace of the paper, and wrote back to that effect, at the Museum, adding that everything now depended on ascertaining the name of the editor, and tracing his papers: of this I thought there was no chance. I posted the letter on my way home, at a post-office in the Hampstead Road, at the junction with Edward Street, on the opposite side of which is a bookstall. Lounging for a moment over the exposed books, *sicut meus est mos*, I saw, within a few minutes of the posting of the letter, a little catchpenny book of anecdotes of Macaulay, which I bought, and ran over for a minute. My eye was soon caught by this sentence: 'One of the young fellows immediately wrote to the editor (Mr. Walker) of the *European Review*.' I thus got the clew by which I ascertained that there was no chance of recovering Fresnel's papers. Of the mention of current *Reviews* not one in a thousand names the editor." It will be noticed that there was a double coincidence in this case. It was sufficiently remarkable that the first mention of a review, after the difficulty had been recognized, should refer to the *European*, and give the name of the editor; but

it was even more remarkable that the occurrence should be timed so strangely as was actually the case.

But the circumstance we are now to relate, seems to us to surpass in strangeness all the coincidences we have ever heard of. It relates to a matter of considerable interest apart from the coincidence.

When Dr. Thomas Young was endeavoring to interpret the inscription of the famous Rosetta Stone, Mr. Grey (afterwards Sir George Francis Grey) was led on his return from Egypt to place in Young's hands some of the most valuable fruits of his researches among the relics of Egyptian art, including several fine specimens of writing on papyrus, which he had purchased from an Arab at Thebes, in 1820. Before these had reached Young, a man named Casati had arrived in Paris, bringing with him from Egypt a parcel of Egyptian manuscripts, among which Champollion observed one which bore in its preamble some resemblance to the text of the Rosetta Stone. This discovery attracted much attention; and Dr. Young having procured a copy of the papyrus, attempted to decipher and translate it. He had made some progress with the work when Mr. Grey gave him the new papyri. "These," says Dr. Young, "contained several fine specimens of writing and drawing on papyrus; they were chiefly in hieroglyphics and of a mythological nature; but two which he had before described to me, as particularly deserving attention, and which were brought, through his judicious precautions, in excellent preservation, both contained some Greek characters, written apparently in a pretty legible hand. That which was most intelligible had appeared at first sight to contain some words relating to the service of the Christian church." Passing thence to speak of Casati's papyrus, Dr. Young remarks that it was the first in which any intelligible characters of the enchorial form had been discovered among the many manuscripts and inscriptions which had been examined, and it "furnished M. Champollion with a name which materially advanced the steps leading him to his very important extension of the hieroglyphical alphabet. He had mentioned to me in conversation the names of Apollonius, Antiochus, and Antigonus, as occurring among the witnesses; and I easily recognized the groups which he had deciphered; although, instead of *Antiochus*, I read *Antimachus*; and I did not recollect at the time that he had omitted the M."

Now comes the strange part of the story.

"In the evening of the day that Mr. Grey had brought me his manuscripts," proceeds Dr. Young (whose English by the way, is in places slightly questionable), "I proceeded impatiently to examine that which was in Greek only; and I could scarcely believe that I was awake and in my sober senses, when I observed among the names of the witnesses *Antimachus Antigenis* (sic); and a few lines further back, *Portis Apollonii*; although the last word could not have been very easily deciphered without the assistance of the conjecture, which immediately occurred to me, that this manuscript might perhaps be a translation of the enchorial manuscript of Casati. I found that its beginning was, 'A copy of an Egyptian writing;' and I proceeded to ascertain that there were the same number of names intervening between the Greek and the Egyptian signatures that I had identified, and that the same number followed the last of them. The whole number of witnesses was sixteen in each. . . . I could not therefore but conclude," proceeds Dr. Young, after dwelling on other points equally demonstrative of the identity of the Greek and enchorial inscriptions, "that a most extraordinary chance had brought into my possession a document which was not very likely, in the first place, ever to have existed, still less to have been preserved uninjured, for my information, through a period of near two thousand years; but that this very extraordinary translation should have been brought safely to Europe, to England, and to me, at the very moment when it was most of all desirable to me to possess it, as the illustration of an original which I was then studying, but without any other reasonable hope of comprehending it; this combination would, in other times, have been considered as affording ample evidence of my

having become an Egyptian sorcerer." The surprising effect of the coincidence is increased when the contents of this Egyptian manuscript are described. "It relates to the sale, not of a house or a field, but of a portion of the collections and offerings made from time to time on account or for the benefit of a certain number of mummies of persons described at length in very bad Greek, with their children and all their households."

The history of astronomy has in quite recent times afforded a very remarkable instance of repeated coincidences. We refer to the researches by which the theory has been established that meteors and comets are so far associated that meteor systems travel in the track of comets. It will readily be seen from the following statements, all of which may be implicitly relied upon, that the demonstration of this theory must be regarded as partly due to singular good fortune:—

There are two very remarkable meteor systems—the system which produces the November shooting-stars, or *Leonides*, and that which produces the August shooting-stars, or *Perseides*. It chanced that the year 1866 was the time when a great display of November meteors was expected by astronomers. Hence, in the years 1865 and 1866, considerable attention was directed to the whole subject of shooting-stars. Moreover, so many astronomers watched the display of 1866, that very exact information was for the first time obtained as to the apparent track of these meteors. It is necessary to mention that such information was *essential* to success in the main inquiry. Now it had chanced that in 1862 a fine comet had been seen, whose path approached the earth's path very closely indeed. This led the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli to inquire whether there might not be some connection between this comet and the August shooting-stars, which cross the earth's path at the same place. He was able, by comparing the path of the comet and the apparent paths of the meteors, to render this opinion highly probable. Then came inquiries into the real paths of the November meteors, these inquiries being rendered just practicable by several coincidences, as—(1) the exact observations just mentioned; (2) the existence of certain old accounts of the meteor shower; (3) the wonderful mastery obtained by Professor Adams over all problems of perturbation (for the whole question depended on the way in which the November meteors had been perturbed); and (4) the existence of a half-forgotten treatise by Gauss, supplying formulæ which reduced Adams's labor by one half. The path having been determined (by Adams alone, we take this opportunity of insisting),¹ the whole question rested on the recognition of a comet travelling in the same path. If such a comet were found, Schiaparelli's case was made out. If not, then, though the evidence might be convincing to mathematicians well grounded in the theory of probabilities, yet it was all but certain that Schiaparelli's theory would presently sink into oblivion. Now there are probably hundreds of comets which have a period of thirty-three and a quarter years, but very few are known—only three certainly—and one of these *had only just been discovered* when Adams's results were announced. The odds were enormous against the required comet being known, and yet greater against its having been so well watched that its true path had been ascertained. Yet the comet which had been discovered in that very year 1866—the comet called Tempel's, or I. 1866—was the very comet required to establish Schiaparelli's theory. *There was the path of the meteors assigned by Adams, and the path of the comet had been already calculated by Tempel before Adams's result had been announced; and these two paths were found to be to all intents and purposes (with an accuracy far exceeding indeed the requirements of the case) identical.*

To the remarkable coincidences here noted, coincidences rendered so much the more remarkable by the fact that

¹ Leverrier, Schiaparelli, and others calculated the path on the assumption that the occurrence of displays three times per century implies a periodic circulation around the sun in about thirty-three years and a quarter; but Adams alone proved that this period, and no other, must be that of the November meteors.

the August comet is now known to return only twice in three centuries, while the November comet returns only thrice per century, may be added these:—

The comet of 1862 was observed telescopically by Sir John Herschel under remarkably favorable circumstances. "It passed us closely and swiftly," says Herschel, "swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, *it being only on very rare occasions* that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it." (This was written long before Schiaparelli's theory had attracted notice.) This comet was also the last observed and studied by Sir John Herschel. The November comet, again, was the *first comet ever analyzed with the spectroscope*.

It will be remarked, perhaps, that where coincidences so remarkable as these are seen to be possible, it may be questionable whether the theory itself, which is based on the coincidence of certain paths, can be accepted as trustworthy. It is to be noticed that, whether this be so or not, the surprising nature of the coincidence is in no way affected; it would be as remarkable (at least) that so many events should concur to establish a false as to establish a true theory. This noted, we may admit that in this case, as in many others, the evidence for a scientific theory amounts in reality only to extreme probability. However, it is to be noticed that the probability for the theory belongs to a higher order than the probability against those observed coincidences which rendered the demonstration of the theory possible. The odds were thousands to one, perhaps, against the occurrence of these coincidences; but they are millions to one against the coincidence of the paths as well of the November as of the August meteors with the paths of known comets, by mere accident.

It may possibly be considered that the circumstances of the two last cases are not altogether such as to assure us that special intervention was not in question in each instance. Indeed, though astronomers have not recognized anything supernatural in the series of events which led to the recognition of the association between meteors and comets, some students of archaeology have been disposed to regard the events narrated by Dr. Young as strictly providential dispensations. "It seems to the reflective mind," says the author of the "Ruins of Sacred and Historic Lands," "that the appointed time had at length arrived when the secrets of Egyptian history were at length to be revealed, and to cast their reflective light on the darker pages of sacred and profane history . . . The incident in the labors of Dr. Young seems so surprising that it might be deemed providential, if not miraculous." The same will scarcely be thought of such events (and their name is legion) as De Morgan has recorded; since it requires a considerable stretch of imagination to conceive that either the discovery of the name of a certain editor, or the removal of De Morgan's difficulties respecting the siege of Boston, was a *nodus* worthy of miraculous interposition. For absolute triviality, however, combined with singularity of coincidence, a circumstance which occurred several years ago to the present writer appears to him unsurpassable. He was raising a tumbler in such a way that at the moment it was a few inches above his mouth; but whether to examine its substance against the light, or for what particular purpose, has escaped his recollection. Be that as it may, the tumbler slipped from his fingers and fell so that the edge struck against one of his lower teeth. The fall was just enough to have broken the tumbler (at least, against a sharp hard object like a tooth), and he expected to have his mouth unpleasantly filled with glass fragments and perhaps seriously cut. However, though there was a sharp blow, the glass remained unbroken. On examining it, he found that a large drop of wax had fallen on the edge at the very spot where it had struck his tooth, an indentation being left by the tooth. Doubtless the softening of the shock by the interposition of the wax had just saved the glass from fracture. In any case, however, the surprising nature of the coincidence is not affected. On considering

the matter it will be seen how enormous were the antecedent odds against the observed event. It is not a usual thing for a tumbler to slip in such a way: it has not at any other time happened to the present writer, and probably not a single reader of these lines can recall such an occurrence either in his own experience or that of others. That it very seldom happens, we suppose, that a drop of wax falls on the edge of a tumbler and there remains unnoticed. That two events so unusual should be coincident, and that the very spot where the glass struck the tooth should be the place where the wax had fallen, certainly seems most surprising. In fact, it is only the utter triviality of the whole occurrence which renders it credible: it is just one of those events which no one would think of inventing. Whether credible or not, it happened. As De Morgan says of the coincidences he relates, so can the present writer say for the above (equally important) circumstance, he can "solemnly vouch for its literal truth." Yet it would be preposterous to say that there was anything providential in such an occurrence. Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," has indicated in forcible terms the absurdity of recognizing miraculous interventions in such cases; but should it appear to some of our readers that, trivial though the event was, the present writer should have recognized the hand of Providence in it, he would remark that it requires some degree of self-conceit to regard oneself as the subject of the special intervention of Providence, and moreover that Providence might have contrived the escape in less complicated sort by simply so arranging matters that the glass had not fallen at all. So, at least, it appears to him.

There arises, in certain cases, the question whether coincidences may not appear so surprising, as to justify the assumption that they are due to a real though undiscerned association between the coinciding events. This, of course, is the very basis of the scientific method; and it is well to notice how far this method may sometimes be unsafe. If remarkable coincidences can occur when there is no real connection—as we have seen to be the case—caution must be required in recognizing coincidence as demonstrative of association.

Not to take any more scientific instances, of which perhaps we have already said enough, let us consider the case of presentiments of death or misfortune. Here, in the first place, the coincidences which have been recorded are not so remarkable as might at first sight appear, simply because such presentiments are very common indeed. A certain not unusual condition of health, the pressure of not uncommon difficulties or dangers, depression arising from atmospheric and other causes, many circumstances, in fact, may suggest (and do notoriously suggest) such presentiments. That some presentiments out of very many thus arising should be fulfilled is not to be regarded as surprising—on the contrary, the reverse would be very remarkable. But again, a presentiment may be founded on facts, known to the person concerned, which may fully justify the presentiment. "Sometimes," says De Morgan on this point, "there is no mystery to those who have the clew." He cites instances. "In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. 80, part 2, p. 88) we read, the subject being presentiment of death, as follows: 'In 1718, to come nearer the recollection of survivors, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan' (De Morgan's grandfather), "and Lieutenant Bosanquet each distinctly foretold his own death on the morning of his fate.' I have no doubt of all three; and I knew it of my grandfather long before I read the above passage. He saw that the battery he commanded was unduly exposed—I think by the sap running through the fort when produced.¹ He represented this to the engineer officers, and to the commander-in-chief; the engineers denied the truth of the statement, the commander believed them, my grandfather quietly observed that he must make his will, and the French fulfilled the prediction. His will bore date the day of his death; and I always thought it more remarkable than the fulfilment of his prophecy that a soldier

should not consider any danger short of one like the above sufficient reason to make his will. I suppose," proceeds De Morgan, "the other officers were similarly posted. I am told that military men very often defer making their wills until just before an action; but to face the ordinary risks intestate, and to wait until speedy death must be the all but certain consequence of a stupid mistake, is carrying the principle very far."

As to the fulfilment of dreams and omens, it is to be noticed that many of the stories bearing on this subject fail in showing that the dream was fully described *before* the event occurred which appeared to fulfil the dream. It is not unlikely that if this had been done, the fulfilment, in many cases, would not have appeared quite so remarkable as in the actual narrative. Without imputing untruth to the dreamer, we may nevertheless—merely by considering what is known as to ordinary testimony—believe that the occurrences of the dream have been somewhat modified after the event. We do not doubt that if every person who had a dream leaving a strong impression on the mind, were at once to record all the circumstances of the dream, very striking instances of fulfilment would occur before long; but at present, certainly, nine tenths of the remarkable stories about dreams fail in the point we have referred to.

The great objection, however, to the theory that certain dreams have been intended to foreshadow real events, is the circumstance that the instances of fulfilment are related, while the instances of non-fulfilment are forgotten. It is known that instances of the latter sort are very numerous, but what proportion they bear to instances of the former sort, is unknown; and while this is the case, it is impossible to form any sound opinion on the subject, so far as actual evidence is concerned. It must be remembered that in this case we are not dealing with a theory which will be disposed of if one undoubted negative instance be adduced. It is very difficult to draw the line between dreams of an impressive nature—such dreams as we might conceive to be sent by way of warning—and dreams not specially calculated to attract the dreamer's attention. A dream which appeared impressive when it occurred but was not fulfilled by the event, would be readily regarded, even by the dreamer himself, as not intended to convey any warning as to the future. The only way to form a just opinion would be to record each dream of an impressive nature, immediately after its occurrence, and to compare the number of cases in which such dreams are fulfilled with the number in which there is no fulfilment. Let us suppose that a certain class of dreams were selected for this purpose. Thus, let a society be formed, every member of which undertakes that whenever on the night preceding a journey he dreams of misfortune on the route, he will record his dream, with his ideas as to its impressiveness, before starting on his journey. A great number of such cases would soon be collected, and we may be sure that there would be several striking fulfilments, and probably two or three highly remarkable cases of the sort; but for our own part, we strongly entertain the opinion that the percentage of fulfilments would correspond very closely with the percentage due to the common risks of travelling, with or without premonitory dreams. This could readily be tested, if the members of the society agreed to note every occasion on which they travelled: it would be found, we suspect, that the dreamers gained little by their warnings. Suppose, for instance, that ten thousand journeys of all sorts were undertaken by the members of the society in the course of ten years, and that a hundred of these journeys (one per cent., that is) were unfortunate; then, if one tenth of the journeys (a thousand in all) were preceded by warning dreams, we conceive that about ten of these warnings (or one per cent.) would be fulfilled. If more were fulfilled there would appear, so far as the evidence went, to be a balance of meaning in the warnings; if fewer, it would appear that warning dreams were to some slight degree to be interpreted by the rule of contraries; but if about the proper average number of ill-omened voyages turned out unfortunately, it would follow

¹ De Morgan writes somewhat inaccurately here for a mathematician. The sap did not run through the fort, but the direction of the sap ran.

that warning dreams had no significance or value whatever ; and this is precisely the result we should expect.

Similar reasoning, and perhaps a similar method, might be applied to cases where the death of a person has been seemingly communicated to a friend or relative at a distance, whether in a dream or vision, or in some other way at the very instant of its occurrence. It is not, however, by any means so clear that in such instances we may not have to deal with phenomena admitting of physical interpretation. This is suggested, in fact, by the application of considerations resembling those which lead to the rejection of the belief in dreams giving warning against dangers. Dreams of death may indeed be sufficiently common, and but little stress could be laid, therefore, on the fulfilment of several or even of many such dreams. But visions of the absent are not common phenomena. That state of the health which occasions the appearance of visions is unusual ; and if some of the stories of death-warnings are to be believed, visions of the absent have appeared to persons in good health. But setting aside the question of health, visions are unusual phenomena. Hence, if any considerable proportion of those narratives be true, which relate how a person has at the moment of his death appeared in a vision to some friend at a distance, we must recognize the possibility, at least, that under certain conditions mind may act on mind independently of distance. The *à priori* objections to this belief are, indeed, very serious, but *à priori* reasoning does not amount to demonstration. We do not *know* that even when under ordinary circumstances we think of an absent friend, his mind may not respond in some degree to our thoughts, or else that our thoughts may not be a response to thoughts in his mind. It is certain that such a law of thought might exist and remain undetected—it would indeed be scarcely detectible. At any rate, we know too little respecting the mind to be certain that no such law exists. If it existed, then it is quite conceivable that the action of the mind in the hour of death might raise a vision in the mind of another.

We shall venture to quote here an old but well-authenticated story, as given by Mr. Owen in his "Debatable Land between this World and the Next," leaving to our readers the inquiry whether probabilities are more in favor of the theory that (1) the story is untrue, or (2) the event related was only a remarkable coincidence between a certain event and a certain cerebral phenomenon, in reality no way associated with it, or (3) that there was a real association physically explicable, or (4) that the event was supernatural. Lord Erskine related to Lady Morgan—herself a perfect skeptic—(we wish, all the same, that the story came direct from Erskine) the following personal narrative: "On arriving at Edinburgh one morning, after a considerable absence from Scotland, he met in the street his father's old butler, looking very pale and wan. He asked him what brought him to Edinburgh. The butler replied, 'To meet your honor, and solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me, which the steward at the last settlement did not pay.' Lord Erskine then told the butler to step with him into a bookseller's shop close by, but on turning round again he was not to be seen. Puzzled at this he found out the man's wife, who lived in Edinburgh, when he learnt for the first time that the butler was dead, and that he had told his wife, on his death-bed, that the steward had wronged him of some money, and that when Master Tom returned he would see her righted. This Lord Erskine promised to do, and shortly afterwards kept his promise." Lady Morgan then says, "Either Lord Erskine did or did not believe this strange story: if he did, what a strange aberration of intellect! if he did not, what a stranger aberration from truth! My opinion is that he *did* believe it." Mr. Owen deals with the hypothesis that aberration of intellect was in question, and gives several excellent reasons for rejecting that hypothesis; and he arrives at the conclusion that the butler's phantom had really appeared after his death. "The natural inference from the facts, if they are admitted, is," he says, "that under certain circumstances, which as yet we may be unable to define, those over whom the death-change has

passed, still interested in the concerns of earth, may for a time at least retain the power of occasional interference in these concerns; for example, in an effort to right injustice done." He thus adopts what, for want of a better word, may be called the supernatural interpretation. But it does not appear from the narrative (assuming it to be true) that the butler was dead at the moment when Erskine saw the vision and heard the words. If this moment preceded the moment of the butler's death, the story falls into the category of those which seem explicable by the theory of brain-waves. We express no opinion.

We had intended to pass to the consideration of those appearances which have been regarded as ghosts of departed persons, and to the study of some other matters which either are or may be referred to coincidences and superstitions. But our space is exhausted. Perhaps we may hereafter have an opportunity of returning to the subject—not to dogmatize upon it, nor to undertake to explain away the difficulties which surround it, but to indicate the considerations which, as it appears to us, should be applied to the investigation of such matters by those who wish to give a reason for the belief that is in them.

At present we must be content with indicating the general interpretation of coincidences which appear very remarkable, but which, nevertheless, cannot be reasonably referred to special interpositions of Providence. The fact really is that occasions are continually occurring where coincidences of the sort are *possible*, though improbable. Now the improbability in any particular case would be a reasonable ground for expecting that in that case no coincidence would occur. But the matter is reversed when a great multitude of cases are in question. The probable result then is that there *will* be coincidences. We may easily illustrate this by reference to a question of ordinary probabilities. Suppose there is a lottery with a thousand tickets and but one prize. Then it is exceedingly unlikely that any particular ticket-holder will obtain the prize—the odds are, in fact, 999 to 1 against him. But suppose he had one ticket in each of a million different lotteries all giving the same chance of success. Then it would not be surprising for him to draw a prize; on the contrary, it would be a most remarkable coincidence if he did not draw one. The same event—the drawing of a prize—which in one case must be regarded as highly improbable, becomes in the other case highly probable. So it is with coincidences which appear utterly improbable. It would be a most wonderful thing if such coincidences did not occur, and occur pretty frequently, in the experience of every man, since the opportunities for their occurrence enormously outnumber the chances against the occurrence of any particular instance.

We may reason in like manner as to superstitions. Or rather, it is to be noted that the coincidences on which superstitions are commonly based are in many instances not even remarkable. Misfortunes are not so uncommon, for instance, that the occurrence of a disaster of some sort after the spilling of salt at table can be regarded as surprising. If three or four persons, who are discussing the particular superstition relating to salt-cellars, can cite instances of an apparent connection between a misfortune and the contact of salt with a table-cloth, the circumstance is in no sense to be wondered at; it would be much more remarkable if the contrary were the case. There is scarcely a superstition of the commoner sort which is not in like manner based, *not* on some remarkable coincidence, but on the occasional occurrence of quite common coincidences. It may be said, indeed, of the facts on which nearly all the vulgar superstitions have been based, that it would have amounted to little less than a miracle if such facts were not common in the experience of every person. Any other superstitions could be just as readily started, and be very quickly supported by as convincing evidence. If the present writer were to announce to-morrow in all the papers and on every wall that misfortune is sure to follow when any person is ill-advised enough to pare a finger-nail between ten and eleven o'clock on any Friday morning, that announcement would be supported within a week by evidence of the most

striking kind. In less than a month it would be an established superstition. If this appears absurd and incredible, let the reader consider merely the absurdity of ordinary superstitions. Take, for instance, fortune-telling by means of cards. If our police reports did not assure us that such vaticination is believed in by many, would it be credible that reasoning beings could hope to learn anything of the future from the order in which a few pieces of painted paper happened to fall when shuffled? Yet it is easy to see why this or any way of telling fortunes is believed in. Persons believe in the predictions of fortune-tellers for the seemingly excellent reason that such predictions are repeatedly fulfilled. They do not notice that (setting apart happy guesses based on known facts) there would be as many fulfilments if every prediction had been precisely reversed. It is the same with other common superstitions. Reverse them, and they are as trustworthy as before. Let the superstition be that to every one spilling salt at dinner, some great piece of good luck will occur before the day is over; let seven years of good fortune be promised to the person who breaks a mirror; and so on. These new superstitions would be before long supported by as good evidence as those now in existence; and they would be worth as much, since both orders of superstition are worth nothing.

A FLEETING FORTUNE.

COVETOUSNESS is supposed to be the favorite vice of age, which seems to me strange. I am old, and no longer hunger after wealth. What good would it do me now? My habits are settled, my passions are extinct: quiet, freedom from pain and care, and the preservation of my eyesight, are the only blessings I crave. I have enough for food and clothing; not enough to tempt others to flatter, cajole, and deceive me. But early in life I longed for riches with an unwholesome yearning; money seemed to me the greatest good, yet even money was not worth toiling for. When I indulged in airy castle-building—which was very often—I always pictured myself as finding a treasure; landing a double event at tremendous odds; having a fortune left me; or becoming suddenly rich in some equally facile manner—never slowly, by hard work. In many novels, the hero, poor, determines to achieve wealth and fame at the end of one chapter; and when the next opens, he has done so. The intervening years of humdrum are jumped. I wanted to jump them too. I was quite willing to be ten years older and ten thousand times richer, could such a bargain have been made. But it could not; and I dawdled the ten years away, and was just as poor as at the commencement. And yet I was once for a few hours, actually and literally, a rich man; and it happened in a way which my fancy had not pictured.

I was fond of travelling about, and my small means caused me to seek inexpensive modes of conveyance. My legs were the cheapest; and I walked all over England, Scotland, and Wales; but the coast stopped me, for I could not swim the channel. Pay for my passage I must, but I would pay as little as I could help; so I chose a long sea-route from London to Holland. As the boat started in the small hours of the night, I passed the evening in mild dissipation. Dined off a chop and cheese with a pint of "cooper," followed by a pipe and glass of rack-punch. Sat in the pit of a theatre from curtain-rise to curtain-set, only leaving when the brown holland appeared. Then a potato at a singing-tavern brought me to half-past twelve, and it was time to go to my inn in Holborn for my luggage. This was not extensive, consisting merely of a leathern bag, which could be worn when I liked as a knapsack; and with this in my left hand, and a stout oak stick tipped with a formidable ferrule in my right, I sought the Docks. This must seem so very eccentric to young people of the present day, that I think it better to mention that it was upwards of thirty years ago: cabs and habits of luxury have considerably increased since then. In the neighborhood of the Tower, the streets were quite deserted, and

it was a curious experience to hear one's footsteps reëchoing in the very centre of the capital of Bustle. The traffic, rolling dockwards by the main arteries of the city, only reached the ear as a faint, muffled murmur, like that of the distant sea. Turning into a small Place—a triangle of houses, with a paved court in its centre—however, I came upon a group of three men, who seemed to be engaged in a scuffle, and supposing it to be a drunken row, I was passing on without notice, when one of them called out "Murder!"

What a fine old English word that is—how expressive! The sight of it in large print gives the blood a pleasant curdle, and forces the purchase of an evening paper upon the man whose coppers would never be charmed out of him by any simple "assassination." But heard in the stillness of night there is a muttered horror in the word which is appalling.

I am not a chivalrous man; I shrink instinctively from incurring danger or even discomfort on behalf of a friend, let alone a stranger; but there was an earnestness about that cry which arrested my steps. Again, in a more stifled tone: "Murder! Help!"

I advanced towards the group, and saw, by the light of a dim lamp, that two of the men were stooping over a third, who lay on the ground. One of these rose on hearing my footsteps, and warned me with an oath to go my way and mind my own business; and as I did not heed him, he raised his right arm and ran at me. Knowing something of fencing, I lunged as he came up, catching him low in the chest with the ferrule of my stick, and he rolled over into the road with a gasp and a groan, and lay there, doubled up. His mate stood up, hesitated a moment, irresolute, and then turned to flee; I struck him over the head as he went, but failed to bring him down, and he got away. Glad enough to be rid of him, I went to the assistance of his victim, who still lay on the pavement; but he was not seriously injured; and when I had loosened his neckcloth, and poured some of the contents of my travelling flask down his throat, he was able to get up. Fortunately for him, garroting had not been yet cultivated as a science, and he was only quarter-throttled.

His first care was to feel a pocket inside his waistcoat, having done which, he said in a tone of intense relief: "They have not got it! Thanks to you, young man, they have not got it! You won't leave me? You will see me to the boat? I can walk. O yes, I am better now."

"Don't be afraid," said I; "I will not leave you till you are safe. What boat do you mean?"

"The *Rotterdam*."

"Why, I am going by that myself. I am glad you can walk, for we have not got overmuch time to lose."

We were not more than a quarter of a mile from the wharf, and had half an hour to do it in; but I did not think it incumbent upon me to go to the assistance of the man who had served me as a *plastron*, and who still lay in the road; so we went our way, and left him there; and whether he came round presently, or received any permanent injury to his constitution from that poke in the stomach, I know not.

The man I had rescued was gray-haired, with a wizened face deeply scored by wrinkles, and a frame which did not seem capable of making the stubborn resistance which he must have done in defence of his property. The cab in which he started for the Docks had broken down, and afraid of being late, he had taken a short cut through the by-streets on foot, and had been set upon by the rascals with whom I found him. That was the simple account he gave me on our way to the wharf, which we reached in time. As for his luggage, that had been taken on board in the morning, when his berth was chosen. The latter, precaution I had neglected, but found no difficulty in securing sleeping accommodation, for the vessel was not crowded; indeed, there were but three passengers besides myself and the old man. Not being used to five hours of theatre, followed by a walk and an encounter with street-thieves, I was tired, and turned in soon after we started.

When I awoke, there was no vibration, no din of revolv-

ing paddles. Had I slept through the passage, and were we at our journey's end? Hardly, for in that case we should be in still water, not swaying to this side and that, bending backwards, pitching forwards, and bringing ourselves up with a jerk, like a sleepy man during a long sermon, as we were doing. I sat up and looked over the side of my berth, which was on the upper tier, and saw the head of my rescued old man peering out from the sleeping-place below.

"Do you think there is anything the matter?" he asked. "Why are we not going on? Why does that bell keep on ringing?"

Roused by this unpleasant suggestion of peril, I wriggled off my shelf, managed, after several bad shots, to get my feet into giddy boots and my arms into intoxicated coat-sleeves, reeled up to the deck, and found a fog.

It was one of the densest I have ever been in; you could not see across the deck, and a man standing a couple of yards off resembled a figure in one of Turner's later pictures. The effect was the more confusing from the mist not being stationary, for a stiff breeze sent rolling masses of it sweeping over us. The waves of fog mingled with the waves of water, and the eye could not distinguish which was which, while the large bell forward kept up a continual tinkle, tinkle, in muffled tones, as though the fog were composed of wool, pulled out very fine, particles of which had clogged the clapper.

I am happy to be able to boast that I did not worry the captain, as passengers are so foolishly apt to do when things look a little awkward. But I got near him, and listened and observed, and made out by degrees that we were somewhere in the channels about the Nore, and in momentary expectation of being run into, or grounding on the sands, and that, when we revolved our paddles, which we did at intervals, the chance of running into somebody else was added. The lead was constantly being heaved, and at one time when the water shoaled very much, the mate suggested anchoring, but the captain ruled that this would increase our risk of being run down, and preferred keeping loose and able to dodge about — of course, using nautical expressions, which I cannot pretend to repeat.

Directly the state of affairs became obvious to me, I went below and brought up my old man, for in case of some other ship's beak suddenly crushing into our sides, the prospects of those who were under water-mark seemed — if you will pardon a slang term in consideration of its extraordinary aptness — very fishy. And he was grateful, for the danger of a collision was very real. Probably the mouth of the Thames is familiar to you, but if not, know that vessels enter it by a number of roads, duly buoyed out and light-housed. These roads or channels being narrow, and the number of outward and homeward bound ships very great, a thick fog or a snow-storm is a serious peril.

About noon the wind increased in violence, and blew the fog away, so that we were able to go on fearlessly; and by and by, when the excitement had calmed down, my old man grew pleasant and chatty.

The sea ran rather high; but as neither of us suffered from sea-sickness, this tended to raise our spirits, as the strong air sharpened our appetites; and though every now and then a big wave would shiver itself against our weather-bow, and send a shower of its fragments sweeping across the deck, we got well under the shelter of the paddle-box, and enjoyed it.

To my surprise, on one occasion when he wanted to draw my attention to something, I happening to be looking another way, my companion spoke to me by name.

"You know me?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied; "you sold me some jewels five years ago. I even remember the circumstances. A property had to be divided amongst the various members of your family, and the diamonds were too valuable to be allotted to any individual, so that it was necessary to turn them into money; and you had the management of the transaction, which was carried out through my agency."

He was perfectly accurate in the account which he gave

me, even recalling to my mind certain minutiae which I had forgotten, though surely they ought to have impressed me more strongly than him. I presently remembered his face, however; indeed, it had struck me as familiar when the lamp-light first fell upon it the night before. But his hair had turned from black to white, and the loss of his teeth had caused his cheeks to fall in — changes that alter the physiognomy more radically than any other which leave the eyes untouched. I suppose that he had made inquiries about me at the time when the business alluded to was transacted; and that their result was such as to inspire him with confidence, for he talked to me about his present affairs with a freedom which surprised me, though I had done him a good turn. For, in truth, he had that on him which it was as well not to blab about. He carried in an inner pocket of his waistcoat no fewer than twenty-five rough diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, which he was taking to Holland to be cut. "I am too old for such business now," he said. "If you had not come to my rescue last night, and those rascals had got hold of the stones, I should have been ruined, ruined!"

Whether they were his own, or he had but a share in them, or whether they were merely intrusted to him, I cannot say; he did not tell me; but from the hints he threw out of their value, which, if the diamonds were at all worthy of the expense he was prepared to incur for cutting them, must have been enormous — enormous in the ordinary, not the Monte Cristo or Lothair sense — it is not probable that they were entirely the property of one man.

While we were conversing, the wind was growing in violence, till at length we could not make ourselves heard without difficulty, and the paddle-boxes no longer afforded much protection against the spray, which searched the whole deck.

The skipper of a passage-boat always takes the freedom of a passenger from sickness at dinner-time as a personal compliment; and as our present captain had helped each of us to the everlasting boiled mutton twice, we had a right to his good opinion. So he came up to us, and told the diamond-merchant that he thought there was going to be a little wind, and he would be more comfortable below. On the old man acquiescing, he took him in tow, and guided him safely to the cabin-stairs, to my great relief, for I feared that duty would devolve on me; and my legs not being so nautical as my stomach, we should infallibly have rolled together in the lee-scutters (whatever they may be), or overboard. The captain came back presently; and as he passed me, he shouted in my ear: "I'd go too, if I were you."

"Presently," I roared in reply. "This is a new sight to me. Just five minutes more."

"Hold on tight, then."

No need to bid me "hold tight." I was clinging to the rope I grasped with great tenacity, for every now and then the deck became so steep that my feet slipped from under me, and the wave-tops that left their own element and came flying across us, struck me with a force which I had not hitherto attributed to water, unless shot out of the hose of an engine.

It was a grand scene. I had never witnessed anything like it before. I had indeed seen more than one storm on a bold coast, but there is all the difference between a wave breaking on the shore, and a wave in the open sea, that there is between a caged lion and a lion in the desert. It is a great thing in these *nil admirari* days to be able to feel awe, and I experienced that sensation. Nature seemed so vast, so irresistible; man, so puny and weak. I had read many descriptions, both in prose and verse, of storms at sea, but had never caught an idea of the truth from them, so that I despair of being able to express what I felt. It was so absurd that I had ever reckoned the little lives and histories of my kind so highly. I caught a glimpse of the fact that we men, who give ourselves such airs, are but as mites in a cheese. Doubtless, there may be good mites and bad, wise mites and foolish, but when they are marshled up together with a lump of butter, at the point of a knife, they are merged in equal insignificance.

As an individual mite, however, I began to feel cold, wet, and uncomfortable, and commenced a series of acrobatic performances having for their object the attainment, first of the cabin stairs, and then of my berth. In time all this was accomplished, though not without some bruises; then, perched on my shelf, I succeeded in getting rid of my wet outer garments, and rolling myself up in a blanket, was soon rocked to sleep.

I was awakened by a violent concussion. Have you ever, when going up stairs in the dark, expected another step when you were on the level, and got a jerk which tried every nerve in your body? Well, that was the effect. Whether I was thrown out of my berth, or jumped down in a panic, I don't know. I remember trampling on something, which must have been the diamond merchant; stumbling into the saloon, catching a glimpse of three wild-eyed passengers, prostrate hitherto with sea-sickness, but now cured by fear; struggling up the cabin stairs against a torrent of water which came pouring down them; and at last reaching the deck.

The day was breaking. The wind had gone down somewhat. A low line of coast was visible in the distance. The steamer was aground, heeling over on her port side, and the waves were buffeting her to pieces. I managed to climb to the starboard side of the funnel, the base of which prevented me from slipping along the steep deck, while the bulwarks and paddle-box behind formed a barrier against the violence of the waves.

But this latter advantage did not last long; plank by plank, paddle-box and bulwarks were torn to pieces, and the loose splinters were a fresh source of danger. A sailor clinging to the skylight over the engines, not far from my station, had his arms broken by a mass of wood and iron which was hurled against him; and then the waves, which now washed the deck without opposition, had him at their mercy. They rolled him back, away from me, then threw him forward almost to my feet, so that I could see his pitiful, appealing eyes; but before I could clutch him, they snatched him away again. So they worried him to death, and then sported with his corpse.

There were two boats; the captain and crew attempted to get one afloat; but the gear was out of order, or they were clumsy, or the situation was unfavorable. Any way, the boat was capsized, and some of those who were trying to launch it were, I think, crushed, judging by the cry I heard. The other boat, which was near me, had a side stove in, but amongst the ruins of it I saw the yellow rim of a life-buoy, which I determined to have. It was a task of peril and difficulty to reach the place, but I effected it, and there, inside the boat, clinging to the thwarts, I found my old man, the diamond-merchant.

"Mine! mine!" he cried, when I had disentangled the life-buoy, and passed one of my arms through it. He could not have meant that it was his private property, because the name of the steamer was painted upon it; I suppose he had formed the intention to appropriate it before I came, and his strength had failed him. The boat proved a better protection than it had looked. When the large waves struck the stranded vessel, they rose up and enveloped her, flooding the decks with water, which poured off them again in cataracts. I found on each occasion that the boat was lifted at the same time that it was flooded, and this of course brought relief when the reflux came. I had not, as before, to cling hard to prevent being dragged away, the *give* of the boat as it floated and subsided easing the strain.

The vessel was settling down in the sands, burying herself as she swayed, burrowing like a mudfish; it was plain that no living thing subject to drowning could remain with her long. It had been broad daylight now for hours; we were in the mouth of some river, for land could be seen on both sides. But no vessel coming to our assistance was visible. It was a mere question of time, however; the wind had gone down, and the sea was not too rough for a good boat; we were sure to be seen. With the aid of the life-buoy, a man might well float till he was picked up, and its value was evidently immense.

"Mine!" reiterated the old man, clutching at it as the boat was floated for a longer time than it had been yet. And when the water receded, and we were once more stranded on the deck, he felt in his breast, drew out a leather case, and cried: "A fortune for it! a fortune for it!"

I looked at the nearest bank; it seemed quite possible for a strong swimmer to reach it, and I was a very strong swimmer. Not probable, perhaps, but possible. Money was not worth steady industry, sustained self-denial, but it was well worth striking one blow for.

"On your word as a dying man," I said, "do you believe that if I survive, I shall get ten thousand for the seventy-five jewels?"

"Double, on my oath — double!"

I took my arm out of the life-buoy, and put it over his shoulder, at the same time receiving the leather case.

I had run up on deck in my shirt and drawers, and was pocketless; so I took off a handkerchief I had round my head, tied the jewels up in that, and then secured it about my waist.

I had hardly done this before the boat in which we were was washed clear of the deck, and as, though broken and full of water she proved too shallow and buoyant to go down, I still clung to her for a minute or so; but the waves washed so high over her gunwale, that I had to let go, and swim to a loose oar which was floating near. The old man was kept well out of the water by the buoy; I saw him a couple of waves off with his shoulders well above it. There was no spray now to drown him, for the wind had sunk to a whisper, and, if his strength lasted, he seemed safe. He had made a good purchase. As for my own prospects, my short trip from the boat to the support to which I now clung was sufficient to show me that I had not enough left in me to swim ashore; no, nor half the way, nor a quarter of the way. My weight slightly submerged the oar, so that, when the crest of a large wave caught me, I got a ducking which robbed me of the breath I wanted so badly. But I could fight for a long time yet, having something to hold on by. Some part of the steamer which must have been tenable up to this time, was so no longer, for several fresh figures were suddenly to be seen in the water, clinging to anything that would float. Three of them made for the buoy, and two reached it, which sealed the fate of the diamond-merchant. Not that the buoy became useless; it was as good a support to the three men as my oar was to myself alone; but that was not enough for the old man, who required to be kept higher out of the water. I saw him still holding on for some time after he had ceased from all attempts to keep his head up; then he disappeared altogether. I nearly met the same fate; I was all but unconscious when a shore-boat came to my rescue. A sailor twisted his hand in the handkerchief tied round my waist, and sought to draw me into the boat by it. It gave way, and I dropped back again into the water. He caught me again by the arm, and dragged me back to life. But my diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires had gone to the bottom of the Scheldt.

For a few hours, and up to my chin in water all the time, I was a moderately rich man; all the rest of my life I have been a poor one. Oh! if that knot in my handkerchief had held, or if the Dutchman who rescued me had caught hold of my leg, or hair, or ear — But it is too provoking; I can't bear to think of it.

FOURIER.

V.

AFTER the death of Fourier the leadership devolved upon M. Considérant, the editor of *La Phalange*. The activity of the disciples continued unabated. Every anniversary of the birthday of the founder they celebrated by a public dinner. In 1838 the number of guests was only ninety; in the following year they had increased to two

hundred; and they afterwards rose to more than one thousand. Every anniversary of his death they visited his grave at the cemetery of Montmartre, and decorated it with wreaths of immortelles. Upon these solemn occasions representatives assembled from all parts of the world, and testified by their presence to the faith they had embraced. In January, 1839, the Librairie Sociale, in the Rue de l'Ecole, de Medicine, was established, and the works of Fourier and his disciples, with those of other socialist writers, obtained a large circulation. In 1840 a company, with a capital of 700,000 francs, was started to purchase M. Dulary's property at Condé, with a view to found a phalanx. The company, which still exists, is called Société pour la Propagation et la Réalisation de la Théorie Sociétaire. Some time afterwards we are informed that the estate had been purchased, and we hear of some of the disciples visiting it to superintend the works that had been begun. With the pecuniary assistance of Madame Vigoureux, M. Maurize, an architect and disciple, had drawn up plans for a complete phalanstère, which are still carefully preserved in the hope that they may ultimately be required. M. Considérant went to various towns throughout France to lecture upon the new doctrines. At Paris he was frequently heard in the Athénée Royal. Meanwhile the literature of the school rapidly increased. MM. Paget, Charles Pellarin, Villegardelle, and Madame Vigoureux, were active contributors; but the greatest success was reserved for Madame Gatti de Gamond, who was the first to expound the theory with some degree of literary grace. In 1840 *La Phalange* began to appear, as a regular newspaper, three times a week. It commenced with a manifesto, in which the object of its publication is defined to be "La détermination des conditions de l'Association des individus, des familles, et des classes dans la Commune, élément alvéolaire de l'état et de la société. 1. Toute doctrine de réforme sociale qui ne repose pas sur un système particulier et déterminé d'une nouvelle organisation de la Commune n'est qu'une illusion. 2. Toute doctrine qui présente un plan pour une organisation de la Commune peut être mise à l'épreuve sur un terrain d'une demi-lieue carrée sans révolutionner la société. 3. Tout système éprouvé par l'expérience locale doit se substituer au système social existant par l'effet de sa propre supériorité."

La Phalange was immediately assailed by the other newspapers; and the more violently it was attacked, the more widely its principles became known. An article upon Fourierism, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Reybaud, was translated into English and Spanish. M. Blanqui, the Professor of Political Economy, delivered a course of lectures upon the subject. M. Ottgavi expounded it to the Institut Historique. Lamennais criticised it in his "Passé et Avenir." M. Chaudes-Aigues reviewed it in his "Ecrivains Modernes." Some of its principles began to exercise a powerful influence. Several newspapers in Paris, and throughout the country, demanded social revolution rather than political agitation. The cries of "Organisation du Travail," "Droit au Travail," that were now beginning to be heard so frequently in after-dinner toasts, and in the mouths of the populace, were traced back to Fourier. Cabet had already published his "Voyage en Icarie;" Louis Blanc was writing in *La Revue du Progrès*, and many other shades of socialism and communism were springing into existence, and eagerly competing for public favor. Meanwhile riots occurred at Paris and in several towns in the country, and it became evident that the agitation had been already communicated to the classes whose destiny was so vehemently debated. In 1843 *La Phalange* became a daily paper with a new name, *La Démocratie Pacifique*, and continued throughout the revolution of February. At the same time an "Almanach Phalanstérien" was published at fifty centimes to diffuse a knowledge of Fourierism in country districts. It obtained a circulation of thirty thousand copies. The Fourierists regretted that the revolution came so soon. The world they feared was not yet sufficiently prepared to be at once resolved into phalanxes. The result proved that their doubts were well founded. However, they agreed to give it their earnest support, and M. Considérant issued a

manifesto of a very inflated character, which it is difficult to read with gravity. He was returned as a deputy to the National Assembly. He took every opportunity to press his views upon the government. He demanded that four sittings should be appropriated to him for the purpose, a request that was not granted. He opposed, with great energy, the rising power of Napoleon; but in this unequal contest he was utterly discomfited. His newspaper was suppressed in August, 1850, and he himself was obliged to quit France for a time.

M. Schneider communicated the theory to his countrymen in Germany, in 1837. The knowledge was farther extended in a series of newspaper articles by M. Gatzkow, in 1842; and separate works treating of the subject were subsequently published by M. Stein and M. Loose. In Spain, it found an active disciple in Don Joachin Abreu; and a plan for realization was laid before the Regent by Don Manuel de Beloy. In England, Mr. Hugh Doherty was already advocating it in the *Morning Star*. In 1841, his paper appeared with the new name of *London Phalanx*; and it was announced that thousands of pounds, and thousands of acres, were at the disposal of the disciples. The Communists of the school of Owen received the new opinions favorably, and wished them every success in their undertaking. In America, Fourier soon obtained followers; the doctrine seems to have been introduced by M. Jean Manesca, who was the secretary of a phalansterian society, established in New York so early as 1838.

In 1840, no less than fifty German families started from New York, under the leadership of MM. Gaertner and Hempel, both Fourierists, to establish a colony in Texas. They seem to have prospered for a time at least, for their numbers subsequently rose to two hundred thousand. In October of the same year, the first number of the *Phalanx* appeared at Buffalo, in New York State. Mr. Albert Brisbane, who had recently returned from Paris, had just published a work on the "Social Destiny of Man," which is, to a great extent, an abridgment of M. Considérant's "Destinée Sociale." He became the editor of the *Future*, which replaced the *Phalanx*, and was published at New York. This paper obtained but a small circulation, and Mr. Brisbane thought it advisable to discontinue it, and, in its stead, to purchase a column in the *New York Tribune*. In his writings, Mr. Brisbane is very anxious that the reader should distinguish the new principle of association from the communism of Owen, which had fallen, by repeated failure, into discredit. "The views of the latter," he says, "have excited in the public mind the strongest prepossessions against the magnificent problem of association, and raised up the most serious obstacles to its impartial examination. To condemn association because Mr. Owen has advocated a community of property, or attacked religion, shows a want of impartiality and discrimination." When Mr. Brisbane began his propaganda, there was a "Society of Friends of Progress" in existence in Boston. It included among its members some of the most eminent men in the intellectual capital of the New World. Dr. Channing was its leader, and Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and George Ripley, were to be seen at its meetings. The social system of Fourier did not escape their attention. A paper called the *Dial* was started, to which Emerson, Parker, and Margaret Fuller contributed. Their object was to advocate a community upon the principles of Fourier, but so modified as to suit their own peculiar views. The result was the acquisition of Brook Farm, which consisted of two hundred acres, situated near Mr. Parker's ministry. "The plan of the community is, all who have property to take stock and receive a fixed interest thereon; then to keep house or board in common, as they shall severally desire, at the cost of provisions purchased at wholesale, or raised on the farm; and for all to labor in community, and be paid at a certain rate an hour, choosing their own number of hours, and their own kind of work. With the results of their labor and their interest they are to pay their board; all labor, whether bodily or intellectual, is to be paid at the same rate of wages. After becoming members of the community, none will be engaged merely in bodily labor; the hours re-

deemed from labor by community will not be re-applied to the acquisition of wealth, but to the production of intellectual goods." "In order," they say, "to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade, while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence and isolation at will." This community existed for six years, and underwent many vicissitudes. It had begun orthodox in religion, from a Unitarian point of view, but it rapidly drifted, under the influence of Mr. Ripley, into transcendentalism, and was finally associated with the stricter Fourieristic communities that subsequently arose. It was ruined commercially by debt, and by a fire that destroyed a large building upon which they had spent much money. Actuated by religious motives, similar communities were founded, but generally by very different men. The Rev. Idin Ballou, a Universalist clergyman and vigorous writer, originated the Hopedale Community, which he based upon the strictest principles of morality. It has the merit of having lasted longer than any of the others of this period. "It affords," says its founder, "a peaceful and congenial home for all conscientious persons, of whatever religious sect, who now embrace practical Christianity; such need sympathy, coöperation, and fraternal association, without undue interference. Here they may find what they need; here they may give and receive strength by rational, liberal Christian union." About the same time the Northingarians, a religious sect with rather a negative theology, founded the Northampton Community; and the Skaneateles Association was also established by a gentleman of the name of Collins, who insisted that all candidates should publicly renounce a belief in Revelation and Providential Government before gaining admission. He repudiated licentiousness, yet maintained that when married persons "have outlived their affections, and cannot longer contribute to each other's happiness, the sooner the separation takes place the better." Mr. Collins was forced to modify some of his regulations, and even then the society had indifferent success: it was broken up in less than three years, and its founder abandoned his philanthropic projects to return, as a newspaper expressed it, "to the decencies and respectabilities of orthodox Wiggery."

But the influence of Mr. Brisbane was not limited to indirectly inspiring these eccentric experiments. It was said that in New York alone, in 1843, there were three newspapers reflecting the opinions of Fourier, and no less than forty throughout the rest of the States. Besides this, many reviews were occupied in discussing them. The first association in America to call itself a phalanx was Sylvania. It was begun in October, 1843, and lasted for about a year and a half. There were one hundred and fifty members, and Mr. Horace Greeley's name appears among the list of its officers; it consisted of 2,300 acres in Pennsylvania. The money for the undertaking was raised in shares of twenty-five dollars, upon which interest was to be paid. The failure of the experiment was complete: the persons who assembled were of incompatible dispositions. The old story repeats itself—the shareholders lost their shares; and the members, besides their shares, lost their time and temper. It would be a wearisome and profitless task to follow Mr. Noyes, to whose "History of American Socialisms" I owe these particulars, through the details of these ill-fated societies. There were thirty-four undertaken during the Fourier excitement, but of these we have complete statistics of only fourteen. Upon the average they had one hundred and sixty-five members, 1,224 acres of land, and lasted for four years. Hopedale existed the longest—seventeen years; the shortest, only eight months. Some included four hundred and fifty members, others not more than twenty; the largest possessed 2,814 acres; the smallest—Brook Farm—200.

The history of one of these societies is the history of all. A writer denounces in very long words the evils of society. He depicts the beauty, the innocence, the harmony of country life in community. He gathers about him a few

enthusiasts like himself—and many knaves. They send out a landscape painter, or some equally qualified person, to choose the site of the new Eden. They select a beautiful farm on the banks of a river. The scenery is very fine, but the land is very poor, and the climate detestable. They raise money in shares amongst themselves, or by subscriptions from philanthropists. A small portion of the purchase is paid in cash, the rest remains upon mortgage. They set out with a heavy debt, an empty purse, many long speeches, and much enthusiasm. When they arrive upon the spot, they find no accommodation. They are "huddled together like brutes" in "loose sheds." They find hard and rough work, very different from that to which they have been accustomed. They get little food. "There was seldom any butter, cheese, or animal food upon the table." The river overflows its banks, and three-fourths of the people are struck down with fever and ague. The society becomes an asylum for the "needy, sick, and disabled." No one prospers but the doctor. For a time, in spite of every difficulty, the enthusiasm continues. Perhaps the experiment appears on the point of success when internal divisions arise. Persons who all their lives long have had their tempers conveniently isolated in their homes, for the exclusive benefit of their wives and children, are now forced continually into contact with their fellow-men. What wonder if, under so severe a trial, they should not always maintain the equanimity of angels? Dissensions, rivalries, jealousies, spring up in every direction. The management of the farm is a constant difficulty. If a field has to be ploughed, some hours are spent in making speeches about it, and finding out who is to do it; tools that belong to nobody in particular are abused by everybody in general. "The deficit increases; meanwhile disease persecutes them. All through the sultry months, which should have been their working time, they lie idle in their loose sheds, sweating and shivering in misery and despair. Human parasites gather about them, like vultures scenting prey from afar. Their own passions torment them; they are cursed with suspicion and the evil eye; they quarrel about religion, they quarrel about their food. They dispute about carrying out their principles. Eight or ten families desert; the rest worry on through the long years. Foes watch them with cruel exultation." "This," adds Mr. Noyes, with sad truth, "this is not comedy, but direst tragedy." Other societies slightly vary in their details, but never vary in their failure. The years 1846-47 proved fatal to most of them. Indeed, Mr. Brisbane acknowledged in July, 1847, that only three then survived; long since then even these three have succumbed.

Yet Fourierism had still many advocates. In 1848 we find an "American Union of Associationists" existing at New York, with local unions in some of the principal cities throughout the states. They published a weekly newspaper, the *Harbinger*, and Mr. Horace Greeley was their president. George Ripley and Parke Godwin were among their officers.

It happened that Saint-Simon had numerous disciples in France, and Owen in England, long before Fourier became known, yet his system was formed quite independently of them. All its leading features were explained in the "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements," published in 1801. At that date Saint-Simon had written only his fantastic pamphlet "Lettres d'un Habitant de Genève," which never had any circulation, and long remained unknown. Owen's "Lectures on the Formation of Character" did not appear till 1812. To the Socialist writers of the preceding century Fourier was, however, considerably indebted. Both Morelly and Mably attributed moral evil to the institutions of society, not to the disposition of man. They both insisted that equal education should be extended to the children of all, and they relied upon the natural attraction of labor as a sufficient preservative against idleness. Morelly advocated the resolution of society into agricultural associations, composed of one thousand or two thousand persons, who were to live together in the same building, and to cultivate for the common benefit, the land belonging to the com-
mune.

nity. They insisted, however, upon an equal distribution of the produce. Talent or skill, according to them, imposed a higher obligation upon the possessor, but no greater claim to reward. They denounced the possession of private property, which Fourier was far from doing. They relied upon a sense of duty as a sufficient incentive for the performance of repulsive services, while Fourier endeavored rather to invest them with artificial charms, and to make their execution the pathway to honor and reward. They upheld the sanctity of the family, and their ideal was one of republican simplicity in dress and manner, where sumptuary laws would play an important part. The principles of *Droit au Travail* had been proclaimed by Robespierre in his "Declaration of the Rights of Man." Fourier also maintained its justice, though he denied its possibility during the existence of civilization. He shared with Saint Just the opinion that agriculture, not manufacture, is the fitting employment for man. He agreed with Babeuf that society should provide a minimum for all its members, and that land should be the property of the community and not of individuals; but he differed from them in the points where Socialism diverges from Communism.

The influence exercised by Fourier during the years preceding the revolution of 1848 was very great. But it arose chiefly from the earnestness with which his disciples denounced the intolerable misery of the masses, and the expectation of deliverance their words excited. In the ferment of revolutionary ideas numerous apostles of socialism arose; but of these the doctrines of Louis Blanc and Cabet became the most influential. They both were the advocates of a more equal division of property, they both sought to rectify the disabilities of nature no less than to remove the injustices of society. The extreme centralization contemplated by Louis Blanc belongs rather to Saint-Simon than to Fourier, and is the exact reverse of the self-governing system prevailing in Harmony. Cabet has, indeed, transported into his ideal State of Icaria some of the magnificence of the phalanstère, and the possibility of attractive industry has been greatly increased by the ingenuity of the Icarians in mechanical contrivances. Fourier has still disciples in Paris, whose confidence has survived the despotism of the empire, and the months of horror that followed its overthrow; and who, adhering to the faith of their master, continue to believe that our present industrial system is but a provisional solution of the great problem of society; but that that problem can never be solved by deluging the world in blood by an armed insurrection; nor yet by transferring political power from the educated classes to those who ruin by their ignorance the cause they desire to serve, and disgrace it by the violence of their passions. There can be no doubt that Fourier sincerely loved humanity and labored earnestly in its service. He sought to lead mankind to a terrestrial paradise, where there would be much eating of sugar-plums, many courtships and few marriages, where a complete surrender to every passion of our nature would constitute at once the happiest and the noblest life, and where the animating and controlling principle of duty would be almost unknown. For this he has incurred much obloquy, and his name has passed into a by-word of reproach among men.

TALLEYRAND.

THE chain of being begins with the animalcule and expands into the elephant: so it is with the chain of events. No action or accident of our lives is insignificant; the most trivial may be the germ of our destiny. When a child at nurse Talleyrand had a severe fall. What event could possibly be more inevitable or commonplace in a child's history? It was not commonplace, however, in this child's history. But for that fall he would have been simply a noble of the *ancien régime*: profligate, indolent, voluptuous, a unit amongst his herd; expiating his sins at last in the obscurity of exile, or more probably beneath the knife of the guillotine; and thus he would have dropped out of the world leaving no trace behind, and history would have

known him not. What that fall made of him and did for the world is to be found in the annals of four revolutions.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand, was born in Paris in the year 1754. The Comtes de Talleyrand were descended from a younger branch of the sovereign counts of Périgord, one of the most ancient and illustrious families of France, and whose haughty motto *Ré que Dieu*,¹ they bore.

The father of Charles Maurice was a soldier, his mother a lady-in-waiting at Court. In the very hour of his birth the infant was consigned to the care of a nurse, who removed him at once to her home in a distant part of the country, where he was reared very little differently to her own peasant children. This was the fashionable way of disposing of infantine incumbrances in those days; their advent was a disagreeable accident which condemned the fine ladies to a month's seclusion; but with that the trouble ended, the accident was given into the hands of some peasant nurse, and was thought of no more until it was of an age to be trained for a soldier, or a priest, or a courtier, as the case might be.

When scarcely a twelvemonth old, he was lamed for life by a fall. Eleven years passed away, during which time the fond mother had not only never seen her offspring, but was even ignorant of the accident that had befallen him. About this period his uncle, the Bailli de Talleyrand, a naval captain, returned to France after an absence of many years. Being desirous of seeing his nephew, he made a journey to the remote village to which the boy had been exiled. It was in the depth of winter that he undertook this expedition, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. As he neared the place he met upon the road a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, dressed like a peasant, to whom he offered some silver to guide him to Mother Régaut's (the nurse's name was Régaut). Delighted at the thought of the promised reward, the boy eagerly undertook the service, but he was very lame, and could not keep pace with the horse, so the good-natured *bailli* lifted him into the saddle. His wonder and consternation may be imagined when, upon arriving at the cottage, he was informed that in his poor little lame guide he saw the nephew he had come to seek. Not another hour did Charles Maurice remain beneath that roof: the *bailli* took the boy back with him to Paris. Such was the childhood's days of the future great European diplomatist, who was destined thereafter to hold the destinies of France within his grasp.

From the village he was transplanted to the College D'Harcourt, where, all ignorant as he was when he entered it, he soon carried away the first prizes, and became ultimately one of its most distinguished scholars. His mother now paid him an occasional visit, but as she was always accompanied by a surgeon, who pulled and cauterized, and tortured the boy's leg, her visits were more terrible than pleasing. But all the pulling, and cauterizing, and torturing effected no good — the lameness was incurable. The head of the house of Talleyrand must be a soldier — such was the tradition of the family, and it had never yet been departed from. A cripple could not be a soldier. It was announced to him that his birthright would be transferred to his younger brother.

"Why so?" asked the boy.

"Because you are a cripple," was the cruel answer.

Whatever of good might have existed in his original nature those words crushed out; the flavor of their bitterness lingered in his heart unto the last days of his life. From the hour in which they were spoken his disposition gradually changed; he became taciturn, callous, and calculating; a cynic, a heartless debauchee, sparing neither man nor woman that stood in the path of his interest or his pleasure. He had not been spared, why should he spare others? It was not for nothing he earned thereafter the title of *le diable boiteux*.

Being a Talleyrand, as he could not be a soldier, he must be a churchman. From the College D'Harcourt he was sent to St. Sulpice and afterwards to Sorbonne to complete his studies. He made no secret of his dislike for the pro-

¹ God alone is our king.

fession he was thrust into, and testified his utter unfitness for it by a life of gambling and debauchery. In 1773 he was received into the church. Thereafter he was known as the Abbé de Périgord, and proved a most admirable addition to the dissolute and atheistical clergy of the age.

In that same year he was presented at Court, and became an *habitué* of Du Barry's boudoir. One evening, at one of her gay assemblies, while a number of young gallants were amusing the lady by the recital of scandalous stories, and their own amorous adventures, the Abbé was observed to be silent and melancholy.

"Why are you so sad and silent?" demanded the hostess.

"*Hélas madame la comtesse, je faisais une réflexion bien mélancolique ; c'est qu'à Paris il est plus facile d'avoir des femmes que des abbayes.*"

The King was so charmed with this *bon mot* when it was repeated to him, that he at once presented the witty abbé with a very handsome benefice! From this dates his rise in the church.

In 1780 he was appointed agent-general of the French clergy, a post which placed in his hands the entire administration of the ecclesiastical revenues, and which he filled with consummate ability. But, as though in constant protest against the wrong that had been done him, and the uncongenial profession to which that wrong had consigned him, the immorality of his life was as flagrant as ever; his profane epigrams were repeated in every drawing-room; his scandalous love adventures were in every mouth.

Although Louis the Fifteenth and his mistress held a licentious wit to be an admirable recommendation for church preferment, Louis the Sixteenth was quite of an opposite opinion, and when the bishopric of Autun, for which the Abbé had long been intriguing, fell vacant (1788), it was only after a lapse of four months, and at the dying request of the Comte de Périgord, who probably felt a late compunction for the wrong which had been done to his son, that the King reluctantly bestowed upon him the coveted dignity.

Here is his portrait sketched by a contemporary at this period: "Picture to yourself a man thirty-three years of age, handsome figure, blue and expressive eyes, nose slightly *retroussé*, complexion delicate almost to pallor. In studying the play of his features we observe upon his lips a smile, sometimes malignant, sometimes disdainful. Studious of his personal appearance, a coquet in his ecclesiastical toilet, but frequently changing the costume of his order for that of the laity, irreligious as a pirate — performing mass with an unctuous grace — the Abbé Périgord finds time for all; he appears sometimes at Court, but oftener at the Opera. He reads his breviary, the 'Odes of Horace,' and the 'Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz' — a prelate whose qualities he greatly esteems. If he meets Narbonne, Lauzun, Boufflers, Segur, and the Bishop of Châlons in the house of Madame Guimard, he will sup with them. Ordinarily fond of his bed, he will at a need pass two or three nights consecutively in hard work. Assailed by creditors, closing his doors to the importunate, never promising without restrictions, obliging through circumstances, sometimes through egotism; greedy of renown, more greedy still of riches; loving women with his senses, not with his heart; calm in critical positions; haughty to the great, suave to the humble; pausing in a work upon finance to write a *billet doux*; neither vindictive nor wicked; an enemy to all violent measures, but knowing, if necessary, how to use them."

Another contemporary thus epigrammatically describes him: "He dressed like a coxcomb, thought like a deist, and preached like a saint."

At the assembling of the States General he at once espoused the popular side. Like Mirabeau, his own order had rejected him; from them he had nothing to hope; distinction in any path of life rather than in the church was preferable to his taste; while, with the ambitious spirit that animated all, whether gentle or plebeian, in that age everything seemed possible to him in the new order of things which was at hand. No proof of the utter effectness

of the *ancien régime* is so conclusive as the strange phenomenon of so many of its own body helping to destroy it. La Fayette, Mirabeau, and Talleyrand, all three of the noblest of the aristocracy, pioneered its destruction before Robespierre, Marat, or Danton were heard of. On the 15th of June, 1789, after the nobles and the clergy had demurred to deliberate in the same chamber with the *tiers état*, Mirabeau proposed that the latter without further delay should declare itself "the representatives of the French people." On the 22d of June, seven days later, thanks to the unwearied zeal of the Bishop of Autun, a majority of the clergy joined the *tiers état*. In his very first speech he proposed and carried that the States General should henceforth be fused into the National Assembly, the title already assumed by the representatives of the people, and that its discussions should be unrestricted.¹

A little later, and La Fayette gave the signal for the destruction of the Bastille and created the National Guard. The noble radicals began their work bravely!

Day by day the principles of the Bishop advanced more and more, and day by day he became more and more popular; he was a member of the Cordeliers and the Feuillants; his speeches on finance were everywhere the theme of the highest laudation; but his crowning act was to carry the motion for the surrender of all ecclesiastical property to the use of the nation. Long and stormy was the debate, but on the 2d of November the decree was passed. Early in 1790 he brought forward a manifesto to advocate the abolition of all privileges, to advocate church reform, and a vast plan of public education. On the 16th of February in the same year he was named President of the Assembly, a post which even Mirabeau could not attain until one year later.

After a short deliberation, he gave in his hearty adherence to the Act called "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," consecrated new bishops to replace those who, from scruples of conscience or the fear of papal thunders, had refused the oath, and was, on the 1st of May, 1791, excommunicated by his Holiness the Pope for his pains. Having of late looked rather towards political than ecclesiastical preferment, the Bishop's course of action was immediate and decisive; he availed himself of the opportunity to cast off his irksome fetters, at once seceded from the church, and was thereafter known simply as M. de Talleyrand.

But his sagacity foresaw and prophesied to what events were hastening. Writing to a lady friend, he says, "if the prince depends upon the affection of the people, he is lost; if the people are not guarded against the character of the prince, I foresee terrible misfortunes — torrents of blood flowing through years to efface the enthusiasm of a few months. I foresee the innocent and the guilty involved in the same destruction. . . . Mirabeau believes with me that we are marching too quickly towards a republic. What a republic! composed of thirty millions of corrupted souls. I fear that having attained to that, the fanatics will only begin to light their torches, the anarchists to erect their scaffolds. Who knows how many amongst us may escape the fire or the *lanterne*? I must arrange my affairs in such a manner that I shall not be without resources whatever happens."

The political creed of Mirabeau and Talleyrand was the same; both were of the party of order; both advocated the principles of constitutional monarchy and rational freedom but with those points all similarity between the two men disappears. The one would have martyred himself to have enforced those principles; the other would not have imperilled his fortunes for an hour to have maintained any principles. Upon his death-bed Mirabeau sent for Talleyrand, as the man by sympathy and creed the most fitted to be the repository of his plots and secrets. But with the mighty genius was swept away the last bulwark of order and so cautious and calculating a man as the ex-bishop was not the one to oppose the invading forces of mob rule.

Twice in the year 1792 was he sent on diplomatic service to London — the second time arriving with an autograph

¹ The electors, in sending their representatives to the States General, restricted the discussion and action to certain subjects.

letter from Louis the Sixteenth to George the Third. But the excesses of the revolution were every day rendering its principles more unpopular in England, and the letter, like every other act of the unfortunate monarch, being supposed to have been dictated, produced no effect. The object of the mission was to conclude an alliance between France and England; but while the negotiations were actually pending came the news that the King was deposed — news which at once terminated diplomatic relations between France and all foreign countries.

Except by Fox and the Whigs, Talleyrand was received but coldly in this country. When presented at St. James's, the Queen disdainfully turned her back upon him. "She did right," he said afterwards, "*for her Majesty is very ugly.*"

Upon his return to Paris he found that the revolution had so far outstripped him that France was no longer a safe abode for any man of birth and position. He lost no time in obtaining a passport from Danton and in returning to London for the third time. A paper which implicated him as having been in secret correspondence with the Court being found in the iron chest, a decree of accusation was pronounced against him by the Convention, and his name was included in the list of *émigrés*. Until 1794 he resided in London. Here he mingled with the *émigrés* with a view, possibly, to future contingencies that might happen to the Bourbons, and was well received in certain circles, particularly that of Lansdowne House. In general society he was noted as cold in manner, silent, sententious, formal, scrutinizing; but amongst the more genial few this mask was cast aside, and he was the wit and polished man of the world. In the January of the year last named he received, under the Alien Bill, an order of expulsion as a Jacobin. In a letter addressed to Lord Granville he declared that his residence in England had no reference to politics — he had sought there simply an asylum. The letter remained unanswered and unnoticed.¹

From England he sailed for the United States of America. At Washington he was well received, and, longing to revenge himself upon the English Government, he actively associated himself with the Anti-Anglican party. But he soon grew weary of his new home, and was about to set sail for the East Indies² when he received the news of Robespierre's downfall and of the growing desire of France for a settled government. He at once determined upon returning to his native land.

The most active of his friends in Paris was Madame de Staël, who was deeply attached to him, and through whose intercession with Joseph Marie Chénier he ultimately obtained his recall. It was in the latter part of 1795 that he once more returned to Paris. The Reign of Terror had passed away, and the Reign of Society had once more taken its place. To the clubs had succeeded the *jeunesse dorée*. Freed from the horrible phantom, the bloody realities of the guillotine, the Parisians were once more *gai* and *sans souci*. There were no distinctions of rank, no grand seigneurs, no rich people, no artificial ceremonies — everybody lived together in a happy state of equality, their homes, the parks, the promenades, and the public gardens.

Upon his arrival Talleyrand was everywhere welcomed as a wit and a gentleman, was elected a member of the National Institute, where he delivered two admirable lectures upon the commercial relations between England and America, and three weeks afterwards was named Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the Directory, which was composed of Carnot and Barthélemy, red republicans — and of Lare-

veillière-Lepaux, Rewbell, and Barras, moderates, Talleyrand attached himself to Barras; and when Pichegru, a Robespierrean at the head of the Assembly, was conspiring for the triumph of the extreme party, he it was who planned the *coup d'état* by which Barras seized upon Pichegru and Barthélemy and put Carnot to flight. But the advantage thus gained was only temporary; the constant defeat of the French arms by the Allies put the Directory in bad odor, and Talleyrand, attacked by the violent republicans as a noble and an *émigré*, resigned his appointment.

Talleyrand first met Napoleon during the latter's visit to Paris after the Peace of Campo Formio. Upon his return from the Egyptian campaign, Napoleon's ambition was to become one of the Directory. But his age was a prohibition that could not be surmounted. From their first meeting, Talleyrand had assiduously cultivated the friendship of the great general in whose daring genius and iron will he foresaw the best ruler for France. The Directory was weak and divided; at any moment mob rule might rise again triumphant; a despotic genius alone could create strength and order out of the chaos to which all things had been reduced by the revolution. "*When society is powerless to create a government, government must create society,*" was one of his profoundest maxims. And to carry out this maxim he now devoted all the powers of his subtle genius.

The Directory would not admit Napoleon among its members; therefore the Directory must be destroyed. The first step was to gain over Siéyès, who had succeeded Pichegru as the head of the Five Hundred, and who had also succeeded Rewbell in the Directory; Siéyès gained over Ducos, and, by a prearranged plan, both resigned; the casting vote remained with Barras, a weak obstacle in the hands of Talleyrand; a body of troops overawed the malcontents, and — the Directory was no more.

Three consuls were appointed — Bonaparte, Ducos, and Siéyès.¹ The arch-plotter was rewarded with the portfolio of the foreign ministry, and from that time firmly attached himself to the fortunes of the man whose elevation he had secured. The confirmation of the consulship for life, and the founding of the Order of the Legion of Honor, were chiefly indebted to his exertions. In the debate upon the latter, he spoke these profoundly true words: "The present age has created a great many things, but not a new mankind; if you would legislate practically for mankind, you must treat men as what they have always been and always are. . . . In reorganizing human society, you must give it these elements which you find in every human society."

The treaties of Lunéville and Amiens were among the first and most successful of those diplomatic triumphs with which his fame as a minister is chiefly associated. But there appears to have been nothing Machiavellian about his mode of conducting negotiations; on the contrary, he is said to have always spoken in an open straight-forward manner, never arguing, but always tenaciously sticking to the principal point. Napoleon said that "he always turned round the same idea."

About the same time he was reconciled to the church of Rome. The Pope wrote him an autograph letter, containing a dispensation that enabled him to marry. The lady was one Madame Grandt, whom he had first met during his exile in London, and who afterwards openly lived with him in Paris. Napoleon, expressing himself somewhat scandalized at the immoral connection, commanded that he should either marry her or cease to live with her. Accordingly, upon the arrival of the dispensation, the marriage was celebrated with as much privacy as possible.

The lady was very beautiful, but far from clever. Several stories are told of her *bêtise*; the best known is the following: Having read Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," she was one day introduced at dinner to Sir George Robinson; thinking him to be the veritable Crusoe whose adventures she had been reading, she puzzled him exceedingly with questions about his shipwreck and the desert island, winding up the absurd scene by asking particularly after his man

¹ There is every reason to believe that the English Government was perfectly justified in expelling him. When pleading in the Convention for the removal of Talleyrand's accusation, Chénier made a declaration to the effect that he had found among Danton's papers a correspondence which indicated that the exile had been an accredited agent and spy of the Republic during the whole time of his sojourn in England. It is true that the correspondence was never produced, but that he obtained his passport from Danton under some such conditions is a conjecture well warranted by the character of the latter; that Talleyrand to a certain extent fulfilled those conditions is equally in harmony with his own character.

² The vessel in which he was to sail was never heard of from the time in which she left the shores of America. Had he been a passenger on board her Napoleon might never have reigned, and how different from what it is might have been thirty years of European history! Another instance of the gravity of so-called insignificant events.

¹ The two latter were afterwards succeeded by Cambacérès and Lebrun.

Friday! When surprise was expressed at his choice of a wife, Talleyrand replied, "A clever wife often compromises her husband, a stupid one only compromises herself." But Madame Talleyrand was not always stupid. When Napoleon, in congratulating her upon her marriage, expressed a hope that the errors of Madame Grandt would be sunk in Madame Talleyrand, she replied, "In that respect I cannot do better than follow the admirable example of your Majesty."

After Napoleon's coronation there gradually arose between him and his great minister a coldness which, in the course of time, grew upon the former into an intense dislike. It is impossible, in so brief an article, to more than glance at, without attempting to explain, the causes of this change. In the first place, Talleyrand was opposed to the marriage with Marie Louise; in the second place, he was opposed to his master's schemes of universal conquest, for his sagacity forewarned him that one serious reverse would crumble his vast empire into dust. Such counsels excited only the indignation of a man drunk with victory.

Was Talleyrand implicated in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and in the scheme of the Spanish invasion? These are "historic doubts" that have been much discussed by historians and biographers. At Elba, Napoleon distinctly declared that those, the worst deeds of his life, were counselled by his foreign minister; but Napoleon is not an undeniable authority; besides, at that time he was posing himself as a hero of virtue before the eyes of Europe, and was desirous of shifting the burden of his crimes unto other shoulders. Such an act of impolitic and useless bloodshed was utterly opposed to the cold calculating character of the diplomatist, which with all its vices, contained nothing of cruelty or vindictiveness.¹ With the Bourbons he always desired to be on good terms; another reason which argues equally against his participation in either act. During the Spanish war, however, Napoleon wrote him several confidential letters couched in a strain which scarcely bears out his, Talleyrand's, assertion that he had strongly opposed the expedition. The most probable solution of the doubts, and that most consonant with his character, may be that, although emphatically averse to both those acts of lawless power, he closed his eyes and passively submitted to the inevitable.

Created Prince of Benevento, enormously rich, and broken in health, Talleyrand availed himself of the rupture with his Imperial master to resign his office. He did not however entirely retire from diplomacy, but continued from time to time to superintend several important negotiations. "It is the beginning of the end!" he said to Savary when he heard the news of the burning of Moscow, and the subsequent disasters of that terrible campaign. But although he foresaw that the star of Napoleon was setting fast, he was not guilty of the cold-blooded tergiversation that has been imputed to him. His urgent counsel was, "Peace with Russia at any price." When the Allies were marching upon Paris his advice was that the Empress should remain in Paris as the only means of saving the dynasty. But Joseph Buonaparte decided the question by producing a letter from his brother, in which it was commanded that in the event of such a crisis as that in which they were then involved, Marie Louise should at once retire into the provinces.² "Now what shall I do?" he said to Savary. "It does not suit every one to be crushed under the ruins of an edifice that is overthrown!"

From that hour Talleyrand became the arbiter of the destinies of France. The Emperor Alexander, who took up his abode at the house of the Prince, said: "When I arrived in Paris I had no plan — I referred everything to

¹ Amongst all the unparing insults and opprobrium that Napoleon heaped upon his minister's head, in that terrible quarrel between them which preceded the latter's resignation, no reference was made to this shameful deed. Surely in that hour of ungovernable rage and malice the Emperor would not have forgotten this the blackest accusation that he could have hurled against him? For a full account of this celebrated scene see Sir Henry Bulwer's "Historical Characters."

² Napoleon wrote thus: "If Talleyrand wishes the Empress to remain in Paris it is to betray her. . . . beware of that man!" Was this merely an ebullition of gall? Was it a suspicion founded upon certain premises? Or was the warning warranted by ascertained facts?

to Talleyrand; he held the family of Napoleon in one hand, that of the Bourbons in the other — I took what he gave me." "It must be either Buonaparte or Louis the Eighteenth," was his counsel. The result of the conference was a proclamation refusing to treat with any member of Napoleon's family. This at once destroyed the plan that had been mooted of a regency under Marie Louise, and secured the accession of the Bourbons.

"How did you contrive to overthrow the Directory, and afterwards Buonaparte himself?" inquired Louis. "Mon Dieu, Sire! I have done nothing for it — there is something inexplicable in me that brings misfortune upon all those who neglect me." At all events, Talleyrand did good service to his country in pressing forward a constitution to limit the power of that King of whom, and of the family, he truly said, that in their exile they had learned nothing nor forgotten nothing.

Created Grand Almoner and Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Prince was dispatched to the congress at Vienna, with secret instructions to endeavor to sow discord between the Allies, and thus break up the bond of hostility so inimical to the interests of France. But the escape of Buonaparte from Elba scattered all these plots to the winds.

Napoleon made overtures to win back Talleyrand to his cause, but neither interest nor inclination swayed the diplomatist in that direction; the Emperor had repeatedly and grossly insulted him, added to which he knew that both France and Europe were surfeited with war, and that, irresistible as was the storm for the time, it could not last. So he retired to Carlsbad on pretence that his health required the waters.

The Hundred Days passed away; but Louis had determined upon the minister's disgrace. Talleyrand knew this, and, preferring to take the initiative, waited upon the King at Ghent, the day after Waterloo, to request permission to remain at Carlsbad. "Certainly, M. de Talleyrand, I hear the waters are excellent," was the reply. But His Majesty could not so easily rid himself of the obnoxious diplomatist. The Duke of Wellington informed him that if he wished for the influence of England he must have a man at the head of the government in whom England could confide. The party of the Constitutional Legitimists, through Guizot, demanded that a cabinet should be formed with M. Guizot at the head; so on the day after the polite dismissal at Ghent, M. de Talleyrand received a mandate to join the King at Cambrai. But he had his revenge in refusing to form a ministry until the King signed a proclamation, the pith of which was an acknowledgment of the errors of his late reign.

To the fallen party Talleyrand behaved with the utmost clemency, providing numbers of those who wished to quit France with money and passports, and reducing the prescription list to half the original number.

He retained the premiership of France until the 24th of September, 1815. But his government was weak, the King hostile. The Emperor Alexander had declared that the Tuileries could expect nothing from St. Petersburg while M. Talleyrand remained at the head of affairs,¹ added to which the minister foresaw the mischievous effects that would accrue from the violent Royalist reaction that was at hand, and preferred tendering his resignation to encountering the coming storm.

From 1815 to 1830 he took no active part in politics unless it was to protest against the Spanish war, and to utter a defence of the liberty of the press. Much of his time was spent at Valency upon his estate. In Paris his drawing-room vied in magnificence, and in the brilliance of its society, with the royal palaces — being a second almost greater court. Here, paying homage to the great diplomatist, assembled all the beauty, all the wit, all the riches, and all the intellect of the Restoration. But he was no longer the gay *abbé*, the *petit-maitre* of Du Barry boudoir, with whom every woman was in love. The pic-

¹ The Emperor Alexander conceived an inveterate dislike to Talleyrand for the neglect that Russian interests received at his hands during the congress at Vienna.

ure of him drawn by Lady Morgan in 1816 is not an attractive one.

"Cold, immovable," she writes, "neither absent nor reflective, but impassable; no color varying the livid pallor of his face, no expression betraying his impenetrable character. For the moment one could not tell whether he were dead or living; whether the heart beat or the brain throbbed, no mortal observer could verify; from the soul of that man the world is disdainfully excluded; if one might hazard a conjecture after what we have seen, it is to recognize in him the enigmatical sphinx who said 'Speech was given us to conceal our thoughts.' Neither the most tender love, the most devoted friendship, nor any community of interests would make that face, which can only be compared to a book in a dead language, speak."

Another writer, pursuing the same theme, says, "To baffle his penetrating sagacity, you must not only not speak, but not think. It was not only by his language that he concealed his thoughts, but by his silence."

On account of the numerous *bon mots* and epigrams that claim him for parent, Talleyrand is commonly thought to have been a brilliant conversationalist and a flippant wit. Lamartine, however, has given us quite a different picture in the following passage: "A taste for lively sallies and epigrams has been attributed to him which he did not possess. He was, on the contrary, slow, careless, natural, somewhat idle in expression, always infallible in precision. His sentences were not flashes of light, but condensed reflections in a few words."

On the first day of the revolution of July he made no sign. On the third he sent his secretary to St. Cloud to see if the king were still there. Upon being informed of the departure for Rambouillet, he dispatched a paper to Madame Adelaide at Neuillet, containing these words: "Madame can put every confidence in the bearer, who is my secretary." "When she has read it," he said to the secretary, "let it be burned or brought back to me; then tell her that not a moment is to be lost — Duc d'Orleans must be here to-morrow; let him take the title of Lieutenant-general of the Kingdom, which has been already accorded to him; the rest will come."

Upon the accession of Louis Philippe he undertook the embassy to St. James, and obtained the recognition of England for the new sovereign. Thus did he for the fourth time change the dynasty of France! His last diplomatic labors were to tide over the Belgian difficulties and to assist in the formation of the quadruple alliance.

The end was coming fast. To gratify his family, but not from personal conviction, he consented to make his peace with the church. During his last hours his rooms were filled with the flower of Parisian society. Louis Philippe himself visited his death-bed. Those last hours are well described in the following quotation: "M. de Talleyrand was seated upon the side of his bed, supported in the arms of his secretary. It was evident that death had set his seal upon that marble brow; yet I was struck with the still existing vigor of the countenance. It seemed as if all the life which had once sufficed to furnish the whole being was now contained in the brain. From time to time he raised up his head, throwing back with a sudden movement the long gray locks which impeded his sight, and gazed around; and then, as if satisfied with the result of his examination, a smile would pass across his features and his head would again fall upon his bosom. He saw death approaching neither with shrinking nor fear, nor yet with any affectation of scorn or defiance."

He died on the 17th of May, 1838, aged 84.

"He possessed a mixture of the firmness of Richelieu, knowing how to select a party, the finesse of Mazarin, knowing how to elude it; the restlessness and factious readiness of the Cardinal de Retz, with a little of the magnificent gallantry of the Cardinal de Rohan," says a French writer; thus connecting him, by comparison, with all his great predecessors in statecraft.

Guizot thus sums up his character: "Out of a crisis or a congress he is neither skilful nor powerful. A man of court and of diplomacy, not of government, and less of a

free government than any other; he excelled in treating by conversation, by an agreeableness of manner, by the skilful employment of his social relations with isolated people; but authority of character, fecundity of talent, promptitude of resolution, power of eloquence, sympathetic intelligence with general ideas and public passions, all these great means of acting upon mankind at large he entirely wanted. . . . Ambitious and indolent, flattering and disdainful, he was a consummate courtier in the art of pleasing and serving without servility; supple and amenable to the highest degree when it was useful to his fortunes; always preserving the air of independence; an unscrupulous politician, indifferent to the means and almost to the end, provided that it secured his personal success; more bold than profound in his views, coldly courageous in peril, adapted for the grand affairs of an absolute government; but in the great air and the great day of liberty he was out of his element, and was incapable of action."

Talleyrand could neither love nor hate; he was a passionless man; he never committed a cruel or vindictive action, and never a purely motiveless generous one. Every thought, feeling, plan of his nature revolved round one great centre — SELF. He could not, as a great statesman, have created a broad, comprehensive scheme of government; his own petty interests ever dwarfed his ideas. In him the reasoning faculty was largely developed, the imaginative not at all; he trusted to no deductions, to no speculations that were not rigidly derived from his own personal experiences: hence his views, although wonderfully correct, were never all-comprehensive. He understood mankind sectionally; he could almost infallibly foresee how each section would act *singly*; but of that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" — of those subtle links that can mass mankind as a whole, and by which all great rulers have swayed their worlds, he knew nothing. Because no process of mathematical reasoning, no experience, however extended, can deduce them; their existence can only be revealed by the inspiration of those creative faculties of the mind that revealed to Shakespeare a Macbeth and a Hamlet.

He worked for the greatness of France, because upon the greatness of France depended the greatness of Talleyrand. He was purely a cynic — the well-being of mankind never for a moment entered into his calculations. To him the world was a chess-board — mankind the pieces; he ranged his kings and his queens, his bishops and his generals, and played them one against the other; when the game was exhausted and the sovereign was encompassed by enemies beyond all hope of escape, he cried "Checkmate," and began the game afresh. It was said of him, "Like a cat, he always falls upon his feet; cats do not follow their masters, they are faithful to — the house."

His vices were those of the age in which he was educated; his licentiousness, his cynicism, his skepticism, his selfish contempt for mankind, were learned in the boudoir of Du Barry. In reason and in action, he was of the nineteenth century; in thought and feeling, he was of the *ancien régime*. His liberalism had been learned in the school of Voltaire; he accepted the advance of political ideas as a necessity, but with no sympathy. "The thoughts," he said, "of the greatest number of intelligent persons in any age or country are sure, with few more or less fluctuations, to become in the end the public opinion of their age or community." And he always yielded to public opinion.

While attached to any government, he served it faithfully and zealously; and in all his tergiversations he scrupulously retained the outward forms of decency, reserving to himself a respectable excuse for his defection; "I have never kept fealty to any one longer than he has himself been obedient to common sense," he said.

The most brilliant of his talents was a marvellous and almost prophetic foresight, in proof of which I extract the two following quotations from his writings. The prophecy contained in the first is rapidly coming to pass; that contained in the second has just been wonderfully fulfilled:

"Upon the side of America, Europe should always keep

her eyes open, and furnish no pretence for recrimination or reprisals. America grows each day. She will become a colossal power, and the time may arrive when, brought into closer communion with Europe by means of new discoveries, she will desire to have her say in our affairs, and put in her hand as well. Political prudence then imposes upon the government of the Old World to scrupulously watch that no pretext is given her for such an interference. The day that America sets her foot in Europe, peace and security will be banished for many years."

"Do not let us deceive ourselves; the European balance that was established by the Congress of Vienna will not last forever. It will be overturned some day; but it promises us some years of peace. The greatest danger that threatens it in the future are the aspirations that are growing universal in central Germany. The necessities of self-defence and a common peril have prepared all minds for Germanic unity. That idea will continue to develop until some day one of the great powers who make part of the Confederation will desire to realize that unity for its own profit. Austria is not to be feared, being composed of pieces that have no unity among themselves. It is then Prussia who ought to be watched; she will try, and if she succeeds, all the conditions of the balance of power will be changed; it will be necessary to seek for Europe new bases and a new organization."

BRET HARTE IN ENGLAND.¹

IN none of Bret Harte's stories, whether in prose or verse, are the characteristics of his genius more striking than in these of the Sierras. Strange incidents of the wildest life, told with a simplicity that seems to narrow and make light of the strangeness; a treatment the reverse of the usual one, which dwells lovingly on any stray modicum of romance that has happily turned up within the author's experience, enhancing, amplifying, illustrating; darkening the shadows and intensifying the lights, and taking every precaution that not a single point in the marvellous narration shall escape the attention of the reader. Here, however, though nearly every incident is taken from comparatively lawless lives, where violence and unrestraint are the rule, there is nothing sensational; no horror, no mystery, no weirdness, — and, indeed, no plot. On the contrary, Bret Harte relates his story with a perspicacity that looks almost like baldness; a story wild with a wildness that is clearly of its own nature and not of the dressing up; and the humor and the pathos which attend it, seem — not the teller's, suggested by his subject, but inherent in the subject, and almost as if unobserved by the narrator; the delicate and genial satire alone reminding us of an author; while, were it not that the point of the story is uniformly in the same position at the end, and thus betrays design, its object, which is always in one sense the same, might escape detection as the motive and inspirer of its author. This object is to illustrate the tenderness which lingers in the roughest natures, and survives under the most destructive influences and in the most uncongenial circumstances. Such is the tenderness of the morose gold-digger, who for long years continued to remit his own savings, as from his deceased young partner to the latter's mother and sisters, rather than break their hearts by the news of his early death. Such is that of the spendthrift who had palmed himself upon an old man as his lost son, but who gave up the old man he had learnt to love and all the new hopes of his life, and himself identified the worthless real son, whom he had believed dead. Such also is that of the melancholy, gaunt Culpepper, who resigned love and life, and allowed himself to be shot, to shield an old reprobate, the guardian of his youth. And such that of the libertine and gambler who, on the discovery of his chum's distress at his wife's changed demeanor,

withdraws his dangerous presence on the very eve of his elopement with her. It is this belief in some generous, self-denying vein, running through every human soul, — at various depths, no doubt, and differing greatly both in purity and thickness, — that adds a sense of refinement and beauty to these picturesque sketches of a lawless, coarse, passionate state of society, such as we, with our highly organized civilization, can with difficulty realize. Two stories, alone, though pervaded with the same tenderness of feeling — and one of which contains also the serious element — are of a much quieter kind. Nothing, in fact, could be simpler than the materials out of which "Melons" — a lad's nickname — is constructed; and half the humor of it consists in the telling of things that no one else would think of telling, in writing about something about which there seems nothing to write — an account, namely, of a little street Arab who haunts a mews, with few clothes and fewer friends, and who does nothing particular, either good or bad, but shuffles about or goes through mild gymnastics, and yet whose friendliness and childish characteristics are indicated — not described — with such skilful pathos that we are quite sorry when the little chap, taking fright, childlike, at assumed anger, disappears from his imaginary chronicler's horizon: —

"His age was about seven. He looked older, from the venerable whiteness of his head, and it was impossible to conjecture his size, as he always wore clothes apparently belonging to some shapely youth of nineteen. A pair of pantaloons, that, when sustained by a single suspender, completely equipped him, formed his every-day suit. How, with this lavish superfluity of clothing, he managed to perform the surprising gymnastic feats it has been my privilege to witness, I have never been able to tell. His 'turning the crab,' and other minor dislocations, were always attended with success. It was not an unusual sight at any hour of the day to find Melons suspended on a line, or to see his venerable head appearing above the roofs of the out-houses. Melons knew the exact height of every fence in the vicinity, its facilities for scaling, and the possibility of seizure on the other side. His more peaceful and quieter amusements consisted in dragging a disused boiler by a large string, with hideous outcries, to imaginary fires. Melons was not gregarious in his habits. A few youths of his own age sometimes called upon him, but they eventually became abusive, and their visits were more strictly predatory incursions for old bottles and junk, which formed the staple of McGinnis's Court. Overcome by loneliness one day, Melons inveigled a blind harper into the court. For two hours did that wretched man prosecute his unhallowed calling, unrecompensed, and going round and round the court, apparently under the impression that it was some other place, while Melons surveyed him from an adjoining fence with calm satisfaction. It was this absence of conscientious motives that brought Melons into disrepute with his aristocratic neighbors. Orders were issued that no child of wealthy and pious parentage should play with him. This mandate, as a matter of course, invested Melons with a fascinating interest to them. Admiring glances were cast at Melons from nursery windows. Baby fingers beckoned to him. Invitations to tea (on wood and pewter) were lisped to him from aristocratic back-yards. It was evident he was looked upon as a pure and noble being, untrammelled by the conventionalities of parentage, and physically as well as mentally exalted above them. One afternoon an unusual commotion prevailed in the vicinity of McGinnis's Court. Looking from my window, I saw Melons perched on the roof of a stable, pulling up a rope by which one 'Tommy,' an infant scion of an adjacent and wealthy house, was suspended in mid-air. In vain the female relatives of Tommy, congregated in the back-yard, expostulated with Melons; in vain the unhappy father shook his fist at him. Secure in his position, Melons redoubled his exertions, and at last landed Tommy on the roof. Then it was that the humiliating fact was disclosed that Tommy had been acting in collusion with Melons. He grinned delightedly back at his parents, as if 'by merit raised to that bad eminence.' Long before the ladder arrived that was to succor him, he became the sworn ally of Melons, and I regret to say, incited by the same audacious boy, 'chaffed' his own flesh and blood below him. He was eventually taken, though — of course — Melons escaped. But Tommy was restricted to the window after that, and the companionship was limited to 'Hi, Melons!' and 'You, Tommy!' and Melons, to all practical purposes, lost him forever. I looked afterward to see some signs of sorrow on Melon's part, but in vain; he buried his grief, if he had any, somewhere in his one voluminous garment."

¹ *Stories of the Sierras.* ("Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands and Other Sketches.") By Bret Harte. *East and West Poems.* By Bret Harte. London: John Camden Hotten.

The Belle of Madrono Hollow and her lover are instances of Bret Harte's power of delicate description when — in its favor and in rare instances — he withholds for a time from the relation of incident. Culpepper is no hero of a novel, no Apollo, as we shall see by the following sketch of his face, and yet from the first we like the long, cadaverous, melancholy youth : —

"It was not an unprepossessing one, albeit a trifle too thin and lank, and bilious to be altogether pleasant. The cheekbones were prominent, and the black eyes sunken in their orbits. Straight black hair fell slantwise off a high but narrow forehead, and swept part of a hollow cheek. A long black moustache followed the perpendicular curves of his mouth. It was in the whole a serious, even Quixotic face, but at times it was relieved by a rare smile of such tender and even pathetic sweetness, that Miss Jo is reported to have said that, if it would only ast through the ceremony, she would have married its possessor on the spot. 'I once told him so,' added that shameless young woman; 'but the man instantly fell into a settled melancholy, and hasn't smiled since.'"

Nor less do we appreciate the beauty of the girl of his choice, though it is only suggested to us by its effect on the rude natures of the passers-by : —

"Small wonder that a passing teamster drove his six mules into the wayside ditch and imperilled his load, to keep the dust from her spotless garments; small wonder that the 'Lightning Express' withheld its speed and flash to let her pass, and that the expressman, who had never been known to exchange more than rapid monosyllables with his fellow-men, gazed after her with breathless admiration. For she was certainly attractive. In a country where the ornamental sex followed the example of routhful nature, and were prone to overdress and glaring effluence, Miss Jo's simple and tasteful raiment added much to her physical charm of, if it did not actually suggest a sentiment to her presence. It is said that Euchredeck Billy, working in the gulch at the crossing, never saw Miss Folinsbee pass but that he always remarked apologetically to his partner, that 'he believed he must write a letter home.'"

There is true genius in that last subtle hint of the softening, humanizing influence of beauty on the rough digger, habitually neglecting his deserted, distant home. And here, in a few strokes, is a picture at once of the grand country of the Sierras, and of how the grandest scenes of nature are powerless to impress, in presence of passionate human love : —

"Wonderful power of humanity! Far beyond jutted an outlying spur of the Sierra, vast, compact, and silent. Scarcely a hundred yards away a league-long chasm dropped its sheer walls of granite a thousand feet. On every side rose up the serried ranks of pine-trees, in whose close-set files centuries of storm and change had wrought no breach. Yet all this seemed to Culpepper to have been planned by an all-wise Providence as the natural background to the figure of a pretty girl in a yellow dress."

One more extract we must give from this story to illustrate Bret Harte's power of observation, a power which impresses us as that of unconscious perception, rather than of close study. It is a wonderful little picture of the airs and graces of a pretty girl believing herself quite alone : —

"It was still early morning, but the sun, with Californian extravagance, had already begun to beat hotly on the little chip hat and blue ribbons, and Miss Jo was obliged to seek the shade of a bypath. Here she received the timid advances of a vagabond yellow dog graciously, until, emboldened by his success, he insisted upon accompanying her; and, becoming slobberingly demonstrative, threatened her spotless skirt with his dusty paws when she drove him from her with some slight acerbity, and a tone which happily fell within fifty feet of its destined mark. Having thus proved her ability to defend herself, with characteristic inconsistency she took a small panic, and, gathering her white skirts in one hand, and holding the brim of her hat over her eyes with the other, she ran swiftly at least a hundred yards before she stopped. Then she began picking some ferns and a few wild-flowers still spared to the withered fields, and then a sudden distrust of her small ankles seized her, and she inspected them narrowly for those burrs and bugs and snakes which are supposed to lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she plucked some golden heads of wild oats, and with a sudden inspiration placed them in her black hair, and then came quite unconsciously upon the trail leading to Madrono Hollow."

Of the broad fun of Mark Twain's type we have scarcely a sign in the far more refined and subtle humor of Bret Harte's stories; the nearest approach to it is in the account of the old man in search of his son, an old man who "after a hard and wilful youth and maturity, in which he had buried a broken-spirited wife, and driven his son to sea," had "suddenly experienced religion" : —

"I got it in New Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with the general suggestion of referring to an epidemic. "Enter ye the narrer gate. Parse me the beans."

There is a little more of it in the comic poems, in the collection called *East and West*. The fate of Milton Perkins may serve as a sample : —

"Milton Perkins," said the Siren, "not thy wealth do I admire,
But the intellect that flashes from those eyes of opal fire;
And methinks the name thou bearest surely cannot be misplaced,
And, embrace me, Mister Perkins!" Milton Perkins her embraced.

But I grieve to state, that even then, as she was wiping dry
The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins' eye,
She priggish his diamond bosom-pin, and that her wipe of lace
Did seem to have of chloroform a most suspicious trace."

But the best of these poems does not reach the level of "The Heathen Chinese," or even of its companions, though "The Ballad of Mr. Cooke," "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin," and especially "Truthful James's Answer to Her Letter," have much of the same dry, satirical humor. The graver ones seem to us to sustain much better Bret Harte's reputation. "Grandmother Tenterden" is powerful and pathetic, and so, too, is "A Greyport Legend;" and the elemental protests against Mr. Seward's proposed annexation of St. Thomas are really grand in their majestic self-assertion and sneering sarcasm.

The two little octavos are very nicely got up as companion volumes, and we strongly recommend them both, though the the prose one is our favorite.

MATCHMAKING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

If marriage is the ultimate destiny of most men, as it is thought to be the object and chief business of all women, we are far from saying that the last are wrong in endeavoring, by any means within the bounds of decency and discretion, to attain to married life. Yet "'tis fit men should be coy when women woo." It was commonly held to be most fitting that parents or near relatives should take the initiative when a match was to be made between indifferent parties, so far as the woman was concerned, while the other sex, it was presumed, could look out for themselves. But it appears that there are many men incompetent to this, and innumerable young women and widows who have neither father, mother, nor relative able and willing to assist them. What, then, is to be their fate? How avert the misfortune which threatens them? The answer is easy: Advertise in the *Matrimonial News*. The editor of that journal is the matchmaker of the nineteenth century, and his paper appears to be established on principles of the most business-like description. In every number the reader may review some 350 candidates for marriage, and for one shilling an advertiser may describe his or her attractions, provided that the same be done in no more than forty words. Questions of difficulty or delicacy referring to courtship are answered gratuitously in these columns, privately for twelve stamps, personally for 5s.; a fee of 5s. is also required one month after any marriage brought about by this machinery. We are assured that the business is *bonâ fide*, that confidence and secrecy are strictly observed, and, if we are to believe the editor, hundreds of marriages have resulted from his labors.

The *modus operandi* is this. The real name, address, and photograph of each candidate are deposited with the editor, the advertisement appears, and those who like correspond in the *Matrimonial News*, at first by numbers, like

convicts: No. 6,000 replies to Nos. 6,007 and 6,010 avowing that the particulars suit, and that he desires an exchange of photographs. This is done through the editor, who then, if both parties wish it, places them in direct private correspondence with each other, on condition of receiving a fee (amount not stated). Assuming that all this has occurred, it is probable that the first step taken is to ascertain that the personal appearance is equal to the photograph, and the second to cause their respective lawyers to inquire as to the fortune of the lady and the "ample private means" of the gentleman. For it is a most noteworthy fact, and one which extorts our admiration, that not only fortune-hunting in these advertisements is conspicuous by its absence, but that instances of extreme disinterestedness abound, so that men of "private fortune" or "ample means" expressly state that "money on the lady's side is of no moment." Out of nearly two hundred, not above twenty make it a necessary qualification. One, indeed, whose list of attractions is not of a solid order, asks for that of which he apparently has none. "The younger son of good county family, aged twenty-nine, fair, 5 ft. 10 in., has entrée to best society, travelled a great deal, domestic, fond of country life, is a good shot, rides well, wishes to marry, but requires a wife with means." A clergyman "possessed of good means, who desires to form the acquaintance of a young, pretty, well-educated lady," to his eternal honor adds that "money, though an advantage, is not an essential;" while "Achilles, who is an author and man of refinement and position, with means independent of his profession," only demands "good sense and ladylike graces with a lady under forty. A noble, aspiring soul, softened by a tender, loving nature, will find in Achilles a responsive echo, and a kind, warm, and generous heart." The ladies in general state that they are tall or short, dark or fair, as the case may be, and that they are loving, affectionate, warm-hearted, thoroughly domesticated, sometimes they modestly add, "and are considered good-looking," or "very nice-looking, handsome," etc. One "feels sure that she would make a devoted wife;" another declares she is "steady;" a third mentions a highly desirable item, that she is "clean;" a fourth that she is "rather stout, but mild, without incumbrance, of florid complexion, has a nice home and business of her own, but feeling lonely would like a suitable partner;" a fifth is "of comfortable means and Juno-like appearance;" a sixth would prefer a clergyman, and if possible a widower. Many have "fascinating manners," or are well connected and educated. Of widows, who are supposed to understand what man requires, a large majority declare that they are "jolly;" while only two young ladies plead guilty to that quality. A considerable number candidly state that they have nothing beyond a faithful loving heart, and willing disposition to offer; but fortunes of from £150 to £200 and £350 per annum, or from £3,000 to £5,500 down, with good expectations, are quite common in these columns. One has "golden hair and a small yearly income;" another, "though poor and not without faults, is not to be bought with money." There is a case which is appalling, if true: "An heiress of noble family, aged twenty-four, very handsome, with £720 a year from large landed estates, is a splendid pianist, harpist, speaks French and Italian, and rides and drives," is yet driven to the *Matrimonial News*. It is right to mention that she "will only correspond with a gentleman of good birth." Of the gentlemen not one has the courage to state that he is short in stature. They mostly describe themselves as good-tempered, tall, "considered fine-looking," "think that they can make a wife" or, sometimes, "any reasonable woman happy," of good position, etc. Many affirm that they are in possession of landed estates, or of appointments bringing in £1,000, £1,500, £2,000 per annum, which, if true, is a matter easily verified. "An heir to a considerable entailed estate" having no doubt observed the satisfactory results in business when "a V. S. examination is allowed," mentions that he is "of sound health and unimpaired constitution;" valuable qualities, indeed, in either man or woman, which we should like to see more in request than is now the case. There are also

advertisements from farmers and tradesmen who wish for economical managing helpmates. As we have before observed, fortune is rarely the essential, but good looks, education, and refinement are generally demanded; in some instances beauty and musical talents are coupled together. Several wish to be married before Christmas; others entreat for speedy replies, as they are going to India, and one wishes to "marry at once" — this is a major in the army with good means, and all he desires is a lady of good connections not over thirty-five.

The strangest part of the traffic presents itself when we regard the social position of the candidates. In one batch there are two noblemen, two colonels, a member of three learned societies, barristers, physicians, missionaries, squires with beautiful residences and good fortune, county magistrates, and numberless naval and military officers; a French lady of title, two English ditto, one having a jointure of £3,000 per annum, two heiresses, whereof one is a ward in Chancery, entitled to large landed property on coming of age — (is the Lord Chancellor aware of the proceedings of his ward?) — some half-dozen of noble family or of ancient lineage; and above the rest in point of urgency is an application from a widow lady and her three daughters all wanting husbands and having independent incomes. Surely this is, to say the least of it, very strange. On another point a few words of warning seem needed. Certain of the candidates desire to correspond with too many of the other sex at once. Thus a bachelor, No. 6,371, "desires to correspond" with no fewer than nine ladies; an Italian, No. 6,421, with six; a medical man, No. 6,456, with seven. The daughter of a deceased officer wishes to hear from eight gentlemen, and Emmeline, who is the offender in chief, wishes to correspond with as many as fourteen. Such a course of proceeding is hardly fair, nor is it promising of future happiness, for if the marriage accomplished proves unsatisfactory, the nucleus of regret, if not of discontent, is already formed. "If I had only taken 6,423 instead of 6,320," he or she will say, "so should I have been blessed, whereas now," etc. It is hardly to be supposed that of 350 weekly advertisers all represent impostures, and we are assured (though we remain doubtful) that detection and exposure are the results of any attempt at a hoax. If our men and women are so driven by circumstances that they can find suitable companions by no other method than this, so be it. Many there may be who marry in haste and repent at leisure: but according to Congreve there is a worse fate possible. In his play of "The Old Bachelor" are the following lines: —

"Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Married in haste we may repent at leisure;
Some by experience find those words misplaced —
At leisure married they repent in haste."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A SERIES of "penny readings" have lately been introduced at St. Petersburg by the director of police, General Trepoft, and they are said to be very numerous attended by the lower classes of the city.

SPEAKING of Mansard roofs an exchange says: "It is very cheap, no doubt, to increase one's store-houses by this system of doubling their size in the roof — a practice, we must observe, far older than the Paris models, it being the normal way of forming the family granary throughout large districts of Germany. But, like many architectural economies of the same sort, it may prove a dear way in the end."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that there is little doubt that one of the chief reasons why so many charming young ladies pass from youth to middle age without finding husbands, and at last have to content themselves with celibacy for life, arises not from any deficiency of fascination on their part, not from any failure to appreciate their merits, but simply because men shrink from all the worry and noise

attendant upon the marriage ceremony as conducted according to the recognized rules of society. They prefer the pain of subduing the heart's best affections to the pangs of the trousseaux, the lockets for the bridesmaids, the wedding breakfast, the speeches, the throwing of old shoes, and other eccentricities considered inseparable from the commencement of a matrimonial career.

THE *Paris Temps* prints a letter from no less a person than the notorious bandit Suzzoni, whose exploits had been referred to in that journal. M. Suzzoni appears to be a gentleman of no little culture, judging from the style and tenor of his letter, which we subjoin:—

BASTIA, November 29.

SIR, — You have been good enough to speak of me in a recent issue, and I thank you for having done so. Though the bandit puts the highest price upon his freedom, he has a weakness for glory; but he aspires to glory without any reflection upon it, and you have somewhat misrepresented the nature of a transaction in which I played what was, as I flatter myself, a rather honorable part. Your version of it would induce people to suppose that I stopped a noble candidate for the Assembly upon the Cervione road merely with a view to depriving him of his coat? I ask you, sir, what could I have done with such an article? I was simply desirous to obtain the pleasure of a short conversation with one of our grandees, and to show him that in Corsica a Suzzoni ranks higher than any count or duke. I addressed him as I might a friend, and if I proposed that he should exchange his coat against my pilone it was but a joke, justified by the cordial nature of our interview. I would make a present to a friend, were I in a position to do so; but should never dream of asking for one. A Corsican bandit is a man of honor, and I do not choose to be mistaken for a Greek or a Neapolitan confrère. So far from my having exercised any unfavorable influence upon M. de Pozzo de Borgo's election, I have reason to believe that his dignified attitude during our interview gained him many votes.

Yours, etc.,

SUZZONI.

SOME of the adventures of M. et Mme. Turlupin have been set to music by M. Guiraud, and produced upon the stage of the Théâtre de l'Athénée. The actor generally known as Turlupin, but whose real name appears to have been Belleville, began life as a showman at the fairs about Paris; but, thanks to the protection of Cardinal de Richelieu, whom he had had the good luck to amuse, he was enabled to end his life as a "theatrical manager" in the most approved sense of the term. His name, like Molière's *Tartuffe*, has been kept alive in the French dictionary, and "turlupiner" and "turlupinade" are to be found in writers who do not condescend to the slang of the *Figaro* or the "penny gaffs" of the outer Boulevards. The plot is based upon Turlupin's arrival with his strolling company at the Fête des Loges in the forest of St. Germain, where the captain of gendarmerie threatens to prohibit his performance of the "Amorous Crayfish," and the innkeeper to supply him with breakfast. How Mme. Turlupin gets her husband out of the difficulty by the help of the nephew of the captain of gendarmerie and the daughter of the innkeeper—who are, of course, secretly engaged—is very prettily said, or rather sung, and the last scene in which the former pair are brought to book by finding themselves upon the stage where M. Turlupin's comedy is to be enacted, and by his threat of drawing up the curtain and disclosing them to the assembled audience, is put together with no small amount of dramatic ingenuity.

MEMORIAL VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

DEATH, what hast thou to do with me? So saith
Love, with eyes set against the face of Death;
What have I done, O thou strong Death, to thee,
That mine own lips should wither from thy breath?

Though thou be blind as fire or as the sea,
Why should thy waves and storms make war on me?
Is it for hate thou hast to find me fair,
Or for desire to kiss, if it might be,

My very mouth of song, and kill me there?
So with keen rains vexing his crownless hair,
With bright feet bruised from no delightful way,
Through darkness and the disenchanted air,

Lost Love went weeping half a winter's day,
And the armed wind that smote him seemed to say,
How shalt the dew live when the dawn is fled,
Or wherefore should the Mayflower outlast May?

Then Death took Love by the right hand and said,
Smiling: Come now and look upon thy dead.

But Love cast down the glories of his eyes,
And bowed down like a flower his flowerless head.

And Death spake, saying: What ails thee in such wise,
Being god, to shut thy sight up from the skies?
If thou canst see not, hast thou ears to hear?
Or is thy soul too as a leaf that dies?

Even as he spake with fleshless lips of fear,
But soft as sleep sings in a tired man's ear,
Behold, the winter was not, and its might
Fell, and fruits broke forth of the barren year.

And upon earth was largess of great light,
And moving music winged for world-wide flight,
And shapes and sounds of gods beheld and heard,
And day's foot set upon the neck of night.

And with such song the hollow ways were stirred
As of a god's heart hidden in a bird,
Or as the whole soul of the sun in spring
Should find full utterance in one flower-soft word,

And all the season should break forth and sing
From one flower's lips, in one rose triumphing;
Such breath and light of song as of a flame
Made ears and spirits of them that heard it ring.

And Love beholding knew not for the same
The shape that led him, nor in face nor name,
For he was bright and great of thews and fair,
And in Love's eyes he was not Death but Fame.

Not that gray ghost whose life is empty and bare
And his limbs moulded out of mortal air,
A cloud of change that shifts into a shower,
And dies and leaves no light for time to wear.

But a god clothed with his own joy and power,
A god arisen out of his mortal hour
Immortal, king and lord of time and space,
With eyes that look on them as from a tower.

And where he stood the pale sepulchral place
Bloomed, as new life might in a bloodless face,
And where men sorrowing came to seek a tomb
With funeral flowers and tears for grief and grace,

They saw with light as of a world in bloom
The portal of the House of Fame illumine
The ways of life wherein we toiling tread,
And watched the darkness as a brand consume.

And through the gates where rule the deathless dead
The sound of a new singer's soul was shed
That sang among his kinsfolk, and a beam
Shot from the star on a new ruler's head.

A new star lighting the Lethæan stream,
A new song mixed into the song supreme
Made of all souls of singers and their might,
That makes of life and time and death a dream.

Thy star, thy song, O soul that in our sight
Wast as a sun that made for man's delight
Flowers and all fruits in season, being so near
The sun-god's face, our god that gives us light.

To him of all gods that we love or fear
Thou among all men by thy name wast dear,
Dear to the god that gives us spirit of song,
To bind and burn all hearts of men that hear.

The god that makes men's words too sweet and strong
For life or time or death to do them wrong,
Who sealed with his thy spirit for a sign,
And filled it with his breath thy whole life long.

Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine
Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign vine,
And with all love of all things loveliest
Gave thy soul power to make them more divine.

That thou might'st breathe upon the breathless rest
Of marble, till the brows and lips and breast
Felt fall from off them as a cancelled curse
That speechless sleep wherewith they lived oppress.

Who gave thee strength and heat of spirit to pierce
All clouds of form and color that disperse
And leave the spirit of beauty to remould
In types of clean chryselephantine verse.

Who gave thee words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old,
And build thy songs up in the sight of time
As statues set in godhead manifold.

In sight and scorn of temporal change and clime
That meet the sun arisen with refulgent rhyme —
As god to god might answer face to face —
From lips whereon the morning strikes sublime.

Dear to the god, our god who gave thee place
Among the chosen of days, the royal race,
The lords of light, whose eyes of old and ears
Saw even on earth and heard him for a space.

There are the souls of those once mortal years
That wrought with fire of joy and light of tears,
In words divine as deeds that grew thereof,
Such music as he swoons with love who hears.

There are the lives that lighten from above
Our under lives, the spherulic souls that move
Through the ancient heaven of song-illumined air,
Whence we that hear them singing die with love.

There all the crowned Hellenic heads, and there
The old gods who made men godlike as they were,
The lyric lips wherefrom all songs take fire,
Live eyes, and light of Apollonian hair.

There round the sovereign passion of that lyre
Which the stars hear and tremble with desire,
The ninefold light Pierian is made one
That here we see divided, and aspire,

Seeing, after this or that crown to be won;
But where they hear the singing of the sun,
All form, all sound, all color, and all thought
Are as one body and soul in unison.

There the song sung shines as a picture wrought,
The painted mouths sing that on earth say nought,
The carven limbs have sense of blood and growth,
And large-eyed life that seeks nor lacks nor aught.

There all the music of thy living mouth
Lives, and all loves wrought of thine hand in youth,
And bound about the breasts and brows with gold,
And colored pale or dusk from north or south.

Fair living things made to thy will of old,
Born of thy lips, no births of mortal mould,
That in the world of song about thee wait,
Where thought and truth are one and manifold.

Within the graven lintels of the gate
What here divides our vision and our fate,
The dreams we walk in and the truths of sleep,
All sense and spirit have life inseparate.

There what one thinks, is his to grasp and keep;
There are no dreams, but very joys to reap,
No foiled desires that die before delight,
No fears to see across our joys and weep.

There hast thou all thy will of thought and sight,
All hope for harvest, and all heaven for flight;
The sunrise of whose golden-mouthed glad head
To paler songless ghosts was heat and light.

Here where the sunset of our year is red,
Men think of thee as of the summer dead,
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

Could'st thou not wait till age had wound, they say,
Round those wreathed brows his soft white blossoms? Nay.
Why should'st thou vex thy soul with this harsh air,
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its way!

Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to wear
The holy flower of gray time-hallowed hair,
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair.

And hear we not thy words of molten gold
Singing? or is their light and heat a cold
Whereat men warmed their spirits? Nay, for all
These yet are with us, ours to hear and hold.

The lovely laughter, the clear tears, the call
Of love to love on ways where shadows fall,
Through doors of dim division and disguise,
And music made of doubts unmusical;

The love that caught strange light from death's own eye
And filled death's lips with fiery words and sighs,
And half asleep let feed from veins of his
Her close red warm snake's mouth, Egyptian-wise;

And that great night of love more strange than this
When she that made the whole world's hate and bliss
Made king of the whole world's desire a slave,
And killed him in mid kingdom with a kiss;

Veiled loves that shifted shapes and shafts, and gave,
Laughing, strange gifts to hands that durst not crave,
Flowers double-blossomed, fruits of scent and hue
Sweet as the bride-bed, stranger than the grave;

All joys and wonders of old lives and new
That ever in love's shine or shadow grew,
And all the grief whereof he dreams and grieves,
And all sweet roots fed on his light and dew;

All these through thee our spirit of sense perceives,
As threads in the unseen woof thy music weaves,
Birds caught and snared that fill our ears with thee,
Bay-blossoms in thy wreath of brow-bound leaves.

Mixed with the masque of death's old comedy
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers, that we
For all the flowers thou gav'st upon thee shed,
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

Blue lotus-blooms and white and rosy red
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,
And on this margin of the sundering sea
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

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A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 3.

THE ALMANACK CROP.

WHETHER with a k, as in England, or an h at its end, as in France, the almanack is an annual production which appears in the market at about the same time as fresh Smyrna figs, French prunes, and Lyons chestnuts. Almanack is no progeny of the Latin races, neither is it an offshoot from a Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon stock; the French, therefore, may employ one, while we prefer, as its final letter, another of Cadmus's invention, without the difference becoming cause of serious quarrel.

With very rare exceptions, indeed, our French friends treat almanacks in a way that is anything but serious, making them the vehicles of pleasant nonsense, not to say actual stupidity and folly. They (the almanacks) issue from their printing-houses in the month of November, in swarms as thick as cockchafers in May. They address themselves to all sorts and conditions of men and women — to street politicians, singers, smokers, dancers, cooks, cocottes, dames, and demoiselles, but, above all, to gossips and laughers. Those which profess to stick to any particular line of subject, and to give information on any special pursuit or relaxation, are apt to have not much that is new about them, except the title-page (or only the date) and the calendar — possibly in consequence of their publisher's conviction that good things cannot be too frequently impressed upon the memory.

Most of these pretentious little books are sold for the moderate price of fifty centimes, or fivepence. The Almanach des Bons Conseils, or of Good Advice, now in its eight-and-fortieth year, costs no more than one penny-half-penny, symbolizing the cheapness in which that commodity is held. The Good Counsel, however, is not overdone. The dose is just sufficient to justify the title. It calls on tipsy people to reflect. "Dear drunkard," it says, "drinking is not so diverting as you think. Out of one hundred and seventy-six insane cases received at Charenton, how many have been brought there by the bottle? Sixty! And out of eighty-two paralytics, how many drunkards? Twenty-eight! True, you sin with a crowd, but you are none the less a sinner. At Amiens the consumption of drams is eighty thousand per day, costing four thousand francs, which sum would purchase six or seven and twenty thousand pounds of bread, or eight thousand pounds of meat. At Rouen five million quarts of eau-de-vie are retailed in a year. In Manchester they drink drams for a million sterling. But I am glad to inform you, Monsieur l'Ivrogne, that tipsiness will cost you still dearer, because the taxes on spirits are increased. And don't call the law unjust. When you are tipsy you are a noxious animal — dangerous, perhaps." With more home truths, which none can deny, but few obey. The rest is composed of serious and — marvellous in a French almanack — moral and evangelically religious reading.

The Almanach Mannel de la Bonne Cuisine et de la Maitresse de Maison — the Housemistress's Manual of Good Cookery, opens with a calendar of good cheer for every month, if not for every pocket. I dare not guarantee that the body of the treatise, two hundred pages, is annually renewed, but I will say that for fivepence you get a tolerably complete cookery-book, containing not a few knowing wrinkles,

such as boiling a turbot in milk and salt to increase its natural delicacy. And with a proper turbot kettle (rhomboidal or lozenge-shaped — rhombus is Latin for a turbot) the quantity required is moderate, especially if we remember that country milk-and-water is often equivalent to London milk.

The manual gives receipts for making some forty different pottages or soups, besides a variety of other culinary information, and is certainly cheap at the price.

Here we are! Room for Mr. Merryman, represented by The Wags' Almanack, L'Almanach of Farceurs and Friends of Joy; a comical collection of farces, puns, burlesques, merry discourses, sermons, conundrums, charades, comic anecdotes, illustrated rebuses, and bons mots, preceded by a comic calendar.

The entertainment, however, scarcely answers to the play-bill. The preliminary flourish of trumpets is a little too loud and brassy. The most telling jokes are those which are introduced with unpretending gravity, nor is it given to every mortal to be waggish and comical at all times at will. The Friends-of-Joy's Almanack for 1878 includes, literally, some very tragical mirth, videlicet, The Funeral Oration on Michel Morin, beadle in the church of the parish and village of Beauséjour, in Picardy, deceased on the 1st of May, 1734, pronounced in honor of the defunct, in the presence of the inhabitants of the said locality, on the day of his interment.

This speech has not a single quality in common with Goldsmith's immortal, "Good people all with one accord, Lament for Madame Blaise, Who never wanted a good word — From those who spoke her praise." To make up for the deficiency, we have thrown in his epitaph, concluding with: "A quarter of an hour before his death they say that he was still alive!" the whole being supplemented with the epitaph on Michel Morin's donkey, which we suspect to have been written by the donkey himself.

Hardly more exhilarating is the last will and testament (authentic) of Jean Frise-à-Poil, an illustrious hairdresser, residing in Woman-without-a-head-street, Paris. This will was opened at the office of Maître Plumitif, notary, Rue de la Parcheminerie (notaries and advocates in France take the title, by courtesy, of Maître So-and-so). The legacies bequeathed are after the pattern of our own inspirations on the 1st of April. They comprise: A dozen goats'-hair plates, shaped like a needle's head; a curry-comb worn out in grooming a bronze horse; a cock to draw oil out of a wall; two sacks of wool shorn from egg-shells; a wimble to bore a hole in the moon; a cage containing a dozen phoenixes dancing the tight rope to the sound of thunder; a bottomless basket full of divulged secrets; the moon's left eye to serve as a staircase lamp; besides numerous other valuables. To Maître Plumitif himself, the notary, is left, as a special mark of esteem, the sum of one thousand francs (in case the hazards of his career should take him to the Bagne of Toulon, and thence to Cayenne) to serve for pocket-money by the way.

The Comic Calendar may be shortly summarized. The greatest saint is Saint Vaast; the mildest, Saint Clément; the most welcome, Saint Opportune; the lightest, Saint Léger; the most wished for, Saint Désiré; the most respected, Saint Honoré; the most immovable, Saint Roch; the saint for whom you would sacrifice father and mother,

is Saint Louis (d'or); the most consummate (consommée), is Sainte Julienne (soup); the saint who most frequently prevents your eating omelettes, is Saint Eucher (œufs chers; dear eggs); the saint who I hope will most frequently visit you — and me too — is Saint Bonaventure.

Conundrums won't often bear translation. Here is one; but is it new, and what country gave it birth?

What is the difference between a woman and a looking-glass?

A woman speaks without reflecting; a looking-glass reflects without speaking.

And this is the Almanach des Farceurs.

In England the practice is not unknown of converting an almanack — even a good, practical, serious almanack — into a wall or hoarding on which to stick posters, puffs, and advertisements. Our Gallic friends do the same, in a different way. The almanack is often the announcement of a journal, and of the publications issued from the office of that journal. Illustrated newspapers adorn their almanacks with wood-cuts issued during the year.

Now there is, or was (for those things are ephemeral), a weekly journal called *Le Tintamarre*, The Thundering Noise, which pleases and represents one class of French minds. The Almanach du Tintamarre is the annual representative of the journal. Only, as not every one who will can be comical, neither can every one who would be a thunderer, but roars at times "an it were a sucking dove." The Tintamarre's reader, in default of thunder, is sometimes obliged to content himself with a fivepenny drum.

We will not be so ill-natured as to translate the stanzas on *The First Kiss of Love*, ending with "Faugh! get away; you've been eating garlic!" nor to analyze severely the pun — hardly worthy of a Jupiter Tonans — "The Jesuits, driven out of Germany, have only to go to America. They will be sure to find the institutions of l'Ohio là (of Loyola there); or this, "They say that at Berlin the air is unhealthy. In their own country, then, the Prussians have not the serene air they had in France." A fairer specimen of these would-be uproarious almanacks, and of their parental journals, is Tintamarre's mode of dealing with the gambling question.

Scene, the capital of Kin-Téka-Torz, one of the most powerful principalities in the Moon. The prince, Bongogo, says to his prime minister, Roublardas, "I have been pondering seriously all night. My people are drifting on to perdition. Gambling is their ruin. Give me paper to write a decree, as follows: 'Considering that gaming is a passion which takes all the strength out of our unhappy country, I, Prince Bongogo, ordain that every game of chance, no matter what, is absolutely forbidden throughout our principality. Our well-beloved minister, Roublardas, is empowered to imprison every citizen who shall disobey the present decree.'"

Next morning, Bongogo, stretched on a divan, smokes his after-breakfast pipe while practising tricks with a pack of cards. He hears a great noise in the court of his palace, and, looking out of window, beholds it crowded with more than forty thousand persons.

"Prince!" exclaimed Roublardas, rushing in, "Where am I to put them all? I have stuck sixty thousand in the library. The prisons are full to overflowing!"

"Full of whom, of what?"

"The gamblers your highness ordered me to arrest. Not a single citizen is innocent. Take a score of them at hazard, and you will see."

"Trot a few up-stairs then. The haul is more considerable than I expected. This flashy-looking fellow, what game was he playing at? Where are the gambling apparatus seized?"

"Here; scraps of stock-jobbing papers. The prisoner bought yesterday sixty thousand francs in the four per cents, which he did not want the least in the world, and sold them this morning to another person who stood in still less need of them. He gained thirty thousand francs on the transaction, by forestalling one of Hablas's telegrams which was sure to cause the funds to rise."

"You call that gambling, eh? Perhaps it is. Very well; take him out and impale him. And the next one; what has he done?"

"He is a corn merchant. When he thinks the harvest will be bad, he buys up heaps of wheat and waits for a rise in prices. If it comes, he gains thousands; if it doesn't come, he loses."

"You call that, too, gambling? Perhaps you are right. Impale him forthwith."

"But, highness, I have a hundred and fifty thousand prisoners who have taken 'obligations de la ville,' because there is a prize of a hundred thousand francs. Others have put their savings in insane investments, because they were promised seventeen per cent. interest. Before the year was out, the capital was lost. Others bet on races. They stake forty sous on a horse they have never seen, in the hope of winning fifty francs. In short, highness, without reckoning those of your subjects who openly play at roulette and trente-et-quarante, we have not found a single creature who does not indulge in the propensity to gamble. All, more or less, are worshippers of luck."

"The deuce! But we can't impale them all. What remedy can we apply to this state of things?"

"Gambling is inherent in human nature. We must treat it as we do the rain — let it rain, and catch all we can with gutters that fill our water-butts against a time of drought."

"You are a clever fellow, not troubled with scruples. Let all these worthy people at liberty. Roublardas!"

"Your highness?"

"Bring the backgammon board. I feel just now in the mind for a game."

Moral. — It's little use forbidding what you can't prevent.

The Almanach Astrologique, Scientifique, Astronomique, Physique, Satirique, and Anecdote, has ceased to stake its reputation on Astrology, and fills its pages with facts and narratives more in accordance with the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it gives a few predictions for 1873, whose realization my readers may be curious to verify.

For New Year's Day, a confectioner will invent an execrable bonbon. Everybody will buy a box, for the purpose of disgusting their numerous friends who exact annual presents of bonbons. The confectioner will make his fortune in four days and a half.

Seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-three inventors will send in reports to the Académie des Sciences on the direction of balloons, which they profess to have discovered. A married man thinks they would be better employed in directing their wives in the way they should go.

Mademoiselle Estelle, a petite dame residing in the Quartier Breda, will love a young gentleman for his own proper sake. After death (brought on by lobster salad), the doctors, at the post-mortem, will discover, to the great surprise of the rest of the Quartier Breda, that she actually had a heart.

Discovery of a marvellous tenor with a heavenly voice, who will require no salary from the manager who engages him. Only the said manager will have to board and lodge him, pay his tailors' bills, keep him a carriage, find him in pocket-money, and present him with twenty thousand francs per month.

Racing will improve the breed of horses to such a pitch, that they will strike and refuse to drag omnibuses, so that we shall have to employ teams of donkeys instead.

Schoolboys will come home for the holidays, without requiring the slightest persuasion.

A philosopher will discover a powerful elixir of youth. His wife, aged fifty, takes too strong a dose, which brings her back to her babyhood. The philosopher is sadly put out by the circumstance, because it compels him to hire a nursemaid.

An Auvergnat will ask to be naturalized a Frenchman. When they tell him he is so by right of birth, he is astonished to learn that Auvergne is in France.

Schoolboys will require a deal of persuasion to go back to school after the holidays.

A cookmaid will win the Crédit Foncier prize of a hundred thousand francs. In spite of this great change of fortune, the good creature will consent to stay with her employers, on condition that they do all the cooking and housework, and that she dine with them at their table every day.

When roast chestnuts come into season, a gentleman will ask his wife whether she would like two sous' worth to keep her warm. Her anticipated answer is, "I should much prefer a Cashmere shawl."

In the *Almanach Amusant* I find that, when a pint bottle of very old wine was set before a connoisseur, after tasting, he was asked what he thought of it: "I think it is very small for its age."

A lady showed her own photograph and her husband's to a friend, and received the comment:—

"Your husband's is a better likeness than yours."

"Yes, my dear. But then, you know, men are so very easy to catch."

In discussing the nationality of the different letters of the alphabet, we are gravely informed that T comes from China.

Fun is pleasant to cheer these dreary, drenching days, while we hear "the rain and wind beat dark December." A little practical good sense, in the midst of the mirth, like the violet shadow of a cloud spotting a glittering summer sea, is hailed as even pleasanter, and more welcome still. I cannot, therefore push aside my peckful of almanacs without a civil word for the *Almanach des Jeunes Mères et des Nourrices*—the *Young Mothers' and Nurses' Almanack*, for 1878 (first year), published by the Lyons Infants' Protection Society. Text by Doctors Brochard, Rodet, Fonteret, Bouchacourt, and others; with pleasing and appropriate wood-cuts. Price above the average, namely, seventy-five centimes, sevenpence-halfpenny.

Was it wanted—a *Young Mothers' Almanack*—in France? "During the long years of my medical career," writes Doctor Brochard, "I have ceaselessly combated the prejudices of nurses, ceaselessly taught young mothers the hygiene of early infancy. My counsels were forgotten as soon as given; they went in at one ear, and out at the other. 'Better,' I said to myself, 'to put those counsels on paper. They would be read; perhaps they would be remembered. But how shall I publish them in print? The women of the present day read nothing but journals and romances.'

"There exists, nevertheless, a little book which every woman consults, which penetrates everywhere, which finds its way into the chateau and the cottage, and is admitted into the attic as well as the boudoir. The almanack is everywhere indispensable. Why not, then, make an almanack which shall teach mothers of families the duties of which they are ignorant? Instead of sensational criminal trials, and stories which corrupt or pervert the intelligence, young wives will find serious advice on the mode of rearing their infants, the precautions to be taken to preserve them from disease, the efficaciousness of vaccination and revaccination, and other points of the highest importance.

"To encourage the suckling of infants by their mothers, and to teach young mothers how to do so with safety; to reveal to parents the dangers incurred by babes confided to mercenary nurses; to impress on nurses that the child of the poor man has an equal right to life with the child of the rich man; that the cradle of the foundling, like that of the nursing, should be surrounded by love and solicitude; to teach them that they are under the surveillance of Infants' Protection Societies, who have the means of punishing or rewarding them—such is the object of this almanack, dedicated to mothers of families.

"By spreading this class of information, the abuses and dangers of the nursing trade will gradually disappear, and one hundred thousand infants who, in France, annually fall victims to mercenary suckling, will be spared to their families and to the nation. Thus will disappear two social

plagues which, for long years past, have been the ruin of France—demoralization and depopulation." *Ainsi soit il!*

The northern nations, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Scotland, lose scarcely more than a tenth of their infants in the course of the first year. France, enjoying a milder climate and possessed of incomparably greater resources, loses nearly the fifth. There are even regions in France in which the mortality is still greater; and it has been calculated that, within the last hundred years, more than seventeen millions of infants have perished before completing their first year, one half of whom would have survived if they had only been treated with fair attention. Is a *Young Mothers' Almanack* uncalled for there? Have we no need of one at home?

Space forbids more than a reference to the chapters on *Baby's Breakfast*, *Baby's Toilette*, and *Baby's Promenade*; at the same time venturing the opinion that mothers who can read French will make a good investment by the purchase of *L'Almanach des Jeunes Mères*. For those who cannot, it might answer to publish something of the kind in English, equally pleasing, good, and cheap.

GENA.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JAQUELINE."

CHAPTER I.—THE PARTING.

"I WILL never—never change; although you remain away a hundred years, when you return you shall find me—that is to say, if you want me, the same."

"Don't protest so much; I trust you, Gena." Al did not protest, for his own part, not even that he could cease to want her.

Gena looked, as she often looked, a little disconcerted and bewildered by his abrupt manner, but she only protested the more, as a weak citizen will pile up his defences. "I don't mind the family traditions, in which papa and Uncle Bevil burrow and revel. To come of honest people as you have come, Al, is something; but for anything more, what does it matter to me that my great-grandmothers were Beaucleres and Seymours, and my great-great-grandmother a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Anne?" she exclaimed, volubly and triumphantly; "I am not the better or the happier for it."

"Unless for being a little bit proud of it," he contradicted her with a smile.

"Now you know I am not proud of it," she urged. "Small reason have I to be proud—a shabbily-kept, penniless girl, the daughter and niece of two dear, terribly decayed old gentlemen, who yet cannot forget passed away grandeur sufficiently to be thankful when a disinterested man seeks me, with all my drawbacks, and is willing to provide for me."

"It is but poor provision that I can make at first, remember that, Gena," said her companion determinedly; "though I think it may be enough for two rational creatures, who care for each other more than for luxuries, and who see how their poorer neighbors fare; besides, there is hope of improvement in that as well as in more weighty matters."

"Improvement! I don't desire improvement; I ask nothing better than to fight your battle with you. I don't mind poverty; how should I," she asked, opening her great gray eyes, "I, who have been used to poverty all my days?"

"My dear child, you know nothing about it," Al answered her with a shake of the head, one third part sad, one third part comical, and another third impatient. "The poverty that you have seen is a pretty play at poverty, in a cottage hung round with roses like your Clifford Farm, where everybody knows you, has the greatest respect and regard for you, and helps to keep up the play. This is no

more like the hard-visaged face of poverty in the dingy back street of a city, than your little fresh face and head, all unadorned, are like the pinched and haggard face and moulded head of some poor, care-worn woman, from whom hope and heart have long departed, in the slums yonder. I have a certain reluctance in taking advantage of your ignorance, but I believe there are gains in life higher than wealth can buy; that these can be striven for as well — perhaps better — in hard lines than in pleasant places; I believe, too, that you are capable of valuing these gains, Gena, and that, however prosperous you might be otherwise, you would end by being less than happy, less than content, if you did not reach these gains."

She was a little propitiated by his last words, after being nettled by the open profession of his conviction of her ignorance and inexperience: for the more ignorant and inexperienced we are, the more hotly resentful we are apt to be when a bold man dares to question our wisdom. But she only showed her shade of satisfaction by a repetition of those protestations of which he but half approved. He was convinced of their sincerity, and with that he was well pleased. At the same time he was forced to see how raw and superficial the professions were, and thus he could not help being reminded, clergyman as he was, of the lesson of the seed sown on the rock, which had no depth of earth, and which, in proportion to the rapidity of its growth, quickly withered away.

"I cannot convince you, Al," declared Gena, in her pretty, modest, humble way — for the girl could be both modest and humble, in spite of her vehemence and of her ignorance of self, and of every other mystery in this great strange world — "I must wait till I can prove how independent I am, how indifferent to trifles of fine people and fine things. But you may depend upon it, I will never fail; I will be as good as my word to you, which papa has confirmed in such a lukewarm fashion — only he is a gentleman, every inch of him, Al, and you may rely on his confirmation, halting as it is. He will not go back from it, or act against it, if that were in his power, without letting you have fair warning."

"Of that I am assured," asserted Al with more confidence than he had hitherto spoken.

"And supposing I am to be the offending person," said Gena, "then you have my leave to remain a city curate all your life, never to complete your novitiate or apprenticeship, whichever you choose to call it, but to take me and keep me grinding and starving with you in that same dingy back street which you are so fond of flaunting before my eyes."

"I can't help it, as I am a true man," interjected Al.

"As if it would frighten me," continued Gena, "to take it for granted that you wish to break with me! as if my blood and culture — were papa and Uncle Bevil to prove right, and there should be something in blood and culture after all — were not too blue and high for such desperate mean-spiritedness and low self-indulgence! Besides, Al, will the presence of you, your books, and your writing-table count for nothing? Have you not sufficient vanity or self-esteem to imagine that the immediate vicinity of your reverence, with your belongings, may go some length to make sunshine in a shady quarter even to so heartless and worldly-minded a girl as I am?"

The couple who were in conversation had been known to each other all their lives — that best safeguard against error and imposition — and yet not many of us are at liberty to vouch that we know through and through, and to the core, our oldest, closest comrades. Notwithstanding, Al knew Gena better than she knew herself, and far better than Gena was known to the young man's mother, who was constantly wondering what her son could see in Miss Clifford.

"I think there is a good deal to be seen in her, my dear," remonstrated Al's father, the genial vicar of Fordham; she is a dutiful daughter and niece, and I don't know a rarer pledge that she will make a good wife; she is a very cool-tempered, winning girl, and will be a pleasant

daughter-in-law; I cannot say that I think she is a satire on Al's taste."

"Humph!" objected Mrs. Woodruffe, "you are easily satisfied, Octavius. Dutiful — how can she help being dutiful to these old men, who are too well bred, I suppose, to contradict their own flesh and blood, save in the daintiest fashion? Then her cousin Lucy follows the example of her two kinsmen, at a proper distance, and will not presume to find fault with the girl — as girls who are to prove worth anything ought to be found fault with. And as for her sweet temper and pleasantness all round, that is the very style which the silly world approves and I cannot abide — it is too soft to have a backbone, too bland to be wholesome."

"Well, backbones are indispensable," granted the vicar, "but you must let young bones have time to grow firm, and one would not have the frame all backbone. With regard to wholesomeness, there is something to be said for oil as well as for vinegar."

"Oh! a great deal more with you men — a dependent, clinging, devoted being is everything with you, till the dependence threatens to strangle you, and the devotion is found to shift with time and tide."

"One of us men chose a wife who had a mind of her own, and was not afraid to speak her mind; you will admit that, Letty," chuckled the vicar.

"The better for you, Octavius," said Mrs. Woodruffe, with a faint smile relaxing the corners of her determined-looking mouth. "Al will tire of his wife's gracious, graceful affirmatives, before the honeymoon is over. My dread is that the absence of straightforwardness or earnestness in her may drive the boy from his moorings."

"I believe the boy is too well established as a man ought to be, though it is not his way to say much about it, to be driven out of his course by woman, or man either," reflected his father, not loosening the hands clasped behind his back in the fulness of his faith. "Again, Al never tires of anything, and graciousness has its merits, though it may not have the charm of raciness — of course it must have a foundation of truth, but we have no right to question that foundation here: no, Letty, we have not, in the case of a pretty, innocent girl, whose chief offence is that our long lad likes her too well for the preservation of our equanimity."

"The prettiness goes without saying, as the French have it, when the heads of a young man and an old one are alike turned. We may let the innocence pass too, for what harm can a girl of eighteen in her class have come across, unless indeed the original sin in her be outrageously rampant? But I should like to know how you can stand these poor weak ex-squires' talk of a misalliance on Gena's part, of the unsuitability of the match for her with Al, which they — for I fancy they have both a voice in the question — suffer so reluctantly and conditionally."

"Why, Letty, it is their single indemnification to stand out and dictate terms from the pinnacle of their former greatness. It is because the fine old fellows — for they are fine — are a little weak on that score, to which at the same time they owe some of the choicest flavor of their good qualities (for I will have no influence defrauded of its due), that one is ready to make any allowance for the old gentlemen, and to study and humor them, in the disposing of Gena to Al."

"I wish the young people much luck of the disposal," commented Mrs. Woodruffe, still grimly; "all I will say is to repeat that I wonder what Al can see in her worth the cost of this humiliation."

"There is no humiliation except in fancy. It seems to me rather a point of honor in a stout young fellow who is making his own way, to pay all deference to these stranded Cliffords. As for wondering what he can see in her, that is what all mothers wonder of their sons' choice. What I wonder, my dear, is that an original woman like you cannot make a more original observation."

The Cliffords with their history could only continue to exist and flourish in a delicate, pensive way, like autumn crocuses, in the country, where illusions still linger. The

sharp contact of towns, their broad glare of light, their practicality, prone to hardness, would have been fatal — so far justly and judiciously fatal — to derived and reflected shadowy ghosts of claims. The heads of the house were two brothers, one a widower, the other a bachelor, elderly men both, of an ancient and honorable family that had once held vast territorial possessions in the county in which Fordham Vicarage and Clifford Farm were situated. Gradually but surely land and power, save a gentle, courteous simulation of the last, had departed from the Cliffords. In one instance, all but the last misfortune had come in a great stunning blow by the loss of a lawsuit which involved the relinquishment of every acre of land save the few which belonged to Clifford Farm. Just before this loss, the Mrs. Clifford of the day, the mother of Gena's father and uncle, had sustained a double bereavement in the death of an only daughter and the drowning of an eldest son — a lieutenant in the navy, whose ship had foundered at sea with all hands lost. Her two remaining sons were then of an age to enter the army or navy, the professions which had been available to the Cliffords of old, but the poor mother cried out in her distraction against the sacrifice implied in taking her boys from her, and risking them in the straits in which their brother had perished. "Let me keep the little that is left me," she implored; "the suit will soon be settled in our favor, and then it will not matter for Edmund and Bevil to have professions; there will be more than enough for the few who survive to share it." The mother was permitted to keep her sons, and when the lawsuit was lost, it was too late to qualify them for professions which would have been more suitable to their ruined fortunes. The men did not murmur in the end, as they had not revolted in the beginning. They were not of the stuff that pioneers and founders of families are made of; they were rather of the refined, attenuated fibre which belongs to the last remnant of a stock that is prepared to die with dignity and resignation.

The two brothers never separated, not even during the short period of the elder's married life — he had married a lady a little below him in descent, but quite his equal in poverty. The Cliffords continued to live at Clifford Farm, in which they had thought to take refuge temporarily while the lawsuit was pending; while Cousin Lucy, a remote and somewhat homely cousin, as the most aristocratic genealogical tree may have an humble offshoot, came and played the part of housekeeper to the two men and of mother to Gena — the further business of Cousin Lucy's honest, credulous life being to revere and walk in the footsteps of her patrons.

The farm had been no more than a superior old-fashioned farmhouse with square windows and a stone porch, to begin with. But in course of time the house had gathered round it many embellishments, such as the roses Al Woodruffe had quoted, for Mr. Bevil had a pretty fancy for gardening, and within the rooms were innumerable relics of better days and vanished renown, in rusty swords which had done sharp work at Barnet and Bosworth, Naseby and Derby, tattered fragments of tapestry, faded pictures, battered plate, cracked china, moth-eaten parchments. Altogether, Clifford Farm became in time venerable, curious, and interesting like its owners.

There the Cliffords dwelt like dethroned princes, receiving much of the homage of their former state, from their faithful subjects among the simple country folks and loyal county families. Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bevil had as many bows and courtesies dealt to them as ever, and still sat as equals at rich men's boards in feasts to which the decayed gentlemen could make no return; the favor of their company was ample reward, both they and their hosts felt it so. No doubt, had there been any sourness or surliness generated in the victims, the protracted honor, exhausted by the contention with circumstances, would have died a natural death. But it was not so, the Cliffords were truly gentle; they not only accepted their situation, but in addition bore no grudge against their successors in the Manor, and in broad acres far and near.

Inevitably, in the looking back which had made up so

much of the interest and gratification of the brothers' lives, they had developed antiquarian and archaeological tastes, until the men had become mellow representatives of rare local and historical knowledge, for which alone their society might have been sought and their intimacy courted. They were fine-looking men, retaining unmistakable traces of centuries of supremacy and cultivation. The presence which we associate with coats of mail and plumed helmets, or at the latest with velvet coats, lace ruffles, and cocked hats, was still to be found in the Cliffords, undestroyed by broadcloth, gray tweed, chimney-pot hats, or wideawakes.

Gena had inherited "the presence," and owed to air and gait a great part of her personal attraction, for she was but a colorless, slim girl, only her neck curved like a swan's, her foot stepped as the exquisite hoof of an Arab horse paces the turf.

Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bevil (is there not something pathetic in a middle-aged man continuing to be distinguished by his christian name, as in his boyhood?) were far from unhappy or discontented men. Their most pressing care — for they were so cordially and completely united that they shared this as well as other cares — was for the future of Gena.

The principal source of the Cliffords' income was their interest in ground-rents and leases which were lapsing and passing to other proprietors. The brothers were literally poorer every year, and they had never known how to save or to do more in their reverses than to make their expenses and their receipts meet. Enough might remain to last the elders' time, but for Gena there was likely to be no more than the old farmhouse and its acre or two of pasture, on which a thrifty yeoman's daughter, managing her own dairy, might subsist with difficulty. This destitute future of Gena's held the secret of Mr. Clifford having so much as lent an ear to the proposal of Al Woodruffe, the vicar's son, himself a curate in Bristol, as a suitor for Gena's hand.

The Woodruffes were most respectable, worthy people, and the vicar had some name for learning, as well as for much virtue, amiability, and piety, but they were nobodies after all, the vicar being the son of a former apothecary who had served the Cliffords of Clifford Manor with camphor and licorice, while he dispensed or they required these articles. So strong were the prejudices of a lifetime — of generations — that Mr. Clifford could not bring himself to do more than to say, very politely and deprecatingly, in answer to Al's question, Would he give him his daughter? that he (Mr. Clifford) had the highest opinion of the young man as an individual, but he could not approve of — of a fusion of classes. There was much to be thought of when an alliance with a family like theirs was to be considered — at least such used to be the way. But certainly times had changed; Gena would be a very poor little girl; still her father (and he might add her uncle was one with him in his opinion) could not consent to a rash step, or to compromise her and her friends by a hasty decision. Miss Clifford was very young. There must be no engagement or correspondence in the mean while; but if Mr. Al was of the same mind, and Gena did him the grace of accepting his proposal a year or two thence, the matter might be thought of again, and the parties interested might come to a conclusion upon it.

There was nothing left but submission for Al and Gena. By the bye, all the parish who had known him from his birth called Dr. Woodruffe's son by the abbreviation of his name, which might stand for Algernon, or Alfred, or Alexander, or Alphonso, or even Alonzo. Gena was unmistakably a corruption of Imogen — which was one of the many historical and poetic women's names to be met with in the long lists of her family calendar. Indeed, the Cliffords were so well off in this respect that they might have had a choice from Ethelreda and Gwendolyn to the still nobler, because grandly simple, Anne and Elizabeth, without going beyond their private records, or without depriving the unconscious baby of a name-mother as well as of a godmother. For it does seem to argue, in the offenders, a peculiar poverty of family heroes and heroines, not to say of national great men and women, when parents and guardians are

driven to name a child after nobody, merely because of the empty ring of what they reckon a well-sounding name.

To be sure, Al might have been, as his father had wished, curate at Fordham, and the couple might have either married—consenting to be domiciled at the vicarage or the farm, and, after the example of their seniors, endured the comparatively slight penalty of genteel poverty there, or they might have carried out a moderately long engagement, till Al thought himself fit for preferment, and got it, in peace and comfort. But no, Al said other professions had their seasons of pupilage, and that good pupils chose the most difficult branch in which to fulfil their articles. He should think himself less than true to his ordination vows, if he did not spend his novitiate in breaking a lance or plying bell, book, and candle against the crying misery, vice, and paganism of a city. And Gena told herself that Al was quitting himself like a man, and showing himself a true servant of his Master in this resolution.

So Al went off to his city curacy, promising himself absence from Fordham for a year at least, consenting, with what philosophy duty—philosophy's best servant—could call to his aid, to the hardship of no correspondence with Gena, but resting as confidently as he dared on her reiterated promise, spoken with effusion at their parting—"You shall not find me changed. Am I not yours, Al? could I change? No; though you make up your mind and wed poverty like St. Francis, and remain a city curate all your life, I should only be a Santa Clara and adopt your mission. If I betray the least symptom of wavering, you have my permission to come at any moment—the sooner the better, dear, and remind me of my pledge, and take me away with you to back lanes, foul gutters, poor ragged and forlorn waifs of humanity, and a close, fusty, lodging-house parlor."

CHAPTER II. OUT OF SIGHT.

* Gena Clifford was only eighteen when she engaged herself to Al Woodruffe. He was six years older, and had played with and petted her, while she had looked up to and been fond of him, as coming nearer than any other to the position of a brother to her, since the two—both only children—were children. Gena had been very much impressed and flattered by a declaration of love for her from a young fellow so clever and good as Al Woodruffe. She was an impressionable, affectionate girl, rather amiably vain, and with an odd mixture of meekness in her self-importance. She had not the guile in her which Mrs. Woodruffe had suggested. Gena was really single-hearted, but she was volatile and shallow as yet—not altogether unheard-of or unpardonable qualifications of the virtue and wisdom of eighteen, dangerous enough qualifications nevertheless.

For the first three months after Al's departure Gena remembered him very sentimentally and faithfully, and, what was more to the purpose, set herself to follow his counsels, read the books he had recommended, avoid the practices he condemned, and to serve an apprenticeship in her turn to household management under Cousin Lucy, and such parish duties as ought to fall to the share of a clergyman's wife, under Mrs. Woodruffe. Al's mother, however much she might disparage and undervalue Gena, in her mother's heart was honorable both to her son and Gena in rendering the latter all the assistance in her power, and was capable of being won, while she was worth winning, by proper pains on Gena's part.

At the end of three months Gena began to relax a little in her estimable efforts. Three months is a longish period of time to eighteen; why, it was long enough for grain to be cut and fruit to fall; for the stubble to be broken up into red ploughed land and the snow to whiten the earth; long enough for the playful kitten and puppy to have grown the tolerable sedate, responsible cat and dog; long enough for Helen Carrington in the next country house to have been wooed and married off in a *coup de main* by "a spare gun," who had been brought down by her brother

for the partridge shooting, and, like more famous men, had "come, and seen, and conquered."

Gena's efforts were entirely voluntary. Her father and uncle, who treated her with the utmost caressing distinction and indulgence, would never have dreamt of bidding her be useful. Cousin Lucy followed suit. Mrs. Woodruffe had not sufficiently overcome her piqued, slighting dislike, or acquired in its place a sincere regard for Gena's self, to move her to caution and stimulate the girl. It is to be feared Mrs. Woodruffe had a mildly malicious satisfaction in poor Gena's falling off and probable discomfiture. The good vicar was so fatherly as to remind his future daughter-in-law, in a gentle, half bantering way, that if she made one in the choir, she ought to be punctual in taking her place in it, and that her class in the school would hardly profit by double lessons the one week and none at all the week following. He would praise Gena, too, for the improvement she had wrought in the other choristers, and the trouble she had taken with some of her scholars; but he was much occupied with graver duties, had only scraps of notice to spare for Gena, and was not at leisure to see how far matters were going wrong. As for Cousin Lucy, in her simple deference, she was matter-of-fact and tiresome to the last degree in the initiatory processes of rearing fowls, preserving fruit, and gathering and drying garden herbs—the very departments which, for a time at least, till Al consented to subside from the toil of a town curate to the comparative repose of a country vicar, were not likely to be of the least consequence to Gena.

"Must young turkeys be always guarded against the pip, Cousin Lucy?"

"Yes, indeed, Gena."

"Is it absolutely necessary to hang over boiling raspberries till one's face is scorched?"

"To be sure, child; cook might neglect them, and you would have your preserves as thin as water."

"Of two evils choose the less," groaned Gena; "but at least, Cousin Lucy, I cannot see the call for going out into the broiling sunshine to pick borage, when we never put it into our claret cup."

"But you can never tell, Gena, when you may have to put in borage. Mr. Al may not like his as Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bevil like theirs; and gentlemen are so particular about their drink, even more than about their meat; they say that is the secret of a happy home, my dear."

"What is the secret of a happy home, Cousin Lucy—meat and drink? the more shame to those who make it so," protested Gena, indignantly; "I won't believe it of Al Woodruffe."

Mrs. Woodruffe continued cold, indifferent, and a little ironical.

Gena was a good deal dazzled by the rapidity and dash of Helen Carrington's marriage, and thought a little discontentedly that her own undeclared, undefined engagement to Al Woodruffe was a slow affair, by comparison.

Just at this time, Gena was taken up by new acquaintances who came down to occupy Clifford Manor. They were not the family of the squire who ruled in the room of the Cliffords; he was abroad, but he had given his place for a season to friends of the name of Paulet. Any occupants of the Manor had a strong interest to the Cliffords, not the less agreeable that it had a tinge of melancholy, for melancholy with them had all the charm of Milton's "Il Penseroso;" they quite thrived on melancholy: they might be said, like Burton, to live and die on it. Moreover, a family of good name, such as the Paulets, was like good game to the keen scent of the Cliffords' genealogical noses.

Mr. Clifford picked out, in no time, every quartering of the Paulet shield, and demonstrated beyond mistake that there was a relation between the Paulet wyverns, and the wyverns sometimes seen in the Clifford coat of arms—in fact, that the families must have intermarried and been connected, more than once, in the remoter stages of their high and mighty annals.

The Paulets who took possession of Clifford Manor were

a father, Sir Francis, a widower like Mr. Clifford, and a daughter like Gena; but the Paulets were much more like brother and sister than father and daughter. Though Clemency Paulet was the youngest of three children, of whom another daughter was married, while the son of the family was in India with his regiment, yet Sir Francis was no more than forty-five, a stalwart, handsome, well-preserved man; while Clemency, at twenty, had run the gauntlet of three seasons, and was an experienced and somewhat used-up young lady, quite old compared with Gena Clifford, who found, for that matter, the daughter much older than the father, since Gena had been accustomed to be the constant companion of men much older — Mr. Clifford, who had married late in life, being sixty, and Mr. Bevil fifty-eight. But, above all, Sir Francis had possessed a faculty opposite to any exercised by his daughter, that of keeping young. He could shoot from morning till night, his voice was as mellow as ever in the accompaniment of a song, he was as good as ever for an escort at a picnic party, or as a partner on a croquet green.

Both father and daughter, in the isolation of a new neighborhood rather thinly studded with country houses, took kindly to the dispossessed owners of Clifford Manor, who had the grace to receive the new-comers with all the hospitality which the Cliffords' circumstances would allow. Sir Francis, secure in his own rank and income, was above being influenced by the reality that these, his equals in birth and education, were poorer in purse than many of the substantial yeomen around them, except that he was prompted to more punctilious attention to the Cliffords. He had sufficiently æsthetic tastes of every kind, though he was more of a dabbler than a proficient student in any study, to relish the Cliffords' accomplishments in their own line.

As for Clemency, she said Gena was a dear, unsophisticated thing, showing her origin by being free from every trace of odious vulgarity and gawky awkwardness, and yet she was as naive and fresh as a poet's milkmaid. It was quite a delight to cultivate her, and bring her out here in the country, giving her a taste of life which palled all too soon — only little Gena would never know that; to play her part in which, to have her seasons at home and abroad, if it had not been for the misfortune of the family, the girl was as well entitled as any one of "us," Clemency Paulet ended, with a slightly ostentatious arrogance, gently-born Paulet though she was.

Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bevil, without being capable of so much as levelling themselves to subserviency, were in their elements ciceroning Sir Francis, and meeting and reciprocating his advances. Gena was charmed to be up three days in the week at the Manor, the Cliffords' old Manor, with which, though she had been born in the farmhouse, and although all the furniture at the Manor was changed, she was as fondly familiar from hearsay, as if she had spent her entire life there, so that she could have walked blindfold from the old buttery to the oratory, and from the armory to the music-room. She would amuse Miss Paulet by illustrating some recent arrangements of *jardinières* and *portières* by the comment, "Grandmamma had her great orange and myrtle tubs in that bay-window;" or, "There my grand-uncle, Peregrine, would have his Chinese screen. Papa and Uncle Bevil have so often told me how everything looked and stood." At the same time Gena often forgot all about old use and wont in the Manor, when she was snugly ensconced with Clemency Paulet in the latter's dressing-room, listening to Clemency's stories, languidly graphic, and like fairy tales and pages of delightful old letters to Gena — of the Park and the Row, the crush room at the Opera, Willis's Rooms, of this or that great dame's "at home," of the last breakfast at Richmond, the going down to Goodwood just when the world was leaving town. Thus it was that a certain hard-working figure, and an unvarnished, unadorned picture of the future which had been beginning to wax stale, flat, and unprofitable, and a little gruesome in the girl of eighteen's round eyes, waned more and more during this the gayest and most brilliant autumn of Gena's life. However, by another spring and summer

a year would be out, Al Woodruffe might consider his probation ended, and return and make his power felt in a tug of war with Gena's new allies.

But Al did not return — not though love, as well as filial affection, called him. Had Gena been in correspondence with him, or even in frank intercourse with his mother, or had she come in special contact with his father, she would have known that there were good and sufficient reasons for Al's delay, which he hoped, month after month, would come to a speedy end. An overworked brother curate, a terribly poor man, with a sickly wife and a house full of young children, had suddenly broken down at his work. It was a case which called for instant relief and change, else manslaughter would be committed, and there was none to stand in the breach save Al Woodruffe, and that by deferring his dearly-earned holiday. But Gena knew nothing of this; she only knew that Al did not come with the summer, was not coming till September first, then not till Christmas, then not till April; nay, the following summer was blooming at Fordham, and still Al did not appear with the roses — that was because his comrade had been imperatively ordered to remain abroad for another winter, and again the unfortunate man could only secure the single chance of wrestling with and finally overthrowing his malady by Al Woodruffe's abiding at his post and working double work there. Still, no doubt, Al could have taken a run home for a couple of days, but part of the time he was looking for his complete release within the space of a few weeks, and later something perverse and austere in Al tempted him to deny himself and others the small boon. He would either have his entire liberty or no reprieve. He would pay the full price exacted by duty and his friend. He was well himself. All were well at Fordham and Clifford Farm, he was informed; so far they could afford to wait. He was wrong, perhaps hard — almost cruel, but he was not the first warrior who has tarried at the wars, and, devoured by zeal for honor and glory, the more that they were not his own, but another's, has left his friends at home to marvel why he tarried, and to look out wistfully and in vain for his figure against the horizon, his step on the threshold.

What made Al's protracted absence a greater wrong to Gena was, that, unsettled as their engagement was, it had been suspected and talked about. The rumor had even reached the ears of Miss Paulet, who could not resist the amusement of softly teasing her little friend on the defection of her lover. "What a laggard this young parson is showing himself, Gena. In truth, the gown is more exacting than the sword. I would think again before I would be parsoness to so ungallant a parson."

Gena said nothing; she bit her lips, and reared her peerless, swan-like neck, and felt hurt and aggrieved in the tenderest point, though really she had not been missing Al much, but had been doing very well without him. Only now she seemed to see that his negligence and indifference gave her *carte blanche* to throw herself utterly into the spirit of the hour, and enter fully on the new experience of life which the Paulets at Clifford Manor had brought to the Cliffords at Clifford Farm.

It was an insidious, ensnaring life to a girl; and it was a life singularly deadening and destructive to all higher impulses such as Sir Francis and Clemency Paulet were too well bred with nineteenth-century good-breeding to condemn. They rather pitied, with an assumption of superior wisdom, while they classed all nobler impulses and struggles as bursts of youthful enthusiasm, and waited with an "Ah! I told you how it would be" air of secret triumph under an assumption of gentle melancholy, till what these veritable, though unacknowledged disciples of M. Renan are pleased to call enthusiasm should dry up and vanish away, or pass with a rebound into hardened worldliness — nay, even reckless wickedness.

The Paulets were thoroughly satisfied, in spite of any word to the contrary, that the world, and the Maker of the world with all its creatures, could do very well without the Paulets' service; that what was demanded of them was to serve and please themselves under certain legal and con-

ventional restrictions. The Paulets had no great temptation to enjoy themselves in any low or gross fashion; they had inherited the artistic nature, which had been enhanced by cultivation, until the love of the beautiful was to them as another gospel. In their exquisite refinement they were even mildly benevolent, because the pains and penalties of their fellow-creatures offended their sense of harmony, and disturbed that happy tranquillity of mood which was essential to the full appreciation of, and consistent devotion to beauty, sensuous and intellectual in all its phases.

Gena had known a little of this life with her father and uncle, but at Clifford Farm it was such a life subdued and chastened, curbed and fettered. At Clifford Manor she looked and listened in spellbound fascination to the unlimited indulgence of every elegant taste and dainty whim. Sir Francis thought nothing of lavishing a hundred pounds on an orchid, any more than thousands of pounds on a picture — and where would have been the harm if he had also cared to spend his hundred of pounds on a brother man, and his thousands for the public good? He would shut himself up whole days painting, or, when the fancy took him, he would play whole nights on his organ. He would set to music his own words, and sing them; and very graceful, if not very original, words they were. Withal, he was not in the least effeminate, but would tramp from sunrise to sunset, when the tramping fit was on him, as he said, after wild ducks among the reeds and alders of a fenny corner of the Manor; or he would cast off his coat, and set himself to fell a tree with his own forester's axe, and having succeeded in felling it, would have the wood carried to his toolhouse, and carve brackets and screens out of it like an amateur Gibbons. And the pity of it was that he might have done it all with so much benefit, spiritual and physical, and with an enjoyment far keener as well as truer, if he had not made his own satisfaction his sole aim — if he had but first girded himself, and fought the battle of truth and mercy.

Clemency, too, could sketch, could sing, could act splendidly in private theatricals; and though she was constitutionally indolent, rarely counted time wasted, or stayed to spare it in these directions. Her dress, while it was studiously simple, was indeed a study; it was the most beautiful dress, in arrangement of color and choice of fabrics, which Gena had ever imagined, not to say beheld. How could it be otherwise, when Clemency, in addition to her own fine taste and that which her father freely condescended to make of avail to her, thought nothing of giving fifty or eighty pounds for a dress that, according to Gena's primitive calculation — for which she felt dreadfully shamefaced afterwards — might have cost ten guineas? Clemency's ponies, with their little carriage, her dogs, her birds, were so many gems in their respective lines, and stood for as much uncounted expenditure as her father's possessions.

Supposing a nature ingenuous, susceptible, and art-loving it may be, there is not a more subtle and dangerous element with which that nature can come in contact than the stifling sweetness, the crushing indulgence of such a life as the Paulets led. A life all enjoyment, such as it was, from morning till night; every day spent in devising and following out some new pleasure, if sufficient new pleasures would only present themselves. At first Gena joined in it, inadvertently as it were, and with pure, uncalculating enjoyment; in time she was more and more drawn into it, and carried away with it, though not without misgivings of conscience and sharp mental reminders that such a life might do very well for Clemency Paulet, but it could not suit Gena Clifford, even though she were born in its privileges. But why need she stint herself in its wealth of beauty and its deliberately-balanced excitement, lest she should miss them in that future for which Al Woodruffe had so little consideration? She could be as oblivious as he, and with better reason.

Just after Sir Francis had decided on not going to town for the season this year, but had sent his daughter for a few weeks to her sister, and had himself taken a yacht voyage to Norway instead; when both father and daughter had returned, at the very time that Gena was most en-

grossed with them — while secretly stung, and with an unconfessed craving to deaden the pain of the sting, there arose a discrepancy in the treatment which she received from Sir Francis and Clemency Paulet. Sir Francis was kinder than ever, with a kindness becoming marked in his interest in Gena's tastes and occupations (if Gena had possessed knowledge of the world to detect such signs), and in his addiction to her society. Correspondingly, as it seemed on reflection, to the time that Sir Francis became assiduous in his cares for Gena — and let it be seen clearly that she was his special object — his daughter Clemency began to drop Gena as her protégée; and not content with dropping her, proceeded to sneer a little at her, to put all that she said and did in a disparaging light, and cast adroitly a malicious suspicion upon her motives.

Gena was slow to see the change in her friend, and regarded it with doubting, hurt eyes; but when the incredulity was forced to give way, the pain and pique quickly followed it, and in their places arose a mischievous, half-diverted, half-shy, giddy sense of power and triumph — a feverish inclination to assert herself and her victory. Al Woodruffe might hold lightly what Gena now felt indignantly he had won too lightly, Mrs. Woodruffe might snub Gena, Clemency Paulet might show herself to have a small and mean enough nature — with all her polish and grace — to be as spiteful to Gena as were Cinderella's sisters to the heroine of the fairy tale, but it mattered little when the prince was at Cinderella's feet. The prince could afford to please himself, and throw the opinion of the world, even if it were expressed in his daughter Clemency, to the winds. In fact, Sir Francis was eccentric and very independent in his æstheticism, and rather enjoyed stealing a march on the world, and did not at all mind vexing Clem for a space, and for her own good in the end. Gena Clifford would prove a very charming sisterly step-mother. Where could Clem look for a better? He had no intention of remaining a widower, when he felt disposed to marry again, in order to flatter the prejudices of any child of his. As for Frank and Dora, after the first not quite agreeable surprise at the news, he was sure it would not cost them more than a shrug of the shoulders and an elevation of the eyebrows.

It required but a word, and Sir Francis would bring back a Clifford to be mistress for the time of Clifford Manor, and of his own seat of Dutton. Gena might queen it where her often-talked-of grandmother and remoter ancestresses had queened it, and Gena was by no means indifferent to that fact. She might set the hearts of her father and uncle at rest about her future — nay, gladden the men with the renewed prosperity of their race. And the best of it was that in Gena's eyes Sir Francis was no middle-aged, used-up man, but the gayest and most gallant, as well as the handsomest cavalier she had known. Al Woodruffe's irregular features and bushy eyebrows could bear no comparison with Sir Francis's Norman perfection of profile and trim silken moustache. Al's student's slouch and slight clumsiness of limb were at a discount beside the erect carriage and perfectly developed frame of his rival. Al's temper was far less gay, and far more uncertain than that of the man who ignored every care and trouble save what he could cure by a word of his mouth. Al had been too intent on serious studies and tremendously important questions, to leave him leisure to master a host of elegant accomplishments.

CHAPTER III. THE MEETING.

Sir Francis had hinted to Mr. Clifford, with all the grace which might have been expected from Sir Francis, that he wished to do himself the honor of enrolling himself among Miss Clifford's suitors. It was not the first time that a Paulet had confessed the irresistible attractions of a Clifford, and he was happy to think not unsuccessfully. Mr. Clifford replied with equal suavity, and with the delicate fencing used on such state occasions, that the Paulets had been as irresistible to the Cliffords as the Cliffords to the Paulets, and from his own experi-

ence he did not wonder at it. His little girl was too young — had been kept too much out of the world, and, as Sir Francis ought to be well aware, was too portionless to have had many suitors; but there had been one — a worthy youth of his class, the good vicar's son, with whom there had been a boy-and-girl affair (Mr. Clifford quite believed what he said), which he, Mr. Clifford, considered had come to a natural conclusion. However, he should like, for the satisfaction of his own mind and the comfort of all concerned, to have it out with this shockingly rash young curate before any further steps were taken.

Sir Francis assented, being far too wise as well as too cool a gentleman, lover though he was, to be disturbed by jealousy on account of this trifling obstacle in the eyes of an over-scrupulous old Bayard like Clifford.

Mr. Clifford wrote by the very next post to Al Woodruffe, calling Al Mr. Clifford's young friend, and supposing, in the most amiable if slightly gratuitous manner that Al, as, indeed, it appeared from his behavior, had lived to see, what had always been clear to Mr. Clifford, the folly of Al, with all his merit, in his position, proposing for Miss Clifford. Mr. Clifford did not hesitate to admit that he had now other and more suitable views for his daughter, in which he believed she saw fit to acquiesce. Finally, Mr. Clifford begged to remind Al, in the gentlest and most polite fashion, that the small amount of encouragement which he, Mr. Clifford, had given to Al's suit had been conditional on the couple's remaining of one mind on the subject. As this was not so, Mr. Clifford requested that he might be permitted to withdraw his conditional encouragement, while he asked to be allowed to wish his young friend every success and happiness in his profession and in his more private and personal interests.

This letter fell like a thunderbolt on Al, as he was at last setting out for Fordham to spend his Christmas at home. In place of retarding him in fulfilling his intention, the communication winged his feet. A great wrong was about to be done to him and to others, and it was for Al Woodruffe to prevent it — for him, who by nature was not only qualified to hold the scales of justice, but to act as the avenger. It never entered into Al's head to stand aside, waive his claims, and leave Gena to those splendidly superior prospects over which her father was gently elated. There was no room for false and morbid delicacy in Al Woodruffe's morality, any more than for maxims of the world, worldly. He knew his rights and Gena's duty, and that if the first were forfeited and the second trampled down, then — setting himself aside — farewell for Gena, not to true happiness merely, but to the higher, nobler life which he had hoped and prayed she might share with him. Was he to remain passive, and see his best earthly possession wrested from him, and Gena Clifford lost to herself even more than to him?

It was Christmas Eve when Al Woodruffe arrived at the Fordham Station, and without so much as turning aside to his father's house, he set off to walk the half mile straight to Clifford Farm. The depth of winter was scarcely the time to see to advantage that most picturesque of habitations — an old farmhouse dignified and embellished into something between a cottage *ornée* and a circumscribed and inconvenient but ancient enough to be very quaint, almost stately, gentleman's mansion. But even in mid-winter, with frost on the pane and the ground hard as iron, Clifford Farm did credit to its landscape gardener. Bad taste had not levelled its hillocky paddock, thinned its elms, or the lilacs, thorns, and hollies in its court, meddled with its orchard, or transmogrified its old-fashioned garden with the terrace and the walk between high privet hedges into a flat, dreary wilderness in winter and a glaring patchwork in summer. Good taste had preserved what was in keeping and worthy of preservation, and had enhanced what it found by apt touches and the introduction of new and suitable favorites among the old honeysuckles and lilies.

Seen under the stars and powdered by the hoar-frost, some of the trees and bushes looked like great plants of

white coral from South Sea lagoons; others, which birds had not denuded of their black and purple berries, like the jewel-laden trees of Aladdin's garden, with the jewels half veiled by a gossamer veil. Inside the porch, where Mr. Bevil sheltered his more delicate transferable shrubs, he had also competed, in the simplest materials, but not altogether unsuccessfully, with the gardener at the Manor in the costliest treasures of his conservatory. Mr. Bevil's porch and the hall behind, with its cosy fire, were ablaze with gold and silver crocuses, lit up with tapers of white Roman hyacinths, starred with lily of the valley, and perfumed with violets. But Al Woodruffe saw none of the attractions of the place; he did no more than perceive that there was company with the family, as there was wont to be on Christmas Eve.

The Cliffords were fond of maintaining old customs, and making a travesty of old festivals. Al Woodruffe, who had more of his mother's than his father's temper, had called the performance, in these altered days with their altered fashions, and in the Cliffords' changed circumstances, a travesty and parody, and had been a little impatient and contemptuous of what was to him more ludicrous than anything else. You see he was not sentimental or romantic, this Al, though he was heroic, which, after all, is the quality that holds the germs of the highest romance. To-night, however, with the slender resources of the Farm backed by the ample resources of the Manor, there was no falling short either in the entertainment or its guests. For if the county had been loyal in standing by the Cliffords in their adversity, it was, no doubt, not less loyal in its allegiance when it was commonly reported and believed that Gena Clifford, instead of making the stupid additional descent of bestowing herself on the vicar's son — the abrupt, uncompromising fellow of a curate in Bristol — was about to climb back to the highest step of the social ladder, by being married to Sir Francis Paulet.

Into the company Al Woodruffe, uninvited, and in his worse-for-wear though travelling coat, of course known to and admitted by the servants, boldly and unhesitatingly entered.

There had been charades, in which Gena, dressed up in one of her grandmother's brocades, with the relics of the Cliffords' old lace and pearls, had looked inexpressibly high-bred and dainty, while she had played a chief part, well supported by Sir Francis, as aristocratic and still more handsome in his way, while, as it happened, he had been called on to invest himself in the plain green coat of a pseudo-forester. The riddle was just guessed, and the forester was leading the noble maiden, who had forsaken all for the forest glades, to the piano — a somewhat jingling instrument, it must be confessed, though its wood was satinwood, and there were much inlaying and tarnished gilding about its frame — to sing in her clear, soft treble, with his deep bass accompaniment, "Alice Brand."

"Oh, merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweep by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Then the door opened, a servant announced "Mr. Woodruffe," and Al, with his unconsciously stern, accusing face making his undoffed travelling coat look like a garment of camel's hair, walked into the room. There was a stir and rustle of surprise and consternation. Gena, who caught the first glimpse of the intruder, grew red as a rose, then paled through pink to a sickly white, like the same rose nipped by a sudden frost, within two seconds, as she stopped short in the commencement of her song without any explanation to Sir Francis, and without turning aside to greet her old lover.

"You here, Al!" cried the happily oblivious vicar; "where have you sprung from? but I need not ask. Better late than never, my good fellow."

"Al!" remonstrated his mother; "why did you not send for, instead of following, us, if you arrived at home and found us absent?"

"Because I was on no ceremony, mother," said Al, in a

loud, firm voice. "I had a right to count on my welcome."

"So you had, Mr. Al," said Mr. Clifford, with prompt courtesy, disengaging himself from a whist-table to which he had just sat down: "though, I must confess, I did not expect you to answer my letter in person," he added, in an undertone, for Al's ear, as the host grasped the guest's hand. "All our friends are always welcome when they like to take us at our fireside, above all on this night."

"Thanks," returned Al, curtly; "any night with my friends is much the same to me, but I did not mean from you, Mr. Clifford, no, nor from Mr. Bevil," and the impatiently-rude young man actually waved aside Mr. Bevil's courteous greeting; "I meant from Gena." He still spoke quite loudly, with a rough freedom, so that all around heard him; and when Gena, cold and colorless, and trembling like a leaf in her fantastic grandeur, was forced to come forward, every one saw how he grasped her hand and held it tightly, whether with her will or no, and, preventing her going back to the piano, led her to a seat, and took the chair next her as if it were his and he intended to keep it.

The entertainment went on as before, after that disturbing interlude, because the company were well-bred company, and well up in the practice of self-control. But there was an all-pervading sense of a warring element in the night's pleasure, and in the great good-fortune on which everybody had been silently congratulating the Cliffords. Telegraphic looks innumerable passed on all sides.

How far had poor little Gena Clifford committed herself in times past with that brutally defiant young curate, and how barbarously he was going to serve her out, either keep her to her word, or expose its forfeiture! What a savage the fellow was, without a sense of delicacy or chivalry! and yet we have heard of knights who did not hesitate to take extreme vengeance on their horror-stricken, faithless mistresses, and that in the most orthodoxly chivalrous times; but men and women's standards of chivalry have changed with the changing generation; for my part I give nothing for chivalry, unless it have truth for its beginning and end.

Sir Francis was not a boy, to fret and fume, to rage in an unmanly way, and expose the huff — to speak in plain terms — he might be justifiable in taking. Neither was he at all likely to give way to claims, however boldly made by another, without making some fight for his own. Sir Francis pulled his moustache and stared surreptitiously and pondered, but he also approached Gena repeatedly during the rest of the evening, and attempted to reestablish his position as her acknowledged partner. In vain. Al Woodruffe could not keep her to himself all the evening, but at every crisis he turned up, authoritatively took possession of Gena, and had his way. It was his songs she sang; he sat by her side, obdurate and iron-faced, at the supper, which she made the poorest pretence of tasting. Gena, who ought to have taken the initiative in repulsing him, was weak with shame, vexation, and a sort of choking fear of Al and disgust with herself, with Sir Francis, with the whole world; and she was not a little hypocrite to mask her feelings. Luckily for her, Al seemed satisfied to keep her to himself. He was almost as silent as she was; he did not ask her to be friendly and confidential, to chat and be bright and blessed in the renewal of their bonds. He relieved himself by one statement, which sounded almost sardonically in its unsmiling fervor.

"I am now done with my bachelor's life in curate's lodgings, Gena, and have come, as you appointed me, to summon my wife to share my home. It is but a poor one; but what of that? there are millions poorer, and we can endure hardship."

Gena did not, could not contradict him even here; she only shivered and quaked the more.

The Messrs. Clifford could do nothing; Cousin Lucy was a cipher. The guests generally, who had an honest regard for the Cliffords and desire for their restoration, really regretted the *contretemps*, while they suffered in sympathy an eclipse to pass over the gayety of the evening. Only one person — and it was certainly not the avenger, any more than the offender — was joyous, elated, and that was

Clemency Paulet. She went about whispering how delicious it was that Mr. Woodruffe should "turn up" — to use an old English, instead of a French, phrase — so pat, and that they should all get a good look at him. What a charming young couple they were; she doted on young couples; she even begged her dear Gena to introduce her to Mr. Woodruffe, who heard her doggedly till he could hear no more, and then turned his back upon her like a fiercer bear than he was.

Strange to say, of all the people there, it was Mrs. Woodruffe who came effectually to Gena's assistance, and broke up the party early, insisting on carrying off her son, while she said good night kindly to Gena.

"I never thought it of you, Al," she broke out, indignantly, on the first opportunity; "to turn upon any young girl, and expose and affront her so. It is but right you should suffer for it. You have pledged yourself to her anew, and you must stand by the pledge, if she choose to accept it, after interfering to ruin what the world, her friends, and doubtless she herself, poor foolish young thing, held her great prospects."

"I came here to save my word and hers," responded Al, with his gloomy fire unabated.

CHAPTER IV. THE DOOM.

Sir Francis hated scenes and detested complications. In his mature years he could see that the perfect ease and agreeability of his marrying Gena Clifford were spoilt. This robust, stubborn Teuton of a curate, who must have been first on the field, had walked over it more thoroughly than Sir Francis had apprehended. Master Woodruffe could not forget or yield up gracefully what had been his, but would pester everybody. It was plain, too, that Gena was not enough of a fine lady, nor were the Cliffords enough of fine gentlemen, though they were sufficiently elevated above the ordinary mass of men and their prejudices, to dispose with facility of this difficulty, as it ought to be disposed of. Gena would not be able to bring herself without self-abasement and self-reproach to say anything so simple as that she had changed her mind, and that circumstances were altered, so as to pave the way for her father's asserting that the conditions on which he had submitted to a connection between Miss Clifford and the vicar's son no longer existed. Gena especially would be stupidly susceptible to upbraiding, and she would become, for a time at least, a prey to remorse.

Sir Francis was too proud, too wary, and too lukewarm, after all, in his love, to covet a half-repentant bride, who might sigh and hang her head and take to accusing herself, possibly even her husband, every time the thought of the rebellious curate came across her.

Sir Francis wrote to Mr. Clifford thanking him for all his kind hospitality, and for the honor that he had been willing to confer on Sir Francis, but the latter feared there was a misunderstanding which might render matters awkward and unpleasant for Miss Clifford and her family, a result which Sir Francis could not contemplate. He begged leave to withdraw the overture which he had made, and in order to spare every one, he and his daughter would quit the Manor, while they trusted still to preserve the friendship which they had enjoyed and prized only too highly.

Mr. Clifford begged Sir Francis to act as he thought best, while he requested to be allowed to state that he was not the author of the misunderstanding which had arisen. He did not doubt that Sir Francis would free him from being accessory to any unwarrantable deceit in an unforeseen embroilment, for which poverty — with its confusion of relations — and a hot-headed, while honest enough, young man, had been principally to blame; therefore, there need be no breach, worthy of the name, in the friendship, which boasted itself neither of to-day nor yesterday, between the Cliffords and the Paulets. So perished, without a murmur on the elder Cliffords' part, their hope of returning, in the person of Gena, to occupy their place no longer by sufferance, but by a renewed and complete title in aristocratic ranks.

Within three months Gena was married to Al Woodruffe, and settled with him in a smoky back street of Bristol (Al could not afford to establish himself in Clifton), to share his curate's hard fare, and, to a character like Al's, heavy duties. Gena preferred that it should be as it was originally proposed, though she understood now, with compunction and a sinking heart, that her old feeling for Al Woodruffe had been very much made up of a girl's susceptible affections and of her vanity. She was become afraid of Al, and ashamed before him, as well as rendered full of distaste for his lot, and utterly shaken in the faith of her capacity for properly sharing and lightening it. But if Al continued to will that she should be his partner, was it for her to decline the obligation? was he to be balked of his due, and punished — since he looked upon it as a punishment — because a fickle, frivolous, worldly girl had not known her own mind, and could not be true to herself and him? Besides — and this was a more selfish consideration — life with Al, constrained as the couple had grown to each other, in its integrity and austerity, was more endurable in the main than to go back to the imprisoned life at Clifford Farm, with her defrauded, yet unreproachful, father and uncle, still further harassed by the uncertainty of her future. She could not bear the mortification of knowing that her neighborhood had finally agreed to shake their heads at an old favorite as at a selfish, inconsiderate girl, who had not scrupled to have two strings to her bow, and who remained to point a moral, for both strings had snapped, and Gena Clifford was left minus a lover in the present, and it might be with justice, minus a husband in all the years to come. No, Gena was too childish in her humiliation and sullenness to make the last her choice or the consequences which she had brought upon herself. It was as if no will — not Mr. Clifford's or Mr. Bevil's — proved strong enough to resist Al Woodruffe's, so he had his, and carried off Gena to keep their still more solemnly-sworn vows.

He was not intentionally severe to his wife. He was sorry for her; he began to have a restless suspicion that his behavior, though unblamable so far as rectitude and fidelity were concerned, had not been free from fault; that he had not dealt quite generously and tenderly by her, though he had sincerely desired to rescue her from full-fledged worldliness and to promote her best interests. He wished to be kind to her now, he purposed to forbear with her shortcomings, he yearned to have the old frank confidence between them restored. He tried, but it was not easy to blot out the past, or to throw down the cold, formal barriers which had sprung up between him and Gena. It vexed him — nay, cut him keenly, that she was afraid of the man who had humbled and mastered, while he might have saved her; but how could he draw her nearer to him with that mountain — as Gena, with exaggerating eyes, had come to view it — of affront, failure, and provocation between them?

The dull, shady, shabby-genteel poverty of the town curate's household was infinitely more uncongenial than Gena, in her sanguine ignorance, had imagined; and she had no heart to lighten and brighten it beyond calculation by a happy young bride's thousand and one innocent-ingenious artifices. Even Gena herself, in her youth and natural elegance, began to subside into the sombre, dust-colored tone of her surroundings. Gena would not have been disposed to think the magnates of the trading city — who retreated at the end of every day to a leafy retirement within sight of the blue Welsh mountains — on anything like an equality with the last representative of the oldest gentry in her shire; but no magnate gave her the chance of withdrawing into herself in the unquestionable distance of her superiority. Nobody called for the curate's wife, save a few of the working ladies of the congregation, who shook their heads over her as over an empty-headed, indifferent young girl, who could give herself airs, and could do no more. Mr. Woodruffe, devoted and diligent as he was, had blundered, like so many young men, in the choice of a wife. What a pity it was that young clergymen could not devolve a selection, which was really so important to their

cures, on a committee — a ladies' committee of their parishioners!

In minor matters everything was dreary, depressing, isolated, though the sharp pinching of poverty had not yet come near the young couple to rouse one of them to desperation; still, after the first sickening for pleasant sights and sounds, and familiar faces — in the teeth of that worst and most forlorn alienation which prevailed between the new-made husband and wife, to poor little Gena's credit, every other trouble sank into a minor matter indeed. What would be the end of it? Would Al Woodruffe and she walk separately and solitarily all the days of their ill-mated wedlock — which ought to have been in its first flush, when the clouded honeymoon, during which the wind had blown so chill about their very hearth, had not been succeeded by many more moons? Would Al and she stiffen to mummies, or ossify into monumental effigies, or would they drop their mantles of resolute dutifulness and strict civility, and take to hating each other — to leading a cat-and-dog life, and becoming a scandal to the community and to Al's cloth?

The end came suddenly, and in an unexpected fashion. Gena was sitting listlessly in her small, colorless drawing-room, stitching at Dorcas work, which served her for a constant treadmill task, although had she put her heart in it and gone blithely and busily about it, a few hours a week would have amply sufficed for its satisfactory completion. But she took it as one of the penalties to which she was condemned in the process of expiation, and she prolonged it because she had no interest beyond. Her windows, with their lookout on bricks, bricks, bricks, and the smoke of endless chimneys, were without the hardy flowers which will consent, if they are cordially asked, to flourish even in such localities. There was no bird to sing to her, and break in with its free carol on the mechanical drone of the street organ. She had actually suffered her Clifford Farm greyhound to be stolen, and thinking of his possible ill-usage under a hard master, she would not further injure him by having another canine companion in his place. The books and newspapers were Al's property. Gena had never been a great reader, and now she thought it better not to read at all, as Al, in the dearth of conversation between them, would read aloud books which she was too weary-spirited and too heavy-hearted to exert herself to follow. Her piano was a sealed instrument; Gena shrank from it more than from any other occupation. Had not her last songs been practised with Sir Francis Paulet? Did not every note recall the degradation — not of passion, but of volatility, and of the hankering after vanities, which was not stilled, and which there was nothing in Gena's present life to supersede?

While she was bent on her drudgery, Al came in, and said quickly, after a pause, "Gena, I think you had better go home — I mean to the Farm, or to my father's — for a few weeks; I have arranged for you to start to-morrow."

Gena looked up in utter bewilderment and rapidly rising consternation. Why was she to be sent away? The season was yet late spring, and there was no forestalling of summer heat to drive the dwellers in the atmosphere of crowded cities to fresher air and less confined space. There was nothing so attractive in her Bristol house, which even its master did not call home, that she should grieve to quit it for a season, had not the sending her from it without a cause filled her with chagrin and alarm. Was she to be further disgraced? Had her presence proved so signal a failure that her absence was to be summarily requested? What had she done? She had, as she believed, tried her best to be obedient and useful. Gena's heart swelled with a cruel sense of injustice, as well as with a terrible ache of pain.

She stood up, and remonstrated with Al Woodruffe for the first time since she had lost her own self-respect with his respect, and had cowered before him — a steadfast, righteous man, when she had acted like a paltering, trifling, false woman.

"Why am I to go to the Farm or the Vicarage, Al? Nobody expects me there. I never heard of going before

I am not prepared — I should prefer to visit my friends at some other time," Gena ended, with some show of dignity, as much as to say, "You may be tired of me — I may be a drag and a bore to you, but you brought me here of your own free will; certainly, I did not constrain you. This is my home as well as yours; you have made me its mistress if you are its master, and I am not to be put out by a word."

Al declared, with his usual gruff haste, which sounded like taunting anger, "that he had thought that she would be glad to go to her father's or his, if she preferred it, at any time; that he would be very much engaged for the next few weeks; that the summer was coming on, and that Bristol was not a fitting residence for her then, brought up as she had been in the country. He was sorry to hurry her, but he thought it would be best for her to visit her friends without him just then."

When a husband in Al Woodruffe's position expresses a wish, it is like a sovereign's wish, tantamount to a command. Gena was dumb, in sore discomfiture and revolt.

That very morning one of the few ladies who patronized Gena called for her. This visitor was an effusive woman, and at once rushed into the subject which was occupying her mind.

"I am afraid this is to be a trying visitation, Mrs. Woodruffe," said Mrs. Locock, impressively; "and we ought to be prepared for it," she added, as if feeling herself called upon to put matters in a proper light to the curate's silly little wife.

Gena started and stared resentfully. Was the coolness between her and her husband actually parish talk? or was his last act to be considered a visitation on her incompatibility and general culpability, for which she was to be solemnly commiserated, and which was to be improved to her as a lesson in docility and patience?

"We had it before," continued the well-meaning speaker; "and no doubt it was for our good," she added, rubbing her forehead a little ruefully.

As neither the parish nor Al had been tried and disciplined by any former wife of his, Gena saw there was a mistake.

"What do you refer to, Mrs. Locock?" she asked with a sigh of relief.

"Why, has not your husband told you that the cholera has appeared in Bristol?" asked Mrs. Locock, surprised, and put out in her turn. "I must say I consider it ill-judged of him to keep that a secret from a grown woman, a clergyman's wife. You have not a dread of infection, have you? We are all in excellent hands."

Gena muttered an inaudible reply, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Locock left, with the distressing conviction that young Mrs. Woodruffe was a coward, and a fool about illness as well as about everything else. "What ever would Mr. Woodruffe do, when his labors were likely to be sufficiently arduous without this drag upon him?"

Gena saw it all now; how the great scourge of modern times, before which even stout hearts quail, was impending, and Al was to remain at his post, and die a painful, premature death, if need were, while she was to be put out of the reach of personal trial and danger. The finishing touch was to be given to her failure in such a life as Al had called worthy immortal beings — the higher life of earth, to which she had once aspired — by her craven, precipitate retreat before suffering and harm, her abandonment of her place and her husband.

No, Gena could not sink so low. She had a girl's vague horror of "the pestilence," but she had also the courage of her gallant race to face death in any form. Might not she redeem what she had lost? Might not this last chance, this crowning test, have been vouchsafed to her as a boon? And if she died, Al would cancel all her folly and errors, and would see her again as his pet, his sweetheart, his young love; while away at Clifford Farm she would be regarded as having vindicated her patent of nobility by her voluntary martyrdom. She had not deserved such a sentence, and yet might not her despairing free-will offering be accepted for the sake of another offering infinitely more precious?

Gena went to Al the moment he returned, and addressed him with wistful eyes and lips quivering with eagerness: "I know now why you send me away, Al; and if you still order it, I suppose I must submit to your order," she said with a restless sigh; "but I appeal against this order — I claim my right to be here also. I am young and healthy: why should cholera strike me down any more than you? and I am sure my life is of much less value. Al, I protest it is hard to make me a deserter from the post which you would cry shame on yourself for abandoning; I shall try not to be in anybody's way — not to be a trouble to you."

She had spoken so fast that he had no opportunity of interrupting her.

"My dear child," he said, with his face all softened and lit up, "you would be in nobody's way, of course; you would be the greatest comfort. The truth is, I was loath that you should run any risk; but you rebuke me for my selfishness in keeping it all to myself, so far as you were concerned, and for my faithlessness in not being willing to commit the best that I have to give, simply to God's keeping. If you ask to stay (but remember, dear, it must be sad and painful work), I cannot take it upon me to refuse what you say truly is your right; and, for my own part, I do not believe there is any peril that faith and courage, care and common sense, cannot meet and, with God's blessing, overcome."

Gena stayed, and neither faltered nor broke down, in what were without question dark days, when the cholera took fast hold and made tremendous havoc among the households of the poorer warehousemen and the half-seafaring population of Bristol. The silly, semi-useless little woman became as, thank God, such silly, semi-useless little women become now and again (discovering and exerting their latent powers in dire straits), wonderfully wise, courageous, and self-denying. She was an able assistant to Al, who was toiling to inaugurate reforms, administer relief, to instruct, encourage, and comfort. All lethargy, all monotony, fled during these busy, anxious days.

How could Al, or Gena either, remember that she had been tempted in her girlish weakness and vanity, and had appeared on the point of yielding to temptation, at the moment when she stood true to death, and when death might be the earthly penalty required at any moment, of her or of Al Woodruffe? Al's first cry on crossing his threshold was for Gena to hear his report, and to help him with fresh stores, material and spiritual. Gena ran to meet his footsteps, to ask what news, to serve the weary man with refreshment, to suggest some new, ingenious device against the enemy.

One night when there was a little lull in the battle, while Al lay on his study sofa, and Gena stood at the window looking at the moon — one of the few joys of nature which cities spare — she turned round with her face in a white glory: "You were right, Al," she said, breathlessly, "this is the higher life — this losing of the life to save it; it is infinitely grander than anything which taste and intellect can make their own. I believed you when you told me first, but I had to find it out in my own experience. I know now" (poor little Gena! she knew little enough yet for all her capability for heroism, but she certainly knew better than she had known); "I have tried for myself. When I was with the Paulets life was very pleasant, if it had only kept pleasant; but it wanted salt or something to preserve it from getting tainted, and it was not the higher life. I think I understand a little, at last, how God glorified even his own dear Son, by sending Him to work, and to suffer when suffering was wanted, and how it is by the grave and gate of death that we pass to a joyful resurrection."

"I believe you understand it better than I," said Al, reverently, and with a great joy. At the same time a withering fear seized him. Were Gena's words in a way prophetic? was she bearing an inadvertent testimony, and uttering an unconscious farewell? "Are you quite well to-night, Gena, little woman?" he tried to inquire, after a moment, in a tone but slightly concerned.

"Quite well," answered Gena, readily; "why do you

ask? Do you think me too good to live?" she added, with a little tremulous laugh. "Oh, Al, you know I am not that — not one of us is that."

He was not, when he could only cry — God help him! in his staggering faith.

But God is the same God who found the ram in the thicket to place on the altar, in the room of the son — the only son Isaac — of the most faithful of men. He will not always take our treasures from us, though He bid us resign them at his command.

The cholera ebbed and passed away, and left Al Woodruffe and Gena unsmitten. Life, in its commonplaceness, surged back; old follies and errors cropped up again, to be attacked and routed, and to return to the charge many times. But the couple had tasted the higher life, and could not forget the taste; and they were happy in it and in each other.

TWO LETTERS THAT CROSSED.

I. HER LETTER.

How I envy you who have no letter to write to me, nothing that cannot be said in words as we are sitting before my little fire, or walking together on the downs! This spring-tide has been full of romance to us two, — the village music-mistress and the parish organist; both, most likely, as little suspected of it as the white-haired, lethargic peasant boys and girls who are my pupils and your listeners. We have climbed the brown hills and breathed the first freshness of March under the wide blue sky, followed mossy tracks that dipped into the purple woods, or led to weird old granges, collecting wild flowers, and watching the birds over their nests; or we have walked for miles along the shore, till the wintry sun dropped like a ruby into the cold gray sea. If it happened that we were too busy for these holiday walks, there was always the early service in our beautiful little church, which seems as much a part of my life as the voice with which I sing to you or the responses of your own. We might not, perhaps, speak to each other, or even see each other's face; but whilst I led my children — so I call my pupils always — and you played to us, I felt drawn to you by a closer sympathy than that of our love for each other, or our passion for nature. Yes, from the beginning of such intercourse as this, none of my days have been wanting in goodness and sweetness. And when you said, yesterday, that on the morrow you could neither come to me nor attend the service, because you wished to arrange for that month's holiday we had projected long ago, what could I do but smile through my assenting tears like any other happy woman? It was not till my day's work was done, and I had time to think a little, that I determined to write this letter.

Strange, that though you have been my friend of five years and my lover of as many months, I cannot guess how you will receive my confession. I do not know what good men deem to be unpardonable offences in a woman. Will you be suddenly fierce and angry, and indifferent ever after? I must wait another day to be answered.

The outline of my early history is known to you — how I was reared in the chilling atmosphere of poverty-stricken gentility, the adopted child of my dead father's sisters; how I was ill-taught, ill-clothed, ill-fed, because my aunts were poor; how I was brought up in idleness, because it behooved no gentlewoman to work; how at twenty I burst the bonds of the slavery, and, unaided and alone, went out into the world to earn my own bread, and lived for some years in Germany, teaching English and studying music, till our kind old friend, Mrs. Berners, found me out. She had a passion for church music, and partly to gratify that passion, and partly to subserve it to the interests of religion, she built and endowed a church in this little paradise of an island. The poor people were as ignorant of music as of everything else. I was engaged as music-mistress at a salary of fifty pounds a year, with lodgings. "And," put

in Mrs. Berners, smiling, "all the salads and peaches you can eat from the hall garden, my dear; but when you grow old and ugly you must expect me to send you away. I will have good-looking people about me." And true enough, from the lady's-maid down to the stable-boy, there was not an ugly face to be seen on the premises. When Mrs. Berners brought me here five years ago, I was still young; that is to say, I had not passed my thirtieth birthday. My black locks showed no silvery line; my brown cheeks had a glow of red; my brow was smooth. Do you remember how you were deceived by my impersonation of a gypsy minstrel last Christmas? When the mummers came round and acted a long play in the servant's hall, — the gay dresses, the dialogues, the passage-at-arms, the songs, the dance, impelled me by a longing that was irresistible, to take part in the performance. Without waiting to reflect, I stole away, and dressed myself in a costume made up on the spur of the moment, incongruous enough, but not a whit more so than the others, and gorgeous in colors, well becoming my dark complexion. Thus disguised I was introduced, and sang, danced, played to the accompaniment of castanets, in a mood that was half sport and half frenzy. I heard Mrs. Berners whisper, "Like Theodora, only handsomer," and you smiled assent. When the mummers had gone, and I had declared myself, no one blamed me for what I had done. Upon yourself the impression had acted like a spell.

The Theodora in disguise had captivated, bewitched, ensnared you. But what will you say when I tell you that in assuming those gypsy lendings, I showed you my real self? that my acting was no mere freak or piece of latent cleverness, but a revelation of the wild, passionate, reckless youth of which you had never dreamed? I suppose most lives have a hidden tragedy. Mine had been as completely out of sight as the forests that lie under the sea.

I was a mere child when I found out how hard it is for women to be good. My aunts were not religious; nor were their lives wrapt about with that soft, thick padding of theological belief which prevents so many thorn-pricks of conscience and buffetings of doubt. From my fifth to my fifteenth year, I never once spent a night out of our dreary old house in Bloomsbury, because keeping up appearances was thought infinitely more important than health; and my aunts imagined a large house, in a neighborhood that had been once fashionable, to be quite compatible with birth and breeding. I sickened every summer, pining for a sight of the fields and hedgerows, as only despairing children can. When winter came round, and the short, dark days began, I felt happier, occupying myself from morning till night with an old piano and some old music books, from which my aunts taught me to play and sing.

So time passed till I was seventeen. We were sitting together one summer's afternoon, and my aunts were entertaining two or three visitors — for we were never without that dreary imitation of sociability represented by afternoon calls. The conversation seemed, I thought, duller than ever, and I was furtively reading "The Castle of Otranto," that lay upon my lap, when the servant announced a newcomer. This was a relation of whom I had often heard, but never seen, a major in the Indian army, lately settled in England. He was a bluff, noisy, kind-hearted man, who, having a daughter of my own age, for her sake found all young girls interesting.

The major only stayed a quarter of an hour, but, in that quarter of an hour he had discovered how dull and unwholesome must be the life I was leading, and most likely contrasting it with that of his own idolized, fêted Theodora, — it was an additional attraction in me that I bore my cousin's name, — he would not go till my aunts consented to let me return to his country house with him next day. I went away, and from that moment the doors and windows of life were thrown wide open, and my hitherto cramped, starved, imprisoned self began to breathe and be happy.

The two Theodoras agreed to be each other's bosom friends, and they were. "You are poor and clever, Theo,"

said my cousin Dora to me the first day, "and I am rich and dull; we cannot afford to quarrel."

How could two such young happy souls quarrel? We had entire liberty, for the seventeen-year-old Dora was the head of her father's household, and we had abundance of health, spirits, and those developing tastes which make extreme youth the fresh, joyous, impetuous thing it is.

Our chief passion was acting. I had been permitted to dress up to sing "Buy a Broom," on my birthday, as a childish treat, and now threw heart and soul into the private theatricals given at Dora's home. All the pent-up fire of years burst into sudden flame. I knew that, come what might, I could never stifle it, and be other than true to myself again. For no sooner did I begin to counterfeit the passions of others, than I discovered the nature of my own.

My acting was said to be remarkable. The unambitious dramatic efforts of our little company got noised abroad, and very soon we were invited to give performances at our neighbors, and in public for all kinds of charitable institutions. My uncle, only too proud and happy to have his darling praised and flattered, accompanied us wherever we went, occasionally taking part in drawing-room pieces. He guessed as little as the others how each new triumph swelled the tide of ambitions surging within my bosom. I was content to wait, but it was with the resignation that hides opportunity, not the self-complacency that smiles upon small achievements. Thus the summer and autumn passed, and winter came. By this time it had become an understood thing that I was to stay always with my soft, blue-eyed, sweet-tempered cousin, who required nothing of those around her but to be happy. My aunts were not unwilling. The sunshine of prosperity in which I basked had a sweet and wholesome influence upon them. Their hearts opened in the abundant warmth, and they treated me with tenderness that was new and delicious. At Christmas we all went to London. The two Theodoras were very popular, and contrasted well, the one being small, fair, and gentle; the other tall, gypsy-eyed, and full of enthusiasm. My wider and more critical audience inspired me to renewed efforts.

Amongst our visitors was a man whom I will call Mr. Wratishaw, his real name having just that Slavic sound about it, though he was by birth and education an Englishman. He was a very unpopular person in our little circle, and partly because he was unpopular, and partly because he was sad, I pitied him and showed him, such frank, outspoken kindness as an unworldly girl will do without thinking, to a man twice her age. Sympathy begets confidence, and we soon became friends.

By little and little he told me a story exactly calculated to turn my compassion into love, and my friendliness into admiration; was calculated, moreover, to kindle into a flame those smouldering desires which had hitherto only glowed feebly and at intervals.

He was a man of passionate political convictions, for the sake of which he had cut himself off from friends, family ties, and all chances of worldly success. I shall make my letter too long if I try to tell his story as he told it to me, but it is enough to say that he was deeply complicated in those revolutionary movements which burst forth from time to time like volcanic eruptions after the stormy year 1848. With such watchwords as "Liberty and the People," he set my heart beating wildly, and I, glorifying the man in the cause, saw in him a regenerator, a martyr, a hero. I did not think of his worn looks, his spare form, his pale face so seldom a-lit with a smile. I accepted his cold courtesies with rapture. I was ready to toil like a slave in his service.

One evening I acted the leading part in a brilliant rehearsal given for the sake of the suffering Poles. The play was followed by a *conversazione* — that is to say, an assembly of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were said to be friends and well-wishers of Poland. Among these smiling beauties and flattering cavaliers I felt strangely ill at ease, and, hiding myself in an obscure corner, wept over the lapful of roses and camellias that had been showered upon me. Mr. Wratishaw found me out, and with a bitter voice echoed my own thoughts.

"You may well weep," he said. "What a make-believe is all this! Fêtes, flowers, music and wine, smiles and compliments — what have they to do with such a cause as ours? Do not deceive yourself into any belief that you are now acting an heroic part."

"Yet," he added, after a pause, turning to me with a sudden light in his eyes and fervor in his voice, "you might be a noble woman, the heroine of thousands of heroes!"

"Help me to something better," I broke forth, still weeping. "You are wrong if you think that this life is my ideal. I am ready to do the best I can."

He looked at me long and scrutinizingly.

"You have no craven spirit, I know, and you are free. Your uncle has no legal control over you. Why should you not give up the common woman's life, and share part and lot with us?"

I wiped away my tears, and looked up with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. His cheeks flushed, too, as he went on to make the strangest proposition that was surely ever made to a woman by her lover — for need I say that before making this he had declared his love to me? "Why not consecrate your gift," he said passionately, "to the grandest cause of modern ages? We reformers are mostly men of the people, wanting that wealth without which action on a large scale is impossible. The fiery word and the inspired deed can do little without the gold that hires the soldier and purchases the musket. For want of money, Italy will remain the scorn of nations, France will continue to writhe under the tyrant's heel, Spain will not be able to shake off her horrid incubus. Will you sit apart from the struggle, incompetently pitying, feebly admiring, after the way of women, or will you strain every nerve to help us? Service of the lip and not of the hands we care not for. Lukewarm adherents we scorn to enroll. Come to us heart-whole, purpose-whole, succeed with us or fail with us, and your name shall live among the guild of regenerators of the world forever."

What words were these for a young girl to hear, accompanied as they were with the strongest expressions of love and admiration? I saw before me such a career as I had longed for during my solitary, colorless youth — a career of high aims, splendid hopes, noble deeds; and I saw in the man at my feet a lover worthy of the sacrifice that must go before.

"Do you falter?" he asked.

"Nay," I answered, "I have waited for such a summons as this; I am ready to obey it."

"Is this a promise, my Theodora?"

"A solemn promise."

He took a ring from his finger and put it on my own; from that time I was not only the betrothed wife of this man, but his servant, his slave, his tool.

What followed was like a dream. Two or three days afterwards, under pretence of spending the evening with my aunts, I met him by appointment at Charing Cross, and was conducted to a gloomy little council-chamber, where I was enrolled as a member of a certain secret society, having for its object various political movements. Two or three weeks later I broke the intelligence to my relations that I was going upon the stage. Ere twelve months were over, I had contributed several hundred pounds to the society's funds.

The life I now led was strangely varied and emotional. There were my public successes, to begin with, which gradually brought my uncle and aunts back to me; poor little Dora had never swerved from her sisterly allegiance, and used to visit me surreptitiously during the first period of the major's wrath. I had now friends, independence, and fortune. I had, in addition to these, something I valued far more, namely, what I conceived to be the highest ambition and the most devoted love that could ennoble a life.

Mr. Wratishaw was constantly bringing his friends to my house, and from their lips I heard narratives of personal suffering well calculated to strengthen my convictions and heighten my enthusiasm. These care-worn, poorly-dressed,

ill-fed gentlemen were, in many cases, members of noble, nay, princely families, often accomplished and eloquent, always polished and cultivated. They were refugees of various nations, Poles, Italians, Russians, Austrians, Hungarians. Recognized as the betrothed wife of Mr. Wratislaw, who was regarded by the brotherhood with profound esteem, I could not fail to hold the first position among the few women belonging to our little community, in all about half-a-dozen shabby, sad-faced wives, sweethearts, and sisters, who had followed their protectors into exile. They were all very gentle to me, and I helped them as much as I could. So time wore on, and many great changes took place. Wars burst out, dynasties fell, old governments were destroyed, and new ones were framed in their stead. Many of our enemies had fallen, and of our friends, not a few. So often had the members of our little society been summoned away on important behests, that one day Mr. Wratislaw and I found ourselves left alone.

I was now twenty-three, and had naturally pondered over the question many and many a time, "Why am I not already this man's wife?" I wearied of the divided life I was leading, the half of it belonging to the world, the other half to him. I yearned for the sweet common intercourse of home. Five years of acquaintance surely made a fitting prelude to marriage. He had never by look, word, or deed expressed a doubt in me. I trusted him as implicitly as on our betrothal-day.

But though I trusted him, I began to find that faith in myself was wearing out. I could not look forward to another long period of betrothal without alternate misgivings and dismay. I was young, and he was middle-aged. What if my shadowy doubts and misgivings should take substantial shape? The result would be that I should lose him, and after having lost him, should hate myself. I could share these thoughts with no one, and the unhappiness of them told upon my health. I was too truthful to feign the ease of mind I did not feel; and before long, Mr. Wratislaw saw clearly that some deep-seated anxiety lay at the bottom of my pale looks and changeful moods. Sometimes I was all tenderness and submission; at others, all waywardness and caprice. He maintained his courtly, lover-like behavior, though the passionate devotion that first characterized it had gradually lessened.

At last matters were brought to a climax by a summons from abroad. Mr. Wratislaw came to me with the letter in his hand, and read it quite calmly, though it involved his immediate departure and an absence of some years.

I waited in silence for what he had to say. He, in his turn, scrutinized me, as if to read my secret thoughts. At last he said—

"We must take leave of each other this very day. I depart at midnight."

I tried to speak, but found no words. His unswerving passiveness gave me courage. I mistook it for the passiveness of despair, and implored that I might share his fortunes, for good or evil, that I might follow him wherever he went, and be to him wife, helper, comforter, all that a true woman could.

He then explained to me, at great length, and in language so cold and well-chosen, that it would have well become a pleader in a court of law, why our marriage was impossible. In the first place, he said, I was deceiving myself if I thought I was in any way fitted to accompany him on this mission.

"You are impulsive, and full of the generous self-sacrificing spirit of your sex; but consider, what a life you would fain enter upon, what a life you would fain relinquish. The emissaries of a proscribed fraternity, we propagandists of a forbidden faith must fare hard as soon as we touch hostile soil. Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, chains and imprisonment, very likely await us. You have been delicately reared. You will best serve us by remaining in the position to which nature has destined you. Brilliant, beautiful, inspired and inspiring, we cannot leave a better advocate behind us than yourself. If," he continued, in the same measured tones, "I have done you wrong in allowing an engagement to go on for years that could not end in

marriage, forgive me. At first I thought too meanly of myself to imagine that an event so unimportant as my marriage could affect for good or for evil the destinies of tens of thousands of my fellow-creatures. Later, I have learned wisdom. I have carefully weighed my own individual happiness against the good of the people, and need I say, which has kicked the beam? You are a noble woman. Show your nobility in the same supreme self-abnegation. Let us weep together, but rather over the sufferings of others than our own, and let each of us do our poor best to alleviate them. We remain friends, knit by a closer tie than that of love for each other, namely, love for humanity."

What words were those? Ah, me! what words were those? In spite of the grandeur of his sentiments, and the implied cost of such renunciation to himself, I felt that he was doing me bitter wrong, and that he would never have done it, had his heart not swerved from its allegiance long ago.

But his face was cold and hard as granite, and I let him go without uttering a word for which I need afterwards have blushed. My secret sorrow he never knew. I marvel now that I could ever have loved such a man. I marvel that I could have so devoted myself to his creeds. For as years wore on, and the tenor of my life was changed, I ceased to accept as entirely and unconditionally the social and political doctrines whose first expounder had been himself. I will not say that faith in the teachings broke down with faith in the teacher. The process of disenchantment was much slower; the scepticism never so complete. To this day I cherish the hope that by some direct application of newer and nobler social theories than any the world has yet seen, the ills of poverty, oppression, and vice may be infinitely lessened. But I do not see in such men as Mr. Wratislaw and his friends, the agents of a revolution so vast and glorious. Whilst I believed him to be loyal, how could I doubt the integrity of his philanthropic schemes?

What should I do with my life? I asked myself this when I woke up one day, to find it again empty, cloudless, joyless as in the dreary childhood of which I have told you.

Dora had married long ago, and in her house, full of happy children, there was no room for me. Life was very smooth and simple to my cousin. She was exactly the Dora of old, except that husband and children filled the place once held by friends and relations. She had no room in her heart to take in all. Her father lived close by, entirely devoted to his daughter's darlings. My aunts, with whom I had passed the two or three years that followed Mr. Wratislaw's departure, were both dead. It was some consolation to me, that, in some degree, I had atoned for the ungracious neglect of my girlhood.

For a long time my mind swerved between two resolves. Should I go back to my old love, the drama? Should I fulfil a longing that had often been stronger than I could resist without pain, and go to Italy?

I did neither. Chance decided otherwise. A formal proposal was made to me one day, through a German friend, one of Dora's music masters, that I should accept the position of teacher of English and elocution at a public institution for girls in Central Germany. I accepted it; the life pleased me; I had plenty of work and plenty of leisure, and what was more important still, plenty of friends. Music, which I studied passionately, seemed to comfort me. The years slipped by, if without great joys, certainly without great grief, and good to remember. Calm summer days in the forest, winter evenings in happy homely circles, music and books, made up their pleasant sum. And now I have brought my story to the point at which I started. Dear friend, do not blame me if the confession is a little late. Judge it as gently as you can. My better self has had to wrestle fiercely with the worse, and more than once, the victory was doubtful. Now, come what may, I have behaved to you as you would, I am sure, have behaved to me.

My little maid will run across the fields with this letter as soon as she has put away the tea-things, and you will

find it on your return. I know not how the hours will pass till I receive a sign from you.

THEODORA.

II. HIS LETTER.

Theodora, I have for once deceived you. When I said yesterday that I could not come to you this afternoon, because I wanted to find some one to take my place during our proposed holiday, I but told half the truth. Another matter has kept me away; and that is the writing of a very long letter.

I have known very few women in my life, and no sweet woman intimately till the last few years. It would, therefore, be idle of me to speculate upon your judgment of a man's story, made up as it is of temptations, struggles, and passions of which you do not dream. The absent, eccentric, moody parish organist has not always lived the quiet life which your influence has spiritualized; nor has he always been the intractable creature you have tamed and subdued.

If you can pardon me for not having taken you into my confidence before, God bless you, sweetest, we shall indeed have good days in store for us. I was the youngest stepchild of my father's second wife. My own mother I never knew. For some reason I had been an unpopular child from the cradle upwards. My father was affronted at the first sight of me because I happened to be the fourth son, instead of a much-coveted daughter. The nurse found me ugly; the rest of the household, effeminate. I was a weakly boy, and my brothers, being athletes themselves, set to work to effect my physical development. Sometimes I was dieted, that is, half starved, in order that I might learn how to bear privation. At others, I was ducked within an inch of my life, so as to become inured to cold water. One day I was put upon a restive horse, on purpose that I might experience a tumble. My stepmother interfered as little as my father, not because she lacked feeling, but because she hated weakness. She was a clever woman, tall, and well-formed, and would have been a Spartan's ideal. She prided herself greatly upon being the mother of a healthy race. Every year my father's family increased, and his house grew fuller and noisier. At last I went to school. My father was now beginning to find economy necessary, as his second wife had brought him no fortune. It was proposed, therefore, that I should afterwards study medicine at Vienna under the care of a physician attached to the celebrated Josephum. I was fifteen when I entered upon my new life—a shy, studious, melancholy lad. The mountain air of Switzerland had braced my feeble frame, and I was no longer sickly or ill-looking, though I had not the athletic limbs and ruddy looks of most English country-bred boys. In the professor's home I met with nothing but kindness. He had a charming wife and one daughter, named after her, Gisela. The Viennese have a certain grace, loveliness, and piquancy peculiarly their own, and Gisela had all these. A girl of eighteen looks upon her junior by three years as a mere child, and Gisela treated me accordingly, and took me under her especial protection. No wonder that the hitherto neglected boy worshipped her as an angel. Never have I seen a creature possessed of such fascination. Whenever she talked, sang, danced, or played, it was with the bewitching abandonment of a young kitten, and though she never seriously applied herself to anything, I found all her accomplishments remarkable. Amid her flowers, statuettes, and birds she moved lightly, an inspired, inspiring thing, now absorbed in devotion, now given up to enjoyment of art and music. Her life was full of change and excitement; and, like a vase of exquisite flowers, her presence impressed the place in which she stirred with sweetness.

I have said that Gisela was a devotee. Often and often I have felt a devotee also when kneeling by her side in the beautiful old churches of Vienna. Thus it came about that I learned to love church music as I do, and to find in it consolation and delight.

Gisela was already in the world when I, a youth, first made her acquaintance. During the gay season she went

out a great deal more than most girls of her position, being always in request on account of her beauty and fascination. It was even my privilege to see her ready dressed before starting. I dare say those toilettes were simple enough, for the professor was by no means rich, but they always sent me into ecstasies. The next day's dinner would be enlivened by anecdotes of the evening's entertainment; and every fresh narrative of Gisela's triumphs made me long more ardently to share the campaign with her adoring cavaliers.

When I was eighteen I had to go to England. My father was ill, and it seemed likely that I might not return to my adopted home for some time. Gisela wept at the tidings, and we spent the last hours before my departure together. After a boyish outburst of feeling on my part, and a calm, womanly remonstrance on hers, she allowed me to give her the only treasure I had, namely, a little coral seal, she bestowing, in return, a neck-ribbon. We promised to write to each other, and to confide in each other whenever any secret trouble might befall either of us. Then, heart-broken, I set out on my journey.

I found my father's house full of trouble. My elder brothers had not turned out well. One had gone to sea, another was loafing about London in idleness, after having tried several professions and failed in all; the third had set off for the diggings in disreputable company, and so on. The younger children were as yet in the schoolroom or nursery. "You are the only one of my sons whose conduct has been that of a gentleman," my poor father said to me after the first greetings were over, "and when I die, which must be soon—thanks to the troubles my children have brought upon my head—your stepmother will have no other friend."

In plain words, I was regarded as the future mainstay of the family. My father's fortune, never large, had been greatly reduced by the extravagance of his elder sons, and it was only with the utmost economy he could afford to continue my studies in England. I worked with a will, inspired by Gisela's letters and my father's appealing confidence. What should hinder me from turning out a credit to the name I bore? What should hinder Gisela from marrying me?

Two or three years passed, at the end of which I had creditably run through the medical curriculum, and saw myself, as I thought, fairly launched in an honorable and happy career. My father was dead, but my stepmother had received an accession of fortune, and I was thus released from the task—which I own I should have performed ungraciously—of supporting my father's widow and her children. Ah! Theodora, we know not what we do when we congratulate ourselves upon having escaped a hard duty, through so-called happy chance! Sooner or later this cowardly shrinking from unwelcome allegiance is sure to be punished by the vain craving after any duty, no matter how mean or common, that lifts us from self and sin.

I sped to Gisela in the first dull days of my freedom, and was warmly welcomed back to my old home. Things had changed there very little. The good professor looked hardly a day older. The professor's wife wore a cap of precisely the same pattern as of old. Gretchen, the cook, was not yet married. Bähle, the housemaid, had not yet replaced a faithless lover. The Gastzimmer glowed as usual with gay embroidery. The piano stood in its old place. The dinner prepared in my honor was the well-known birthday dinner of many years. But how was it with Gisela?

At first I thought that she had changed as little as the rest. She ran out to meet me with smiles on her lips, light in her eyes, joy and welcome in her voice. But after a time I perceived a great alteration. When the flush faded from her cheek, and the gladness passed out of her voice, she grew cold and strange, and very sad. "What is the matter with Gisela?" I asked, as soon as I was alone with her mother.

The old lady answered unconcernedly, never once looking up from her knitting, "Oh, I suppose you take her whims

or ailments. She wears herself out with them, that is all."

Two or three days passed before I got a single word with Gisela alone. There was always something to prevent, either company in the house, or an excursion to the country, or a musical party at some friend's house, to which we all went; Gisela outshining, as I thought, her friends and companions as much as in the old days. All this time I noticed that some undefinable, almost inappreciable discord had crept into this once happy family. Devoted as I was to Gisela, I could but confess that she was the cause of all this. Capricious she had ever been, but formerly her capriciousness never wilfully pained any living soul. But her unaccountable behavior now made me ready to believe anything. Yet the old charm was as strong as ever, and I persuaded myself that if only Gisela became my wife, she would return to her former self.

At last my opportunity came. Gisela and I were alone. I told her, very shyly and tenderly, that I had refrained from speaking to her parents till I knew what her own feelings were towards me. Was it possible that she could regard her boyish comrade in the light of a lover? For her sake I would willingly give up home and country, and settle in her own city for the rest of my life. There was nothing I would not sacrifice to make her happy.

"Nothing?" she asked, looking at me almost wildly. "Are you sure of that, Edward. Nothing,—nothing?"

I had roused a spirit that I could not quell. She wept, laughed, tore her hair, and wrung her hands like one distracted. One moment she begged me never to leave her or forsake her; the next, she begged, nay, commanded me to go out of her sight at once and forever. My affection was alike her sweetest joy and deepest grief, honey and balm, gall and wormwood.

Was this sweet child indeed going mad? the victim of some fearful delusion? There was nothing too dreadful to suspect as she raved on, sometimes hiding her face in the sofa pillows, at others, kneeling at my knee.

But the mood passed, leaving her quite calm, and then I saw that it was no delusion, but a terrible reality that had worked such woful change. And no one else had discovered it but I! She wiped away her tears, and, after a long story—surely the most pitiful ever poured into the ears of a lover—promised to marry me. Forgive me, my Theodora, for telling her story to you. Much of it, of course, I did not hear then; much of it I gathered for myself afterwards; much of it I inferred from after-events only.

Soon after I left Germany, Gisela had a secret, unacknowledged lover. Moving in a higher social rank than her own, a diplomatist and courtier, handsome, elegant, gifted in speech, he was just the person to fascinate an ambitious, and high-spirited girl. His superior social position, his wealth and titles, gave a fictitious value to all these qualities, and made his favors and flatteries doubly alluring. Time wore on, and the pernicious friendship, if, indeed, such a term can be applied to what was mere selfish passion on the one hand and blind devotion on the other,—worked like poison on the girl's once sunny nature. She who had been an angel, like you, could not go into other company without defilement, and I have told you how altered I found her from the Gisela of former days. But hitherto, though too weak to save herself from such hateful bondage, she had resisted every persuasion to forsake honor, home, duty, and go with him whithersoever he willed.

That he had so tempted her, I did not know when she first promised to become my wife. We were betrothed, to the joy of the good professor and his wife, who knew nothing of the tragedy underlying Gisela's changed nature; and for a time all went well. She even began to take an interest in those occupations she had long laid aside, would sing and play to me, would occasionally read a little poetry and romance aloud, enter into the spirit of a picnic in the forests, and otherwise try to rouse herself from apathy, irritation, and pensiveness. How gladly I welcomed every sign of returning health and naturalness, I need not say.

One day I accompanied Gisela and her parents to the summer residence of a certain Princess M——, whose private physician the professor's father had been for years. It was looked upon as a great mark of distinction to be invited, and Gisela's toilette had been discussed for days beforehand. When our hostess, a noble-looking old lady, met us on the lawn, she kissed the young girl's cheek and complimented her on her appearance. "An old friend of yours has arrived from Berlin to-day," said the princess, after the first greetings were over. "I must introduce him to my little Gisela's betrothed."

I knew without looking at Gisela's face what had happened, and a great dread took hold of me. The old friend arrived from Berlin was no other than the tempter of so many years; he had stepped in at the eleventh hour, to filch my happiness from me. The summer afternoon passed as usual—a little music, a little conversation, tea in the garden, and then it was time to go. Without watching the pair, I knew that as yet he had not had the opportunity of saying a single word to her in secret. The little party had remained together throughout the whole of the entertainment; only when it broke up and I was making my adieux to the princess and her lady friends, I saw him approach Gisela and whisper a word or two as they shook each other by the hand. We drove home apparently in good spirits; I was set down at the door of my lodging, Gisela having expressed herself too tired to do anything but go to bed, and I tried to occupy myself with my ordinary studies; but I could not read the pages before me. Book after book was taken up and thrown aside; my whole being was possessed by a nameless terror. Under her parents' roof what harm could happen to her? said reason. In the proximity of that man anything and everything, said fancy; and fancy had her way.

I lighted my lamp, brought out my books, and prepared for long hours of study. Before the night had fairly set in I sent a little bunch of water-lilies to Gisela, that she had asked me to procure for her some time before. She had desired to paint them, and as a desire was rare with her in those days, we always took care to gratify her wishes. Having sent the flowers, I betook myself to my work.

It was past midnight when I was aroused by the sound of something falling heavily on the threshold of my door. The noise was so sudden and unexpected that for a few seconds I paused in irresolute dismay. When at last I collected myself and opened the door, I saw Gisela lying at my feet. She had not fainted, nor fallen from weariness, but in her eagerness she had missed a step and stumbled.

I lifted her from the ground without a word, both of us pale, trembling, moved to the inmost depths of our being by untold emotion. As she rose, white flowers dropped from her hands; they were the lilies I had sent her a few hours ago. I placed her in an easy chair, I wrapped shawls about her, I prevailed upon her to drink a little wine, and tried to calm her by the tenderest words. It was a long time before the fearful excitement under which she was laboring passed away; then she said in a voice feeble, yet at times rising to her old vehemence,—

"Edward, I have come to you to save me. I know if I stay in this place I cannot continue to resist temptation, and I dare not die with such a load upon my conscience. Will you take me away this very night? I have thought of a plan; I have an aunt living at Pesth, and the steamer departs at dawn; let us go. You can leave me there and return home to explain all to my parents, who will forgive anything so long as I do not dishonor them. Oh! Edward, I must hide myself from him, or I am lost, for I love him still!"

I used every argument I could think of to dissuade her from this scheme; I set before her the cowardice such a step would imply, and the discomfort that might hereafter arise. It was quite unlikely that avoidance of this man would always be possible. Wherever we chose to go he might follow, and only a proud, determined spirit on her side could secure lasting peace. But she did not seem to take in the meaning of my words. What could I do but yield? It was now long past midnight, and within an hour

and a half of the departure of the steamer. As calmly as I could, I wrote a letter to the professor and his wife, saying that for reasons I would explain on my return, Gisela had determined to go to her aunt at Pesth, and that I should escort her thither, returning next day. I begged the utmost secrecy as to her movements, and said all that I could to comfort them. Then I hastily made a few preparations for departure, locked up my room, and holding Gisela by the hand set out for the quay.

Never shall I forget that walk in the cool, gray, summer dawn, that sad, strange embarkation, that monotonous, melancholy journey. Every hour I saw myself drifting farther and farther from the happiness I had looked upon as assured. In Gisela's aching heart there was surely now no room for me. The sense of her own helplessness weighed her down like an iron hand. She was very tender, very pitiful to me, but it was with the tenderness of despair.

Alas! how sad it makes me to recall the last chapter of her story! Gisela remained for some months away from her home; and at the end of that time we were married. Again a gleam of sunshine brightened our way; she returned by little and little to her old habits, took an interest in housewifely things, amused me in the evenings with music and singing, put on gay colors to please my eye, showed by every word, look, and deed how entirely she tried to forget the past. For a year or two we thus lived in perfect peace.

But all this time her health was giving way, and just when a vista of happiness seemed opening before us, she died. Theodora, where Gisela's story ends, my own confession begins. For years after, I led an aimless, hopeless, useless life, wandering here and there, making no friends, taking up no duties, a burden to myself. I had never loved the profession of medicine, and the first occupation I took refuge in was music. I tried to sell my compositions, but at last resigned myself to the humbler career of an organist. From a monotonous, self-absorbed existence you, dear one, and all-blessed music rescued me ere it was too late. I found how easy it was to believe in myself as soon as I had learned to believe in another.

And why did I never once name this passionate love-story to you? Why did I shrink from making you a partner of my unforgettable sorrow? Why? Because I could not bear to make the inequality still greater between us, I who had so little to offer, you who had everything to give, — sweetness, beauty, and a heart unembittered by past tragedy. But on the eve of our marriage a great repentance comes over me for the cowardice which has stood like a wall between my real and fictitious self. And now I throw it down.

Do I dread your verdict, Theodora? You are a proud woman, and will naturally feel aggrieved at such apparent want of trust in you; but because you love me you can afford to look down from the heights of your untroubled womanhood, and forgive.

My little errand-boy will take this letter to you in the afternoon, so that you can read it when your work is done.

EDWARD.

POSTSCRIPT TO HER LETTER.

Our little messengers met half-way, and as was only to be expected, stopped to play awhile amid the primroses and wood anemones. However, I got your letter in time to read it and send a postscript to my own before the post goes out. Strange that the two first letters we should ever write to each other have crossed. But write no more. Come.

POSTSCRIPT TO HIS LETTER.

Our postscripts, like our letters, will be sure to cross on the way, for I know I shall find a little word from you to-morrow morning on my breakfast-table. Thank Heaven, we have no more occasion to write to each other. To-morrow afternoon over our tea we will arrange that long-talked-of holiday. Till then, good-by, Theodora.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

THE German linguist Kopp used to quote the well-known passage of the forty-fifth Psalm, "My tongue is the pen of a ready writer" (which in the original runs — "My tongue is the pen of one writing more swiftly than the tongue speaks.") to prove that so far back as the time of David men were acquainted with a method of making the hand keep pace with speech. But this conclusion appears a little strained, the more so as Kopp has endeavored to show that the celerity of pen to which he alluded was due only to the suppression of the vowels in words where vowels existed, and in the elimination of all the hyphens, accents, and stops that abound so profusely in Hebrew texts. This sort of stenography would, no doubt, have been an improvement upon the ordinary mode of transcription; but as Hebrew is a language that admits of very rapid utterance, and as Hebrew consonants, moreover, require to be shaped with great minuteness, the process would have been but a lengthy one at the best, and would certainly not have allowed even the most practised hand to keep even with the tongue of a fast-gabbling Israelite. It seems, however, that, shorthand or not, the Jewish priests did really possess the secret of an occult form of calligraphy, enabling them to take rapid notes of anything they heard worth remembering. Rabbi Nathan Cormor, a Frenchman who has written on stenography, gives the name of *notariakon* (from the Latin *notarius*) to this mystic writing; but he appears to think that it was used rather for the purpose of drawing up ecclesiastical documents intended to remain a mystery to the vulgar, than for the purposes to which we in modern days apply shorthand. The whole secret, he says, consisted in taking down only the initial and final letters of words, and clustering them together by groups of three or four, in order the better to puzzle the uninitiated. All we can say of this explanation is that, if it be a correct one, the shorthand writers of Israel and Judah must have had a pretty time of it when they came to transcribe their esoteric letters into king's Hebrew. Even "Memory Woodfall," of English stenographical fame, would have found it tough work to make head and tail out of a page containing nothing but initials and finals. Another opinion that has been hazarded with regard to the origin of shorthand attributes the invention to the Egyptians. This is owing, of course, to those quaint hieroglyphics and cabalistic signs that decorate all the monuments of ancient Egypt. But the much more likely supposition is that all these signs, birds, triangles, snakes, etc., were the common writing of the Egyptians, and it needs no demonstration to show that, far from constituting a "short" hand, they formed, on the contrary, a very difficult and tedious process of calligraphy, which it required long study and much dexterity to master.

On the whole, then, it is best to acknowledge that nothing is known for certain as to the early history of stenography. It is probable that from the earliest times when men wrote they indulged in abbreviations to a greater or less extent, in order to waste as little time as possible in copying; and it is very probable, also, that ingenious scholars of different nations may often have devised terse and concise systems of calligraphy for their own private use. But this does not establish the existence of any wide-spread and generally recognized method of shorthand writing, and we find nothing of the kind until the discovery of semeiography — that is, the art of writing in signs — at Athens. It is not very clear who was the inventor of this art. Diogenes Laertius seems to attribute the merit of it to Xenophon, for he affirms that the famous historian was the first Athenian to practise it. But however that may be, we can be certain of this, that Xenophon was a very adroit semeiographer, and that it is to him we owe such of the few speeches of Socrates as have been handed down to our times. Semeiography must have been a rather complicated art, for we are repeatedly told by Greek and Latin authors that it was very hard to acquire it. But this fact only adds to the credit of those who were patient and

tudious enough to surmount the difficulties of the arduous task; and it may be judged how great is the debt we owe to those courageous toilers when one remembers that had it not been for them, well nigh all the models of Grecian eloquence that have survived to this day, and among them the matchless orations of Demosthenes, would have been lost to us. There are at present but two specimens extant of Greek semeiography, one in the library of the Vatican, and the other in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. The first contains the works of Denis the Areopagite, and the second the speeches of Hermogenes, together with a few extracts of an unknown work.

From Athens shorthand writing was imported into Rome, where, thanks to the influence of Cicero, it became not only a fashionable art, but also a most lucrative and honorable profession. Tiro, the freedman of Cicero, and afterwards his confidant and intimate friend, was the most renowned of Latin *notarii*. It would seem, however, that stenography was very far from having attained then the degree of perfection which it has reached during the last sixty years. What corroborates this opinion is that on the day when Cato was to speak against the measures proposed by Cæsar to thwart the Catiline conspiracy, Cicero was afraid to rely upon only one or two shorthand writers for a report of the intended speech; he caused as many as twelve to be placed in different parts of the Senate hall, and it is thus that we have become possessed of this celebrated harangue of Cato's, the only one that remains of him. So great was the importance which Cicero attached to stenography that, although a shorthand writer himself, he found it utterly impossible to get on for a single day without Tiro, who was constantly at his elbow, ready to take down his improvisations or to copy out his letters. In one of his epistles he says to this valued amanuensis, "I should not have thought, my dear Tiro, that it would have been so hard to have dispensed with your help. Take care of your health, and be persuaded of this, that the best service you can render me is to keep from being ill." If we had need of other testimony to prove the esteem in which stenography was held at Rome, we might cite Ovid and Prudentius; the first of whom tells us that Julius Cæsar habitually wrote in shorthand, and gave his manuscripts over to copyists to transcribe; and the second, that Saint Cassian, who lived under the reigns of Decius and Valerius, was one of the most celebrated professors of stenography. Having been condemned to death for refusing to sacrifice to idols, he was delivered over to the tender mercies of his pupils, who killed him with their tylets. The historian Varro was another practised *notarius*—the 490 volumes he left were all written in shorthand.

However, the "tironian notes," as they were called from the fact of Tiro having first adapted them from the Greek, were originally of a very imperfect character. Two principal causes conduced to this imperfection: firstly, the letters of Tiro's shorthand alphabet had too much analogy with the letters of the ordinary alphabet, which, consisting as it did then entirely of the letters we now call capitals, did not admit of rapid tracing; and secondly, the stenographic vocabulary of Tiro comprised only 1,100 words, which rendered it quite impossible for anything but a rough outline to be taken of most public speeches. Nevertheless, the system, such as it was, worked very well, and being improved shortly after its introduction into Italy by Persianus and Aquila, who simplified the signs and enlarged the vocabulary, it soon spread among scholars, and became very popular. Augustus resolved to learn the art, and after a few months of study acquired great proficiency in it. Hereupon, Mæcenas, who had been a little sceptical at first, extended his powerful patronage to shorthand writers, and the consequence was that within a few years there were no less than 75 schools at Rome and 300 in the provinces, where the tironian notes were taught. From that time every Italian of education was as much bound to know stenography as a modern Englishman is to know how to spell. Young Romans and corresponded with each other by means of shorthand;

and the *acta diurna*, those budgets of news that were despatched every day or week from the Forum of Rome to the important cities of the empire, were all drawn up in the abbreviated form, and only transcribed upon reaching their destination. Among the *notarii* who modified the tironian notes, two deserve a special mention, namely, Seneca the Rhetorician, and Saint Cyprian. The former added two thousand, and the latter eight thousand to the number of signs in the vocabulary. Subsequently the number of these signs attained a total of thirteen thousand, and the art of stenography then reached the acme of its perfection. Instead of drawing up mere summaries of the speeches they heard, and filling up the gaps afterwards, either from memory or under dictation of the orators themselves, as had been done in Tiro's time, the later shorthand writers of Rome were as clever at reporting a public harangue verbatim as any of the gentlemen in the House of Commons gallery nowadays. Many manuals of explanatory rules to regulate the use of the thirteen thousand signs were also written during the second and third centuries, and the difficulties which had at first been inherent to the study of the art were thus gradually combated or simplified.

But the splendor of Rome fell; and with the decline of liberty and eloquence set in also the wane of stenography. From the Senate and the Forum, where there were no longer any thrilling speeches to report, the shorthand writers betook themselves to the Christian churches, which were then beginning to raise their steeples above ground. It is to the stenographers that we owe the Acts of the Martyrs, the improvisations of Origen, the works of St. Jerome, who had no fewer than ten shorthand secretaries in his service; those of St. Augustine, who had sixteen; and those of St. John Chrysostom, who never walked without having a stenographer at his side. After thus powerfully aiding in the propagation of Christianity, the art of shorthand writing entered into a period of decline. The eloquent fathers of the Church were no more. Well-fed but prosy bishops had taken their place, and as these reverend gentlemen seldom had anything to say that was worth hearing, stenography, by the end of the tenth century, had fallen into almost complete disuse. A few shorthand writers continued, however, to linger for a century or two more, but the gross superstitions and the profound ignorance in which men's minds were then steeped rendered the practice of stenography a matter of no little danger. During the eleventh century several French shorthand writers, accused of dabbling in necromancy, expiated on the stake the heinous offence of being less stupid than their contemporaries. This proved a deathblow to the noble and useful art. For the next five centuries it disappeared altogether. It is to a French priest, l'Abbé Trithème, that its revival is due. Looking through some old manuscripts in the library of his convent, this worthy man fell upon a small copy-book that had been thrown into a corner as worthless, and was covered with dust. It happened to be a specimen of the tironian writing, and Trithème set to work with a will to decipher it. Shortly after—that is, towards the year 1540—having been appointed to a benefice at Strasburg, he found a psalter, written in shorthand, in the public library of that town. This led him to publish a work called "Polygraphy," in which he gave what he conceived to be a correct reproduction of the tironian notes. But Trithème's explanations were more sanguine than correct. A number of other writers from all parts of Europe—Grotemus, Forta, Pierre Amon, Carpentier, and Kopp—took up the subject and published an infinity of books on the matter. Trithème was refuted and convicted of ignorance. But we owe the man this, that, although his version of the tironian notes was a false one, he, at all events, did men the inestimable service of calling their attention to a long-forgotten art, and for this he deserves our thanks. It was in England that the wordy warfare which had resulted from Trithème's discovery was led to a practical issue. In the sixteenth century a writer named Macanley published a new manual of shorthand, which met with a favorable reception on the

part of learned men. In the reign of Louis XIII., in France, a priest called Caussard improved the system of Macauley, and during the next hundred years some thirty or forty different books of stenography were published in the British Isles or on the Continent. The most remarkable of these works is the "Tachygraphie" of Coulon de Thévenot, which appeared in 1776, but which was destined to be soon eclipsed by the admirable system of Samuel Taylor, the most perfect method of shorthand writing that has ever as yet been invented. Some seventy years have elapsed since the discovery of Samuel Taylor's system, but although it has been frequently and deeply modified, yet it has never been superseded. England may therefore claim the credit of having definitely reestablished the art which daily renders such important services to the cause of enlightenment.

A GHOST STORY.

He had sat for two hours in the snug, brown coffee-room of the Four Swans, Norham, and had ordered nothing, not even a bedroom or a cup of coffee. All in vain had the honest old waiter bustled in and out, stirring the fire and flicking crumbs from the table. He had only brought himself to the conclusion that this strange guest was "a queer sort," especially for a Christmas Eve.

In fact, they of the Four Swans were not much used to strangers of any sort. They had a quiet, steady-going connection in Norham itself. Three or four trade clubs held their meetings there, and the six or seven bedrooms of the establishment were kept in just the state of order and comfort which suited the individuality of the six or seven "commercial gentlemen" who, when on Norham business, had patronized the Four Swans for the last twenty or thirty years. If ever a stranger appeared, it was generally with some such introduction as this: "Landlord, Mr. Dash, of Blank, told me you would give me good quarters for a day, or for a week," as the case might be. Indeed, the Four Swans, had, as it were, hidden itself from all chance-comers, for it was situated in a quiet corner of a very quiet street, down which nobody would think of turning unless he knew something of it beforehand; and altogether, with its interior of brown panelling, its wealth of quaint and grotesque ornaments, its red-tiled verandah, and its communicative confidential old servants, the Four Swans was an excellent type of those honest, homely hostels which are fast being "improved" from the face of the earth.

The gentleman in the coffee-room did not notice that he had done an odd thing by coming in without a word, and remaining without an order. Perhaps he had other things to think about. He was a tall, middle-aged man, with a good deal of hair upon his face; and, though he was unmistakably well-dressed, he had that indefinite air which most men carry who at any period of their lives have "knocked about" in ships and colonies, in canvas suits and corduroys.

He had come in about five o'clock, and six o'clock struck, and seven, and it was within two minutes of eight, when an old Norham townsman came in to look over the papers. To the intense satisfaction of the waiter, that effectually roused the stranger. But so slowly—like the awakening from a long, enchanted sleep. And so it had been, an enchanted sleep haunted by a dream of five-and-twenty years ago.

"I want to stay here for the night, waiter," he said abruptly. "Any comfortable sort of bedroom will suit me. And bring me some tea and toast."

The waiter was alert. "There's a little private room off here, sir," he said, throwing open a door. "I'll set your tray there; it's more retired like than this."

The gentleman followed as invited. It was a square closet, with two or three stuffed chairs, a polished round table, and a dull oil-painting over the mantle. That was all that would strike any strange eye. But the gentleman

walked straight to a panel beside the fireplace, and peered at it. Under the slow discoloration and many washings a long time, there was still visible a slight dashing pen-and-ink sketch of an old man, with a long nose and gog spectacles.

"Dear me! sir, you've got quick eyes to find that directly," said the chatty old waiter. "Clever, isn't it? A young dare-devil he was that did it, and that was a portrait of the London detective that had come down to take him off to prison. His last meal in Norham he ate in this here room, sir, and a rare lot of ham and eggs he did through, sir, and never minded a bit that the policemen was a-watching of him."

The gentleman said not one word.

"He's queerer than ever," confided the waiter to the cook, as he received the tea and toast from her hands. "He began to tell him about young Rogerson, but he didn't listen a bit, did not even ask if he was hanged or anything. It's like taking a meal to a ghost, that it is."

"You might do better than poke up old stories about as bad a young scamp as ever lived to disgrace a honest family," retorted the old cook, who was sharp in her temper; "and as to ghosts, there's plenty o' ghosts everywhere, for them as has sense to see 'em, Peter, but I do think you need be afeared."

Meanwhile another Norham tradesman had dropped into the coffee-room, and Peter, in the intervals of attendance, came out and chatted with them in a cheerful equality, wherein the sole line of social distinction lay in his remaining standing while they were seated.

"Real Christmas weather this," said Mr. Johnston.

"But Norham's very dull," answered Mr. Lee.

"They're a dead-and-alive set of people, now, — the Norhamites," said Mr. Johnston, who was one himself, and would allow nobody else to abuse them. "It used to be different in my young days. I remember it quite different with the oxen roasting to be given in charity, and the puddings boiling for the same, and everybody that was anyways connected with the Church — and everybody seemed to be in those days — invited to tea in the Town hall. And usen't there to be fine carol-singing through the streets! And rare Christmas sermons he used to preach the old rector that was, in my young days."

"Ah, that was Mr. Rogerson," put in Peter, directing his thumb toward the open door. "I've just been showing that gent that bit of an old sketch up again the wall. It broke the good old gentleman's heart, that young scamp did."

"Ah, yes, and did a deal of harm to Norham every way," pursued Mr. Johnston; "we've never had a livelier Christmas since; I remember the first after his going. What could people do when they knew there was nothing but misery in the rectory house? The town just kept quiet as ever it could, and it couldn't do less every Christmas after, during the old rector's days. And so it got to be the good old ways."

"Poor young Rogerson," said old Mr. Lee. "I used to think there was something good in the young fellow, all his wildness, and I always hoped he'd right himself, he went and did that wickedness that set man against man as well as God."

"I don't know about good or not," persisted Mr. Johnston, "but I know that it took years and years before sister Mary looked up again. Only at last, as time began to thicken over the tender spots o' grief and shame, kind of took heart. Says she once to my dear wife that was dead, 'Mrs. Johnston, our poor Dick was the child of my prayers, and I've faith God will keep hold of him.' Then she took fancies that he was dead. And I not that she was happier-like after that — just as one breathes fresh air in a house after the dearest corpse is buried. As for Tom Rogerson, his brother ruined him for this life, every way. Maybe he needn't, but poor Mr. Tom was a proud and sensitive. Miss Mary, she told my wife that her brother Tom said he'd never ask people to trust him because he couldn't expect they would, after his bad ways, and he wouldn't lay himself open to be half-tried."

and watched, and suspected all the time. And so, he that was so clever stayed a poor under-clerk all the rest of his days, and has left his poor widow just to struggle on and get what places she can for her boys. Such a pretty, dainty miss as she used to be, and now she's wearing an old rusty silk that's been turned and turned till she's forgotten which is its real right side. 'I should think what their uncle did won't go against my sons, Mr. Johnston,' she said only the other day. 'Bless you, Mrs. Tom,' says I, 'half the town-people are new since then.' 'I'm always so afraid he'll come back,' says she; 'I'm sure I don't wish him not to repent,' says she, 'I always hoped he would—but I can't help thinking of my own, and for their sakes, I'd rather he never came back.' 'The more penitent he is, the more he'll stay away, ma'am,' says I. 'It isn't as if the whole story was above ground still, and he'd only got to be forgiven and all would go well, but there's some that's dead that died in wrath and bitterness with others for his sake. Look at poor old Mrs. Rogerson,—how she turned against Mr. Tom, good, dutiful son as he was, because he wouldn't stay by Mr. Dick through thick and thin, and defend him as if he were innocent. Poor dear old lady, she knows better where she's been this many a day. But Mr. Dick had better wait to ask your forgiveness till he can ask hers too. You forgive him, ma'am,' says I, 'and that's enough for you, but I maintain that he'd have no right to come disturbing your mind to ease his own.'"

"There was one that would have been glad to see him, had he returned in ever such shame and misery," said kindly old Mr. Lee.

"Aye, aye," chimed Peter; "I know who you mean. You know she was on the charity school committee, and when the 'lection board met here, she always just stepped in yonder and took a look at that rum picture on the wall. She never thought I saw her. She never thought nobody was looking at her. My old woman says she always walked regular among them green avenues by the old abbey, where she used to walk with Mr. Dick when he was courting of her. Maybe she thought he'd be sure to go there, if ever he'd come back."

At that instant the stranger came suddenly out of the brown closet, crossed the coffee-room, left the house, and walked up the street towards the main quarter of the town.

Quaint old Norham! The winter moonlight lay clear and cold on its ancient cathedral, standing in its spacious square of sombre, stately houses. The stranger stood still and gazed upon it.

That stranger knew a little boy who had attended many a service in that cathedral—awed by its sweet music, wondering at its white-robed choristers. That little boy had known every face on the quaint gargoyles of the ancient chapter-house, and with childlike familiarity he had given a name to each one of those contorted countenances. That little boy, muffled in black weepers, had stood beside an open grave right under the great west window, and listened to the funeral service over a little cher. The stranger went to seek that little grave—went straight to it without one mistaken step. But it is not a little grave any more, for under the name of "Amy Rogerson, aged four," is written, "Also the Rev. Richard Rogerson, father of the above, aged seventy. Also his wife Amelia, aged sixty-nine. Also their son Thomas, aged forty-eight."

Oh, little sister, who went so long before, how much did you know of earth while you were growing up in heaven? Was not your father very glad on the day when he entered and joined the folded lamb of happier times? Oh, little sister, is there any look on the face of an angel, whose human heart was broken?

The stranger stood still by that household tomb, and looked around. There was another grave which that little boy had known—the family grave of that little boy's fellows, the Herons. But the stranger knew that he could not find that grave in the twilight, though he could have found the way to their house in the utter darkness!

He crossed the Cathedral Square, and issued out on Norham High Street. The shops were very bright with Christmas goods, and busy with Christmas trade.

There was a little, thin, sharp-looking widow, with a boy on one side and a girl on the other, gazing intently into the best draper's shop. The stranger stood still when he first saw them, and then he went up slowly and stood behind them.

"It's no good wasting our time, Margey," said the mother, "for we can't afford to buy anything."

"But looking doesn't spend, mamma," pleaded Margey, "and I'd like to plan what I'd give you if I could, mamma, and to choose what I should like you to give me. There, you should have that beautiful thick black silk, and it should be made with one deep flounce like the mayor's wife's, and you should have that soft gray shawl to wear with it. And I would have two of those merinos—a dark brown for every-day, and an olive green for Sundays, and one of those neat, plain black-cloth jackets. And there's Tom gone off to look at the watches. Tom is going to save sixpence a week to buy one, mamma, but won't it take a long time?"

"Ah, I wish I could give you children pleasant surprises," said mamma wistfully. "I was so fond of that kind of tricks once upon a time."

"And so you are still, mammy dear," Margey replied, pressing fondly to her. "Isn't it always a pleasant surprise when you make us a fig-pudding? I'm sure we are very happy, and I won't talk any more of my nonsense if it worries you."

Then the little group passed on; and the tall stranger followed them out of the glare of the gaslight into a small by-way, where they entered a house with "Mrs. T. Rogerson's day-school for young ladies," written on the door. Then he went back to the High Street, and that same night a large parcel from the draper's came, "For Mrs. Rogerson and Miss Margery," and a little packet from the jeweller's, for "Master Tom Rogerson."

"Everything we wanted," sighed Margery happily. "I only hope they are real. How could they have come? The shop-people say they were ordered by a tall, dark gentleman, very pale. I wish mamma would let us believe in ghosts, and then we could understand it easily, for that description is like dear papa. But I never did hear of any ghost that had money. I wonder what Aunt Mary will say when she comes to-morrow!"

The stranger went back to the Four Swans. Next morning he went to the cathedral, and stole into a shady corner to take part in the service. The sharp little widow came in, looking sweeter and happier than would have seemed possible the night before. Beside Margery and Tom, she had a lady with her—an elderly, fragile-looking lady, with one of those pale, fair faces, that look as if perfect repose was their only remaining atmosphere of life, and any jarring element, even of joy, would shake and rend the tender spirit from its feeble dwelling. A face bright with spiritual joy, and pleasant fancies and sentiments. God often sends pleasant fancies to those pure but weakly souls that could never rise to create and grasp pleasant facts. What are such fancies but the dainty aroma of the royal feast awaiting them in their Father's mansion?

Lowly kneeled the stranger through the old familiar prayers. He sat leaning forwards with his face in his hands, while the white-stoled choir chanted the glorious anthem: "Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Then he came out, silently, among the crowd of worshippers. People were exchanging good wishes with each other—actually Peter, the old waiter, saluted even him with "A merry Christmas."

A merry Christmas!

The stranger stayed and wandered among the graves. There was a world of silent memory seething in his heart. Beside that vision of the little boy, listening awe-struck to the choir, there were others of a young man, vain, extravagant, selfish, counting as of nought, or of little value, all

the love and pride and household joy which looked so very fair from this point of view, this lonely wandering among the dead! More pictures still. Of a young man, reckless and cruel in his sins, full of that bravado which dares God and good men out of fear of the devil and his minions; of the ghastly horrors of a convict ship; of a shunned man on a wild, lawless shore — the prodigal feeding on the swine's husks. Then of a little rough, miscellaneous group, listening to a simple mission sermon, which even "black fellows" could understand, and which, perhaps, was the more likely to touch the white men, because it was so like what they had heard at their mother's knee, or in their Sabbath-school; of a hard heart broken, of a sinner seeking salvation, as men dying of thirst seek for water-springs. And then the sweet household instincts, dried and dead under the forgetfulness of God, stirring again in the remembrance of Him, and the return to his ways. O God! such longings for a comforting word in the old familiar voices — such dreams of atonement and reconciliation!

All these memories between that little boy and this strange, silent man, whom nobody knew.

Was there any long-tried servant of God in Norham that afternoon, poor, humble, stricken, and tempted to think that God in his mercy forgets his justice, and tears the moral from the page which He purifies with his pardoning blood? Or was there any heedless young sinner, flattering himself that he will repent in time, and that then all will be as if he had never sinned? Could either have read the secrets of that silent wanderer, each would have got a lesson never to be forgotten.

"How can I bear it?" he said within himself. "I wanted to hear the divine love and forgiveness in a dear human voice; but I must not tear open old wounds, that are healed as much as such wounds can ever heal. It is just. They cannot forget. My life lies among theirs like a waste field, whence noxious weeds creep into other people's gardens. Will God Himself forget? How can I bear even his pardon, if his eye is fixed ever on the sins that hang about my neck? And yet, O God, though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust in Thee."

And so he made his way among the long grass to a square, old-fashioned grave — with all the names on it very old, except one, which, with its remarkable epitaph, had only been written the very last year.

To the memory of
BARBARA HERON,

Aged 47,

who expressly desired that these words of God should be written on her grave for the comfort of whoever should come here, repentant and sorrow-stricken.

"Who is a God like unto Thee? . . . Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein: thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

And the stranger bowed himself to the ground, as if he had heard an angel's voice. Perhaps he did. Here was the love — type of that heavenly love that he was wildly clutching in a faith that was half despair! — the love that survived sin and suffering and death, and stretched a hand to save and soothe from the very grave itself.

Oh, Barbara, Barbara, your tenderness had taught you to lay sweet snares for every possible opportunity! Oh, Barbara, Barbara! surely God must have comforted you in your lonely walkings in those green avenues by the ruined abbey. He did not empty your pure heart of its earthly love, but He dropped into it a balm which changed its bitterness to celestial nectar. Up in heaven, where you are, Barbara, there is only joy over the returning sinner!

And still the stranger sat on the damp winter sod, with his face between his hands. He was not wishing her back, the dear love of his youth. Better where she was, where no mortal soil could ever touch that great love, which was long enough, and strong enough, to stretch from heaven to earth. Only there he sat, shutting out from his eyes the

sweet, peaceful scenes around him, even as they must be shut from his life, and seeing far beyond the "waste places" and "wilderness" that his own sins had made into that joyful country where "the ransomed of the Lord shall return," where "they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

That night the stranger walked again in front of the lowly house in the quiet by-way. Christmas savors came through the kitchen window, bright light gleamed between the curtains, even sounds of glad young laughter and merry song reached the lonely watcher without. And he could thank God for them now. He could even smile in sympathy with the joy he might not share. He had his own

In that lowly house, after supper, when the young one were quiet round the fire cracking nuts and asking riddles Aunt Mary fell into a soft sleep on the sofa. They saw her smile in her slumber, and when she woke she told them in her subdued, pathetic little voice, that she had been dreaming of poor Uncle Dick: she saw him with dear Barbara Heron, and Barbara looked so happy! "And even in my sleep, dears," she said, "I wondered within myself, were we all on earth still, or all safe together in heaven?"

It must have been about that time that the stranger left Norham by the midnight mail-train. He stood up in the carriage, and stretched out his head till the last spire of Norham Cathedral was lost in the darkness. But even he had gotten his Christmas blessing ere he departed — the prodigal son had found his royal feast — heavenly peace and human love.

"He came and he went like a ghost!" said old Peter, at the Four Swans.

QUACKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE quacks of the present day are sufficiently numerous, and meet with enough success to cause astonishment to every thinking person; but, compared with their predecessors of the eighteenth century, they pale into insignificance. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have brought before him a few of the men who traded upon the credulity of our forefathers in the days of Anne and the three Georges, the days of Addison, Pope, and Johnson. When we consider their numbers, their ignorance, and the impudence of their pretensions, we find it almost impossible to understand the success they met with, and the way they were spoken of and patronized by the highest in the land. Cobblers, tinkers, footmen, and tailors (some not able to read their own advertisements), assumed the title of doctor, and pretended to be able to cure every known disease. They advertised particulars of their wonderful cures, and by the use of scraps of Latin or doggerel rhymes, or by claiming to be "seventh son of a seventh son," or an "unborn doctor," secured the patronage of the lower orders. They put forward the most extraordinary assertions, as inducements for the public to confide in their medical ability. One asserted that "he had arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed;" another stated that "he had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen;" whilst a third, by heading his bills with the word,

"TETRACHYMAGOGON,"

ensured their being read by crowds of people, of whom the majority when sick would go to no other but this learned man. The poverty and ignorance of the lower classes may explain the success these quacks met with amongst them: but what are we to think when we find them patronized by the nobility, and even called in to the aid of suffering royalty? when we find them receiving titles from an English sovereign, and being honored with the thanks of the House of Commons?

The strange fact that these quacks found so many people to trust in them is well considered by Dr. Pearce, Bishop

of Rochester, in No. 572 of the *Spectator*: "The desire of life is so natural and strong a passion that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of medicine finds among us. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens as a laced hat to a merry-andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favor the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one and of money in the other creates a good correspondence between them."

One of the most pertinacious advertisers in the early part of the century was Sir William Read. Originally a tailor, he became oculist to Queen Anne and afterwards to George the First. From Queen Anne he received the honor of knighthood. Though so ignorant that he could hardly read, yet, by an unusual amount of impudence and by the use of a few scraps of Latin in his advertisements, he obtained a great reputation for learning, and such an amount of patronage as enabled him to ride in his own chariot. When travelling in the provinces he practised ("by the light of nature") not only in small towns and villages, where the ignorance of the inhabitants might be supposed to favor his pretensions, but also in the principal seats of learning. In one of his advertisements he calls upon the vice-chancellor, university, and city of Oxford, to vouch for his cures. He advertised in the *Tailor* that he had been "thirty-five years in the practice of couching cataracts, taking off all sorts of wens, curing wry necks, and hair lips, without blemish, though never so deformed." His wife assisted him, and after his death, which occurred at Rochester, on the 24th of May, 1715, carried on his business.

In those days, as at present, the quacks advertised testimonials from grateful patients. These are referred to in the *Spectator*: "Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same compliment that is often made in our public prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moore the apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they labored."

The Dr. Grant here referred to was a celebrated advertising quack. Commencing life as a tinker, he afterwards, though very illiterate, became a Baptist preacher in Southwark, then turning quack, he eventually became oculist to Queen Anne. Speaking of Read and Grant, a writer in the *Grub Street Journal* says:—

"Her Majesty, sure, was in a surprise,
Or else was very short-sighted,
When a tinker was sworn to look after her eyes,
And the mountebank Read was knighted."

Dr. Grant had his portrait engraved on a copper-plate, from which copies were printed for distribution. Of this portrait the same writer says:—

"A tinker first his scene of life began;
That failing, he set up for cunning man;
But wanting luck, puts on a new disguise,
And now pretends that he can mend your eyes.
But this expect, that like a tinker true,
Where he repairs one eye he puts out two."

Mr. Moore, the apothecary, was known as the "Worm Doctor," because of a celebrated worm powder that he sold. In one of the numbers of the *Tailor* a London tradesman advertises that he had been cured of rheumatism by Mr. Moore, of the Pestle and Mortar, Abchurch Lane. Moore and his worm powders will be handed down to posterity, since they form the subject of one of Pope's poems, of which one distich runs—

¹ The *Spectator* follows this up with some humorous testimonials from persons who have been cured of jealousy, spleen, selfishness, and other distempers by reading certain numbers of that periodical.

"Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee."

Early in the century flourished Dr. Tom Saffold, who used to publish his bills in verse, thus:—

"Here's Saffold's pills, much better than the rest,
Deservedly have gained the name of best;
A box of eighteen pills for eighteenpence,
Though 'tis too cheap in any man's own sense."

Specimens of his poetical powers were also placed on his door-post. Dr. Case, who afterwards lived in the same house, erased the verses of his predecessor and substituted two lines of his own:—

"Within this place
Lives Doctor Case."

He is said to have gained more by this couplet than Dryden did by all his works.

The following elegy appeared on the death of Dr. Saffold:—

"Lament, ye damsels of our London city,
Poor unprovided girls, though fair and witty;
Who masked would to his house in couples come
To understand your matrimonial doom;
To know what kind of man you were to marry,
And how long time, poor things, you were to tarry.
Your oracle is silent; none can tell
On whom his astrologic mantle fell;
For he when sick refused the doctor's aid,
And only to his pills devotion paid.
Yet it was surely a most sad disaster
The saucy pills at last should kill their master."

To understand some allusions in the above the reader must be reminded that nearly all these quacks pretended to a great skill in astrology, and joined the business of fortune-telling with that of selling drops and pills.

The sterner sex were not, however, allowed to monopolize the field of quackery. One of the best-known characters of the last century was Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, who, after leading a wandering life for some time, settled down at Epsom, then a place of fashionable resort. The remarkable strength with which she was endowed, together with such knowledge as she had acquired from her father (himself a bone-setter), mainly contributed to the success which, in many cases, undoubtedly attended her operations. She journeyed to town twice a week in a coach-and-four, and, at the *Grecian Coffee House*, operated on her town patients, carrying their crutches back to Epsom as trophies of her skill. During one of these visits she was called in to the aid of Sir Hans Sloane's niece, and the success which she met with on this occasion became the talk of the town. A comedy called "The Husband's Relief, or the Female Bone-setter and the Worm Doctor," was brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mrs. Mapp attended the first performance, accompanied by Ward and Taylor, two quacks, who will be noticed presently. A song in her praise was sung, of which one verse runs,—

"You doctors of London, who puzzle your pates
To ride in your coaches and purchase estates;
Give over, for shame, for your pride has a fall,
And the Doctress of Epsom has outdone you all."

Many remarkable cures effected by her are noted in the public journals of the day, and there is no doubt that she was in the receipt of a very large income. The following extract from the *Grub Street Journal*, of the 19th of April, 1736, will give the reader a sufficient insight into her brief married life: "We hear that the husband of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, ran away from her last week, taking with him upwards of a hundred guineas, and such other portable things as lay next to his hand. Several letters from Epsom mention that the footman, whom the fair bone-setter married the week before, had taken a sudden journey from thence with what money his wife had earned, and that her concern at first was very great, but as soon as the surprise was over, she grew gay, and seems to think the money well disposed of, as it was like to rid her of a husband." At this time she was at the height of her prosperity; in December of the next year she died, "at

her lodgings near Seven Dials, so miserably poor that the parish was obliged to bury her."

Dr. Ward, one of the quacks mentioned as accompanying Mrs. Mapp to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, was the son of a drysalter in Thames Street. He became a footman, and it is said that whilst travelling with his master on the continent he obtained from some monks those receipts by which he afterwards made his "Friar's Balsam" and other nostrums. He began to practise physic about 1733, and for some time combated the united efforts of wit, learning, argument, and ridicule. The *Grub Street Journal* attacked him in a well-written article, showing the mischievous effects of his "pill," giving instances of fatal results from its use, and pointing out its probable principal ingredient. He replied, giving copies of depositions made before certain magistrates to show that these fatalities arose from other causes. He also inserted in his reply several testimonials to his wonderful success. The controversy went on for some time, no doubt much to Ward's profit. One of his detractors finishes an article with the following warning to the public:—

"Before you take his drop or pill,
Take leave of friends, and make your will."

Praised by General Churchill and Lord Chief Justice Reynolds, he was called in to prescribe for George the Second. The king recovering in spite of his attentions, Ward received a solemn vote of thanks from the House of Commons, and obtained the privilege of driving his carriage through St. James's Park. He died in 1761, leaving his statue, by Carlini, to the Society of Arts.

Dr. Taylor, or the Chevalier Taylor, as he called himself, was a quack oculist, whose impudence was unparalleled, as his memoirs written by himself will testify.¹ Dr. Johnson, in a conversation with his friend Beauclerk, talking of celebrated and successful irregular practisers in physic, said: "Taylor was the most ignorant man I ever knew, but sprightly; Ward the dullest. Taylor challenged me once to talk Latin with him. I quoted some of Horace, which he took to be part of my own speech. He said a few words well enough." Beauclerk.—"I remember, sir, you said that Taylor was an instance how far impudence could carry ignorance." It was said of Taylor that five of his coach-horses were blind in consequence of their master having exercised his skill upon them.

About this time there practised in Moorfields a quack who advertised himself as the "Unborn Doctor." A writer of the time speaks of him as the "stuttering Unborn Doctor," and relates that a gentleman having asked him to explain his title, he replied, "Why, you s-s-ee, sir, I w-w-as not b-born a d-d-doctor, and s-s-so I am an u-u-u-unborn doctor."

We may mention here Dr. Hancock, who recommended cold water and stewed prunes as a universal panacea. There was also the proprietor of the Anodyne Necklace, the wearing of which for one night would enable children to cut their teeth without pain, even though they had previously been on the brink of the grave. These necklaces had a good sale at the really moderate price, considering their effect, of five shillings each.

We must not pass over the gentleman who thus introduces himself in the *Evening Post* of August the 6th, 1717: "This is to give notice that Doctor Benjamin Thornhill, sworn servant to His Majesty King George, seventh son of the seventh son, who has kept a stage in the rounds of West Smithfield for several months past, will continue to be advised with every day in the week, from eight in the morning till eight at night, at his lodgings at the *Swan Inn*, in West Smithfield, till Michaelmas, for the good of all people that lie languishing under distempers, he knowing that *Talenta in agro non est abscondita*—that a talent ought not to be hid in the earth. Therefore he exposes himself in public for the good of the poor. The many cures he has performed *has* given the world great satisfaction, having cured fifteen hundred people of the king's evil, and several hundreds that have been blind,

¹ He published his travels in 1732, in which he styled himself "Ophthalmi-nator Pontifical, Imperial, Royal," etc.

lame, deaf, and diseased. God Almighty having been pleased to bestow upon him so great a talent, he thinks himself bound in duty to be helpful to all sorts of persons that are afflicted with any distemper. He will tell you in a minute what distemper you are troubled with and whether you are curable or not. If not curable he will not take any one in hand if he might have five hundred pounds for a reward."

Of foreign quacks who have resided in England we may mention Dominicetti, Katerfelto, and Cagliostro. Dominicetti in 1765 set up medicated baths in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, which, although they made a considerable sensation for a time, do not seem to have secured the lasting favor of the public, for in 1782 Dominicetti became bankrupt. Katerfelto, an ex-Prussian soldier, practised in England during the great prevalence of influenza in 1782. To the sale of his nostrums he added the attractions of legerdemain, and electric and microscopical exhibitions. Cowper, in his "Task" alludes to him:—

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

The "arch-quack" Cagliostro, whose story is told by Carlyle, favored England with his presence from 1785 to 1787. He lived in Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where he did a good trade in Egyptian pills at thirty shillings the drachm.

In 1780, Dr. Graham opened a house in the Adelphi Terrace as the Temple of Health. His rooms were stuffed with glass globes, marble statues, medico-electric apparatus, figures of dragons, stained glass, and other theatrical properties. The air was drugged with incense, and the ear was charmed with strains of music from a self-acting organ. Here he lectured on the beneficial effects of electricity and magnetism, and explained, according to his advertisements, "the whole art of enjoying health and vigor of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health, honor, and happiness in this world for at least a hundred years." One of the means to this end was the frequent use of mud baths at a guinea each; and on certain occasions he might be seen up to his chin in mud, accompanied by the priestess of the temple, otherwise Vestina, the Goddess of Health. This "goddess" was Emma Lyons, previously a domestic servant, afterwards the wife of Sir William Hamilton and the friend of Lord Nelson. Dr. Graham removed to Schomberg House in Pall Mall, where he opened the Temple of Health and Hymen. Here he had his celestial bed, which he professed cost sixty thousand pounds. One night in this bed secured a beautiful progeny, and might be had for one hundred pounds. For a supply of his Elixir of Life he required one thousand pounds in advance. A Prussian traveller who was in England at the time described this temple, with its vari-colored transparent glasses, its rich vases of perfumes, half-guinea treatises on health, and divine balm at a guinea a bottle. Magneto-electric beds were on the second floor, and might be slept in for fifty pounds a night. Each bed rested on six massy, transparent columns. The perfumed drapery was of purple, the curtains of celestial blue.

Graham spared no expense to attract visitors. He had two footmen in gaudy liveries and gold-laced hats to stand at the entrance. His rooms at night were brilliantly lighted. With an admittance fee of five shillings, his rooms were crowded by people anxious to see this magnificent show and to hear the lecture of the quack or his assistants. One of his advertisements informs us that "Vestina, the rosy Goddess of Health, presides at the evening lecture, assisting at the display of the celestial meteors, and of that sacred vital fire over which she watches, and whose application in the cure of diseases she daily has the honor of directing. The descriptive exhibition of the apparatus in the daytime is conducted by the officiating junior priest." This priest was a young medical man, afterwards Dr. Mitford, and father of the celebrated authoress.

Graham's expenses were very large, and when the

public ceased to patronize him and his receipts fell off, the Temple of Health was closed, and the whole of the "properties" were sold by auction in 1784. Graham died poor in the neighborhood of Glasgow.

LUCKY NUMBERS.

THERE is a widely spread tendency to believe in lucky numbers. The mystical properties of numbers, and the doctrine of chances, have both something to do with this matter. Card-players have a number of crotchets of this kind — "luck under the deuce," bad luck under the nine of diamonds, an even number for the trump card. One theory says that even numbers are unlucky, because each can be divided into two, thereby denoting death and dissolution. One nation made the year consist of 359 days, so that it should not divide into twelve equal months. Some of the early Christians pronounced for odd numbers; because God is 1 in 3, and because He made holy the 7th day. The number 7 and its multiples were on other grounds made lucky; because a human being sheds his teeth at 7, becomes a youth at twice 7, a man at thrice 7, and reaches his grand climacteric at nine times 7. In some parts of England, the housewives put their hens on an odd number of eggs; because, with an even number, they fear there would be no chicks. The current year of our Lord is always a lucky number in the estimation of some persons. Addison said, in the *Spectator*: "I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who, being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in the world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number; because, says he, it is the number of the beast." This mystical number has played a great part in luck speculations. Some Apocalyptic interpreters will have it that 666 is the Pope himself; while, on the other hand, a Roman Catholic journalist has recently striven to show that if Bismarck were spelled Bistmarck, it would be exactly equivalent to 666. Number 3 is greatly in favor for luck; schoolboys insist that the third time will be fair, or will result in success. There is an old superstition or maxim, call it which we may, that three handfuls of sand on a dead body are as good as a funeral. The Romans had notions about the breadth of a camp fosse measuring an odd number of feet; the holding of markets at intervals of an odd number of days; the taking of the census at intervals of an odd number of years; the dining at a triclinium or three-sided table; the Graces being three, the Furies three, and the Muses seven. Greek cities had an odd number of gates. The French peasantry have a knack of making out lucky and unlucky years for great personages, by adding together the year of our Lord, the digits which compose that number, the age of the individual, and the number of years between his birth, marriage, or some other notable event in his life — an elastic sort of process, which can be made to prove anything we wish.

The silly belief in lucky numbers has nowhere been carried to a more absurd extent than in reference to lottery tickets. The state openly and avowedly gave less than it received; the aggregate of prizes was far lower than the money paid by the public for the tickets; and the profit was transferred to the treasury as revenue. The state morality said to the public: "We do not cheat you; you can buy tickets or not, as you please; and whatever prize you draw, we will honorably pay you the full amount: as to the blanks, you must of course take your chance, and must be prepared to expect that they are much more numerous than the prizes." Then why did the public rush to the lottery offices to buy tickets, knowing all the time that whatever the state might win by the system must necessarily be lost by the aggregate of ticket-buyers? Every buyer hoped that his particular ticket would be a lucky one, and would bring him some large sum. Every ticket was numbered; and he might indulge his own fancy in selecting a particular number.

As no one knew beforehand which number would be suc-

cessful, and as all had an equal chance of success, a reasonable man would just as willingly purchase one number as another. But lottery-ticket buyers were not reasonable; they were gamblers, although they did not say it, and perhaps did not even know it; and were tempted by whatever superstition clung to luck in numbers. The lottery contractors or lottery office keepers knew this well, and made their market out of it; each one claimed to have been particularly fortunate in the sale of tickets which had turned up prizes; and, on the principle *post hoc, propter hoc*, invited the public to believe that past good luck was an augury of future good luck at the same office. One of the firms, catching hold of an old woman named Goodluck, gave her £50 a year for the use of her name as a nominal partner; and for many years the house of Goodluck & Co. took the lead. So large was the business done by some of these firms, that as much as £10,000 was on one occasion given for the goodwill of a lottery office.

In the reign of George I. the footman of a lady of quality dreamed that two particular numbers would turn up prizes; he bought these two tickets on the following day; but they both turned up blanks, and he put an end to his existence. In his trunk was found a memorandum to the effect that, when his riches came to him, he would marry Grace Farmer, that he would make her wait upon him, and that he would eat and drink all day long. Towards the end of the same reign, a mathematician, familiar with the theory of probabilities, demonstrated that, in a particular year, the chances were 34,999 to 1 against a particular number winning the £10,000 prize; 11,669 to 1 against a £5,000 prize; and 6 to 1 against obtaining any prize at all. But all such warnings were of no use. A banker's clerk was one day found raving mad in the street; he had bought a ticket bearing a favorite number, and was robbed of it: on the day of the drawing of the lottery that number came up a £30,000 prize, and grief and rage were too much for him.

The days of George III. were full of odd incidents about lucky numbers in the lottery. One Mr. Barnes, a grocer, bought four consecutive numbers; fearing that this would be unlucky, he exchanged one of them; but by an annoying freak of fortune, the rejected number turned up a £20,000 prize, which fell to the lot of one Captain Young. About a fortnight before the drawing of one of the lotteries, three friends determined to buy a ticket among them; but not being able to agree upon the number to be selected, they requested a little girl to decide for them. She fixed upon No. 10,000. They did not like it, thinking the number too obvious, not sufficiently mysterious. She refused to amend her choice, declaring her conviction that the number would prove a lucky one. Whereupon, setting her down as a silly goose, they bought another ticket; but No. 10,000, as it happened, did turn up a prize of £20,000.

An odd incident was connected with a lottery ticket early in the present century. Baron D'Aguilar was requested by a friend to purchase for him No. 14,068, which he felt certain would prove a lucky one. The baron could not fulfil the commission, for he found that this particular number was already sold. The number came up a prize of £20,000. So far there was vexation for Baron D'Aguilar's friend. On the other hand, the lucky winner (a draper in Cornhill) remained a long time without his money, owing to a blunder of his own; he had bought ten tickets, and had entered their numbers in a note-book as a memorandum; but he wrote 14,668 instead of 14,068, and remained long ignorant of the fact that that ticket had proved a lucky one.

The owner of White Conduit House, some sixty or seventy years ago, lost his all by lotteries, and became impoverished. Meeting a friend one day, he said he had a presentiment that a particular number would be a great prize; money was lent to him to buy; it came up a prize; he squandered the treasure, and died a beggar. A man, and his cousin, a married woman, clubbed their small means to buy a sixteenth of a lottery ticket; she went to the office to buy it, taking with her a little girl; the girl, being asked to select the number, fixed upon 23,824; she could give no particular reason, but adhered to her choice — declaring

that the number would be a lucky one. It came up a prize of £10,000; the man went and received the due aliquot part, £625. Having some peculiar notions about the property or non-property of married women, he pocketed all the money; but the law afterwards compelled him to share it with her. Charles Lamb tells a story of a gentleman who had purchased No. 1,069; passing a lottery office, he saw a placard announcing that that number had come up a £20,000 prize; he walked round St. Paul's to cool his agitation before entering the office: on going back again, he found that he had mistaken 10,069 for 1,069.

The law had frequently to decide cases about lucky numbers. A lady (just before the abolition of lotteries in 1826) wished to purchase the number of the year in which she was born, 1792; finding this was sold, she bought one differing from it by 0 only, namely, 17,092. She was in the hall when, as she declared, No. 17,092 was audibly announced as a £30,000 prize; and she brought an action for the money; but it was proved that her ears or her imagination must have deceived her. In another case, one Mr. McKellar owed some kindness to his friend, Mr. Bellamy. He bought a quarter of a ticket, and said that Bellamy should have half the proceeds, if it turned up a prize. This was done twice over, but both tickets were blanks. Bellamy's daughter then dreamed that No. 5 would be a £20,000 prize; this number was not to be had; but "Something told Bellamy to multiply his daughter's number by itself, and add 2 to it." This made 27. No. 27 was bought, and it was drawn a £20,000 prize. McKellar declared that he had not repeated his promise after the second failure, and a lawsuit was maintained to decide this point. Bellamy also claimed an additional percentage "for the ingenuity of his guess about No. 27."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE street cars in Edinburgh are lighted with gas.

GENERAL TROCHU has finished a work with the title of "Mes Mémoires Militaires."

THE French are following the example of the Germans in reorganizing their artillery.

M. OFFENBACH, the well-known composer, has become lessee of the Gaieté Theatre, Paris.

THE bust of Mazzini is to be placed in the Gallery of Illustrious Men on the Capitol at Rome.

AT Copenhagen, the first stone of the new National Theatre has been laid by the King of Denmark.

IT is said that the prettiest tomb in Père la Chaise is that of Helen Adrianoff, a Russian ballet dancer.

DURING November the Royal National Lifeboat Association saved in Great Britain 165 lives and seven vessels.

THE "duplex" system of telegraphy is being tried on the English telegraph lines under the auspices of the Post Office.

IT is said that the wife of Père Hyacinthe had all her fortune in the bank of Bowles Brothers, and that both are now penniless.

LUIGI MERCANTINI, the composer of the "Garibaldi Hymn," has died at Palermo, and a monument is to be erected to his memory.

AN engineer and head sub-engineer of the French navy are studying the construction of composite wood and iron ships in Portsmouth (Eng.) dockyard.

TO M. Thiers the following is attributed: "The efforts of the Right against the Republic resemble those of an infant who attempts to upset a railway train with a pin."

MR. CHARLES MECKING, linendraper, Holborn, London, is reported to have left a fortune not much short of a million and a half. It wasn't shrewd of Mecking to leave it!

THE ex Italian Admiral Persano, who suffered defeat by the Austrians at Lissa, and who after that disastrous affair wrote the famous "We are masters of the waters," is about to publish a detailed history of the Lissa naval engagement.

MR. G. SMITH, of the British Museum, whose translation of the Chaldean account of the Deluge has caused so much talk lately, has been asked by the proprietors of a daily London paper to go to the East to undertake further researches.

THE excavations on the Esquiline continue to furnish occasional relics of ancient art. A fine female bust of white marble is one of the most recently discovered treasures of this kind. There are remnants of red and yellow paint on the pines and oak-leaves which crown this head.

THE gentleman who calls himself "Lewis Carroll," and as such is so widely known as the author of the fairy stories, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass," is the Rev. Mr. Dodgson, of Christ Church, Oxford. The stories were first told to Miss Alice Liddell, the daughter of the Dean of Christ Church.

WHEN Laplace met the late Mrs. Somerville for the first time, he said, in his lofty way, "Madam, there have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs. Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything." "I was Mrs. Greig," said the modest little woman. "So, then, there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher.

M. CHARLES LECOCQ, whose *Cent Vierges* has gone the rounds of musical Europe, has had another decided success in Brussels with his comic opera, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, produced at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes. It is not an *opera buffa*, but a genuine musical comedy, treating of a story of the Halle and the Marché des Innocents in Paris, at the period of the Republic Directory. Mlle. Lange, the famed actress, is introduced in the drama. M. Lecocq's music is pronounced to be most pleasant and exhilarating.

M. KRNKA, the inventor of the breechloader which has been adopted by the War Department at St. Petersburg for the Russian army, has just published a pamphlet at Prague in which he describes a new invention of his called the "Kulomet," or hand mitrailleur. The Kulomet, he says, is of simple construction, and may be used by the soldier on any ground, however hilly, just like a rifle. It is comparatively cheaper and simpler than the Werndl and other breechloaders used by European armies, and a soldier armed with it can under all circumstances fire thrice as rapidly as with the zündnadelgewehr; in battle it will fire twenty-four shots a minute, while other breechloaders only fire from twelve to thirteen a minute. Any rifle may be converted into a Kulomet, and any cartridges may be used with it.

THE second volume of the *Memoirs of Moscheles*, edited by his widow, has just appeared at Leipzig. This work, which is now complete, is full of interesting information about the musical events of the last half-century. Moscheles kept, up to the day of his death, two years ago, a diary in which he minutely recorded all his experiences, and his constant intercourse with such men as Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann enabled him to collect a mass of facts and anecdotes which throw much valuable light on recent musical history. The greater part of this diary was written in London, where Moscheles settled in 1826; and he describes in a vivid and attractive style the various incidents of his career in England as director of the Philharmonic Concerts, and the events which most interested the English musical public during that time, such as the great Handel festival of 1834 in Westminster Abbey.

VINCENT POL, one of the most eminent of modern Polish poets after Mickiewicz, died at Lemberg last month in his sixty-sixth year. His "Songs of Janus," written during the insurrection of 1830, in which he fought as a common soldier, soon gained a wide popularity in Poland, and many of them are sung by the Polish peasantry to this day. Scarcely less popular are the "Song about our Country" and "Mohort," both full of that fervent patriotism which is characteristic of the best Polish poetry of our time, and remarkable for a style at once vigorous and simple. Vincent Pol filled for some years before his death the chair of ethnology in the University of Cracow, and was

appointed a few weeks ago a member of the new Academy of Sciences in that city, but his bad health, which had brought on a temporary attack of blindness, almost incapacitated him for work. His funeral took place at Cracow and was attended by several thousands of his countrymen.

We find this in the *London Court Journal*: "An incident was told the other day of an artist gifted in his own particular line, but whose career, unfortunately for art, was cut short by death—the late Henry Tidey. Among lovers of art Tidey was looked upon as a really great figure-painter, and though his merits failed to bring him Academy honors, his pictures were eagerly bought by collectors and dealers before they had left the easel. He had always far more commissions than he could undertake, and at length his health broke down under this constant demand for the fruits of his brain. One of his last and most admired works is called the 'Bride of Abydos,' from Byron's poem. The very day Mr. Tidey died, his picture chanced to be sold by the dealer to whom he had sold it. It fetched a large price, but immediately the news of his death became known half-a-dozen different persons were ready to give double the price for its possession. However, the lucky owner would not part with it, and the picture is now in America, where it is likely to remain."

An interesting discovery has, it is stated, been made lately by an Italian. He has hit upon a method by which nerves may be tuned like harp-strings, and brought into harmony with each other. His theory is that nervous systems, like musical instruments, are all liable to change of tone, and this change is of little importance if all the nerves change together, as by attention to diet and temperature the evil may be corrected *en masse*, but when, owing to accident or uneven wear, the general harmony of the nerves is destroyed, a disconnected action is the result, and a special mode of treatment is required, of which he professes to possess the key. He calls himself a "nerve-tuner," and contracts to keep nerves in order by the month or year. There seems to be no reason why people should not take lessons in "nerve-tuning," and, like violin performers, acquire themselves the tuning art. Some nerves, like fiddles, want tuning each time they are used, and if every man and woman could screw up his or her nerve fibres as they become relaxed, the world would be saved a vast amount of trouble, for it cannot be denied that the principal sufferers from nervous disorders are not those who immediately labor under them, but their friends and acquaintances.

ACCORDING to a note recently presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. H. Violette, the manager of some nitre refineries at Lille, platinum can be fused in an ordinary furnace, provided there is a strong draught. The furnace constructed by M. Violette for his experiments had a capacity of about a cubic metre, and was connected to a shaft more than ninety-eight feet high, and about 4 feet diameter. A strong and powerful draught existed in this shaft, which was employed to carry off the products of combustion from eight large boiler furnaces; so that the combustion in the experimental furnace was very active. Crucibles of various materials charged with iron were speedily fused with their contents, and even a Hessian crucible, which gave the best results, was partially fused, the carbon lining, however, resisting perfectly. Into a Hessian crucible, therefore, M. Violette placed fifty grammes of platinum, both spongy and in fragments, and after submitting the crucible to the furnace for an hour, a button of platinum perfectly melted, and weighing fifty grammes, was obtained. By means of the intense heat of this furnace, M. Violette succeeded in obtaining crystallized aluminium by placing a mixture of the metal and borax in the crucible. This fact has an interest for those who would make artificial gems; several precious stones, as the ruby and the sapphire, consist almost wholly of alumina, with small quantities of silica and oxide of iron, while the emerald, the topaz, and the opal, are composed principally of silica, with more or less of alumina.

MINISTER JAY took occasion at the Thanksgiving Dinner given in Vienna, to dwell upon the necessities for the industries of this country being adequately represented in the Viennese Exhibition next year. Whilst regretting that, in his opinion, sufficient attention had not been given to the subject in the United States, Mr. Jay remarked: "In any event, I understand that our common school system, which Europe begins to recognize as constituting the basis and strength of our institutions, will be fairly represented. It has been resolved by the State Department at Washington that there shall be sent to Vienna all reports, embracing the educational statistics, together with the school reports of the States, cities, and towns, law schools,

colleges, and universities of this country. And that there also be erected on the ground assigned to the United States buildings to represent American schools in full operation, with all the desks, chairs, maps, and other appurtenances of the institution, so that spectators will be practically instructed in the manner in which schools are conducted in the United States. Those of you who have visited the polytechnic schools of Austria will well believe that if our school commissioners can give useful advice as regards elementary education, they may in turn learn much in the more advanced schools of Vienna, with their course for apprentices, their museums and collections, for the improvement of our higher schools, in points that concern that artistic excellence which advances the position of the artisan and the national preëminence."

BRITISH babies of the period have just reason to complain of their lot. It was only the other day that the practice of killing babies and throwing their bodies about the streets had become so common in London, that it was found necessary to put a check upon it. Fashion, ever fickle, has now taken to kidnapping babies; people, instead of wanting to get rid of babies, are bent upon acquiring them, and it is quite as unsafe to leave a baby, about as an umbrella. The infant is snapped up in a moment, and the chances are a dozen to one against its ever being restored to its proper owner. Indeed, so frequent are these misappropriations of babies, that they can only be accounted for by supposing that the babies are taken by mistake; absent persons pick up a baby and carry it off as they would a pair of gloves or any other article of small value. The following advertisement, which appears in the *Daily Telegraph*, shows how easily nowadays babies may be lost: "Baby.—The lady who held a baby in Regent's Park on Thursday while the maid fetched a cake, and on her return could not be found, is requested to send the baby to 13 Queen's-square, Bloomsbury." The lady who thus accidentally carried off a child cannot do less than take it back herself in a cab. If sent by a third person, the unfortunate baby may be carried off again, and be bandied about for months before it reaches home. If the lady's engagements will not allow her to restore the child immediately, perhaps the next time she is walking in the direction of Bloomsbury she will not forget that she has a little stranger in her possession which might as well be returned to its parents.

AN American correspondent of the *London Athenæum* furnishes that journal with the following hitherto unpublished letter of George Washington:—

"MOUNT VERNON, February 5, 1788.

"Dear Sir,—At length I have got some answer to my application for Wolf Dogs. I wish it were more satisfactory, but such as it is I give it, as suspense of all situations is the most disagreeable. The information comes from Sir Edward Newsham, a Gentleman of family and fortune in Ireland; and is in these words: 'I have just received a letter from your noble and virtuous friend the Marquis de la Fayette, in which he communicates your wish to obtain a breed of the true Irish wolf dog, and desires me to procure it. I have been these several years endeavoring to get that breed without success; it is nearly annihilated. I have heard of a bitch in the north of Ireland, but not of a couple anywhere. I am also told that the Earl of Altamont has a breed that is nearly genuine; if he has I will procure two from him. The Marquis also wants some at his domain, where he is troubled by the wolves. If mastiffs would be of any service, I could send you some large ones, which are our guard dogs; you will honor me with your commands about them. They are very fierce, faithful, and long-lived.'

"If, upon this information, you think I can be further useful, I shall be happy to render any service in my power. Mastiffs, I conceive, will not answer the purposes for which the wolf dog is wanted. They will guard a pen, which pen may be secured by its situation, by our dogs, and various other ways; but your object, if I have a right conception of it, is to hunt and destroy wolves by pursuit, for which end the mastiff is altogether unfit. If the proper kind can be had, I have no doubt of their being sent by Sir Edward, who has sought all occasions to be obliging to me.—I am, dear sir, your most obt. and affect. servant,

"GE. WASHINGTON.

"Charles Carter, Esq., of Ludler Farm, Fredericksburg."

It is probable that as the world goes on, something will be done before many years are past to improve the seasons. They are all capable of improvement. Our springs are too boisterous, our summers either too rainy or too hot, our autumns too foggy, and our winters too cold. Winter, above all the other seasons, requires immediate attention, because it is not only uncomfortable but ugly; the absence of flowers and foliage adds much to

the general cheerlessness of merry Christmas, and it is satisfactory to find that steps are already in contemplation to remove at least some of the objectionable features of this dreary period. The *Pall Mall Gazette* notices that an ingenious gentleman in Connecticut has devised a plan for obviating the naked condition of trees during winter time, and to prevent the falling of leaves by the artificial warming of the trees. He asserts that a system of steam pipes twining among the roots of shade trees and kept hot by steam from an ordinary furnace-boiler will have the effect of persuading the trees that the cold of December is merely a delusion, and that it would therefore be folly to lay aside their summer foliage. This is a step in the right direction, and if we can only manage to turn the east wind round and make it blow from the west, we shall have done much to render life more tolerable than it is at present.

A DISAGREEABLE incident somewhat marred the festivities of a wedding which took place the other day at Alashkirt, in Armenia. It seems from the account given by a correspondent of the *Levant Herald* that at the marriage of Bidein Oglov Pouzant, an Armenian merchant, the bridegroom called for certain cheerful instruments of music, known under the name of davoul and zourna. The festive strains of these instruments, however, were displeasing to the ears of the late Mehmed Pasha's family, who still bewailed his loss in the adjoining house, and the son of the deceased Pasha, Abdullah Bey, summarily put a stop to the merry-making of his neighbors by entering the nuptial dwelling with a few retainers and smashing davoul and zourna. The outraged bridegroom now went in person to protest against this arbitrary proceeding to Caïmacam Osman Bey, who took his part, and told him he was at liberty to do what he liked in his own house. Fresh davouls and zournas were soon procured, and the festivities recommenced with redoubled vigor. Abdullah Bey's resentment was now directed against the caïmacam, and arming all his servants he put himself at their head and proceeded to Osman Bey's house to demand satisfaction. The guard at the door, however, refused to allow him ingress, and a fierce struggle ensued between the followers of the hostile beys. Pistol and yataghan were soon at work, and a fight which lasted a couple of hours ended in the deaths of Tazar Bey and Suleiman Bey, brothers of Abdullah Bey, Hussain Bey, brother of Osman Bey, and one Circassian guard. Both Abdullah Bey and the caïmacam are disfigured dreadfully. One has a cut across the forehead, and the other has lost his right ear. The caïmacam's daughter also expired from sheer fright. Quiet was at length restored by the arrival of a battalion of troops, but society at Alashkirt blames Abdullah Bey for his impetuous conduct, which has led to such unfortunate results.

LAST May, says the *Swiss Times*, Signor Philip Spina, an artist, went to Veroli, hoping to find in the library of that municipality some autographs not yet published of Anonio Paleario. He was unsuccessful in his researches, though there were formerly two letters of Paleario in existence, in which he refused the offer of returning to Veroli, his native town, where his enemies in their rage had stooped to insult the tomb of his mother. These two letters had been stolen, and Signor Spina, while making researches, found in a corner of a back room, covered with dust and blackened by smoke, a painting. On a closer inspection, after having the painting cleaned, he discovered it to be the portrait of Anonio Paleario, an Italian reformer of the sixteenth century, who was born in 1500, at Veroli, in the Campagna of Rome. Early left an orphan, he was educated at Rome, and applied himself successfully to severe study. After passing his early manhood under the protection of a Roman noble, he visited Perugia, Siena, Padua, and other seats of learning, in search of knowledge. After having achieved academic distinction in oratory, poetry, and philosophy, he married and settled in Siena. In 1537 he quarrelled publicly with a monkish preacher, and in 1542 published anonymously a treatise "On the benefit of Christ's death," which exposed him to the hostility of the Romish priesthood. He was denounced as a heretic from the pulpit. In 1546 he was appointed professor of eloquence at Lucca, and emulated in that small republic the position of Demosthenes in Athens. His fame as an orator procured him the chair of eloquence at Milan, for which he quitted Lucca in 1555. Amid all the contests of that agitated period, Paleario advocated political and religious freedom, and opposed papal pretensions. When the Papacy gained the

ascendency in Italy, the inquisition was set to work, and Paleario, among others, was accused of heresy, on account of the book he had written twenty-five years before. He was taken from Milan to Rome in 1568, tried, condemned, and executed. After being hanged, his body was burned at the bridge of S. Angelo in Rome, on July 8, 1570. His constancy at the stake irritated his enemies, one of whom, Latine, wrote cruel verses on his death, and remarked in a letter that Paleario had suppressed the T in his Christian name on account of its resemblance to a cross. How his portrait came in that municipal library is unknown, but it is conjectured that it must have belonged to the Bishop of Veroli, and come into the hands of the municipality since 1870. At the foot of the painting the cause of his death is stated; and ancient records speak of Paleario as being the most eloquent man of his age. A photograph of the portrait has been taken by Signor Spina, which may be seen at 34 Via della Croce. The syndic has written an official letter, at Signor Spina's request, to the librarian at Veroli, requesting him to take great care of the picture.

OLD AGE.

A SONGLESS bird, a garden without flowers,
A river-bed dried up in thirsty hours,
A sterile field untutored by the plough,
A withered blossom on a withering bough,
A flickering light that fails when needed most
To warn the sailor from a treacherous coast,
A thought that dies ere yet 'tis fully born,
A hope that gleams like poppies 'midst the corn,
Fair idle weeds that flaunter in the sun,
Fair morning hopes that fail ere day be done,
Fair Life, so seeming fair, so coldly bright,
Fair Life, beloved of Love, and youth's delight,—
At early dawn, how fresh thy face appears!
The twilight sees it furrowed o'er with tears.
Spring flowers are sweet, but autumn's woods are dry,
Spring birds are silent 'neath a wintry sky;
Spring thoughts that wake to deeds inspire no more,
When the dull daylight fades along the shore;
The ice-blocked stream can bear no precious freight,—
The stripped and sapless oak stands desolate,
And the hill fortress that defied the foe
In crumbling fragments fills the vale below.

Yet is there golden beauty in decay,
As Autumn's leaves outshine the leaves of May;
The calm of evening with its roseate light,
The starry silence of the wintry night;
The stillness of repose when storms are o'er,
And the sea murmurs on a peaceful shore;
The brooding memories of the past that make
The old man young again for Beauty's sake;
The hope sublime that cheers the lonely road
Which leads him gently to the hills of God.

JOHN DEWEY.

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTOS has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if allowed to progress, may terminate seriously.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA is effecting wonderful cures. H. G. WHITE Proprietor, 107 Washington Street, Boston.

WILL M. CARLETON, the well-known author of the poem, "Betsey and I are out," writes regularly for the *Detroit Tribune*, the most carefully edited and wide circulating newspaper in Michigan.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

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[No. 4.]

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

I.

It was a quiet summer morning. The sun was already high in the cloudless heavens, but the dew was still glistening in the fields. A fragrant breeze was blowing from the scarcely awakened valleys; and in the damp and silent forest the birds were singing their morning song. At the top of a hill covered with growing rye, was to be seen a small village. Walking towards this village, on a narrow side path, was a young woman in a white muslin dress, a round straw hat on her head, and with a sunshade in her hand. A little page, dressed as a Cossack, was following her a few paces behind.

She advanced without haste and as if she were enjoying her walk. All about her the long, gently-rolling waves, now of a silvery gray, now tinted with red, ran with soft murmur over the bowing rye. Overhead the larks were loudly singing. The young woman was coming from her own village, which lay at about the distance of a verst from the one towards which her steps were bent; her name was Alexandra Paulovna Lissina. She was a widow, childless, and tolerably well off; she lived with her brother, Sergius Paulovitch Volinzoff, who had been a captain in the army. He was a single man and managed her affairs.

Alexandra Paulovna reached the village, stopped at the first house; a very old and dilapidated peasant's cabin, and ordered her page to go in and inquire about the health of the woman who lived in it. He soon returned, followed by an infirm old peasant with a white beard.

"Well, how is she?" asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"She is still alive," answered the old man.

"Can I go in?"

"Why not? Of course."

Alexandra Paulovna entered the hut. It was small, close, and full of smoke. Some one was lying sobbing on the bench near the stove. Alexandra Paulovna looked around and saw in the dim light the yellow, wrinkled face of an old woman, whose head was enveloped in a checked cloth. A thick cloak covered her nearly to her neck; she was breathing with difficulty, and feebly moving her thin arms. Alexandra Paulovna stepped up to the old woman and placed her hand gently on her brow; it was burning hot.

"How do you feel, Matrona?" she asked, bending over the bench.

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned the old woman, after she

had recognized Alexandra Paulovna. "Very ill, very ill, my dear! My last hour has come, my dove!"

"With God's help there is hope yet, Matrona. Did you take the medicine I sent you?"

The old woman gave a sad groan, but did not answer. She had not understood the question.

"She took it," explained the old man, who remained standing at the door.

Alexandra Paulovna turned towards him.

"Is there no one but you with her?" she asked.

"There's her granddaughter, but she never stays. She can't sit in one place; she's so restless! She's too lazy to give her grandmother even a glass of water. I am too old; what can I do?"

"Might she not be taken to the hospital?"

"No! Why take her to a hospital? It's all the same where one dies. She has lived her life. It seems to be God's will. She can't stir from that bench. How could she get to the hospital? If we were to lift her up, she would die."

"Ah!" groaned the sick woman again; "my dear lady, don't forget my poor little orphan. Our master is far away, but you"—

She stopped, so difficult was it for her to speak.

"Calm yourself," answered Alexandra Paulovna. "It shall be as you wish. I have brought you some sugar and tea. If you are thirsty, drink some. You have a samovar,¹ have you not?" she continued, looking at the old man.

"A samovar? No, we have no samovar, but we can get one."

"Well, you must get one; if you cannot, I'll send you one. Tell your granddaughter she ought not to be running away in this fashion. Tell her it's disgraceful."

The old man did not answer, but took the bundle of tea and sugar.

"Well, good by, Matrona!" said Alexandra; "I shall come again to see you. Don't be down-hearted, and take your medicine regularly."

The old woman raised her head a little, and moved towards Alexandra Paulovna. "Give me your hand, my dear lady," she murmured.

Alexandra Paulovna did not give her hand; she leaned over her and kissed her brow.

"Be very careful," she said to the old man as she was passing out; "the medicine must be given her at the right time, and make her drink some tea."

He again bowed in silence.

Alexandra Paulovna breathed more freely when she came out into the fresh air. She opened her sunshade and

¹ The Russian vessel for making tea. — TR.

was about to return home, when suddenly there turned the corner of the cabin a man of about thirty years of age, driving a low droschke; he wore an old gray linen overcoat and a cap of the same material. As soon as he saw Alexandra Paulovna he stopped his horse and turned towards her. His face was broad and pale, his eyes were small and light-gray in color, his moustache very blonde; his whole appearance was very like his dress in color.

"Good day," he said, with a careless smile; "what are you doing here, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"I have been visiting a sick woman. But where do you come from, Michael Michaëlovitch?"

The man whose name was Michael Michaëlovitch looked her in the eye and smiled again.

"It is very good of you," he continued, "to visit a sick woman; but would it not be better to have her taken to a hospital?"

"She is too weak; she can't be moved."

"How is it about your hospital; don't you intend to have it closed?"

"Closed! why?"

"Well, I thought so."

"What a singular idea! How did it get into your head?"

"You have so much to do with Madame Lassounski, and, apparently, you are so much under her influence. According to her, hospitals and schools are all nonsense, useless inventions. Benevolence ought to be individual, and education too; all that is the work of the soul—I believe that is the way she expresses herself. I should like to know who teaches her to talk in that way."

Alexandra Paulovna laughed.

"Daria Michaëlovna is an intelligent woman. I like and respect her very much; but she can make mistakes, and I don't believe in every word she says."

"And it is well that you don't," answered Michael Michaëlovitch without getting out of his droschke; "for she has no faith in her own words. I am very glad to have met you."

"Why so?"

"A nice question! as if it were not always pleasant to meet you. To-day you are as fresh and charming as the morning."

Alexandra Paulovna laughed again.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Ah! what at? If you could only see with what a cold, indifferent manner you utter your compliments! I am surprised that you get to the end of your sentence without yawning."

"With a cold manner you always want fire; but fire is good for nothing. It blazes up, smokes, and goes out."

"And warms," added Alexandra Paulovna.

"Yes, and burns, too."

"Well, what harm if it does? We must not complain on that account. That is better than"—

"I should like to hear what you would say if you had once burned yourself seriously!" answered Michael Michaëlovitch, with some petulance, as he hit his horse with the reins. "Good-by!"

"Michael Michaëlovitch, wait a moment; when are you coming to see us?"

"To-morrow. Remember me to your brother."

And the droschke started off.

"What a singular man!" she thought, as she gazed after him. In fact, as he appeared, round-shouldered, covered with dust, his hair flowing in disorder from beneath his cap which was thrust on the back of his head, he looked, as she said to herself, like a real meal bag.

Slowly Alexandra Paulovna resumed her way home. She was walking with eyes cast down, when the steps of a horse in her immediate neighborhood caused her to stop and look up. It was her brother riding to meet her. By his side was walking a young man, of ordinary height, wearing a thin open overcoat, a narrow necktie, a light gray hat, and with a cane in his hand. From a distance he had been smiling at Alexandra Paulovna, although he saw very well that she was sunk in thought and heeding nothing. She did not notice him until he stepped up to her and said almost tenderly,—

"Good morning, Alexandra Paulovna, good morning!"

"Ah! Constantine Diomiditch, good morning! are you coming from Daria Michaëlovna's?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried the young man, with his face all lit up, "from Daria Michaëlovna's. She sent me to you; I preferred to come on foot. The morning is so pleasant! It is only about four versts. I went to the house—you were not at home. Your brother told me you had gone to Semenovka. He was just going out to ride to the meadows; so I came with him to meet you. Yes, indeed. How charming!"

The young man spoke Russian accurately and grammatically, but with a foreign accent which it would have been hard to define. In his features there was something Asiatic. The long curved nose, the large prominent eyes, the thick red lips, the retreating forehead, the jet black hair,—everything about him indicated an Oriental origin, yet his name was Pandalewski, and he said he was from Odessa, although he had been brought up somewhere in White Russia at the expense of a benevolent and wealthy widow. Another widow had obtained for him a position in the government service. In general, women of a certain age took pleasure in helping him; he understood how to obtain from them what he wanted. At this very time he was living, either as an adopted son or as guest, at the house of a rich owner of a large estate, Daria Michaëlovna Lassounski. He was amiable to every one, obliging, full of feeling, and secretly sensual: he had an agreeable voice, played the piano tolerably well, and had a way of staring hard at the person with whom he was talking. His broad chin was carefully shaven, and his hair always combed smooth.

Alexandra Paulovna listened until the end of his speech, and then turned to her brother.

"I am meeting everybody to-day; I've just been talking with Leschnieff."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, and only think, he was driving in a droschke in a long linen overcoat, all covered with dust! What a strange man!"

"Possibly, but he's a capital fellow!"

"What! Mr. Leschnieff?" asked Constantine with surprise.

"Yes, Michael Michaëlovitch Leschnieff," answered Volinzoff; "but good-by, sister; I must go to the field:

they have begun to sow the buckwheat. Mr. Pandalewski will escort you home."

And Volinzoff trotted away.

"With the greatest pleasure," cried Constantine, as he offered his arm to Alexandra Paulovna.

She took it, and they both took the path to the house.

II.

To walk arm in arm with Alexandra Paulovna evidently filled Constantine Diomiditch with joy and pride. He took short, mincing steps, he smiled complacently, and his Oriental eyes grew moist, as indeed they were in the habit of doing; it was always easy for him to be moved, even to the point of shedding tears. And who would not be happy to have a young and pretty woman on his arm? The whole district of — agreed that Alexandra Paulovna was charming, and the whole district was right. Her straight nose, just the least bit turned up, would have alone turned the head of the wisest of mankind, not to speak of her brown velvety eyes, her golden hair, the dimples on her round cheeks, and her countless other charms. But the most attractive thing about her was the expression of her beautiful face; confiding, kind, and modest, it moved and attracted every one. Alexandra had the look and laugh of a child; the ladies of her acquaintance thought her a little simple. What more could one want?

"You say that Daria Michaëlovna sent you to me?" she asked Pandalewski.

"Yes, of course, of course she sent me," he answered in a strikingly affected way, and pronouncing the letter *s*, like the English *th*; "she told me to beg you to be kind enough to dine with her to-day; she is very anxious, for she expects a new guest whom she wants to introduce to you."

"Who is it?"

"One Muffel, a baron and a gentleman of the bedchamber, from St. Petersburg. Daria Michaëlovna met him recently at Prince Garine's, and she always speaks of him most enthusiastically, as a charming and highly cultivated young man. The baron is interested in literature, or rather — oh, what a beautiful butterfly; do look at it! — rather, in political economy. He has written an article on a very interesting question, and is anxious to submit it to Daria Michaëlovna's judgment."

"An article on political economy?"

"With respect to the style, Alexandra Paulovna, with respect to the style. You must know Daria Michaëlovna is a great authority in such matters. Schukapski used to consult her, and my benefactor, the venerable Roxolan Mediarovitch Xandrina, who used to live in Odessa — you certainly remember his name?"

"Not at all; I never heard of him."

"You never heard of him? That is strange! I was going to say that Roxolan Mediarovitch also had a very high opinion of Daria Michaëlovna's knowledge of Russian."

"But isn't this baron a pedant?"

"Not at all; Daria Michaëlovna says that you can see at once that he is a man of the world. He spoke of Beethoven with such eloquence that even the old prince was touched. I must say I should like to have heard him, for that is in my line. May I offer you this wild flower?"

Alexandra Paulovna took the flower, but soon let it fall

from her hand. They were only about two hundred paces from the house; newly built and still all white, it smiled invitingly from behind a dense thicket of limes and maples.

"What answer do you give me for Daria Michaëlovna?" asked Constantine, a little piqued at the fate of his flower; "shall you come to dinner? She has also invited your brother."

"Yes, we will come without fail. How is Natacha?"

"Natacha Alexandrovna is well, I am happy to say. But we have passed the road to Daria Michaëlovna's. Allow me to bid you good morning."

Alexandra Paulovna remained standing. "You won't come in, then?" she said with some hesitation.

"I should be very happy to, but I am afraid I shall be late. Daria Michaëlovna wants to hear a new *fantaisie* of Thalberg's, and I must go practise it. Besides, I must confess I am afraid that you get very little pleasure from my conversation."

"Not at all — why?"

Constantine sighed and lowered his eyes meaningly.

"*Au revoir*, Alexandra Paulovna," he said, after a brief silence. He bowed and stepped back.

Alexandra Paulovna turned and started towards the house. Constantine went on his way. In a moment all his previous gentleness had left his face, to be followed by an expression of self-confidence, or even of hardness. His gait changed, his steps were longer and quicker. He had walked about two versts, swinging his cane in the air, when suddenly his smile reappeared as he saw near the road a young and tolerably pretty peasant girl, who was driving some calves out of an oat field. Constantine approached the girl as cautiously as a cat, and addressed her. At first she did not reply; she blushed, put her sleeve over her mouth, turned away, and then said: —

"Go away, sir; go away."

Constantine threatened her with his finger, and told her to bring him some corn-flowers.

"What do you want of corn-flowers? Are you going to weave a crown?" said the girl. "Now, go, really!"

"Listen, you charming beauty."

"No, no, go away," interrupted the girl; "see, there are the young gentlemen coming."

Constantine turned around. In fact, Vania and Petia, Daria Michaëlovna's two boys, were running along the road towards them. Behind them came their tutor, Bassistoff, a young man of twenty-two, who had just finished his studies. Bassistoff was tall, with a common face, a large nose, thick lips and little eyes; awkward, unattractive, but kind, honest, and straightforward. He dressed carelessly, and let his hair grow as it pleased, not from vanity but from laziness. He liked to eat and to sleep, but he also liked a good book, and an interesting talk; Pandalewski he detested from the bottom of his heart.

Daria Michaëlovna's children adored Bassistoff, and were not in the least afraid of him. He was on familiar terms with all the rest of the household, little to the pleasure of the lady of the house, although she always pretended to be superior to ordinary prejudices.

"Good day, children," said Constantine; "how early you are out this morning. As for me," he added, turning to Bassistoff, "I have already taken a long walk. I like to enjoy the beauty of these lovely mornings."

"We have just seen how you enjoy the beauty of nature," growled Bassistoff.

"You are a materialist, and Heaven knows what you fancy. I know you."

When Pandalewski was talking with Bassistoff or such people, he soon lost his temper, and his pronunciation became very distinct and often somewhat hissing.

"You were apparently asking the way of that girl," said Bassistoff, glancing nervously to each side. He felt Constantine's eyes fastened on him and he was uneasy.

"I repeat it, you are a materialist, and nothing else. You are willing to see only the prosaic side of everything."

"Children," suddenly cried Bassistoff, "do you see that willow in the field? We'll see who will get there first; one, two, three!"

And the children started off for the willow, Bassistoff after them.

"The clown!" thought Constantine; "he will ruin those boys — a regular country bumpkin!"

Then looking with considerable self-satisfaction at his own neat figure, he patted twice the sleeve of his coat with his separated fingers, arranged his collar, and went on his way. When he reached his room, he put on an old dressing-gown, and sat down to the piano with an earnest face.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING SO-CALLED FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

AMONG all the clear and distinct expressions in this or any other language, it would be difficult to find one more completely separated from the whole region of doubt or misapprehension than the term Fire-proof; and at the same time there is probably none more often misapplied or falsely used.

This misapplication or false use of words is one of the crying evils of our time, and if not suppressed, must sooner or later strike a fearful blow at the commercial interests of the country; for it is impossible to conceive any great interests permanently advanced by statements which are not literally and substantially correct, and incapable of being misinterpreted even by ignorant persons.

There seems to have crept in among us in the present day a loose or incorrect habit of thought, leading to expressions which, in their simplest and only real sense, are incompatible with the strictest truth; or, as our enemies would put it in the converse, there seems to be an absence of the spirit of truth, leading to expressions incompatible with correct habits of thought.

We allow in matters of commerce an extent of exaggeration amounting, in numerous instances, to positive falsehood. Thus, for instance, advertising sheets abound in notices of such articles as frictionless blocks, sunlight-burners, and a thousand other kinds of manifest absurdities, it being of course known to every one who knows anything, that a block cannot be without some friction, and that a sunlight-burner means a gaslight-burner. These are very trifling instances, but they may be multiplied to any extent.

Again, it is impossible to look down a long column of advertisements of the same general class of articles sold by several different persons, without finding a series of statements to the effect that each is the very best of its kind; and sometimes not only this, but an addendum that all the others are impositions. These marvellous instances of latitude of expression seem by general consent to be admitted as what in fact they often, but not always, are — the outpourings of genuine enthusiasm and fixed belief on the part of their authors; but, whether they can be so desig-

nated or not, there is always the great old universal law of *caveat emptor*, which tends to check the over-confiding, and so to keep things right.

Making, however, full allowance for the requirements of commerce and the desire of interested or enthusiastic persons to proclaim the supposed excellence of what they have to sell, it must still be a matter of surprise and regret to all who think about it, that such laxity and latitude of expression should have been allowed to creep into our language, to take root there, and by degrees to grow and flourish, until, like some fertile noxious weed, they seem to spread on every side, choking alike the outgrowth and the natural development of our simple tongue, and even sucking the life-blood from our simple thoughts and simple words.

It is not too much to say, that, if one wants now to hear things called by their simple, truthful names, one must go to the very best houses of commerce: and even then, such is the poison of the noxious weed, it is not always certain that there will be no exaggeration amounting either to positive deceit, or at least to expressions calculated to deceive.

In the present article, however, it is not intended to do more than point out the excessive laxity of expression which has led to the common use of the term Fire-proof, as applied to a combination of substances, many of which are not proof against heat, and none of which are proof against fire. Indeed, to find any substance, or combination of substances, really proof against fire, in the true and simple sense of the words, is almost impossible. Certain it is that asbestos, the substance which most nearly of all approaches this quality, and which takes its name accordingly, wastes away very considerably under the constant application of heat.

There is much force in the saying of a well-known French author, "Allumez une fournaise autour des pyramides d'Égypte, et vous en ferez de la chaux;" and, if it be true that a strong fire could turn the pyramids of Egypt into lime, how should those persons blush who talk so glibly of what they are pleased in the present day to term euphemistically Fire-proof Buildings.

It may possibly suggest some curious reflections to find a practical man commencing an article in a Practical Magazine on a subject of this kind with a quasi-dissertation on the proper use of words; but it is hoped the reader will believe that this is done, not for the purpose of dipping into philology, or in any way departing from the text of the discourse, but simply as a necessary means of reaching the practical end in view by the safest and most straightforward course which presents itself — in this case the exposure, and, if possible, the demolition of a corrupt term which has for years proved a stumbling-block in the way of true economy of construction, and was never more full of danger than at the present hour. In short, the term Fire-proof, as now employed, does not mean what the words which form it express; and even those who make it their trade or business to use the term, when called on to explain their meaning seriously, are obliged to confess that they use it only as a metaphor, or figure of speech; and practically that is about the only sense in which it can be used without departing from the truth.

To construct a building in such a way that it will resist the effects of heat and flame for any considerable time — for that is all that can be done — there are required care and forethought in the choice of the position, a sound knowledge of the several materials to be used, and a skilful design to bring these materials into combination in such a way as to meet the proposed requirements of the structure when completed, and at the same time to avoid the consequences of extreme and sudden changes of temperature; for it should be known that some of the greatest destruction ever seen after a conflagration has been caused, not by the primary, but by the secondary effects of fire: that is to say, not by the expansion produced by heat, but by sudden contraction after the expansion.

The necessary limits of a magazine prevent a full discussion of all the numerous details involved in the choice

of a position, including the consideration not only of the site proper, but also of the kindred subjects of foundation, area, configuration, and many others. We shall therefore pass on to the subject of choice of materials, in which there is much food for reflection in connection with the safety of buildings when exposed to sudden changes of temperature.

In walls, bricks of any kind, but more particularly fire-bricks, if properly laid in sound mortar or cement, will resist the effects of heat for a very considerable time; stone, if laid as well in the middle as on the inner and outer surfaces, lasts a long time, unless it fails in the unsupported parts over the openings, which it always does when the lintels and the tops of the windows are made of the same material. Openings for doors and windows in a stone wall, to be safe, should be mounted on the top with brick arches, which would carry the load without any difficulty long after stone in such a situation would have become calcined, and probably allowed the whole of the superstructure to fall down.

For stairs stone is a very dangerous material, unless it is embedded on some substance which can carry it when it gets hot. Stone stairs are usually made by tailing in the ends of a number of blocks of stone a few inches into a wall, leaving some two or three feet protruding, and hanging unsupported in mid-air. After such stairs have been completed, they present an imposing appearance of solidity and strength, and so deceive the eye; but where is the man who would willingly trust his life to one such step if fixed alone at a height of thirty or forty feet above the ground? Even at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere the block would then be somewhat fragile, but there can be no doubt that any sudden rise of temperature, such, for instance, as might be produced by pouring a kettle of boiling water on it, would suffice to bring it to the ground. In this case the exposed part would expand with the heat, the supported part, being protected, would not expand, and a fracture would occur between the two, generally close to the wall.

Such are some of the principal dangers of the use of stone, but of all building materials there is none which require more extreme care and delicate treatment than iron.

Let the reader imagine a straight iron rod supported only at its ends, and capable, at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, of carrying a heavy weight in the middle. Let a strong fire be lighted under it, and what will be the result? In a few moments the rod will lose its straightness, first sagging in the middle, then dropping altogether, next fusing, and finally running away like so much melted butter; and yet this is a material which many persons persist in calling Fire-proof, and in putting to carry loaded floors in buildings which they designate by the same improper epithet.

There is no exaggeration whatever in the picture here presented, as any one can prove for himself with the assistance of a blow-pipe on a common fire of wood or coal; in fact, that is the way in which the experiment is ordinarily shown for purposes of instruction.

Who is there who does not know that a foundry and a blacksmith's shop are absolutely dependent on the fusing or softening of iron by means of heat, and that no column, girder, rivet, or any other piece of this metal, however large or small, can be fitted for the place assigned to it in a building, without having been previously subjected to the effects of heat? And yet, when it has been fitted into its place, some magic change is asserted to have suddenly come over it, which renders it no longer subject to the influences without which it could not previously have been made suitable for the work.

And now it may be asked whether it is proposed that these dangerous materials, stone and iron, should never again be allowed in buildings, but the answer is distinctly in the negative. Nothing of the kind is proposed, or even ever so remotely suggested. The requirements of the time in which we live involve a necessity for the use of these materials; these requirements must be met, and no

one with any pretence to being called practical can venture to ignore them.

What is proposed is simply this: that those charged with the construction of buildings should thoroughly explain the facts of the case to their employers in words incapable of being misunderstood. It would be no particular humiliation to an architect or builder to have to inform his client that he has been obliged for economy, for convenience, or for whatever other satisfactory reason he may wish to assign, to use stone and iron in the construction of the building; that these materials look well, and afford many advantages for the transaction of business; that they may probably last a long time, and in the end prove very economical; but that there are inseparable from their use two dangers which should be ever present to the occupier's mind, and which should be guarded against in every possible way, — the one frequent in occurrence but generally moderate in extent, the other happily rare in occurrence but, when it does occur, in the last degree serious and sometimes altogether overwhelming.

The first is the danger of a shock; the second, that of sudden change of temperature: and, if these points can only be impressed on those who build, and those who occupy buildings, this article will have done its work.

Nothing is needed but for those who have the knowledge to tell the simple incontrovertible truth to those who cannot know it without being told, neither deceiving themselves nor using language of a dubious kind, or of any kind which can be twisted into a meaning likely to deceive others. If this be done, the danger will be thoroughly recognized and understood, and it is hardly too much to say, that practically when a danger is once really known, it is already half guarded against.

Suppose a ship to be sent to sea, the builder and owner both assuring the crew that she was properly found and able to stand any storm, but omitting to mention that she was fitted below water with a valve or sea-cock, which, however useful for many purposes, would require attention in heavy weather to prevent it opening. A storm arises; but before it has attained half its height, the vessel founders and many lives and much property are lost. Who is responsible for such a loss? The builder and owner may say that they have told the truth, as the vessel was properly found; but the crew may naturally retort that they demur even to this, as they did not get an opportunity of testing it; that they had been told but half the truth, and that if they had only known the whole, they could have effectually guarded against the danger, and would certainly have had no fears or anxiety whatever on the subject.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the time is approaching when the constructors and owners of buildings destined to carry large quantities of heavy goods will recognize their responsibility to warn the occupiers, and those who labor under them, of all dangers which are inseparable from the use of such materials and form of construction as are adopted, and not attempt, after a disaster, to screen themselves under the plea, which may sometimes be used, but never with real fairness, that the building did not yield to the effects of fire. Even where walls are made of sound, well-burned bricks laid in best cement, what is their use, if some material inside, on the application of heat, fractures them or removes them altogether at the very moment when they are most required to stand firm? They are only as the findings of the supposed ship, which may or may not be very good in themselves, but get no opportunity of being fairly tested.

It must be strongly asserted, that, before a building can be Fire-proof, it should be heat-proof, and that no building with any exposed metal forming an essential part of its construction can be so designated truthfully.

Wherever iron is used, it should be protected either by good brick-work, sound plastering, or, if nothing better can be found for the purpose, solid wood-work round it. Wood-work, if really sound and solid, will resist for almost any length of time every possible effect of heat short of actual flame; even when flame has reached it, it is by no means destroyed at once, but on the contrary is sometimes

found to last for hours; and wood protected on its under side by proper plastering, which will not fall down or crack on the application of heat, seems to be a most powerful resister of flame. It is probably to the scamping now so common that we owe the diminishing use of timber as a material for the construction of buildings destined to carry heavy loads.

Let this scamping only cease, let everything be as it represents itself to be, and either wood or some other heat-proof substance will be found to occupy a much more prominent part in the construction of our buildings than it does or ought to do at present.

In this country ceilings are made to look solid enough, and, if they were only what they represent themselves to be, they would in most cases be almost impervious to the effects of either heat or flame; but let them be pierced through, and they are found to be a sham, being a mere skin of plaster adhering to some thin strips of wood which may be termed indifferently laths or firewood according to the taste of the observer.

And what is worse, these strips are tacked on to the lower parts of the joists, and the spaces between them and the flooring boards over the joists are simply so many flues, commonly containing only very foul and noxious air, but capable at any moment of being converted into most dangerous hidden passages for smoke and flame. Air passages are also found in the lath-and-plaster partitions between rooms, behind the skirting boards of room, and under the steps and behind the skirting boards of stairs. All this is wrong in every way; it may be called by any name people choose, as such appears to be the custom of our time; but it is at best a gross deception, and the sooner it ceases to exist the better.

All sound building is more or less good building for resisting the effects of heat, as a neighboring country shows us by examples worthy of being studied by those interested in the subject; and all scamping is dangerous, as unhappily our own country and many others are constantly showing us by examples equally striking, and still more worthy of our serious study.

It is earnestly to be desired that, as far as our buildings are concerned, there may be no more shams in either things or words. Poisons no doubt are useful, but we do not commonly label them as food, and put them into the hands of persons who cannot possibly know their qualities. Whether it is a less offence to hand over a building to a person necessarily ignorant of the quality of materials and the art of construction, and not only to withhold all information concerning the acknowledged dangers, but even to go further and lull him into a false sense of security by informing him, without any reference to the all-important question of the stock which it is to contain, that the structure is safe from the effects of heat, it must be left to the reader to judge.

To conclude as we began, it is once more asserted that the ordinary use of the expression Fire-proof, without qualification, is wrong in the extreme, and should be discouraged by all alike, whether interested only in the true meaning of our words, in the dictates of common sense and prudence, in the true economy of the commercial interests of our country, or in all these points combined. Men may use the term heedlessly or lightly, and perhaps when so using it they may do but little injury; but this is all that can be said, for when they come to use it seriously, they cannot deny that, as far as concerns the true meaning of the words composing it, they help to deceive or to mislead those unacquainted with the subject, encouraging in their minds a sense of security which has no real foundation, by attributing the quality of being proof against the effects of fire to buildings which are not certain to be able to resist even the effects of heat, without the direct contact of fire.

This is plain speaking; but it is necessary for some one to speak plainly, when thousands of lives and millions of money are in constant, unnecessary peril through the careless, erroneous, deceitful, or false application of such a term as Fire-proof.

LE JOUR DES MORTS.

A CATHOLIC CUSTOM.

THERE is a day in each year when Paris is not itself; when the streets and boulevards, instead of being full of joyous life, are gloomy, and when the Parisians themselves — that lively, thoughtless race, ever gay and ever smiling — throw off for twelve hours their cheerful looks, and become serious, pensive, and sad: this day is the "*Fête des Morts*," which falls annually on the 2d of November.

What a mournful and derisive contrast in that association of words: *Fête des Morts* — Festival of the Dead! One's thoughts turn instinctively towards those hideous pictures of death revelries in which Holbein delighted, and with which all the sculptors of the Middle Ages so loved to fill the ogives and cornices of their Gothic cathedrals. One thinks, too, of those ghastly mediæval masquerades in which, once a year, at carnival time, the lower classes, decimated all the twelve months round by terrific pestilences, avenged themselves on their pitiless enemy — Death, by railing at it under all its forms, and giving vent in mad, reckless, frightful mockeries, to the pent-up terrors of a whole year. But there is nothing of these atrocious blendings of laughter and tears in the intention, at least, of the 2d of November festival. True, that those who are condemned to the daily and hourly drudgery of ceaseless toil to earn their bread, will turn even the most holy and solemn of Church feasts into a holiday. Their joy at having a whole day's rest will often make them forget to what they owe it; and to a certain extent, therefore, even this "*Fête des Morts*" is to some a day of rejoicing. But those who look upon it in this light are, one must acknowledge, few; for every one who has a friend or a relative, from the senator to the workman, reflects that, sooner or later, on the 2d of November, he will go to mourn over the last resting-place of some one he has loved, and that if not, it will be that his own day of death will have come before that of his friends, and that it is they who will go to weep over him on some 2d of November morning.

The Festival of the Dead is one observed in all Catholic countries; but it is celebrated with greater fervor — or apparent fervor — in France than elsewhere, although the French, since the famous Encyclopedian era of the last century, by no means come up to their neighbors the Spaniards, or the Romanists of Southern Germany, in point of religious zeal. But neither Madrid, nor Seville, nor Munich, nor Vienna, nor yet Rome itself, can offer the sight afforded by the streets of Paris on the 2d day of November. The churches inside and out are hung with black, the bells neither chime nor ring — they only toll; the altars and lateral chapels are all ablaze with the number of votive candles and expiatory tapers brought there by the faithful the day before, on the Feast of All Saints. Funeral masses are chanted each hour from the high altar, but there is no music, and no one comes either to be baptized or to be married. The least superstitious of men would shrink from an alliance solemnized under the shadow of those gloomy draperies of black and white, and no Catholic mother would suffer her child to be taken for the first time into a church on the "*Fête des Morts*."

From an early hour — that is, from eight o'clock in the morning — there issue from all the houses, and from each of the six or seven floors of those huge Paris dwellings, people of both sexes and of all ages, dressed in black. The women, even those who have not recently lost a relative, usually attire themselves in the deepest mourning they possess in their wardrobes, and come out as though for the funeral of a parent or a child.

The men would think it a breach both of good taste and of propriety not to put on black gloves and dark cravats. Workmen who have only their blue blouses or their fusian clothes, tie pieces of black ribbon round their arm. By ten o'clock all the thoroughfares are crowded with these pilgrims hurrying towards one of the two great cemeteries of Paris, that of Montmartre, or that of Père la Chaise.

It is the latter of these two burying-places that is most resorted to. It is the largest, and somehow—if such an epithet be applicable to a place of this kind—it is the *favorite* cemetery of the Parisians. The beauty of the site—but more probably the great number of distinguished men who are interred there—may account for this mournful predilection. People love to connect their ideas of their final home with the thought of beautiful scenery; and the bitterness of death may be less to some when they think that they will have for fellow-sleepers in the graveyard all those whose names they have been taught to love and to revere on earth. Thirty years ago, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the preference for Père la Chaise had become so marked and so general that the cemetery of Montmartre bade fair to be completely abandoned; and the Government was accordingly obliged to enforce, in all their rigor, the laws which forbade the burial of the inhabitants elsewhere than in the cemetery of their district. As this law, however, did not apply to those who had already family vaults at Père la Chaise, this cemetery continued, and has continued up to this day, to be the burial place both of the old aristocracy and of the “nobility of the Empire.”

Père la Chaise deserves a visit at any time; but on the 2d of November, from noon till six o'clock in the evening, it merits to be studied in all its nooks and corners, so various are the scenes to be witnessed there, and so many are the lessons which an attentive mind can gather from the sight of this immense population of mourners, collected from all ranks and classes, but come out all of them with one same object—that of forgetting for a few hours the cares and concerns of the present life, and thinking of that other world—that unknown haven—towards which our friends have sped before us, and towards which we all, without exception, must one day or other set out as passengers.

The long road that leads up to Père la Chaise, after one has passed the felon's prison of La Roquette, is bordered on both sides, as visitors to Paris may remember, by a countless array of public-houses and gravestone carvers' shops. The pavements are encumbered besides with wooden stalls, at which women sell wreaths and bouquets of everlasting flowers. The crowd of buyers at these shops and stalls on the Festival of the Dead is inconceivable. The thoroughfare at certain moments in the day is only kept practicable by the repeated efforts of the policemen, who insist upon people walking on after they have bought what they wanted. It is computed that 25,000 wreaths and 40,000 bouquets of guaphalium, violets, roses, and other flowers are bought on the 2d of November for the cemetery of Père la Chaise alone. The wreaths are mostly yellow, and bear in black an inscription: “*To my father*,” “*To my sister*,” or “*To my son*,” as the case may be. If they be of everlasting flowers, they cost, according to their size, from two to ten and even twenty francs; if they be of fresh flowers they are sold at fancy prices, which are generally enormous, for the demand is almost always greater than the supply. Amongst the lower classes there is a large sale of bead rosaries, little plaster images of the Virgin and of the saints, medals with the effigy of the Saviour, and small round pictures, covered with glass, and representing a tomb, over which is weeping a child, a father, or a widow; beneath is a consolatory text—“*Assurgam*,” “*Foi*,” or “*De Profundis*” being amongst the most common. The poor souls, who have been saving up their scanty sous to buy these lowly offerings, trudge mournfully along with them, growing more and more silent as they near the cemetery, and generally beginning to cry long before they have reached the gate. The roadway, the while, is blocked up by two interminable and slow-rolling lines of carriages. It is in these that are being carried the costly wreaths ordered in the “*Passages*” de l'Opera, “*des Panoramas*,” and “*de Jouffroy*,”—the bouquets for which the “flower quay” has been ransacked, and the gold or silver medals blessed by Pius IX., and for which a good round contribution towards “*Peter's pence*” has been doubtless paid to the curates of

the “*Madeleine*,” “*St. Roch*,” and “*St. Thomas d'Aquin*,”—the three aristocratical churches of Paris.

But carrying these floral and religious treasures in their hands does not seem to render the occupants of the emblazoned carriages less sad than their poorer brethren who go on foot. There is the same uneasy, troubled, pensive expression on their features, and as they look at the long crowds in black streaming by them and around them, there is little wonder that some of those proud faces that were flushing a few hours before in the ball-rooms of the *Chausée d'Antin* and *Faubourg St. Germain*, should turn a little pale now at the chill thought that death is no respecter of persons, and that he sounds his knells as unexpectedly and as unceremoniously for Madame la Princesse de Montmorency as for poor Jeannette there, who has a gown full of patches, and who has snatched two hours from her work to go and pull the weeds and nettles off the grave of her little infant child.

In France, more than in any other country, is developed that feeling known as *esprit de corps*, a term for which we have no precise equivalent in English. When an officer dies—no matter whether he have left the service or no—he is always followed to the grave by a deputation of his brothers-in-arms. In the same way senators, deputies, barristers, academicians, and doctors are invariably attended to their last resting-place by their colleagues. The funeral of a literary celebrity, or even of an ordinary journalist, musters in Paris quite an array of fellow-authors or writers—men often who had never so much as spoken to the deceased; and in the case of the death of an actor, it is usual for the director of the theatre, and for the whole staff of the house, to be present at the burial. Nor are the courteous obligations of confraternity always limited to these feeling and graceful acts, for many consider themselves bound to leave a flower, a wreath, or a nosegay on the tomb of their friend upon the first 2d of November that follows his death. Thus it is that might have been seen in this year, 1872, crowds of the most distinguished men of all the professions, literary, scientific, legal, military, or histrionic, come to pay tribute to their colleagues who have passed away within a brief space of time: to Ingres, the illustrious painter; to Victor Cousin, the philosopher; to Velpeau, the famous surgeon; to Baranté, the historian; to Mile. Georges, the celebrated tragedienne—(who, poor woman! died miserably poor, after having been the idol of play-goers under the First Empire, and having positively rolled in wealth during those better days)—and, finally, to poor Conder, the favorite comic actor of the Parisians, the hero of Offenbach's comic operas, who died suddenly, and whose grave was literally covered with flowers and other friendly tokens of sympathy.

All these celebrities have been laid in the cemetery of Père la Chaise: but they are probably amongst the last to whom will be opened the gates of this famous burying-place, for Père la Chaise itself has run its time, and henceforth—if things keep quiet—the people of Paris are to be interred in a vast plain, near the village of Mévy, on the river Oire, at about twenty miles from the capital. This selection of a site so far out of the town raised a furious opposition in the French press when first discussed, but government takes counsel usually of no one but itself, and reckons the clamor of public opinion as so much noisy wind. This, we must remark, is very much the fault of the French journalists themselves; they have not the spirit of perseverance and tenacity necessary to carry their point against an arbitrary administration. When the project was mooted of transferring the metropolitan cemetery to Mévy they criticised the scheme with energy and eloquence, urging all the inconveniences that would result from having the burial-place so far removed that the poor would be quite unable to visit the graves of their friends, and suggesting the purchase of ground within easier reach than twenty miles of the inhabitants of Paris. The Prefect of the Seine held good, however; whereupon the journalists, instead of battling with that patient resolution which characterizes their English brethren, gave in all at once, and have ceased since to talk on the matter.

This is a poor way of understanding the mission and dignity of the press :

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

No opposition can be effective unless it be persistent, and if the Parisian journalists do not learn to take a little more heart in advocating their grievances, they may expect some day to be forced to more unpleasant things than riding twenty miles in a railway in order to bury their relatives.

But, to return to Père la Chaise; as, before many months have elapsed, it may be closed as a burying-place, and, before many years have gone, have possibly passed away altogether to make room for new streets and boulevards, it will be well to throw a rapid glance on its history, and speak of the great men who have been laid there, before their bones shall have been disturbed in their rest, and their tombs have been removed for the erection of bakers' and butchers' shops.

During the Middle Ages, and up to the end of the last century, it was usual in France, as it was in England, to bury in graveyards adjacent to the churches; but such was the brutal neglect of order and administration in those days (which some people persist in calling the "good old times") that the cemeteries, left untended and uninspected, became rank charnel-houses and hotbeds of pestilential infections, spreading death and disease over the whole town. Paupers were buried, it seems, without coffins, and often laid no deeper than a foot or two below the surface of the ground; prowling, hungry dogs and cats came and dug them up at night, and mangled them; no one took the pains to inter the carcasses again, and people who had business in a church-yard stumbled right and left upon bleached bones, mangled corpses, and half putrefied bodies. The "Cimetière des Innocents" was the worst in Paris. Built in the reign of Philip Augustus, it is computed that within seven centuries no less than 1,200,000 people were buried in it. At the outbreak of the Revolution it had become such a frightful fever nest that the National Assembly decreed, in 1790, that inhumations should no longer take place within churches or the graveyards attached to them, but that thenceforth cemeteries should be opened outside the town. All the bones and skulls in the "Cimetière des Innocents" were, some time after, taken to stock the Catacombs; and, on the 21st of May, 1804, the new and magnificent cemetery now called Père la Chaise was opened without the town; for the fortifications of Paris had not then been built, and Paris proper was considerably smaller than it is now.

Père la Chaise, which is situated on a height whence all Paris is visible, in a splendid panorama, beneath one, has often changed its name and destination before being what it now is. Under Francis I. it was called "Champ l'Évêque" (Bishop's field), and a gibbet stood in its centre. The culprits who were hanged here were such as had been condemned within the Archbishop of Paris' suburban jurisdiction, and their number was neither few nor far between. Under the last of the Valois the ground was bought by an exceedingly wealthy grocer, one of the few men who succeeded in making a fortune by retail trade during those troublous times. His name was Regnault, and on the site of the bishop's gibbet he erected a villa so sumptuous and cosey that people christened it "La Folie Regnault" (Regnault's Folly), for it seemed indeed folly that a man who had sold salt and pepper all his life should wish to end his days as comfortably as a nobleman. Brantôme remarks in some indignation, that the staircase of the villa was of marble, and that in winter it was covered with scarlet cloth, a luxury unheard of elsewhere than in a royal palace. Moreover, and this, especially, excites the chronicler's amazement, the daughters of Regnault (the "girls Regnault," as he calls them) wore robes of silk to go to mass, "and silk stockings of the kind just invented, but which it was not seemly for girls of such condition to put on when the princesses of the house of Guise wore stockings of cloth, except on great occasions." These stockings seem to have made a hole in the opulent grocer's

fortune, for he left little to his son, and the latter, having forgotten his habits of economy in the life of ease he had been leading, very soon found himself beggared. In the reign of Henry IV. the "Folie Regnault" left the hands of its owner, and passed into those of the Jesuits, who were just beginning to establish their power in France by buying land, or getting it given them, wherever there was a square foot to sell. In 1652, the young king, Louis XIV., driven from Paris by the troubles of the civil war, saw from the hill wherein had stood the grocer's villa the famous battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine between the Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne. From this circumstance the place took the name of Mont Louis (Mount Louis), which it kept until 1675, when, having become Crown property, it was presented by the king to his confessor, the famous Jesuit La Chaise — a man who merits the execration of all Protestants far more than even Catherine de Medicis, who ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This terrible queen, at all events, risked her life and the crown of her children in the appalling *coup d'état* she directed against the Huguenots. Moreover, she had been constantly and violently assailed by the Protestant party under Coligny, and in crushing her adversaries by every means in her power, she was only following the policy taught by Machiavelli, and practised for her example by her own father, Cosmo de Medici. The Jesuit La Chaise was a fiend of a much more dangerous kind. Making a pretext of religious fervor, there was no diabolical measure to which he did not resort in order to persecute the Protestants. It was he who counselled the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and instead of employing the immense influence he possessed over Louis XIV. to advise good actions to this misguided monarch, he never did anything else but push him to deeds of oppression and injustice. His private life was not more creditable than his public. The splendid villa he erected on his estate was a strange dwelling for a man who had made vows of poverty and Christian humility, and all day long his antechambers were filled with crowds of statesmen, generals, and noblemen who came to pay their court to him, and to leave costly presents, which he took good care ever to refuse. The villa of Père la Chaise was for some years as regularly and as fashionably attended as Versailles, and when the Jesuit died, he bequeathed the property, together with the better part of his wealth, to his corporation. Upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from France in 1765, the estate of Père la Chaise was sold to help pay the numerous creditors of this ambitious and unscrupulous society, and it fell then to a retired farmer-general of taxes, who lived there until the great revolution, with its bloody tide, came to sweep him, with countless other of his colleagues, on to the scaffold of the guillotine. During the Republic the princely property was overrun with rank grass and weeds; men and animals ran loose in it as they pleased, and a sort of permanent fair of poultry, fruit, and vegetable stalls was established on the grounds by hordes of nomad vendors. In 1804 the municipal council purchased it of the heirs of its last owner, and upon the site where first had stood a gibbet, after that the pleasure villa of a grocer, then for a day the tent of Louis XIV., and finally the mansion of an intriguing Jesuit, and of a rapacious farmer-general, was raised the mortuary chapel which exists to this day.

There are few cemeteries in Christendom so striking in appearance as that of Père la Chaise, and we may add that, except in Mohammedan burying-grounds, which are for the most part infinitely more sumptuous than those of Christians, there are none in the world so full of handsome monuments and tasteful sculptures. Our English cemeteries look cold, and the tombstones in them are for the most part ugly and bare. Of late years, it is true, since the Catholic and Ritualistic revival has set in, attempts have been made here and there to introduce tombstone decoration, but there has been little diversity in these first ventures. All that has been tried in the way of amelioration is the substitution of red capitals for black, and the timid sculpturing of a cross or two upon very "High

Church" graves. The exalted party of the Anglican Church has not yet forgotten the very rough handling to which suspected Papists were subjected during two hundred years in our isles, and it will not be astonishing if they wait for some time longer before giving full career to their imagination in the matter of graveyard ornamentation. The French, meanwhile, will continue to erect tombs much more graceful and imposing than ours, and their cemeteries will continue to present an aspect such as one might in vain look for in any burying-ground in England.

Upon entering Père la Chaise by the grand entrance, one finds one's self in an immense alley some five hundred yards long, with footpaths on both sides, and with a hearse-road in the middle. The black-liveried porter consults an enormous folio ledger when one asks him where is situated any particular grave. He gives one the number of the tomb, and with it the name of the *street* in which it stands, for this huge metropolis has its streets as well as living towns, and, for the matter of that, it has its cottages and its mansions, its hovels for the poor, and its marble dwellings for the rich, its poor six-feet graves, with no stones to mark them, and its grand vaults with armorial sculptures, where sleep together families of earls, of dukes, of prelates, and its ministers.

These vaults, for the most part, border the grand alley, and, as one walks up it with the crowds on the 2d of November, one can see opened, one after another, all those chill dwellings in which are interred some of the finest names in France—the Laroche-foucaults, the Mouchys, the Talleyrands, the La Tremoilles, the Luxembourgs, and the Choiseuls. All their vaults are surmounted by little chapels, into which one can look through the bars of the iron gates, and which contain, in some cases, very precious works of art—vases, statues, and miniature altars. In some a light is kept perpetually burning day and night, and in some a bouquet is laid regularly every morning, no matter what season. There was a very high and noble duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain who was married in 1829 to an officer of the Royal Guards, of whom she was passionately fond. She lost him the following year in the Revolution of July, and from that time till she died in 1868, came every day, without omitting a single one, and laid a bunch of fresh flowers upon his vault.

But it is not the tombs of the nobility that chiefly occupy the casual visitor at Père la Chaise. First, one looks for the graves of Eloisa and Abelard, whose remains were presented to this cemetery by M. Alexandre Lenoir, who had preserved them during the Revolution. After that there is the tomb of Molière, with its simple, eloquent, and proud epitaph—"MOLIÈRE"—nothing else; the grave of La Fontaine; that of Tallien, the famous actor; of Benjamin Constant, Manuel, and General Foy—the three great Liberal members of the House of Deputies under the Restoration; and then come the monuments of the illustrious captains of the First Empire—Masséna, the "darling of victory;" Serrurier; Kellerman; Ney, the favorite of the great Emperor, and the servant who paid his loyalty to his master most dearly; Jourdan, and the illustrious Lafayette. Amongst the philosophers and artists we see Saint Simon, the Socialist, who committed suicide in despair at seeing his wild theories take so little root in the public mind; Volney; Chappe, the inventor of telegraphs; Louis David, the painter who, during the Reign of Terror, planted his easel three days successively on the scaffold to copy the dying looks of the victims; Gretry; Mehul, the composer; Delille, the translator of Milton; Alfred de Musset, the imitator of Byron; and Balzac, the great novelist, whose name is almost worshipped in France at the present moment. The tombs of these great men are almost all of them very simple, and the epitaphs have a conciseness which we should do well to imitate in England for the sepulchres of our celebrities. "Good wine needs no bush," says the proverb; and a great man, one may add, needs no wordy scroll of epithets and praises to chronicle his deeds. What is there more sublime than that Latin epitaph:—

Sta, viator, heroem calcas !

and what is there more touching than those words which Madame Dupin caused to be engraved upon her tomb (Madame Dupin was the mother of three famous juriconsults, one of whom is still alive):—

*Ci-gît la mère des trois Dupins.
(Here lies the mother of the three Dupins.)*

It was past five o'clock when we had finished our inspection of the great cemetery on the Fête des Morts. Night was rapidly advancing, and its shadows were mingling with those of the prostrate forms that still lay kneeling beside the graves. The chapel bell began slowly to toll the hour for clearing the grounds; the crowds of mourners, men and women, children and parents, rose and wound in long streams through the labyrinth of funeral alleys; ten minutes more, and a few laggards alone remained behind to take a last look at the graves; in another ten minutes the flood of visitors had half rolled through the principal gates; in half an hour the gardens were deserted—not a weeper, not a man remained. But already the great city below had begun to light up its streets; the gas jets gleamed in endless rows of fire; the noise and hubbub recommenced as wont, and before the tears shed that day had yet had time to dry upon the tombs, laughing and feasting had begun once more, and the mourners had returned to their joys, their duties, and their pleasures.

VOV-KULAK.

A SMALL, low-roofed, stifling room, from the rough-hewn log walls of which the plaster of clay and dried leaves, which serves it as mortar, peeps in long parallel lines up to the very roof; a huge tiled stove, with its invariable "bed-place" on the top; an enormous prairie of a bed, recalling Sergeant Kite's description of the "bed of honor, in which ten thousand men might lie and never feel each other;" a little oil-lamp, throwing into strong relief the wolf's head that grins on the wall, the gilt-edged picture of the saint in the farther corner, and the rough, bearded, low-browed faces of the four men who are supping cabbage-soup with little wooden ladles out of the immense pine-wood bowl on the rickety table; a little, square double-window, through which the great waste of snow without, half seen by the fitful gleams of moonlight that shimmer through the driving clouds, appears and vanishes like a nightmare. Such is the scene at which I find myself assisting, one bitter December night, amid the boundless solitudes of the Don. Strictly speaking, a Cossack village (or indeed a Russian village of any kind) can scarcely be pronounced a desirable residence, thanks to the presence of various unregistered tenants, who exact rent instead of paying it; but my travels in snake-breeding Arabia, and cockroach-hunting Egypt, among the scorpions of Syria, and the tarantulas of the Greek Archipelago, had long since case-hardened me to such phenomena; and on a blustering winter night, with the thermometer below zero, Fahrenheit, and a genuine Russian storm burying the roads fathom-deep in drifting snow, shelter is worth having, even when attended by the risk of seeing a cockroach take a header into your glass from the ceiling, or finding a grand parade of what Mark Tapley would call "wampires" going on in your coat pocket.

It seems to be the fashion nowadays for every tourist who has happened to deviate fifty miles from the beaten track, to proclaim the feat, as if he were Bruce and Livingstone in one, and to hold up his "new route" for the adoration of all true believers in Murray and Bradshaw. Among such by-ways of travel, the line of the Don merits a higher place than it has yet attained. All the great rivers of Russia are more or less desolate; but the desolation of the Don is unique. The loneliness of the Volga, the Dnieper, the Dniester, is that of an old world deserted; the loneliness of the Don is that of a new world still unpeopled. Towards sunset, especially, the aspect of the whole landscape becomes wild and dreary to the last

degree. The red light fading slowly over the vast treeless plain; the gathering shadows stealing over the sandy shores and long low islets, till all is wrapped in ghostly dimness; the dead, grim silence, broken only by the plash and welter of the sullen waters, or the long, shrill, melancholy cry of some passing bird, — all produce an effect impossible to describe.

And what a study is the Cossack himself! perhaps the most picturesque of all the barbaric waifs and strays which the ebb of the fifteenth century has stranded upon the shores of the nineteenth. Those who have seen him only as the tamed loungee of great cities, tending horses or opening doors in Moscow and St. Petersburg, can hardly conceive him as he appears in his native deserts, embracing his comrade one minute and knocking him down the next, now snoring for hours on the top of his stove, wrapped in a greasy sheepskin, and now rushing over the steppe like a hurricane, with his shaggy hair streaming in the wind, and his small, deep-set, glittering eyes glancing restlessly from side to side like those of a bird of prey, a magnificent relic of the men who were the scourge of Poland and Crim-Tartary, in the grim old days when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, and wrong in those of every one else.

Among these men I had been domiciled for weeks, and had enjoyed, with the keen relish of one tasting a little plain, wholesome barbarism after a long surfeit of civilization, their wild war-songs and barbaric dances, their hot fights and boisterous merry-makings, their quaint old-world traditions, and even their recent tossing of myself on high, as a special honor, in imitation of the old custom of raising their chief on a shield after his election. Whenever I entered a Cossack hut, I looked, as a matter of course, for an abundance of good songs and racy stories, plenty of rough, good-humored banter, a little boyish horse-play, and an untiring flow of fun and jollity. But on this particular evening, I am not ten minutes in the company of my four *convives* without seeing that there is something wrong. After the first greeting, the whole four are utterly silent; and to me, who know how these rough, jovial, over-grown children shout, and chaff, and push each other about, and laugh from mere fulness of high spirits, this unwonted silence has in it something grim and portentous. From time to time I notice them eying each other furtively, as if awaiting the mention of a subject which no one liked to be the first to introduce. At length I ventured to give an impetus to the conversation myself.

"Well, brothers, how are the wolves behaving down here this winter?"

The question is a natural one at this place and season, and, to such born sportsmen as these, ought to be specially acceptable; but had I proposed the immediate assassination of the emperor, my hearers could hardly seem more astounded and dismayed.

"They're behaving well enough, master,"¹ says one of the younger men at length, with an air of such extreme frankness that I feel sure he is lying. "They must be keeping Christmas at home, we see so little of them."

"Ach, Alexey Stepanovitch, won't there be a lighted match on your tongue for that!" breaks in a grizzled old fellow beside him. "If God is angry with us, can we mend the matter by telling lies about it? If the Pan Anglitchanin (Master Englishman) stays with us another day or two, he'll see enough of how the wolves are behaving."

And then, as if this frank avowal had fairly broken the ice, one dismal story began to trickle out after another.

"Look at Ostap the woodman, last week, not enough of him left to feed a hen!"

"And Stepan Kostenko's² cow killed; and Dmitri Mar-diako's two dogs eaten 't'other day!"

"And Father Arkadi's horse gobbled upon the Novo-Donetz road; and he half frozen by having to stick in a

tree for safety, till the commissioner came by in his sledge and took him down!"

"But," remark I at length, "are *your* hands numbed, then, that you let them ravage this way, without warming their porridge for them? Surely four Cossacks are a match for a dozen wolves any day."

Young Alexey's eyes flash fire at this taunt, and he opens his mouth to reply. For a moment, I hope that the reproach may pique him into divulging the mystery which has begun to provoke me; but before he can speak, the old graybeard lifts his hand in a gesture of warning. "*Listen!*" says he, under his breath.

We rise to our feet, and stand listening in silence. The old Cossack "*khootor*" (farm-house), in which we now are, is a fair specimen of its kind. In the centre is a vast square cattle-yard, flanked on two sides by the kitchens and sleeping apartments of the community, and the stables and cow-houses; while the other two sides of the square are formed by wood-sheds, store-rooms, wash-houses, etc. The whole structure is surrounded by an enormous palisade, entered by a gate of equal height; and in the eastern angle of it, commanding a full view of the great waste of snow outside, is the room in which we are now standing. The clouds are still hurrying across the sky as wildly as ever, and all without looks dim and spectral; but the roar of the wind lulls for a moment, and in that dead pause there comes from the far distance a long, weird, dismal howl.

"One might think," says the old man in a hoarse whisper, "that those are not wolves, but howlers of *another kind*."

The last words, and still more the tone in which they are uttered, impress me with a creeping horror, which I can neither explain nor shake off; and the next moment the deep voice of my host, speaking for the first time, breaks in with words even more ominous: "It's time for you to go and watch, my lads, and I'll do the same. Remember to cross yourselves and say a prayer, one and all; we need it when *they* are about."

The men nod, and file out into the darkness like a train of spectres. As soon as we are left alone, my host rises and confronts me, with a kind of stern gladness in his eyes, like a brave man on the brink of some desperate adventure.

"Pan Anglitchanin," says he, looking me full in the face, "you are a Christian and a brave man, and I can say to you what I could not say to those lads yonder. They're stout fellows as ever were; but against anything that they don't understand, they're like reeds in a spring flood. You are the man I want. The devil is abroad among us just now; will you stand by me against him?"

I look at the man in mute wonder. There is a kind of exaltation (no other word will express it) in his look and manner, which for the moment transfigures and almost glorifies him; but it is not the excitement either of delirium or of intoxication. Whatever his purpose might be, it is plain that he has it clearly before him.

"What do you want me to do, then?" ask I.

"I want you to come with me to-morrow night," answers my host in a stern whisper, "and to keep watch for such game as you have never yet fired at in all your travels. Will you do it?"

"Come, that sounds interesting; why not try it to-night?"

Tchistarenko answers merely by pointing through the window; but one glance in that direction suffices. In that storm no man could live for half an hour; and its fury seemed to be increasing.

"To-morrow be it, then," respond I. "But what's this wonderful game that you're going to introduce me to?"

"Listen!" replies the Cossack solemnly. "You English hear of strange things in your travels — did you ever hear of a '*Vov-kulak*'?"

I give an involuntary start. Dimly, like a half-forgotten dream, there comes back to me at the sound of that name a weird image of undefined horror; but it is in vain that I strive to attach any distinct shape to it.

"It's the name we give to transformed men," explains my

¹ This is perhaps the best rendering of the untranslatable "*Pan*," retained from the Poles by the Cossacks, and including all titles from Mr. to Your Grace.

² The Cossack names differ from the Russian in the termination "*ko*," instead of "*off*," or "*in*."

host, noticing my puzzled look; "those to whom Satan gives power to take the shape of wolves or other wild beasts, and in that form to work mischief to those whom they hate. These ill deeds that our lads were telling of just now,—do you think they were the work of common wolves? If they were, I should not fear them. They are the work of the Vov-kulak!"

The terrible earnestness of the man's tone and manner impress me in my own despite; and I start unconsciously as another long dreary howl from without comes floating amid the roar of the storm.

"It is not only that they devour horses and cattle," he continues, "but they will assail Christian men — aye, and kill them! Father Arkadi, now, the other day — do you think any common wolf would have hunted *him* like that? He is a holy man, and therefore the servants of the devil hate him. But here's the difficulty — that it is only as wolves that these brutes can be hurt or slain; for in their human shape no one can recognize them. But what am I doing to tire you with this long story, when the most famous of the Vov-kulaks is an Englishman himself?"

"How's that?" ask I, staring.

"Why, is it not so?" asks the Cossack, looking at me with an air of surprise. "Feodor Nikeltin, the courier, who came through our village from Peter (St. Petersburg) the other day, told us of a famous Englishman, Dr. Davidovitch Livenshton, who had the power of changing himself into a lion, and in that shape went all over Africa, and fought with another lion, and killed him, but got his own arm broken in the fight; and how at last the black sorcerers whose magic was stronger than his, took him prisoner; and how the empress of England is now sending out an army to rescue him."

This matchlessly characteristic version of Dr. Livingstone's career almost overcomes my gravity, in spite of the grim solemnity of the narrator; but the next words make me serious enough.

"Pan Anglitchanin! would your heart be firm to take a man's life, if you knew him to be an evil-doer and a servant of Satan?"

"I would not willingly shed blood," answer I; "but if it had to be done, I'd do it!"

"Listen, then!" says Tchistarenko, in a stern whisper. "You were at Ligovo the other day — did you see Ostap Goorko, the rich corn-dealer, there?"

"No; the day that I was there he was from home."

The terrible change that comes over the Cossack's face at my answer, cannot be conveyed in words.

"He was from home — and I know where! If it please God, his time is come," says Tchistarenko, with the stern triumph of a Puritan cuirassier about to charge the "godless horsemen" of Lunsford and Goring.

"Why, Zacharr Timopheievitch," ask I, fairly puzzled, "what on earth has Goorko to do with these man-wolves of yours?"

"Haven't you guessed it, then? Ostap Goorko is the Vov-kulak!"

The day which followed the strange revelation narrated above, gave me an opportunity of observing what always interests me in the highest degree — the demeanor of a brave man about to encounter a deadly peril. I have myself, in the course of an adventurous life, had my nerves tried by every kind of pressure. I have gone bird's-nesting on the worst precipices of the Arctic Sea, and waited twenty minutes in a dentist's anteroom; I have walked unarmed and alone through a mob of Arab fanatics, and been examined for classical honors at Oxford; but I question very much whether, in all that constitutes true courage, this rude, untravelled, ignorant, semi-savage with whom I found myself so strangely associated, was not far my superior. We Western Europeans, enlightened to the verge of scepticism, with the weird shadows of mediæval superstition lying ages behind us, naturally find it hard to see any heroism in confronting an imaginary peril; but, looked at from his own point of view, the risk which Tchistarenko was about to run might have put to shame many a feat that has

earned its place in history. According to his own belief, he was about to do battle with a monster of preternatural strength and ferocity, gifted with unlimited capacities of evil, and supported by the manifest power of Satan himself; yet he was ready to go forth against it, and fight with it, even to his own destruction, if only he might "save those of his village from harm." "This is a man worth knowing," thought I to myself, as I looked at the Cossack's set lips and knitted brow, and tried to imagine his feelings at the prospect of what lay before him.

All that day Tchistarenko was very quiet — going through his ordinary work as methodically as ever, but still wearing a thoughtful, somewhat stern look, as of one upon whose mind grave interests are weighing. It was characteristic of the man that he never thought of asking whether I still intended to accompany him — feeling certain that, having once undertaken the adventure, I could have no thought of drawing back. Nor, indeed, had I; but, despite my utter disbelief in the mythical "Vov-kulak," I began to feel strangely excited towards evening, as though the contagion of Tchistarenko's grim superstition had infected me in spite of myself. Far down in the secret soul of the hardest and most practical man alive (deny it as he will), there is still a hidden fund of superstition, a lurking sympathy with the unseen and unknown; and many of the strangest anomalies recorded in history are traceable to the sudden awakening of this feeling after years of torpor. It was not without a secret thrill that, turning round from the window, through which I had been reconnoitring the state of the snow, I saw my companion take down his long gun, and begin to load it.

"Surely it's not time to start yet, Zacharr Timopheievitch!"

"Not for three hours and more — but I like to have all ready."

We relapsed into silence. The pale gray light of the short winter day was dying away from the great waste outside, and a ghostly dimness began to creep over it. Night drew on — cold, dreary, dismal: an utter desolation, an immense silence, as if the world itself were dead, and only we two kept living, living on. And there was something in this blank, overwhelming stillness infinitely more weird and ghastly than all the uproar of the preceding night.

"Our game will be abroad to-night, never fear," said Tchistarenko, in a hoarse whisper. "Folks say the devil loves a storm — but that is not true; it is when all is calm, and men are not expecting him, that he pounces upon them!"

Our evening meal was despatched in utter silence; and the moment we had finished, the Cossack stuck his knife in his belt, slung his gun over his shoulders, bowed his head toward the little picture of his patron saint with a few muttered words of fervent prayer; and then, turning to me, said simply: "I am ready!"

We sallied forth in silence. By this time it was so dark that I had to grope my way; but to the unerring instincts of my companion, night and day were alike. Bidding me keep fast hold of his shoulder-strap, he went on swiftly and surely as a bloodhound, through the silent village. Ever and anon, a gleam of light from the windows of a hut flashed into momentary relief the skeleton limbs of frozen trees, starting up from the snow, and huge drifts hanging over us as if already toppling to crush us in their fall; and the utter silence and desolation of this dreary march through the darkness, the grim taciturnity of my guide, the mysterious horror of the work that lay before us, began to weigh upon me like a nightmare. At length, as we left the last hut behind us, and reached the border of the vast trackless waste beyond, a pale shadowy gleam, struggling through the great mass of blackness that lowered overhead, betokened the rising of the moon.

"See!" cried the devout Russian, in a tone of stern triumph, "God has lit his candle for us, that we may overthrow the spirits of darkness! Now, Pan, this is the place; you get behind that stone, and I'll get behind this one; and then let it be as God wills! This is an accursed place, and the evil creature will be sure to pass through it."

I looked round with a start of sudden recognition, and could not but admire the stubborn bravery which had prompted this iron man to select deliberately for his place of ambush a spot which must have been more terrible to him than a battery. It was a deep gully, or rather fosse, barely wide enough for two men to walk abreast, and flanked by two enormous boulders about five paces apart — one half upright, the other flat on the ground — and both bearing a strange, goblin resemblance to the human shape, which was hideously exaggerated by the fitful moonlight. According to a weird popular legend, which I had already heard from the lips of a village patriarch, the recumbent block was the transformed figure of a traveller lost in the snow, whose cries had attracted to the spot a passing woodman; but the latter, instead of lending any assistance, was just about to murder and rifle the helpless man, when the vengeance of Heaven terminated his own life, and left him to be an enduring monument of divine retribution. The peculiar attitude of the two masses — the one lying prostrate, the other apparently straining toward it — is still appealed to by the peasantry in confirmation of the dismal story; and a bribe of fifty roubles would not embolden the bravest man in the province to approach the fatal spot after nightfall. Here, therefore (as if in order that no element of horror might be wanting to this fearful melodrama), we took up our post; and, cowering behind the fatal boulders, awaited in grim silence the coming of our mysterious enemy.

Weary, weary work, crouched on the snow, in cold and darkness, with the bitter night-air creeping like a palsy through one's cramped limbs, and ear and eye alike strained to the utmost, all in vain. Ten times over, in the course of that dreary vigil, I seem to hear the distant howl and patting feet of our awful visitant; or to see its yellow, murderous eyes gleaming through the ghostly semi-darkness that encompasses me. To these succeed other and wilder visions. The grim, half-human figure, in whose shadow I crouch, seems to writhe and struggle in agony: its gaunt companion rises erect, and strides forward, with uplifted arm, to act again the deed of murder. I see the savage grin of the one, the imploring anguish of the other; and the horrible fancy that my comrade is dead, or paralyzed, and that I am virtually alone with the living dead, pulses through me like an electric shock. Hark! what sound is that which comes moaning over the great waste? And there, again and again; and now clear, and loud, and unmistakable! Not the long, dreary wail of the prowling wolf, in his unsatisfied hunger; but a short, sharp, snarling cry — the cry of a wild beast in full sight of its prey, and just about to seize it.

"Ready, Pan Anglitchanin; he's coming!"

At the sound of that firm, manly voice, at the actual presence of the long-expected danger, my nerves are steelled once more. I cock my revolver, and peer warily round the edge of the rock. Far out on the great waste of snow, I see, in the shimmering light of the half-clouded moon, a dim, gray shadow gliding toward me, swiftly and silently, like a spirit of evil. Nearer and nearer it comes, till I can see the long, narrow, cruel head, the fierce yellow eye, the tongue lolling out from between the sharp white fangs. A moment's pause on the ridge above me, bringing its gaunt figure into hideous relief against the sky, and then down it shoots into the gully, right past the spot where I lie hid. Crack goes my revolver, and a sharp howl of pain shows that the shot has told; but before I can fire again, the loud bang of Tchistarenko's gun answers from the right; and then a snarling, worrying noise, which I know only too well. I sprang toward the sound; but at that moment a cloud overcast the moon, and I could barely distinguish a confused heap of man and beast struggling in a whirl of spraying snow, and so mingled together that I dared not strike, for fear of killing my friend. As I stood hesitating, a hand suddenly emerged from the shapeless mass: there was a steely gleam in the shadowy moonlight; a dull "plug" twice repeated, like the sound of a spade struck into soft earth; and Tchistarenko sprang to his feet, with a long deep gasp, like the first breath of a returned

diver. At the same moment, the moon burst forth again in all its splendor, lighting up a scene worthy of Fuseli. Over a background of unending snow, dim and spectral as a nightmare, the two great rocks rose gauntly up in the moonlight, casting shadows more grim and goblin than themselves. Below, the black gully yawned like the mouth of a grave; but on the crest of the great drift above it, in the full glory of the moonlight, lay a huge gray wolf, stark and dead, its mighty jaws gaping wide with the gasp of its last agony; and over it stood Tchistarenko, dripping blood from a fearful wound in his shoulder, but with a light of stern triumph on his iron face which I shall never forget.

"God be thanked, Pan, who delivered him into our hands! See, your ball has broken his right fore-paw, and mine has gone through his neck. I'll just put the sign of the cross on him, and then we can go in peace: he'll do no more harm after that."

He gashed the wolf's side crosswise as he spoke; and, without even stopping to bandage his own hurt, set off homeward at such a pace that I had some difficulty in keeping up with him. By a singular coincidence, the death of Goorko, the suspected were-wolf, took place that very night; and on my return a few months later, I found Tchistarenko's fame established throughout the entire province, as the deliverer of his people from the fury of the *Vov-kulak*.

MORRIS'S NEW POEM.¹

THE conception and arrangement of Mr. Morris's last poem are singularly refined and perfect; and it is written throughout with an intensity and seriousness which many readers will be inclined to contrast favorably with the half querulous, half indolent *insouciance* which runs through much of the "Earthly Paradise," and finds a definite expression in the *Apology* and *L'Envoi*. The poem begins with a conversation between Giles and Joan, who are two married peasants, in a crowd at the pageant of an emperor's marriage. They speak in octosyllabic couplets, and the imagery of their speeches is homely, and Joan mistakes the marshal's sergeant for a knight: otherwise it may be doubted whether any peasants out of Arcadia ever expressed themselves with such elegant simplicity and propriety. Then after a short song, which, like all in the poem, begins with the words, "Love is Enough," the emperor and empress appear and exchange lofty courtesies, about their love in heroic triplets, each of which is followed by a burden. Then we have the mayor in alliterative lines begging leave to present a play. He feels called to apologize for the subject, which seems to depreciate rank and prosperity; as equally of course he regards the rank of the emperor and empress with loyal complacency; equally of course they give a gracious dispensation for the play to proceed.

The story of the play deals with familiar elements; but they are treated in an abstract, passionate way, that is anything but familiar. Pharamond succeeds his father, who is killed in battle, and for five years works wonders in defence of his kingdom. Through all these years he has been haunted by the vision of a maiden in a valley shut in by mountains, over which the only pass lies through a yew wood. At last he breaks down under his longing; and, after passing nine days in lethargy, sets off with his foster-father to find the reality of the vision. It seems they met with many adventures in their search; but these are only used for a scene of dreamy reminiscences; it is hardly worth while to inquire which come from Calprenède, which were invented for a story which upon reflection the poet did not care to tell. It is not till the search has lasted for years, and hope has failed, that Love reveals himself, and then withdraws to make way for the beloved in the very valley of the vision where Pharamond has lain down in a mist to die. While Pharamond has been longing for her,

¹ *Love is Enough*; or, *The Freeing of Pharamond: a Morality*. By William Morris. 1878.

Azalais has been longing, not yet for him, but for love; and so when she sees him, she too recognizes that she has been longing for the meeting.

After the first raptures are over, Pharamond, to please his foster-father, and to gratify his natural self, or what is left of it, goes back to his kingdom to resume it if he can. He finds that Theobald the constable (whose *lâches* did much to aggravate his early difficulties) has usurped the throne to the general satisfaction. Accordingly he goes back to his love under the impression that he is too good for a king, and that there would be little pleasure in conquering his subjects after conquering their enemies. The emperor and empress are much pleased with the play, and wish in vain that they could make friends with the players; but they are cut off by their rank from a felicity which is reserved for Giles and Joan. After each scene there is a musical interlude, which becomes more and more like a hymn; and Love delivers an address to the audience, which becomes more and more like a sermon by a saint; and the talk of Giles and Joan as they go home from the show, lets the reader down gently and happily to common life again.

When we pass from the conception to the execution, it is impossible to speak too highly of the rich, rapturous melody of the songs, which are all in long anapestic stanzas with double rhymes, that have an echo here and there of Mr. Swinburne — perhaps inevitable, but hardly welcome. We extract the last and the sweetest: —

“Love is Enough! Ho, ye who seek saving,
Go no further; come hither; there have been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving;
These know the Cup with the Roses around it;
These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath bound it:
Cry out, the world heedeth not, ‘Love, lead us home!’

“He leadeth, He hearkeneth, He cometh to you-ward;
Set your faces as steel to the fears that assemble
Round his goad for the faint, and his scourge for the forward:
Lo his lips, how with tales of last kisses they tremble!
Lo his eyes of all round that may not dissemble!
Cry out, for he heedeth, ‘O Love, lead us home!’

“O hearken the words of his voice of compassion:
‘Come, cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken
Of the weary unrest, and the world's passing fashion!
As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,
But surely within you some Godhead shall quicken,
As you cry to me heeding, and leading you home.

“Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind to the ending!
Come — fear ye shall have, mid the sky's overcasting!
Come — change ye shall have, for far are ye wending!
Come — no crown ye shall have for your thirst and your fasting,
But the kissed lips of Love and fair life everlasting!
Cry out, for one heedeth who leadeth you home.’

“Is he gone, was he with us? — ho, ye who seek saving,
Go no further; come hither; for have we not found it?
Here is the House of Fulfilment of Craving;
Here is the Cup with the Roses around it,
The World's Wound well healed, and the balm that hath bound it:
Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love, that led home.”

The following lines are perhaps as fair a sample as can be isolated of the tone and doctrine of Love's discourses: —

“Have faith, and crave and suffer, and all ye
The many mansions of my house shall see
In all content: cast shame and pride away,
Let honor gild the world's eventless day,
Shrink not from change, and shudder not at crime,
Leave lies to rattle in the sieve of Time!
Then, whatso'er your work-day gear shall stain,
Of me a wedding-garment shall ye gain
No God shall dare cry out at, when at last
Your time of ignorance is overpast;
A wedding-garment and a glorious seat
Within my household, e'en as yet be meet.”

The last line seems hardly finished; and there are other indications here and there that Mr. Morris has lost something of his easy mastery in abandoning the ruder form of the heroic couplet which he inherited from Chaucer. The writer himself seems to be aware of a more serious fault: with all his gracious, delightful fervor, Love argues and insists too much; his discourses are not merely a commentary on the poem, they are a defence of it, almost a criticism; and it is only a very youthful literature which is ingenuous enough to permit itself such confidences. Perhaps, too, it might be said that the several disguises of Love, who sometimes appears as a maker of images, sometimes as a maker of pictured cloths, have little value for the reader; though, if there could be found worthy actors and a fit audience, they would add another grace to the pageant.

It is hard to pronounce upon a single trial whether the revival of alliterative rhythm will be a permanent addition to our poetical resources. We are inclined to think that Mr. Morris himself has gained by it a greater directness and energy of expression, and consequently more of the eloquence of passion, and this without any sacrifice of delicacy; but after all he has not yet shaken our impression that the harmony of regular metre was a decided artistic progress.

Here is an extract from the speech of Azalais, as she sees Pharamond asleep: —

“As one hearkening a story, I wonder what cometh,
And in what wise my voice to our homestead shall bid him.
O heart, how thou faintest with hope of the gladness
I may have for a little if there he abide.
Soft there shalt thou sleep, love, and sweet shall thy dreams be,
And sweet thy awaking amidst of the wonder
Where thou art, who is nigh thee — and then, when thou seest
How the rose-boughs hang in o'er the little loft window,
And the blue bowl with roses is close to thine hand,
And over thy bed is the quilt sewn with lilies,
And the loft is hung round with the green Southland hangings,
And all smelleth sweet as the low door is opened,
And thou turnest to see me there standing, and holding
Such dainties as may be thy new hunger to stay —
Then well may I hope that thou wilt not remember
Thine old woes for a moment in the freshness and pleasure,
And that I shall be part of thy rest for a little.”

Perhaps the anapestic movement is here, as elsewhere, too unbroken; indeed, there are whole paragraphs that only want rhymes to remind us of Mr. Swinburne when he writes in a minor key. But we feel it is ungracious to criticise music at once so rich and so simple: the idyllic grace of Azalais' awaking shyly to the consciousness of love furnishes the ideal relief after the passionate scene in which Pharamond's hushed, intense expectation passes through sweet music into the trance in which she finds him.

The charm of the “Earthly Paradise” was that it gave us the picturesqueness of earth with the atmosphere of fairy-land; we drifted along a swift current of adventure under a sky heavy with sweet dreams, through which the dew of death fell without dimming the sunshine: we were amused and yet enthralled. In his new work Mr. Morris demands more of the reader; instead of abandoning himself to a passive fascination, he has to be penetrated with a profound and earnest passion: we have to live in the poem, not to dream of it. Consequently it will not be surprising if “Love is Enough” attracts fewer readers than the “Earthly Paradise;” though those who are attracted will be held longer under a deeper spell. Those outside the charmed circle will perhaps complain that the figures which move within are shadowy, because their own desire does not burn within them.

ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE representatives of various scientific societies have been requesting the Government to send a new expedition to the Arctic regions. The proposal is that a couple of whalers, with a crew of sixty men each, should follow the

well-known route by Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. One of the ships would be stationed some distance within Smith's Sound, whilst the other would advance as far as possible to the northward. From the point which it reached sledge parties would start in the early spring, and explore the unknown region in various directions. In the event of any accident, the expedition could fall back upon the station in Smith's Sound, and thence upon the Danish settlements in Greenland. Various benefits to science are promised as the reward of the expedition, and it is added that "another generation of naval officers will be trained in ice-navigation," and that England will regain its pre-eminence in Arctic adventure. Is it worth while? Do the advantages suggested counterbalance the expenditure and the risk to life which are necessarily involved? Should we reopen that chapter of our naval history which was closed by the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, or should we resolve that such a wild goose chase is unworthy of a sensible people, and leave the empty honors which it may produce to the Swedes, Germans, and Americans, who have taken up the task which we abandoned, or to the voluntary activity of our countrymen?

It is not surprising to find that there is a difference of opinion. The Geographical, Geological, Linnæan, and Anthropological Societies and various bodies interested in meteorological investigations, are of course in favor of any adventure which promises to accumulate new facts. Captain Sherard Osborne is of course in favor of any adventure which is adventurous. And equally of course there are a good many people who agree with the *Times* that the whole thing is folly. Why spend money and risk life on a matter of sheer curiosity? What good will it do if we give names to a few more plants which pick up a wretched existence in the midst of snow and ice; if we add a few more columns to meteorological tables already sufficiently wearisome to the ordinary mind; or even discover the remains of a race of human beings long cut off from intercourse with the outside world, who can hardly be expected to offer important advantages to British commerce, or even to have developed any new and surprising discoveries in politics or science? If men choose of their own free will, and at their own expense, to encounter such risks, we can of course have no objection. We shall look on with amusement and be glad to read the account of their exploits, as we read the accounts of neckbreaking ascents of the Matterhorn. It might be worth while for an enterprising publisher, or for the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, to send out an expedition on the chance of being able to produce the next sensation of the season. But a Government should abstain from chimerical pursuits, and be perfectly indifferent to the curiosities which, according to Mr. Lowe's celebrated illustration, lie "behind the north wind." Let fools or heroes seek for Eldorado at the source of the Nile or the North Pole if they please; but let us, as befits sensible Englishmen, sit at home, fold our hands, and confine our assistance to bestowing popular applause on the successful, and laughing at those who fail.

In all this there is no doubt a certain amount of obvious common sense, though it cannot be regarded as perfectly decisive of the question. The advocates of the expedition have put forward some arguments which are not very impressive, in their anxiety to secure the adoption of their views. We cannot, for example, attach very much weight to the supposed advantages of training a new generation of naval officers in ice-travelling. The accomplishment is not one of very general use. The primary use of our navy is to fight; and it is scarcely probable that the question of naval supremacy will be decided by actions fought amongst icebergs and polar bears. We have not yet learnt the desirable lesson of how to keep an ironclad right side uppermost, or even how to reduce a hostile ironclad to the inverse position; and that is a problem of more vital importance to the navy than the best method of tackling ice-floes and extracting a ship from a floating pack. Even here, indeed, we are reminded by Sir Henry Rawlinson that the experience gained may come in usefully in a few years. We shall have an Antarctic expedition on our hands in

1882, in order to observe the transit of Venus; and it will therefore be very desirable to have officers as experienced as Sir James Ross in varieties of ice work. The argument might possibly be encountered by the *Times* by suggesting that we do not care much about the transit of Venus. Why should not that excellent planet be allowed to interpose itself between us and the sun without our exhibiting an indecent curiosity as to its movements? What does it matter to us whether the earth is a few thousand, or even million, miles nearer to or further from the centre of its orbit than we had supposed? We get on very well as it is, and can predict eclipses with quite sufficient accuracy for all purposes of navigation. If we can determine the position of any point on the earth's surface within a mile, why should we bother ourselves to try to make our calculations accurate within an inch? Luckily for the scientific world, there is a creditable sound about the transit of Venus. We have precedents in favor of an accurate observation; and, for some reason or other, it is altogether a phenomenon of which we are no more permitted to speak disrespectfully than of the equator. Why this should be is one of those mysteries which we are quite unable to explain. Astronomy, whatever the reason, has a position conceded to none of the sister sciences. The minutest fact about a comet is regarded as justifying any amount of trouble expended in its observation; whilst a meteorological, a geological, or a chemical discovery is not entitled to anything like the same degree of interest. The fact seems to be that many people are in the same state of mind in regard to what may be called the junior sciences, which is oddly represented in Addison's ridicule of the "Virtuoso." Poor Nicholas Gimcrack is ridiculed in the *Guardian* for the contents of the remarkable will in which he bequeathed his worldly goods to his relations. To his wife, for example, he left a box of butterflies, a drawer of shells, a female skeleton, and a dried cockatrice; whilst he disinherited his eldest son John for "having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine," and cut him off with a single cockleshell. Addison declares that he has seen a beetle valued at twenty crowns and a toad at a hundred, and he lays down as a general rule "that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso." The world had yet to learn, and a good part of it has still to learn, that it is really a proof of philosophy to see that important lessons may be learnt from the trifles which it despises. The *Times* obviously regards the gentlemen who wish to investigate the fauna and flora of the Alpine regions, to study the geology and the meteorology of that unknown world, much as Addison regarded a man who took more interest in caterpillars and cockatrices than in the squabbles of Godolphin and Harley. Newton's discoveries had struck the imagination of his contemporaries, but they were unable to conceive that Mr. Darwin could show how the observation of beetles and toads might suggest inquiries as profoundly interesting to the human race as even the order of the solar system.

There is, indeed, a school which maintains on philosophical grounds that all these inquiries into the origin of species and other such profound subjects are pure waste of time, and that we should impose a strict limit upon scientific research. With these philosophers we need not argue at the present moment, for we may safely assume with the overwhelming majority of scientific observers that the remotest inquiries frequently throw a startling light upon questions of daily interest. The real objection does not come from philosophic theorists, but from the popular dislike to any investigation which does not promise an immediate and tangible result. What is it that you expect to find in the Arctic regions? is the question. If there is coal there, it will never turn our steam-engines, and therefore it is not worth discovering. Certainly the reply is conclusive from the purely commercial point of view. But, on the other hand, the discovery of coal deposits in the far North may throw a very singular light upon the previous state of this planet, and on the conditions under which coal formations were originally deposited. The representatives of the various

societies have given a long list of other scientific inquiries which might be materially advanced by an Alpine expedition. The mode in which species, whether of men, plants, or animals, are modified by such strange conditions, is well worth examination. What practical conclusions might ultimately follow it is totally impossible to say; but that is the very reason for inquiring. If you could say beforehand that the examination of matter under an entirely new set of conditions would clear up such and such points, and leave such others untouched, we could judge precisely what is and what is not worth examining. What do you expect to discover from examining the precise position of certain dark lines in a spectrum? was a question which might have been very plausibly put to the first inquirers. The answer would have been, We don't know, and that is just why we inquire. Human knowledge is so limited that we cannot safely cut off any part of the field of investigation which is open to us. We cannot tell where the diamonds are buried, and therefore we must systematically turn over every corner of our dwelling-place. Very often our researches will have been thrown away; and still more often we shall make valuable discoveries when we were looking for something entirely different. There is a very large part of the earth's surface of which we know next to nothing, except that it has never been systematically examined, and that it is subject to conditions singularly different from any that prevail elsewhere, though they possibly reproduce those which once prevailed over a vastly wider area. Nature has a huge laboratory in which she is ever trying experiments on a gigantic scale. Perhaps we may learn nothing by inspecting the results. Perhaps we should learn nothing if it were possible to make a voyage to the moon. It might show us simply a repetition of just the same phenomena which are presented on the earth. Yet even to learn that would be to learn something; and we may assume that if a million or two of money would suffice to place a scientific expedition on our satellite, the expense would hardly be grudged. Is it not, then, worth while to send a couple of small ships to a region so unvisited and mysterious as the precincts of the North Pole? They may conceivably come home empty-handed, but the chances are that they will accumulate an amount of information which will be a very appreciable contribution to scientific knowledge. If the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing thoroughly; and as the assistance of Government is a necessary condition to the expedition being fitted out with the desirable completeness, we should hope that it may be granted. The *Challenger* has just been despatched with general approval on a similar mission to better-known parts of the world; and we cannot see why the very same people who applauded the liberality of the Government in that instance should complain of an expedition which is a natural complement to the other, and promises to produce results of equal interest and novelty.

The objection that it is more dangerous to go to the North Pole than to the Pacific scarcely deserves any serious notice, if indeed it is not an argument the other way. Whether knowledge of ice-travelling be or be not a desirable accomplishment for our sailors, the spirit of adventure certainly deserves encouragement. We should not encourage sailors or anybody else to run into danger simply for the sake of encountering danger; but when there is a legitimate object to be gained at the peril of a very moderate risk, the risk becomes rather an inducement than otherwise. We are indeed coming to arguments which cannot be expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence even so easily as those derived from scientific considerations. And yet they should have their weight. The old feats of Arctic enterprise were well worth the price we paid for them, even though the northwest passage was not a very useful discovery. It is surely worth while, when there is a sufficient excuse for it, to keep up the old traditions of daring and self-reliant enterprise which have done so much for our navy. In days when our sailors could not emulate Nelson and Collingwood, it was something to give them a field for exhibiting qualities

which have not much opportunity of coming to light in a Channel cruise. And, finally, there is some allowance to be made even for sheer, unadulterated human curiosity. The great dramatic effects which adorned former travels can hardly be repeated. In these latter days there is no room for a Columbus or even for a Captain Cook, but one great prize is still left, and the first man who raises his national flag on the North Pole will have done something to be proud of. We can leave the South Pole to our descendants in the future England of the South Seas. Moreover, it seems highly probable that at any rate a region might be discovered in the Arctic regions where the climate is more tolerable, for consumptive patients and others, than that under which we are now suffering.

ANIMAL GROTESQUES.

It is curious to see modern science, under the guidance of Mr. Darwin's great intellectual impulse, so far returning upon its tracks as to find a new store of humor in those grotesque recasts and reconstructions of animal forms which amused the old Greeks and Egyptians with the conceptions of centaurs, chimeras, bird-headed men, and so forth. Here are two humorous books, both of which have evidently been suggested by Mr. Darwin's conception that the divergence of different directions of animal development depends upon mere incidents of climate, food, the characteristics of competing races of animals, and so forth, all of which incidents differ in every different locality, and that, therefore, the real combinations of animal forms might have been very different from what they are. The drawings of "Grotesque Animals," by W. E. D. Cooke, are efforts of fancy in exhausting the permutations and combinations of animal forms supposed to be most incompatible with each other, and are full of the humorous extravagance of startling and monstrous amalgamations. The other book, by Mr. Charles Bennett and Mr. Brough, is a very clever attempt to show by what insensible gradations you can make almost any kind of animal shade off into man, — so that you can hardly catch the gradations by which you pass from the prize ox in the stall to the ox-headed grazer who is looking at him, or by which you pass from the dull and greedy vulture to the dull and greedy man of prey who fattens on the garbage of human society. Mr. Cooke's book is really a work of art as well as a work of humor, so gracefully as well as so oddly are the animal forms combined into the most nightmarish of new species. It is impossible to describe grotesque effects which appear solely to the eye; but nothing can exceed the oddity of the conception in the very first plate in the book, for instance, where the head of a cockatoo with gay ruffled feathers is issuing from a spiral (Ammonite) shell, and the compound creature is supported by a single stout human leg and foot, while a lamb-headed servant, with a conical (Turitella) shell for a fool's cap, also a monopod, follows the haughty cockatoo-headed fop at a respectful distance. These oddities of conception must be seen to be enjoyed. But the grotesque humor of both books is evidently due to the new impulse which Mr. Darwin has given to the conviction of a physical relationship between all forms of animal life, human and otherwise, and the impression he has given us that combinations of organs which are arbitrary and impossible under existing conditions might have been possible under conditions not very widely varied. What were exercises of the merest arbitrary fancy to the nations of the ancient world, have gained for us a sort of remote significance from the knowledge how very slight a change of conditions might have changed the direction of development, so that what was grotesque by virtue of its arbitrariness to the ancient world, is still more grotesque to us because part of that arbitrariness has disappeared. As cousins are apt to feel the grotesqueness of the moral contrasts between them far more than strangers, for the very reason that they are not so far off as they might seem, so the new sense of affinity between the various animal types

and forms and organs adds a certain keenness of flavor to the grotesqueness of the contrasts they present.

For the word "grotesque"—taken primarily, we suppose, from the twisted and distorted character of forms seen in the dim light of a grotto—applies especially to the twisted and distorted parodies on human functions and passions which we seem to see winding away from us into the deep gloom of the lower animal types. It was this feeling which gave its rare grotesqueness to the wisdom of *Æsop*. The voluntary distortion of his moral wisdom when it was made to issue from the mouth of a frog, or the ass, or the fox,—the sense of the relation and also the disproportion between the thought and cunning and passions of men, and the various undignified animals whose forms he peopled with these human qualities,—produced exactly that impression of twisted and dislocated forms which is implied in the word "grotesque." Hazlitt has put this very powerfully in commenting on *Æsop's* humor, saying of him: "Ape and slave, he looked askance at human nature, and beheld its weaknesses and errors transferred to another species. . . . He saw in man a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, a beak, or a tail, or claws, or long ears as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphics in the brute creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray wisdom and a frog croak humanity." If *Æsop* had lived in our day, he would have probably felt the moral grotesqueness of his fables to be far more instead of less striking. The odd distortion which his fancy invented for the sake of effect, might have a certain tone of semi-reality now. Our cunning may really be related by something like immemorial descent to that of the fox,—our rapacity to that of the wolf,—our industry to that of the beaver or the bee. Animal passions are not so much the distorted forms of human passions, as human passions are the partially straitened forms of animal passions,—straitened by conscience and reason and the possession of a divine soul. But this does not make the grotesqueness in the likeness less, but rather greater. What we see in the animal world, still bears to what we find in ourselves something of the same relation that a gargoye representing a human head bears to the real image of man; and we feel the thrill and pathos which is involved in all the higher forms of the "grotesque" only the more in gazing at the animal world, so far as we really believe that there is a common ancestry for those strange instincts which we dimly trace winding away into the subterranean life of brute existence. Unquestionably one reason why the grotesqueness of animal life is taking gradually so much more important a place in the modern world of literature than it had in the ancient, is that in the ancient world it was connected simply with the sharp contrasts and analogies traced by keen intellectual wit, while in the modern world a feeling of sympathy between the lower and the higher forms of life is growing up to shade off the intellectual contrasts. The grotesque suggestions of *Æsop's* fables have no pathos in them. But the grotesque suggestions of the greatest of modern *Æsops*,—a much greater than *Æsop*,—Hans Christian Andersen, are full of pathos, and solely on this account, that his speaking animals have a real relationship to man, and feel as men feel, only with a more embarrassed and limited and less articulate voice. The kinship between the lower animals and man is the greatest of all sources of the higher grotesque effects,—those effects in which the sense of ludicrous difference and distortion is modified by an under-current of feeling of real affinity. Andersen's "Ugly Duckling," his toads and storks, and a hundred other of his creations, have all the wisdom and wit of *Æsop*, and combine with it a tender feeling of animal infirmity as akin to human infirmity, as well.

And it is probably for some reason of the same general kind, that modern literature has devoted so much more attention to the pathetic side of what is most grotesque in man himself. Sir Walter Scott's grotesques, his Dominie Sampson, Davie Gellatley, Laird of Dumbie-dikes, and so forth, almost all have a touch of the kind of pathos in them

which comes from a sympathy with animal inarticulateness, with that helplessness of nature that has never fully gained the faculty of speech or self-knowledge, and that takes us back to the lower races of creatures for illustrations of it. It was, perhaps, Sir Walter's great sympathy with animals that gave him this wonderful power of sketching the intermediate world between consciousness and unconsciousness in man. Even Shakespeare shows little sign of this kind of command of the grotesque. His fools and madmen, touching as they are, are not touching from their creatureliness, but from eclipsed or disfigured human qualities. And his conceptions of Caliban and Ariel have none of that sort of pathos in them. They are marvellous feats of creative fancy, but do not excite our pity. Even on the stage you see how much the taste for the higher kind of grotesque feeling has grown. Robson's greatest efforts used to be produced by delineating the struggle of dumb affections to express themselves dimly without words, in actions so grotesque that you knew not whether to laugh or cry, but the pathos of which was at least as profound as their humor. And the grotesque humor of America is in a great degree of the same kind,—especially in such poems as "Little Breeches" and "The Prairie Bell," and such tales as Bret Harte's,—studies of rude natures helplessly struggling for a half-utterance. It would seem, too, that the great Russian author Turguenieff has produced studies of the grotesque of a pathos even higher, and precisely of the same type,—where the secret of the pathos lies in the deep sympathy of the writer with the dumb, unconscious, creaturely phases of animal or human feeling. Indeed, every writer we have named, from Scott to Turguenieff, has proved that his sympathy with the lower animals was as living as his sympathy with the dumb inarticulate feelings of men hardly yet set free from the dumbness of the lower animals. Mr. Darwin's doctrine has not come before the way had been prepared for it by a quite new current of sympathy between our race and the grotesque germs of human feeling in the races beneath our own.

FITZGERALD'S LIFE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

WITH the exception of Byron, there is certainly no famous literary character whose career is more suggestive of adventure and wild enterprise than that of the novelist whom Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has attempted to describe. A truthful and impartial biography of Alexandre Dumas is indeed needed. Few among his contemporaries have been more libelled—few have borne a heavier burden of accusation. It is a pity that Dumas' private life should, to some extent, be open to these attacks; yet it need scarcely be observed that his extravagance and erratic disposition have been magnified; and it must be put down as a principle that a man's personal eccentricities are not to be confounded with his literary merits, so long as those oddities do not interfere with his talent. Whatever may be said of Lord Byron, he will ever be the author of "Childe Harold;" and Dumas will be considered first as the writer of the "Three Musketeers." But Mr. Percy Fitzgerald maintains that he is not the author of the "Three Musketeers," nor, indeed, of most of the favorite romances which have carried his name over the world. Dumas, says Mr. Fitzgerald, has a distinct claim but to three works—two comedies and a novel: "Monte Christo," "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," and "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.;" nay even "Monte Christo" is doubtful; and no doubt Mr. Fitzgerald, by dint of a little perseverance, could triumphantly demonstrate that the comedies are from other pens, too. Such intelligence is surprising indeed; but something yet more surprising is in store, as we shall see; for Alexandre Dumas was, in his biographer's opinion, the greatest literary quack who ever appeared on the face of the earth—an undignified pantaloon, and an egregious scamp into the bargain. "Henri III." was stolen from Schiller's "Don Carlos," and that "outrageous" drama, "Antony," was dishonestly taken from M. Victor Hugo's then unpublished

'Marion de Lorme,' although the same M. Hugo has frequently asserted that the charge now repeated by the present writer is a calumny. To cut matters short, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is bent on "revealing" Alexandre Dumas: he intends to divest him of the delusive garb of reputation, and present him as the "clever adapter of other people's thoughts." Alexandre Dumas ransacked European literature with unprecedented levity. We rather thought him one of the most original and inventive writers of the time, but it seems we must alter our opinion. But this is not all. Alexandre Dumas stands responsible for the demoralization of French literature: he has corrupted the drama; and, not content with giving his own to the world, he has supplied him with hints for the pieces which bring down in our day all but universal reprobation.

This great criminal's biography runs thus. He was born at Villiers-Cotterets in 1802; his father was the General Dumas who distinguished himself during the Republican and Imperial wars. Young Dumas was a booby up to the age of eighteen, when a small place was obtained for him in the Duke of Orleans' (the future Louis Philippe) household. His father died penniless, or nearly so, when he was four; and subsequently he had to support his mother. He was still in the Duke's service when "Henri Trois" was played at the Français with great success. The French drama was then undergoing a course of radical reformation; romanticism was in the ascendant, and Dumas had the honor to enter the lists as one of the principal innovators, in the company of M. Victor Hugo and Jasimir Delavigne. At this time, Mr. Fitzgerald thinks, although English literature had great influence in the reformation of the French stage, Byron and Shakespeare were only esteemed because it was the fashion to esteem them. He believes that, although no less than fifteen or sixteen translations into French have been given since the commencement of this century, — although few French writers of merit have not written essays on his works, — although Shakespeare is enthusiastically admired among our neighbors, — Shakespeare's drama has never been open to the French understanding.

Soon Dumas began his career of adventure and literary plagiarism in earnest. When the revolution which overthrew Charles the Tenth burst out, the future novelist signalized himself by a curious and amusing exploit. He undertook to capture the powder magazine at Soissons. He started in a post-chaise with two friends, hoisted the tricolor flag on the steeple of the cathedral, walked up to the officers of the fort, threatened to blow their brains out if they did not capitulate, took them prisoners, and returned in triumph to Paris with the powder. This adventure sounds like one of D'Artagnan's feats. Dumas went next on a mission to Vendée, attired in a fantastic uniform, and the manner in which he accomplished his object was no less fantastic than his dress. His second great dramatic success was the "revolting" "Antony." Mr. Fitzgerald has borrowed from Mirecourt and others a score of anecdotes relating to this piece, indicative of the author's prodigious self-sufficiency and vanity. Here, speaking of M. Victor Hugo's dramas, Mr. Fitzgerald praises them, but a little further on he calls them "brutal and revolting."

As to the subsequent career of the novelist, we see little in the present record that has not been said by preceding biographers, beyond the lengthy description of Dumas' "system" of producing books from the moment his popularity had reached its zenith, and even that has been exhaustively treated many years ago. Dumas organized a firm of novel writers, and employed a considerable number of young men, foremost of whom were Auguste Maquet, Vacquerie, Meurice, and Fiorentino, who wrote under his name at a low rate, while he pocketed the profits and the celebrity. Towards the end of his life Alexandre Dumas, who had earned and spent millions, was poor, and sought, in many ways certainly unworthy of him, the means of satisfying his craving for the luxurious habits of better days. No subject could be more painful than this slow decay and debasement of genius and dignity; but Mr.

Fitzgerald thinks proper to lay stress on this portion of the novelist's biography, and to detail with great minuteness and in contemptuous language the last struggles with real poverty. Nor does he seem aware that Dumas' recent death might have induced him to suppress most of his reproductions from De Mirecourt on the subject of father and son, if it were only out of deference to the latter.

Mr. Fitzgerald writes throughout with a thorough feeling of disdain for Alexandre Dumas' life and works. He never omits an opportunity of attacking him, and occasionally quotes M. Granier de Cassagnac as a reference. He has gleefully collected all the stale little anecdotes and vicious digs of Loménie and Jacquot, and made an *olla podrida* of them; and he consults the libellous writings of a man whose pen has left few reputations unscathed. He makes out Dumas to have been a despicable adventurer, a dishonest man, and a monstrous plagiarist. Now, as regards the works not written by him, Dumas has himself openly admitted that they were not his; and nothing can be easier for anybody at all proficient in the French language than to distinguish between what Dumas has and has not written. But of Dumas' characteristic humor, — of his peculiar style, one of the most recognizable in French, — of his native gifts, gayety, and invention, and dramatic power, so unmistakably prominent in the "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Ange Pitou," and a score of others (all of which are here put down as not by Dumas) the writer displays an ignorance incompatible with his pretensions as a judge of black sheep. This ignorance becomes really amusing when "Ascanio," a story known to all Dumas' readers, except, we are sorry to say, to Mr. Fitzgerald, as one of the French novelist's liveliest productions, is spoken of as the work of M. Paul Meurice, whose capacities show sufficiently that "Ascanio" is above his powers. Alexandre Dumas has certainly, as every great writer has done of all times, taken subjects treated before; but of these he made original creations, as Corneille made a creation of Guilhem de Castro's "Cid." It cannot be denied that his system of literary speculation was unwarrantable; yet the frankness of his confession of their real authorship, and their inferiority to the works really from his pen, can be taken as a sufficient excuse. As to Alexandre Dumas' influence on the French drama, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's strictures are simply futile. The French stage shook off the narrow tyranny of classical omnipotence, and Dumas was mainly instrumental in furthering that desirable result. His determined realism has freed the drama of false ideas and absurd prejudices; and between the bold truthfulness of Dumas the elder's dramatic works, and the pieces of Dumas *fil* there is the difference that lies between a sternly treated page of real life and a systematically immoral exhibition.

We have but a word to add. After an elaborate attack on the great *romancier's* private sentiments, Mr. Fitzgerald relates the death of his mother, his display of grief at her loss, and adds, "that he cannot but doubt of its sincerity." The picture is complete. Dumas was an unscrupulous adventurer, a literary pilferer and quack, a coward, and finally a bad son. We venture to doubt the taste of this last assumption. On the whole, such an attempt to sap the celebrity of a writer is an unenviable task, which ought to be left to a Jacquot.

THE MILKWOMAN.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD, "THE AMATEUR CASUAL."

ONCE upon a time, the maiden who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, and who, after that healthful and invigorating occupation, poised her snow-white pail on her head, and tripped it over the dewy grass, while the soaring lark was not yet far advanced with his morning hymn — the British milkmaid, by universal acclamation, was allowed to be the very image and reflection of simplicity and innocence. Hogarth so pictured her; so she ap-

peared in almost every romance written prior to the present generation; so she was depicted on the stage, where thrilling domestic drama was enacted. There were other maids who figured in domestic drama — flower-girls, watercress-girls, millers' maids, and chamber-maids — but in one and all of these there was developed an amount of archness and worldly wisdom that in some degree prepared the audience for the possibility of her yielding to the dazzling temptations and wiles and fair-sounding persuasions by which the fascinating villain with the cloak and glossy whiskers imposed on her. To be sure, the audience expressed no disapprobation when her virtuous young lover, in response to her ringing shrieks for help, appeared most opportunely at the garret-window, and shot the libertine through the heart; but, could they have brought him to life again, and tried him in cool blood, the probabilities are that they would have found him guilty with extenuating circumstances. But when a little milkmaid was made the victim — when some pink-and-white pretty creature, in spotless muslin and patent-leather high-heeled shoes, with rosettes that contrasted bewitchingly with the dainty stockings — was in danger of becoming the prey of the ruthless monster in the cloak, then the fury of pit and gallery knew no bounds, and the actor's perfect delineation of the villain's part could scarcely save him from a storm of indignant hisses.

But the typical milkmaid is defunct — dead and buried as undoubtedly as that model mother of the race, the Dairyman's Daughter, whose unpretentious tomb is an unfailing attraction for stage-coach tourists in the Isle of Wight, who stay for refreshment at the White Lion at Arreton. "As innocent as a milkmaid," indeed! It might go down very well as a joke in a burlesque; but such a comparison, made in sober earnest, would now be received pretty much as if one spoke of an honest horse-dealer, or an immaculate trader in marine stores. The milkmaid depicted on the accompanying page, making allowance for her weatherproof habiliments is by no means a wicked or designing-looking person.¹ But we know. Our good friend the *Milk Journal* has "interviewed" her in his laboratory, and she has come out anything but guiltless. Her frank and open countenance, the fearless manner in which she has raised the lid of her pail sheer under the nose of the gossip-loving maid-of-all-work, should bespeak her honest; but the odds are fearfully against the rash assumption. She may not be responsible for the counterfeit; but she knows quite well that the contents of her pails is not milk. She is in the secret; but it does not follow that she has a diabolical relish for it. Nay, we are willing, for our artist's sake, to take her on trust, and believe that it is not her will, but her poverty consents that she shall be an agent in the purveying of spurious milk. Then it becomes interesting to know what she and the maid-of-all-work are in such earnest discussion about. Can it be concerning the "young man" of the latter? Bread and milk are intimately associated — perhaps the milkwoman brings her news of the baker. No; for in that case there would be a twinkle in the milkwoman's eye, and she would not stand, as she does, with a space between her and the gate. She would be closer to the area, leaning against the railings, and bending her head to whisper the stealthy message. Nor would the maid, whose work is always, look so sedate and grave. She would not carry her hands folded under her apron. Cold! She would not feel in the least degree cold if the talk was of him. No; the conversation is of something more grave than sweethearting. Perhaps there is sickness in the house. It is not impossible that the maid's chilliness may, in part, be accounted for by her having recently emerged from the warm chamber in which the little patient is lying so weak and ill — some small child, maybe, brought by fever so low that it can scarcely eat at all, while its very existence depends entirely on its taking nourishment. "The only thing it can swallow, poor little thing," says the sympathetic maid, "is a little milk and arrowroot, and

the doctor says that unless she has this very frequently, she can do no other than sink and die." This must be bad for the matronly milk-carrier, who, perhaps, has babies of her own. She knows all about the stuff in the can, and her mental reflection must be that it will go hard with the poor little invalid if its convalescence depends on the nourishing properties it contains. She thinks of the way in which the original dairy produce was drowned, and of the "mysterious coloring" that was afterwards added to give its pale corpse something of the hue of vitality and health, and she feels like an evil conspirator. Perhaps to-morrow she may find the white blinds drawn close at that house, and the maid-of-all-work with red eyes and tearful; then will that conscience-stricken milkwoman turn away, feeling bitterly the pressure on her shoulders of her yoke of servitude, while her pails hang a dead weight on her hands. Stern necessity compels her to complete her round, and her cry resounds in the crisp, frosty air, "Mee-oh! Mee-oh!" but it has lost its mellowness. There are very few who notice the difference, and those, probably, attribute it to a sore throat — to a cold in the milkwoman's head, perhaps — but we, who are in the secret, know that it is the milkwoman's heart, and not her throat, that is sore, and that, were she not able to find expression for her remorse in that doleful wail of "Mee-oh!" she might be driven to further acts of adulteration by weeping into her milk-cans.

Now, had she been a carrier in the service of the Seal and Soft-sawder Dairy Company, it would have been impossible for her to commit herself in the way above mentioned. The Seal and Soft-sawder Company, shrewdly alert in the interests of their customers, and with full knowledge of the danger of leading milk-carriers, maid or male, into temptation, adopt the wise precaution of securing the lids of the pails their servants carry out by means of sealing-wax, making it imperative on them to serve the customer from a tap inserted at the vessel's base. This is an excellent idea. Folks believe in seals, and they have a right to do so; and when a milkman affixes his, and publicly proclaims it, it is as though he cried out, "Behold my pledge and guarantee! By this red wax and the symbol impressed on it, I declare that within this vessel is purity alone. The milk from my establishment has not been, and cannot possibly be tampered with; it is real and unadulterated." Nothing, seemingly, could be more straightforward than this; but alas! analysis has shown that, in many cases, the sealed lid "dodge" is but an elaboration of deception. Somehow (the upright dairyman shrugs his shoulders, and points significantly to his rascally carrier's water, and worse, does find its way into these sealed receptacles, and consumers are cheated, after all. The milk-merchant cannot account for it, of course. He informs you blandly that he has been at a great expense in providing these new pails to obviate the evil you complain of, and that the failure of his system (if, as you aver, it is a failure) is quite a mystery to him. Perhaps, however, if the tongues, as well as the pails, of the carriers were not sealed, the seeming mystery might be speedily, if not satisfactorily, elucidated; and that being done, nothing would remain but to perfect a system proved to be faulty. We have learned dogs, and learned pigs; that cows are not incapable of extraordinary feats is proved by the one that jumped over the moon. Let us educate our cows; let us teach them to milk themselves in the strict privacy of their habitations, a sturdy short-horn keep his sentry at the cow-house door to prevent any dishonest creature on two legs from entering; let the sagacious animals be further provided with a little fire and some sealing-wax, with which the lids of the full pails may be secured and stamped with a hoof, no other brand being genuine. There may be a few obstacles in the way of successfully carrying out this idea; but as it is very unlikely that we shall ever get pure milk until we do, it should be an incentive to patient trial.

Until that excellent newspaper, the *Milk Journal*, came into existence, nearly two years since, although a certain amount of uneasiness prevailed amongst us as to the

¹ The writer refers to an engraving printed with the sketch in *London Society*.

quality of the fluid that was supplied us under the name of milk, little that was reliable was known on the subject. Now, however, thanks to the invaluable researches of the journal in question, our eyes are completely opened to the extent to which we have been the victims of the milkman. The only consolation to be derived from the careful analysis of hundreds of milk samples — obtained from vendors in all parts of London, and always without their knowing the purpose for which the said samples were obtained — is this: in his rapacity for profit the milkman stops short of poisoning us. "The result of our examinations," says the experienced chemist to whom this department of the *Milk Journal's* wholesome work is entrusted, "is quite decisive against the occurrence of any kind of mineral adulteration. Not one of sixty samples was adulterated in the smallest degree with salt, or chalk, or mineral matter of any description;" but, on the other hand, the extent of the frauds of putting off skimmed milk for pure, and of adding water to the article, is almost incredible. We are told that genuine milk should yield ten per cent. of its bulk in the shape of cream, and twelve per cent. — a little more or less — of solid matter, when the milk is dried at 212° Fahr. The very first investigations of the analyst, however, led to curious discoveries. With a few honorable exceptions (duly recorded and perpetuated in the pages of the journal), it was found that a system of roguery prevailed throughout the trade, affecting the Milk Company no less than the humble back-street milk-shop keeper. It was proved that an association in a large way of business, holding a contract to supply genuine milk for the use of the paupers of Holborn Union, improved their bargain by robbing the milk of seven-tenths of its cream, and adding water at the rate of nearly a quart to the gallon. But the company supplying the Shoreditch paupers cut it finer even than this. An analysis of this precious mixture disclosed the fact that it was diluted to an extent that made it inferior to "half-and-half." That is to say, if these robbers of a pauper child's bread-and-milk basin had been content with adding a gallon of water to a gallon of milk, the result of analysis would have shown cream 5 per cent., solids 6 per cent.; whereas the figures appear, cream 4 per cent., solids 5.48 per cent. It has been ascertained that the metropolitan workhouses and unions pay annually the sum of £15,000 for milk; therefore, taking the stuff supplied to Holborn Union as a fair average sample, metropolitan rate-payers have to pay £5,000 a year for water supplied by enterprising contractors, at the rate of about threepence a quart. It may be some satisfaction to paupers, however, to be informed that it is not only of folk of their mean estate that the milk-purveyor takes advantage. The Black List published in the *Milk Journal* contains the names of those whose "walk" is restricted to the aristocratic regions of Mayfair and Belgravia. Even Royalty itself is not exempt from the machinations of the dishonest dairyman. A purveyor to the Queen figures in the shameful list, and the result of two analyses shows that the royal milk-jug was "Simpsonized" one day to the extent of 15 per cent.; and a few days after, to the extent of 12 per cent.

There are neighborhoods — whole districts, of miles in extent — where genuine milk is an article not to be obtained. According to the *Milk Journal*, the parish of Islington may claim this distinction. In one month it obtained from fifty milk-sellers, great and small, samples of the article in question, and in *not one* instance was it possible to return a favorable report. Some of the fifty were less roguish than others; but all were rogues. Much of the stuff that was tested contained no cream at all; other yielded four, three, two, one per cent., instead of ten, while as regards the quantity of water added, it is curious, on glancing down the long list, to note each vendor's strict adherence to his dishonest system. In every case two samples were procured from each shop, the one a week or ten days after the other; but the difference exhibited is, in most cases, very slight. Twenty per cent. of water seems to be the average amount of adulteration, varying scarcely the turn of a pump-handle in a painful.

Apocryphal of the eccentricities of the milk trade in the parish of Islington may be related a fact not generally known. Twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, which are market-days, there may be seen in the streets in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Cattle Market, in Caledonia Road, vendors of milk, who differ in appearance very remarkably from the orthodox milkman and woman. The Islington market-day milkman is a person who is not very suggestive either of sweet breath of cows or the delights of the tea-table. On the contrary, his voice, his manner, his attire, are more significant of the urging on of savage dogs to bite and worry the hocks and haunches of distracted bullocks, and of the aiding their efforts of torture, by means of a stout ash stick tipped with a steel prod. Nor is it at all wonderful that it should be so, since, by profession, the man is what his battered hat, his mud-bespattered boots and leggings, his ochre-stained fustian coat bespeak him — a drover. It is only on Mondays and Thursdays that he appears in the comparatively mild and pacific character of a milkman. He does not, however, conform to the rules and usages of the craft. He is burthened with no "yoke," and he eschews the bright and decent can. In place of the last mentioned he carries a commonplace wooden pail, borrowed, probably, from the waterman at the nearest cabstand, and for a measure he has a public-house pewter pint pot. He affects no musical cry. What he has to sell he advertises with the voice of a costermonger, setting down his pail in the mud, the more conveniently to make a speaking-trumpet of his hands, to assist his roaring. "Hoy, hoy!" he bellows, "here yer har! Fresh drawn, fresh drawn, and on'y tuppence a quart. Come and 'ave it gin-u-wine!" That it is milk from the cow there can be no doubt, for, as well as "fresh drawn," it is unstrained, and the liquid in the pail bears on its surface numerous specimens of the hair of the quadruped that yielded it. It is fresh enough, this milk, and probably, since it cost the vendor nothing, it may be unadulterated. Why, then, is it so cheap? Why is it sold at the rate of twopence a quart, when the regular dealer in the article is demanding, and obtaining, fourpence or fivepence for the same quantity? In the first place, good reader, and as above hinted, these drovers-turned-milkmen are not called on to buy what they sell. It is their "perquisite." It should be understood that of the four or five thousand beasts exhibited in the market for sale, a very considerable number are cows "in milk." Now a cow so conditioned, if over-driven and worried, is apt to grow restless and feverish, and to suffer in appearance consequently.

The butcher coming to the market to buy may wish to "kill" that same night; and he is far too knowing a man or business to attempt to convert into beef an animal whose blood is unhealthily excited. These are the creatures on which the drovers are permitted to operate; pushing amongst the poor beasts huddled in their pens, pail in hand and with a keen eye for a laden udder, and milking a little here and a little there until their vessel is full.

The obtaining of genuine milk by the ordinary means of pressure is all the more hopeless, because those who deal in it seem utterly lost to all sense of shame as regards its adulteration. We are commonly informed that, for an extra penny a quart, we may "send, or come and see our milk drawn from the cow." This can only mean one thing, and that is, *not* that Mr. Cowkeeper regards a visit to his cow-house during milking-time worth a penny as an instructive and interesting exhibition, but that he wishes to be secured against the penny loss he shall sustain if you prevent him, by your presence at the time of purchase, from withdrawing from your quart of milk to the extent of twenty-five per cent., and substituting water.

The most mysterious part of the business is to understand what becomes of all the milk yielded by the cows of Great Britain. There was a time when a great deal of it was converted into butter; but, if we may believe all that we hear and read, modern invention has caused the use of milk to be almost entirely superseded in the production of that article of domestic consumption; the chief ingredient used in the manufacture of the composition provided for spread-

ing on bread being imported from Russia and Australia, in enormous hogsheds, exactly like those one occasionally sees at the door of the tallow-chandler, with hog-lard, and salt, and certain flavorings and colored matter, of a secret nature, and doubtless as valuable to the manufacturer as are certain mysterious dyes to the makers of cotton and woolen goods. In the good old times, again, milk was not uncommonly used to make cheese; but, judging from the enormous difficulty experienced by the housekeeper in procuring a single pound of either Cheshire, Cheddar, or Gloucester, single or double, that is fit to be eaten, it would seem like a libel on cow creation to attempt to account for the dearth of milk in this direction. Every London milk-purveyor, of whom you may ask the question, is ready with his answer. It is rinderpest that causes the scarcity: it is foot and mouth disease: it is the failure of last year's root crops, and the pernicious use of oil-cake as cattle food! But I think that the most ingenious theory was that propounded by our own milkman.

We never suspected him, the villain! For years has he replenished our milk-jug. He keeps cows of his own, and has a meadow at the rear of his premises in which, when off duty, the horned creatures disport. It would be impossible to imagine a more genuine-looking milkman: ruddy-faced, farmerish — even to farm-yard boots and a sage-green smock frock — it seemed as though, even if he tried to "doctor" his milk, he would, in his innocence of the ways of roguery, make such a hash of it that he would never attempt the trick again. It was more with a view to strengthen our high opinion of Mr. Brooks' character — if that were possible — than from any suspicion we entertained of his integrity, that we procured a lactometer and, one fine morning, plunged it into a measure of Brooks' milk so "new," as to be positively warm. Judge, then, of our amazement when, without the least hesitation, the faithful instrument pronounced Brooks a cheat! It seemed impossible. The lactometer we had known but a few hours: Brooks we had known for years. The former must be in error. To be quite sure, we carried it to our friend the chemist. No. The lactometer was correct!

When Brooks called that afternoon, to his astonishment he was asked to cross the threshold and walk into the parlor. From his manner of passing the cuff of his innocent sage-green frock across his lips, as he reverently rubbed holes in our door-mat with his hobnailed boots, my impression is, that Mr. Brooks entertained the pleasing idea that he was about to be invited to partake of a liquid that was somewhat more exhilarating than milk. When, however, he caught sight of the lactometer, his countenance changed instantly. He did not wait to be accused. The milk was "dashed" a little — he admitted it. "But it wasn't done out of dishonesty," protested Brooks the bold; "no man as knows me can accuse me of *that*. The fact is, sir, there isn't enough milk to be had, and we are 'bliged to eke it out, and make it go as far as possible."

"But how do you account for the scarcity?"

"Well, now," returned our milkman, "that's a puzzler to a good many, but I've worked it out as clear as" —

Seeing that Brooks was at the moment at a loss for a simile, I was about to suggest, "as clear as fraud detected by a lactometer;" but, possibly suspecting my design, he hastened to complete his halting sentence — "as clear as crish'll I can make it out. It isn't the poperlation growing in advance of the cows, 'cos natur' is natur', and the poperlation couldn't do it, if it tried. It isn't rinderpest, and it isn't foot and mouth disease. Likewise it isn't shortness of green crops for food; it's the hincrase of factories."

And as Brooks disclosed the mysterious secret he lowered his voice to a whisper, and, I thought, cast a defiant glance at the lactometer, still floating in the milk — the inexorable instrument that had dealt so hardly with him, as though to challenge it to disprove the genuineness of his opinion.

"The increase of factories?" I repeated, not a little amazed at his communication. "I should have supposed that an increase of factories would have ensured an augmented supply, rather than" —

"But you don't quite understand me, sir. I don't mean milk factories: I mean factories where weaving and spinning is going on — cotton mills, and that sort of thing. It's the feedin' bottles of Lancashire, and Manchester, and Nottingham that is draining the country of its cows' milk," continued Brooks, evidently desiring to show himself obliging and affable, if not strictly honest. "It stands to sense, sir, if you come to think of it. I've got a friend who is a foreman at one of the largest babies'-feedin'-bottle dealers in England, and he tells me that hundreds of crates of these goods goes every year to Lancashire alone; and why is it? Because there the women work as well as the men; and, what is more, they go out to work. That's the thing. They go out to work, hundreds and thousands of these mothers of families, and, as a matter o' course, they can't take their babies with 'em. They leave 'em at home, poor little creaturs, to console themselves with the feedin'-bottle. That's how the milk goes. It stands to reason. Poor people don't go in much for milk — a hap'orth is as much as they'll take for the whole family's tea; but you can't keep a baby's feedin'-bottle going from morning till night under a couple of pen'orth. That's how the milk goes, sir, and that accounts for its being so scarce. And that's what it'll be here," continued Mr. Brooks, prophetically, "if we don't keep a sharp look out. It's all very well, this agitation about women's rights and their wanting to know why they can't follow this trade and that, as men do; but it will be a bad day for those that advocate cheap milk, if ever they get their way. Mothers out at work means babies at home, and falling back on the feedin'-bottle. And up milk will go, in proportion to the demand, until a cow that yields bountifully will be as valuable almost as a goose that lays golden eggs."

"AN UGLY DOG."

"SPLISH — splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs. "Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a carter; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog too had heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossings when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to who people said, or what they thought about him.

He ran on so for a long way.

No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty gray color, and in many places the hair was worn off in patches. Neither was there any tokens that he had ever been a handsome dog and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or a crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a small dog, and by trotting close under the shop-fronts he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But no; he preferred the road where the mud was, and he ran straight before him, without looking right or left, just exactly as he knew his way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog; there are enough of whom I take no notice; but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that to this collar was attached a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent out on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master, and does not know where to go. Now which could this one be? If was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owners find him better, so that his ribs should look less spare? But

was a dog who had left his master, and run away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken such a step in despair? I felt I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford Street, in that part of it which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke Street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. A ray of fog was spreading its vapors along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of ground-floor parlors, only served to make the streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet the dog went on, uttering on, going at a sort of quick jog-trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attention either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who wore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with puzzled air, and gazed at him with silent wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot! I was afraid more than once that he would distance me, but, thanks to the knack he had of always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley Street, after that Duke Street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford Street. Here the dog paused for a moment and appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then receded; but, finally, seemed to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold, and the fog had all scared away the habitual frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door and coughing wheezily from old age and misery. The dog went on. The street grows wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down an area, in which case the romance of the thing would have been ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a mews, and, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public-house.

A mews is never quite empty. There are always grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of washhouses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared, a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were helping him. Opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the threshold of the public-house, stood a servant in breeches smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking gravely round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people attracted by the noise came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to put more spirit into his exercise. He walked five times round on his hinder legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog! — I could see that — to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing

so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was, as almost shaving the ground, it looked appealingly at us all, and seemed to say: "Please do not play any pranks with me, for really I am not doing this for fun." When he had walked round on his head until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe to be dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her eyes.

The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving, only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He had displayed the extent of what he knew, and now came forward to receive his fee. He stood up on his hind-legs again and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is popularly known as "begging." I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide opened, and followed my hand patiently to my waistcoat-pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words, written in a shaky hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning to his home." The dog thanked me for my offering by wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of the spectators, — not even he with the breeches and the clay pipe, whose face had impressed me unfavorably — but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round, he barked two or three times to say good-by, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace he had come.

He went up the street, and I followed him, but when we had reached Oxford Street he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said: "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford Street in which we were to Tottenham Court Road, where the small dog led me. But I should have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but somehow he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoofs, and, like a true London dog as he was, he showed intimate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me, both on his own account and on mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the Wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without even pausing for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public-houses close, used to spread hungry and idle amongst the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shell-fish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly nests of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not wrong.

The dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt more

afraid for his basket amongst these ravenous crowds than he had done at the West End, bolted suddenly up a narrow side street, where there was no room for a cab to pass. I paid the driver, and jumped out. It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go: and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall, and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvians about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained described the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice, and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way, until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled with a loop at its end to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepaws, pressed it on the loop, and by this means opened the door. We both walked in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucepan in a grate without the fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor. On the splintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with the handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattress laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered so flickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window — to which bits of newspaper had been pasted for want of glass — that I could not at first distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whinnings of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too — but a voice so husky and broken, that it resembled a whisper — repeat feebly, "Good dog — good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Good Jim! — good Jim!" went on the cracked voice; and it began counting, "One, two. Oh, good Jim! — good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings. Oh, good dog! three and a penny, three and —" But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet; and he looked at me, livid and haggard with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to do you no harm. I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his hair was not all gray; but the ghastly hollowness of his cheeks, the emaciated condition of his body, and, above all, the gleam of disease in his burning eyes, made him older than a man of ninety, for they told more plainly than words could have told that he had already one foot within his grave.

My tone and my appearance seemed to reassure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he gasped, — "a very poor man. I have nothing but what my dog earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the man had a fit of hectic coughing) — "if he picks up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick up."

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he not earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir — no, sir; it's threepence," protested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence — threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approaching him. "You must let me send you a doctor."

"Oh, sir! no, no; I — I've no money to give them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill: I shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold — a — a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I remembered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall I give him this bone? He has earned it well."

"Oh, God! — oh, God! Let that bone alone," faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's my supper to-night. Jim doesn't want anything: he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh! — oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone."

"I will buy you something to eat," I answered, taking up the bone, to which there was no particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, holding it out. But the dog, instead of accepting the bone, looked wistfully at his master to ask for leave.

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully; and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?" was my next question. I was growing sick at heart.

"Ten weeks, sir, — oh, ten weeks," groaned the man — who had caught the bone out of my hand and thrust it under his pillow — "ten weeks; and when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out every day . . . but he's — he's idle sir — he's idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to do when we went out together. Yes — oh, yes! he's an idle dog!"

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there anything more depressing than the sight of moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease? This palsied miser was a rich man: at least rich comparatively to his station. He had made himself a small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his means. The dog earned more alone than he had ever earned with his master. Each morning at the break of day, he went out with his empty basket, and every night at sunset he returned with it full. I learned this from the miser's neighbors; honest people though poor, who pretended to believe in the fevered wretch's tales of want, in order that he might not have cause to dread them, and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate, unsuspected delicacy in the hearts of the working poor. These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures, tended the graceless miser in his sickness. They bought his food for him, they washed his linen, and they asked for no payment for anything he did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at their mercy; but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naïve accent, "I think, it 'twill be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbor's answer. "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with his basket round his neck, and remained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. Sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my heels. One night the miser died and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He had missed his master the night before, and guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. When the men came to carry away this long black

ax, the dog went after them, and cried. He followed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators besides the curate, the sexton, and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me intently to know what it meant, and when the burial was over, he wished to remain near the open tomb, waiting till his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he could not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the basket round his neck, and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen, I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at nightfall, with his basket full of pence, and I turned them all out upon the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising in my eyes; but he whined mournfully, and tried to scratch his head on the earth. Twice more he went out like this all day, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the pence on the grave remained untouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at his full length near the miser's sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead!

THE SLIP CARRIAGE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I. THE WHITE UMBRELLA.

MANY pleasant transformations were taking place around me.

Quite a procession of strange little creatures passed the artist as he sat there, at the edge of the Blenerhasset woods, under his white umbrella. They came one after the other, like so many deputations from a fairy kingdom, yet they failed to rouse him to any interest.

It was the third week of rather a cold May, and the little amber-colored leaves of the oak were still in a cramped, crumpled condition, like the badly-packed clothes at the last arrival at a watering-place. The ferns, covered with a reddish down, the color of a deer's hide, were unfurling their curious globes, and unfolding those crosier-shaped stems from which the mediæval jewellers must have derived some of their devices. The lime-leaves, limp, and of an exquisite transparent green, danced in the wind; the sharp tufts of the ash were unfolding in the soft blue air; the chestnut was expanding its fans from a dozen places among the sun-dappled beech trunks. The blackbirds sang their frank bold songs, and the thrushes fluted their more varied and subtle capriccios on the old themes of love, hope, and spring. The cuckoo, too, that strange African little enamoured of his own name, kept repeating his one note; and from the larches on the next hill another cuckoo answered like an echo.

But the fairy deputations sent to cheer the expectant lover, let us not forget them; for any one but Frank Probyn would have taken pleasure in observing them. First came a little gold-green beetle, who, after staring a moment with almost scientific interest at a twig near Probyn's easel, suddenly darted off at a railway pace into the hole among the grass, like a City man late for a business appointment. Next hovered by a great colored butterfly, who skimmed by swift as a swallow, then fell coquettishly hovering over a little blue flower on which it alighted, with quivering wings, and a bearing much grander than your mere lowborn white papillon, whose home is a cabbage, and who, from sheer light-headed inadvertence, flutters straight into a hedge-sparrow's mouth. Presently, in fiery and vicious haste, like a little diabolical estafette, trotted across the path one of those insects called by country children the devil's coach-horse; and to him succeeded a water-wagtail, that quickest and daintiest of birds, who, with a little lady-like run and a flutter, snapped up and swallowed Apollyon's off-leader, and then shivered, as if it had slightly disagreed with him. Then a nightingale in

the brake gave one of those low delicious gurgling shakes which such birds practise sometimes, when the wood is quiet by day; and a goldfinch, with a glimmer of color, dropped from a slender beech-bough overhead to one ten feet lower, while it still vibrated and quavered a little song of welcome and warning, and was off again. A few minutes later a harmless green snake moved in the warm grass of the nearest bank, and a rabbit scudded over a narrow track that led up into the wood.

And all this time the great brown-eyed cows watched the artist from the meadow, as they munched among the gilt cups and the clover, not yet foaming with the big daisies of June; and the chaffinch, "pink-pinking" among the opening May-blossom, eyed him with little pert head on one side, as a citizen of Lilliput might have regarded Gulliver.

But still stolidly, almost savagely, Probyn smoked and painted on, heeding no fairy messages, his quick eyes caring for no spring sights, his ears heeding not the unstudied music in that May wood, whose trunks bothered him, and whose foliage his right hand was slow that day to express. There was Nature singing, dancing, fluttering, talking with a thousand nimble merry tongues, of hope, and love, and spring, caring nothing for him and all his troubles, and as careless as his colorman whether Harriet Blenerhasset ever became his or not. Ah, selfish Nature, selfish in its boundless happiness of spring! The result of which agreeable reflection was, that our artist strode off over the ground ivy, and dipping a sponge in the brook that flowed close by the edge of the wood, just to spite Nature, sponged-out half his morning's work in a huff. Then he viciously squeezed a load of bird's-eye into his briar-root, lit it with a fuse that went off as loud as a saloon pistol, flung the little firebrand into a clump of pretty, innocent dog-violets that grew at the foot of a beech three yards off, and smoked sullenly for ten minutes, except once when he paused to hum, "I awake from dreams of thee," which seemed to do him good, because he had once sung it to Harry — Harriet — at a certain moonlight water-party when they were down in Devonshire at that mutual friend's where they had first met, and where Dan Cupid had, from behind the blue circle of Harry's eyes, shot a sheaf of his keenest arrows at Captain Frank Probyn of the Scinde Light Horse, till his heart was stuck through and through like a pincushion, and a violent fit of that temporary insanity called love had supervened in its most alarming form.

"I'm a blamed idiot, that's what I am, by Jo," said the amateur artist at last, "and as great a duffer as ever lived. What am I doing, skulking about here, sending Harry letters by the fourteenth cousin of her maid, and no more chance of getting a moment with her than I have of seeing the Emperor of China! I know what it'll be; that old pompous fool of a father, and that old match-making mother, will tease and worry her till she marries that fool of a young baronet, just to be quiet; and what is worst of all, that fine fellow Tresham, who was to help me, has evidently not been asked down. Like my luck; and they'll go and keep all news of me from her, till she'll think I've forgotten her, and then she'll marry in despair. Curse the tree! there's a fresh light on it every three minutes. There, you beast; out you go! that'll teach you; and this tobacco's as damp as old boots. By Jo, if I haven't half a mind to go straight back to India, and get polished off in some native affair right away. But, hush! By Jo, here's some of the Blenerhasset people coming!"

Yes, indeed there were. Two or three guests at the house above, led by the fussy and imperious Mrs. Blenerhasset, had suddenly appeared on a path that wound down through the wood to the sloping open meadows on the edge of which Probyn had planted his white tent. It was possible that object had attracted them, and that they were making for it.

"By Jo," said the artist, at once roused from his stolid sullenness, "here's a go! But I'll be ready for you, my old girl."

He had evidently come prepared for such possible emergencies, for in a moment he had snatched from a hayresac

he wore, a false beard and whiskers of the late Bloomfield-Rush pattern, and had slipped them nimbly on, disguising his eyes also with an enormous pair of green blinkers. Then he buttoned up his gray shooting-jacket and turned up the collar, and turned up his trousers. From a handsome young officer he had shrunk up in a moment into a miraculous old German Jew. Ah, Frank Probyn, those pleasant private theatricals down in Devonshire, when you were always the lover, and Harry the young *ingénue*, were not lost upon you. You did not look a very natural Jew; but then, who says the stage has anything to do with nature?

Down they came, like wolves on the fold. Mrs. Blenerhasset in purple and gold; the young simpering baronet doing the agreeable to Harriet, who looked fresher and prettier than ever, but rather sad; the obsequious little husband of the Blenerhasset, nervously anxious to please the young baronet; a sharp, cross-looking, young-old governess; and last of all, to Probyn's delight, through all his eyes were for Harry, came Tresham, with a pretty cousin of Harry's, who seemed decidedly to enjoy his good-natured jokes and rattling happy-go-lucky conversation.

Mr. Blenerhasset, stopping to look at the strange creature's sketch, with double eyeglass superciliously held up, exclaimed in a loud voice, aimed at the young baronet, —

"How extraordinary it is that people can sit about for days in these woods of ours, making sketches which are always so excessively green. I don't see things so green; do you, Sir George?"

"No, it is vewy gween, awfully gween," said the young man of fortune, simpering as if he had really said a good thing.

"Come here, Sir George," said the alderman, from a point some yards farther on. "Come here, and I'll show you where the Marquis's shooting forms a sort of promontory, as it were, and abuts on the Blenerhasset estate."

That moment, as Mrs. Blenerhasset was turning to join her husband and Sir George, Probyn twitched Tresham by the coat.

"Don't cry out," he said. "It is I — Frank. Keep Harry back to have a moment with me, and lead on the old birds and that fool of a baronet cub. Why didn't you answer my note?"

"It must have crossed me — never got it. Fancy you here! What a make-up! I'll send Harry back to you. Send word to me where you're putting up. Thought you must be down here. They're going to have a fancy ball up there to-morrow evening. I can get you in as a friend; but Harry will tell you all about that. I'll send her back. Good-by, old man; good-by. I'll keep them all away, especially that old dragon of a governess. It will all go well yet with you and Harry. Keep your pecker up; never say die."

With which profound philosophical consolation, Tresham darted up the path through the wood with the speed of a deer, just as the last glimpse of Mrs. Blenerhasset's purple silk train swept round the corner tuft of fern.

A moment or two that seemed years, and a little person, like a civilized fairy in shepherd's-plaid silk, came gliding down between the larch stems furtively, both little hands stretched cautiously before her, to press back the soft green-tufted boughs. A moment more, and she was in the arms of the artist, who whipped off his beard to kiss her. "Dear! darling! my own!" were words frequently uttered during the next three minutes; and then, holding both her tiny hands, he looked into her eyes, as if he could read the future there.

"Oh, do take off those horrid green spectacles, Frank," said Harriet. "They make you look like a monster in a pantomime."

"The green-eyed monster? Harry darling, I warn you I sha'n't let you go again. Let's elope now, and leave the cruel mother, the obdurate father, and the spoony baronet of boundless wealth."

"Ah," said Harriet, whose hand was buried in the thick brown hair that curled over Frank's forehead, "now, if it was the good old times, your charger would be feeding close

by, and you'd call it, and mounting me before you, sow your horn, and gallop me off to your mother's castle. Wouldn't you, Frank?"

"Wouldn't I just, Harry! and if that booby baronet tried to stop me, I'd give him a prod in the ribs with a rapier, and teach him not to interfere again between Probyn and the lady of his heart. I'd spoil his beauty, a humbug!"

"But, Frank dear, we're talking nonsense. What came for was to tell you that Ned and I say you must come to this ball. It's a fancy ball, and he has got a dress for you. Mind, I've set my heart upon your coming, and you're down for lots of dances."

"I'll go in for it, whatever happens. But, Harry, mind you're to run off with me if they press you much more about that baronet fellow, or some day you'll be consenting from sheer worry."

"Frank, how dare you talk of my ever marrying anyone but you!"

"Oh, I don't know what that constant worry might do."

"Frank, you'll make me angry, and I'll never kiss you again."

"You could not be angry if you tried, Harry."

"Ah, you'll see some day, sir. I mustn't stop."

"One more kiss."

"There! Now, you've had quite enough kisses. Good-by, Frank; good-by. Oh, good gracious! there's Miss Venables coming back after me, and you've got your beard off."

"Like my luck," groaned Frank. "It is too late; I saw me. I can see those green eyes of hers steady on me. You must coax her over, Harry. I don't like the old cat bit; but perhaps she mayn't have noticed, after all."

It was too true. There was Miss Venables stepping gingerly down between the young larches, with a sardonic simper on her pinched-up mouth. She eyed with a cold malice the artist, whose beard was duly on, and green spectacles adjusted.

"Your mamma has sent me to look for you, Miss Blenerhasset. The carriage is waiting at the lodge. Your mamma is rather impatient, as she promised to be at Barkham Lodge by four."

With one look at Frank, who rose and took off his hat, Harriet departed. Frank followed her with his eyes till the last glimpse of gray had passed out of sight. He then furled his white tent with a groan, lit a cigar, packed up his easel, and strode back to the town.

The moment Harriet got round the corner, she began to try her coaxing powers on the stern Miss Venables.

"May I ask who was that extraordinary person?" asked Miss Venables dryly; "and what a very remarkable beard!"

Harriet gave the dragon a glance quick as a swallow's flight, yet penetrative as a rifle bullet. She saw in a moment that Miss Venables knew all, and at once decided on the line of action. She stopped and threw her arms round the governess's neck.

"He loves me very dearly, and I love him. You must tell mamma; you won't, will you? for you're a dear good creature. I know it is very wrong, seeing him like this, but our meeting was accidental, and they want to marry me to that dreadful Sir George."

Miss Venables thought of the possible reward of silence for Harriet had received a handsome check from her father only a few days before, and she thought she saw her way to something like half a year's salary. It would be easy to betray the affair at a later stage.

"Place yourself in my position," she said, "Miss Harriet, and remember the dreadful responsibility which devolves on me. If your mamma only knew I ever conspired at such an interview, I should instantly lose my situation. A poor friendless woman like myself must disregard all sentimental feelings, and act on a rigid sense of duty."

Harriet saw she was yielding, and kissed her with an outburst of girlish gratitude.

"You won't tell, dear Miss Venables, will you? It wasn't my fault; and who knows when we shall meet again? Besides, you know you had no share in our meeting. Ah, you dear good creature, I see you will keep my secret."

II. THE FANCY BALL.

Harriet was watching every one who entered with the deepest interest. There was no sign of Frank yet. One or two Turks, a dozen dominoes, an Elizabethan courtier arm in arm with a stout Ophelia, an overwhelming Lady Macbeth in black velvet, and several Charles the Second courtiers had arrived. The baronet was a crusader, Mr. Blenerhasset was strutting about in a George the Second dress, and Mrs. Blenerhasset was grand and impressive as Queen Anne. Harriet looked very graceful and pretty as Juliet, and Ned Tresham made a very manly cavalier officer. As for Miss Venables, a tinsel crescent over her forehead, and a gilt bow which she held in her hand, sufficiently indicated to the world her dignified impersonation of Diana — "huntress chaste and fair."

The first dance was just over, the music of which had been grotesquely broken in upon by the roll of wheels up the drive, and the jarring of steps, and every moment fresh groups of county people were arriving.

"It ith pothitively a motht exhilawating thight, and weally vewy enchanting," said the young baronet to Harriet, whom he closely blockaded.

"Yes, the mixture of colors and strange dresses is very pretty; but I really don't see that as yet any one even attempts to sustain his part."

"It is awfully hard, mind you, Miss Blenerhasset. I can't keep going about all night cwyng, 'Godfwy de Bullyon! huwah for Wichard Cœur de Lion!' That would never do, you know; and thith tin armor clatters so when you dance — it ith weally awful."

"Then don't dance."

"Not dance! after looking forward for months to the pwivilege of dancing with the belle of Hertfordshire! Now that's weally too bad of you, Miss Blenerhasset; you're weally a gweat deal too hard on a fellow."

All at once Harriet turned round and saw by the side of her cousin Ned a gray-headed colonel of Lancers, who wore the uniform of the Empire. His gray eyebrows, worn tanned face, drooping gray moustaches, formed a complete *tout ensemble*. He had been introduced to her mamma, who was smiling graciously on the new arrival. The colonel had a hollow deep voice, and his manners were formal and of the old school. He spoke in admirable broken English, from which he never lapsed.

"Who is that gentleman who arrived with young Mr. Tresham?" asked Lady Macbeth of Queen Anne.

"A friend Mr. Tresham made in Paris," said Mrs. Blenerhasset with dignity. "The Vicomte de Longjoomo; French nobleman of enormous wealth. Delightful person he seems; quite an acquisition."

Harriet was the vicomte's first partner; as they prepared to start, the vicomte suddenly whispered, —

"Here I am, — Frank; don't cry out. I told you I should be here. The dragon is watching us."

It was all Harriet could do to prevent uttering a cry of astonishment, but she did do so; and as they revolved past Tresham and the fair nun, his partner, Tresham gave them a look of recognition and of triumph. Mr. and Mrs. Blenerhasset were charmed with the scion of the French aristocracy, his affability, and his condescension. Every time he danced with Harriet, Mrs. Blenerhasset pointed him out to all the dowagers round her as a pattern of aged elegance. The baronet was mad with envy.

"I positively must introduce him to you, my dear Mrs. Lissomer," said Mrs. Blenerhasset to one of her richest and most influential neighbors.

"I should like it above all things, my dear Mrs. Blenerhasset. My girls are dying to dance with him."

"But I don't see him anywhere now," said Mrs. Blenerhasset.

"Oh, I'm sure Miss Venables will go and find him for us — of course you will, there's a dear thing. I think he and Mr. Tresham must be in the conservatory."

Of course Miss Venables would; and off Diana, ever blooming, young, and fair, bounded. They were not, however, in the conservatory: but the conservatory doors, that opened on the terrace, were bright with moonshine, and into the moonshine Diana very appropriately went.

Like the ghost of an elderly Diana seeking her Endymion, Miss Venables stole along the terrace, skulking in the shadow cast by the house. Gliding as softly as a weasel across a broad blanched surface of moonshine, she stole into the shadow of a huge stone urn full of flowers.

"Oh, don't be angry with me, Frank, dear," said a soft gentle voice. "They are all against me here, and I had no one to tell I have given my heart already, except Miss Venables."

"What, that old cat!" said a manlier voice. "Hang her."

If Lynch law could have been instantaneously effected by any temporary compact with king Apollyon or any of amiable Miss Venables' enemies, it would have gone very hard with Frank Probyn; for Miss Venables' lean fingers clutched at the urn, and the tinsel crescent on her scanty hair trembled with rage.

"Don't say that, Frank," answered the low sweet voice; "she's a dear good old thing."

"Old, indeed!" internally groaned the listener; "very little older than you, you vain creature!"

"And would give her very life to make you and papa and mamma friends."

"Nonsense; she would not give a tuft of her chignon. She'd sell all you have told her for a sovereign."

"I'll chignon him, I'll sovereign him!" muttered the fair queen of night, just then behind a cloud. "I'll spoil your game, my young man! Pair of young fools!"

No doubt Miss Venables fully intended to win the odd trick at this moment. She had long before this resolved to sell her secret to the best bidder, and had indeed thrown out several preparatory hints to the young baronet, whom they alarmed without enlightening. The conversation, after several whispers and a faint sound as of kisses, was resumed.

"They hardly speak to me. Papa frowns and bites his lips, and mamma affects not to hear what I say. O Frank, I am so miserable; and they watch me like a thief. Mamma says it is killing papa."

"Killing! rubbish! He looks as jolly as a sand-boy. They'd say anything to turn you from me. Harry, I see it has come to this — we must elope, and get married at once at Gretna." (It was some years ago.) "It is only nine miles from here to Reading, and if we start an hour before the ball breaks up, we can catch the first train to London, and the next after we start for the north."

There were several moments' silence, then Harriet said plaintively, —

"Is there no other way, Frank?"

"None."

"None?"

"None; either that, or they will hurry you abroad, and we may never meet again."

"Yes, I will go," sobbed Harriet. "I would rather die here, as I sit here by you, Frank, than marry that man."

"The fly will wait for us at the park gate at half-past two. We will meet here."

A kiss (several) ratified the agreement. Miss Venables stole back into the house. An hour later, Tresham made his way through a crowd of Venetian senators, Spanish cavaliers, general officers, and Waverleys, to his old friend the Vicomte, who was chatting to two blonde sisters who were dressed as Spanish donnas.

"Frank," said he, drawing him apart, "look out. That spiteful old cat of a governess has been playing Harry and you false. She came into the supper-room and began whispering to Mrs. Blenerhasset; and I heard your name and something about half-past two. The old bird seemed to color, and nearly dropped off her perch."

"The deuce!" said Frank.

"Now what you have to do is to start just half an hour earlier, and let the horses have it the whole way. I'll contrive to get Harry out on the terrace, and start her without being suspected. Oh you romantic beggar, what a Romeo-and-Juliet business you're making of it! And when they discover it all, won't it be like young Lochinvar, and the old game over again? By Jove, if I wasn't afraid of the matrimonial lottery, if I wouldn't whip off that pretty girl in the sea-green silk, and race you all the way to Gretna. Mind, at two to the moment. They'll watch Harry as cats watch mice; but I'll make a diversion to get you off."

"I am afraid it is all up now," said Probyn. "You're a deuced good fellow. I know you would do all you could to help me and Harry, but I shall never be able to get off with Harry. I am standing here like a fellow on the drop waiting for the bolt slipping, expecting every moment old Blenerhasset will send one of his flunkies and politely tell me to get off the premises."

"Nonsense, cheer up, old boy," said his good-natured rattling friend. "I allow that old dragon of a governess has played you false, but remember she did not see you, and she doesn't know that you are here in masquerade. She won't know you; keep on disguising your voice, and it'll be all right. The old bird has just been inquiring after that agreeable old colonel, and she doesn't know you from Adam."

"But how will Harry be able to slip away? Her mother keeps her by her side, and never takes her eye off her. She has already declined two dances. Oh, it is all up, Ned."

"Don't be chicken-hearted, Frank, and I'll pull you through, as sure as my name is Ned Tresham. I tell you I've got a plan in my head that'll do the trick. You take Mrs. Blenerhasset down to supper, and when you are well fixed there, I'll contrive something that will give you a good chance of slipping off with Harry; but mind you look sharp for the moment, and don't miss your chance."

They had just sat down to supper, and Frank was wondering what stratagem Tresham would employ, and whether it would be successful, when there came a shout and a rush through the door leading from the hall into the supper-room, and two spiteful pampered little terriers of Mrs. Blenerhasset's darted in, pursued by two smart, strong, pugnacious terriers of Tresham's, and followed by him and one of the page-boys. In a moment the dogs joined battle in the centre of the room, and were at it tooth and nail, yelping, barking, and growling like so many mad things. The page-boy, in his eagerness to part them, knocked down a tray of champagne glasses; a footman, running in answer to Mrs. Blenerhasset's screams and Tresham's cries of mad dog, leaped up and knocked a bottle of sparkling moselle from a footman's hand; he, recoiling, struck another effervescent bottle from another footman. Up started the guests; the ladies screamed and jumped on chairs, one or two on the table, to the devastation of jellies and the confusion of custards. Never was such an uproar ever raised in a supper-room before. As for the governess, with one foot in a bowl of lobster salad, and another in a Strasburg pie, she stood like an Andromeda screaming at the approach of the sea monster. It was at this moment that Vicomte de Longjumeau, with Harriet on his arm, stole through the conservatory into the garden. There Tresham, doubled up with laughter, joined them with some cloaks, shawls, and a bonnet procured from a lady's maid whom he had bribed, and in ten minutes more Frank and his affianced were rattling off in the moonlight at full gallop for Reading.

III. THE SLIP CARRIAGE.

At nine the next morning the first express darted into Stafford with its usual mad triumph. In a first-class carriage at the end of the train, pale and sleepy, were Frank Probyn and Harriet Blenerhasset. They were safe now; they could not have well been missed for an hour, and

that hour would have prevented any pursuers catching a train for London till two or three hours later. A few hours more and they would be at Carlisle, and then hey for Gretna! Sitting back in their little padded compartment, Frank and Harriet shrank from public observation, she with her veil down, he with a newspaper concealing his face, the umber now washed off, the long gray moustaches and bushy gray eyebrows removed. Occasionally — that is to say, once in every five minutes only — he leaned forward and pressed her hands in his, and she returned the mute expression of love with a look of entire trust, which would have almost softened the heart of even Miss Venables herself. There was no one else in the carriage, so that a kiss every few minutes behind the newspaper could not very well excite any special notice from the world at large, and under the circumstances was not unjustifiable. They had paid the guard to let them keep the carriage to themselves, and he took good care to ward off even the most determined commercial traveller. If any one said, "This carriage for Preston?" he said, "Farther on Preston;" and if any one asked for a Penrith carriage, he said blandly, "This carriage for Carlisle only."

"My own darling, we are safe now," said Frank. "A few hours more and we shall be one."

At that moment a party came bustling up to the carriage next them, and the lovers, to their horror, heard a well-known voice say, —

"No, they are not here: this next carriage will do for us."

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the guard; "but a gentleman is suffering from low fever there. Must be alone with his wife."

"Fever!" screamed Mrs. Blenerhasset, for she it was "Come along, Edward; for Heaven's sake, don't go in that!"

"That was a narrow go," said Frank, as he pressed Harriet's hands between his and observed that they trembled; "but what shall we do now?"

"Frank, we are lost," was the tearful reply; "they are going straight to Gretna after us."

They remained silent, looking at each other.

"Lucky I twigg'd you," said Tresham, at that moment looking in at the window; "quick, come out, there's only one chance for you. I told them I was going for the two next stations in a smoking carriage, and they are all safe now. Quick, out with you, there is only one chance."

Frank demurred.

"Don't talk, — out with Harry; there's just one chance. I'll pull you through now."

Frank collected his wraps, and the two lovers obeyed Tresham's emphatic order like two children. They were in despair, and they succumbed at once to the stronger will and final resolve of Tresham. A moment more, and they were ensconced in the last carriage of the train. The last truck-load of luggage had just darted down the platform: the last arrival of scared-looking passengers hurried through the already closing doors of the booking-office. The last newspaper was sold, the last glass of sherry drained, the last ticket nipped, the last door slammed, the white flag waved; the bell rang, the train gave a sluggish jolt forward, then conquering rapidly the *vis inertiae*, gradually gathered itself up, and panted on with its usual untiring vigor, wrapped in clouds of its own victorious breath.

"And what good is this, now we have done it?" said Frank, doleful enough. "Here we are in the same train with Harry's father and mother, who are pursuing us." He spoke low, for there was a guard in the carriage reading a paper.

"What a curious carriage this is, Frank! It is not like any I have seen before," said Harriet. "Why, it's three sides glass, like a coupé in a diligence! Why did you bring us here, Ned? I know by that look of your eyes you had some meaning in it. See how he is laughing. Frank."

Frank looked, and shook off his despondency, and his eyes brightened.

"Why, this is a slip carriage!" he cried.

The guard looked up over his paper, caught some impression of the group, and said to the lady, —

"Yes, ma'am, this is a slip carriage; we slip at Dunsford."

"There's no danger, is there?"

"Danger, miss! none in the world; you'll go off as easy as slipping a greyhound."

"I see it all, Ned; and you're the best fellow in the world!" cried Frank, taking both Tresham's hands. "Harry, behold our benefactor; it's all right; we shall be free, and on the road to London in half an hour."

"Such a lark when they found you had stolen away!" said Tresham. "Gad, it was like a kennel starting for a fox-hunt! Every one was bowed out. Out came the horses, off we pelted; but, by Jove, if we did not miss the track, after all! Consulting which way you had taken, I took care to bother them with different notions; but the Dragon was too much for me, she stuck to London and Gretna; and I'll be hanged if the old boy, Harry, did not go in for an express train! £40 by George! and we came up like princes."

"When do they let us go? I feel quite frightened," said Harriet, clinging to Frank's arm as if they were going to be blown from a gun.

"It's about time now, miss," said the guard, who, from a front window which he had opened, had been reconnoitring the swaying train in front, like a sportsman waiting for a shot. Whiz went the telegraph posts! They were going thirty-eight miles an hour; banks in a golden glow with gorze, white slopes of nodding daisies; then some chalk cliffs, a clump of firs, and some corn-fields; now a distant steeple across a line of low meadows where the red-brown cows lay deep in the grass in luxurious ease.

The guard opens the window.

"That's the signal for slackening speed, gents," said the smart guard, now hauling at a huge chain and band that were hooked below the window; "don't you feel it slacken?"

All this time he kept dragging at the chain, as if the train was a huge greyhound he was going to slip at a deer.

"Tell me when it is going," said Harriet, closing her eyes.

"Two minutes, miss."

The guard pulled and tugged at the chain as if he had hooked a huge fish and was playing it, trying to tire it out. All at once he gave a grand drag, as if he had struck the fish, and let go the hook. Whiz-z-z. Away, like a bullet from a gun, as if indeed he had pulled a trigger and discharged the train at Dunsford; away with a rush and a whirl of freedom the train darted off on its war-path. This moment it swayed before the looker-on, the next it had grown smaller; smaller now, smaller, a speck — out of sight! Onwards but slowly after it, though the speed seemed scarcely to slacken, the slip carriage swept along the rails; till, a little before Dunsford, its motive power gradually lessened. Eventually worn out, and jolting down to the speed of a mere market-cart, the carriage glided into Dunsford Station as quietly as if it had been driven by an old farmer, and drawn by a sober old pony.

The slip carriage had saved them. Great was the delight of Harriet when she found herself safe, and loud the gratitude of Frank. Tresham, by a judicious telegram to Carlisle, explaining that he had been accidentally left behind at a station where he had got out to get a glass of sherry, brought the worthy but not astute Blenerhasset back to London by the next train.

Immediately on which, Frank and Harry, who had been stopping at the house of a married friend of Tresham's, slipped off to Gretna, and were there quietly married — thanks to the clever use of a slip carriage. The Blenerhassetts were soon reconciled to their new son-in-law, who is always pronounced likely to be made the next Associate of that generous and receptive body, the Royal Academy.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MARTIN MILLMORE, the Boston sculptor, is in Rome.

VENICE is Mrs. Charles Sumner's present home.

THERE are rumors of another new poem by Tennyson.

NILSSON-ROUZAUD is to make a professional visit to the United States this year.

SOME of the Paris papers have gone into black borders in memory of Napoleon III.

JANAUSCHEK has one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, presents from royalty.

THE pretty Madame Catacazy is the possessor of a large portion of the jewels and wardrobe once owned by the Empress Eugénie.

MR. SWINBURNE will shortly publish separately the first part of his poem, "Tristram," the prelude to which appeared about a year ago.

A FRENCH writer says: "The seasons in London are equally divided — there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

THE story of the escape of a bear from the Welsh Harp, Hendon, and ranging the district, has plagued the proprietor so much (who never had a bear), that he has been compelled to purchase one and have it chained up. This animal has countless visits paid to his shrine by persons who feed him with biscuits and stroke him with umbrellas.

THE *London Athenæum* says that a great triumph in glass manufacture has been effected. Alvan Clark & Sons have completed the object-glass for the great telescope for the United States Government. Two pieces of glass, one crown and the other flint, have been cast, of 27½ inches in diameter; they are without flaw and perfect, with the exception of two or three air-bubbles, which will not at all interfere with the action of the lenses.

PARIS, says a recent letter writer, seems to be the centre of the world for the sale of books and objects of art, so much so that London largely exports curiosities there, as well as Norway, China, and Peru. A very curious study are the book-stalls of Paris, grouped in certain quarters or scattered abroad. They are calculated to measure a total length of two miles, and are to be met with not in the most populous portions of the city, but where the *dilettanti* move and have their being. It is a singular study to watch the crowds that lounge over the book-cases on the quay walls; what crushing and pushing, and yet all too occupied to think that rudeness is intended! It is generally Normans who own the stalls. The best time to find a valuable book is in the morning, when the cases are being opened. It is then the Dominie Sampsons are to be met with, like the sportsman who knows the value of going early to work.

THE following is the rather curious letter of Madame Thalberg to Signor Marini, to whom the body of Thalberg was intrusted to embalm: "Egregio Signor Professor, — When I intrusted to you the body of my dear husband, so that you might be pleased to preserve it, I had not a precise idea of your method. But now, although his loss to me is irreparable, I find it almost a comfort to see a body which belonged to a genius like Sigismund Thalberg saved from corruption. I was truly surprised when, after six months, I saw in a state of freshness, not the mere resemblance of him, but the color, the expression, and the flexibility of the limbs, so that I believed for an instant that you had been able to bring him back to life. Nay more, when I perceived that life-like aspect, which no one ignorant of your art would have been able to preserve, my wonder did not cease, but increased still more as I observed you had made the hands retain their natural color and freshness, out of homage to the art of the deceased, and to add to my comfort. I therefore publicly render to you my warmest thanks for having preserved in its integrity that form which will always be engraven on my afflicted memory, the sight of which adds so much to my remembrance of him that the deception is sweet to me. With sentiments of the most profound gratitude, I am your obliged and devoted

FRANCES SIGISMUND THALBERG.

"THE VERY LAST IDYLL."

*When good King Arthur ruled this land, he ruled it like a King,
He stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding;
A bag pudding the King did make, and stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat as big as his two thumbs.
The King and Queen they ate thereof, and Noblemen beside,
And what they couldn't eat that night the Queen next morning fried.*

Legend.

Then, dinner ended, spake the blameless King
Unto his knights, and unto Guinevere,
Who sat as one had dined, yet discontent,
Moulding her napkin into many forms,
And scorning at them all: "The truth is this:
Our cook though very worthy, O my Queen,
Hath naught of genius, and we dine to-day
As yesterday and many yesterdays,
And no new order takes the place of old.
Thou dost not make this meal so sweet to me
That I the King do greatly care to eat."

Then in her shrewish way muttered the Queen:
"My fault, my fault, and evermore my fault!
That dish is never grudging the Table Round.
Lo, thou art King, and that should mean 'Can do';
Canst thou do aught in the provision line?"

"Yea," said the King, and that time said no more,
But winked at Lancelot, as a man should say,
Small triumph wins a husband when he chides.
And Lancelot dropped his eyes, and sat demure,
Unwilling to offend or Queen or King,
And mindful, maybe, of the woesome fate
That came on him, who, daring to come in
When man and wife had passed from word to blow,
Bore two black eyes off, one conferred by each.

But Arthur ruling, ruled it like a King,
And girding on Excalibar, went forth,
Followed by wily Vivien, caring not
That wink and jest pursued her to the door,
Which reached, she cried, "O Arthur, O my lord,
I know thy thought, and, humble though I be,
A humble bee may guide you. May I speak?"

He cared not much for her companionship,
Less for herself, yet gently answered, "Speak!"

And Vivien answered, smiling wickedly,
"Sweet are stolen waters, stolen kisses sweet
(If that the blameless King permit the words),
And why not stolen meal? Behind you hedge
A hermit dwells, an awful humbug too,
Loud in his prayers, but louder in his cups,
And prompt to kneel, but never half so prompt
As when he cannot stand. By this the cheat
Hath drunk his deepest, and sent up his snore:
He hath great store of meal, which simple fools
Bring to ameliorate his fancied woes;
'Tis of the finest that the miller grinds.
'Twere very meet that you should steal the same."
And Arthur, making answer, said, "I will."

Then laughed the wileful Vivien to herself,
"Easy to theft is moved the blameless King;
But he and all his knights and the sweet Queen
Have hollow hearts which wear transparent masks
It glads my own to see." And then they went,
Arthur and Vivien, raised the hermit's latch,
Entered the cottage where the good old man
Lay grunting like a swine, and from his hoards
They took three pecks of choicest barley meal,
And proudly bore them to the Table Round.

There Guinevere still gazed on Lancelot.
But that most noble knight, large Lancelot,
Seemed for the time less noble than himself,
And suffering or from supper or the wine
(Brought there from France by one called Gilded Helm,
Knight of the Stone of Gladness) or the pang
Of conscience that he flirted with his Queen,
Sat grumpy, nor returned her pleasant gaze,
But stuck his fork right through the tablecloth,
As he were stabbing some displeasing friend.

Laying the meal-sack on the Table Round,
And not displeased to see that Lancelot sulked,
Thus to his Queen spake forth the blameless King:
"Lo, I, the King, have shown what I Can Do.
Do thou thy part, and help."

"Yea, lord," she said.

"Your will is mine." And saying that she choked
(Her wine, it may be, going the wrong way),
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Moved to the kitchen, and flung down the meal.

Then Arthur, baring both his manly arms,
Made a bag-pudding, stuffing it with plums,
And putting in sweet lumps of richest fat
As large as two of his big royal thumbs:
Then tying it, the Queen with vehement act
Dashed it within a splendid silver pan
(Like Lancelot's helmet, bitterly she thought),
And set it firmly on the vigorous fire
("Where I could set him," bitterly she said).
"O madam!" cried the little maid hard by.
"Who spoke to you?" she said, and smote her ear.

And when the fulness of the time was come,
And emptiness for hunger, came the knights,
And with them Lancelot and the blameless King,
And also Guinevere with lily hands
Cleansed in fair water of the kitchen smirch,
And sat to supper, and the Pudding came,
Whereat the joyous knights gave forth a shout
Had split the Eildon Hill into three parts
But that the trick had been already done,
And all fell up; the blameless King, and Queen,
They ate thereof, and noblemen beside,
And Vivien deemed to taste, but scoffing said,
"The full-fed liars feed on stolen meal."
And gentle Arthur bade the wine-cup flow,
Not now with Gild Helm's mixture, but a draught
(Imported by a knight of Burgundy)
So rich, so radiant, and so ravishing
That fourscore silver pieces scarcely bought
As many flagons as the year had months,
And the good Rabelais had said, if there,
"O sweet and heavenly sound to hear them laugh!"

Then with regained fine temper, said the Queen,
Taking her husband's hand into her own
(It may be, glad that Lancelot was riled),
"Dear Lord, and is thy wife so ill a cook?"

Then Arthur, pulling at her golden hair,
As one instructs a kind but wayward child,
"Thou!" said the King. "Well, I may call that cheek,
Yet will not, looking on that cheek of thine.
Thou hast done well, my Queen, and very well,
And I, the King, for self and company,
Remain thy much obliged and humble servant,
And drink thy health!" Then the old rafters rang.
"Our Queen and Pudding!" And the blameless King,
Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent
Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought
But Dead Sea apples and the acts of Apes."

Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;
She knew that duty, and it should be done.
So what of pudding on that festal night
Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests,
The Queen upon the following morning fried.

ASTHMA! — Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy! — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOAS BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

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DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

III.

DARIA MICHAËLOVNA LASSOUNSKI's house was perhaps the principal one in the province of —. Very large, built of stone from designs of Rastelli, in the style of the last century, it stood majestically on the top of a hill at the foot of which flowed one of the principal rivers of Central Russia. Daria Michaëlovna was a lady of rank, rich, and the widow of a Privy Counsellor. Constantine used to say that she knew the whole of Europe, and that the whole of Europe knew her — but Europe had very slight acquaintance with her, and even at St. Petersburg she had no very prominent position; but, on the other hand, at Moscow every one knew and visited her. She belonged to the best society, and was considered very eccentric; not too amiable, but extremely clever. In her youth she had been very pretty. Then poets had written verses to her, young men had fallen in love with her, and many eminent men had paid her attention. But twenty-five or thirty years had passed, and every trace of Daria's charms had disappeared.

"Is it possible," every one would say to himself as he first saw her, "is it possible that this thin, sallow, sharp-nosed woman, who is not yet old, should have ever been a beauty. Is it she who used to inspire poets?" And every one was amazed at the mutability of earthly things. It is true that Pandalewaki used to say that Daria's eyes had preserved their wonderful charm, but then, he used to say that the whole of Europe knew her.

Every summer Daria Michaëlovna used to come to her place in the country, with her children (a girl of seventeen, and two boys of nine and ten), and keep open house; that is to say, she used to receive the men; the women, and especially the unmarried women, of the province she could not abide. In return she had to endure their backbiting. According to them Daria Michaëlovna was haughty and tyrannical, but the main point was the shocking liberties she allowed herself in conversation. It is true that in the country Daria Michaëlovna liked to be free from conventional restraint, and that in her informal, easy manners one could readily detect a slight shade of a grand lady's contempt for the insignificant beings with whom she was thrown. Even her city acquaintances she treated uncere- moniously or almost with ridicule, but without any trace of contempt.

Have you ever noticed, dear reader, that people who are

very absent-minded in the company of their inferiors, suddenly lose that manner when they enter the society of their superiors? What can be the reason of this? But why ask such questions?

When Constantine Diomiditch had learned by heart Thalberg's *fantaisie*, he left his neatly arranged room to go down to the parlor, where he found the family assembled. The lady of the house was lying on a broad sofa, with her feet curled up beneath her, and a new French pamphlet in her hand. At one side of the window Daria's daughter was seated before an embroidery frame; on the other sat Mademoiselle Boncourt, the governess, an old, withered maiden lady about sixty years of age, with a band of black hair beneath her colored cap, and cotton-in her ears; in the corner near the door Bassistoff was sitting, reading the newspaper, while near him Petia and Vania, his pupils, were playing backgammon; leaning against the stove, with his hands behind him, was standing a man of medium height, with a thick mass of hair, a dark complexion, and little, restless, black eyes. His name was Africanus Simonovitch Pigasoff.

Mr. Pigasoff was a strange man. Angry with everything and everybody, especially with women, he was making bitter remarks from morning till night; sometimes they were very acute, sometimes very flat, but he was always satisfied with them. He was as irritable as a child; his laugh, the sound of his voice, his whole being, seemed saturated with bitterness. Daria Michaëlovna was always glad to see him; his speeches amused her. And in fact they were very entertaining. He had a way of exaggerating everything. If any one, for example, were to speak in his presence of an accident, whether the lightning had set fire to some village, or a flood had washed away a mill, or some peasant had cut his hand with his axe, he never failed to ask with redoubled sourness, "And what was *her* name?" as if he wanted to know the name of the woman who was the cause of the misfortune; for, according to him, one need only go to the root of things to find that everything that goes wrong is the work of some woman.

One day he fell on his knees before a lady whom he hardly knew, but who had wearied him by urging him to taste some little delicacy, and began to beseech her humbly, but with wrath plainly to be seen in his face, to spare him; that he had nothing to reproach himself with in regard of his conduct to her, and that he would never visit her again. Another time a horse ran away with one of Daria Michaëlovna's washerwomen down a steep hill, and threw her into a pit, nearly killing her. From that time Pigasoff never spoke of it except as the "good horse," and the hill and pit began to seem to him most picturesque places. In all his life Pigasoff had never known success;

and this probably was one of the main reasons of his eccentric conduct. His parents had been poor. His father's occupation had been very humble; he scarcely knew how to read and write, and so had not thought about his son's education; he had given him food and clothing, — that was all. His mother, who used to spoil him, died young. Pigasoff owed his education to himself; he entered first the public school, then the gymnasium, learned French, German, and even Latin. Having left the gymnasium with excellent certificates, he went to Dorpat, where he kept up a steady struggle with misery, but pursued his studies for three years. Pigasoff's capacities were by no means extraordinary; he was distinguished for his patience and persistency; but his most marked trait was his ambition, his longing for good society, his yearning not to be inferior to others, notwithstanding his disadvantages. It was from ambition that he worked hard, and for the same reason that he had entered the University of Dorpat. His poverty galled him, and developed in him the habit of observation, and a certain cunning. He had an original way of expressing himself, and from his youth he had adopted a singular sort of bitter, caustic eloquence. His thoughts were commonplace, but he talked in such a way that he seemed to be not merely a bright, but even an intelligent man. Towards the end of his studies Pigasoff made up his mind to devote himself to teaching, because it was the only career which would allow him to remain on a par with his companions, whom he chose especially from the higher classes, trying to please them, or even to flatter them, although he never ceased ridiculing them. But yet, to tell the truth, he lacked the requisite ability. Having educated himself, with no master and no real love of knowledge, he actually did not know enough. His thesis was a complete failure, while another student, his room-mate, at whom he had always been laughing, passed over him triumphantly. This defeat enraged Pigasoff extremely; he threw all his notes and books into the fire, and entered the government service.

At first he succeeded tolerably well; as an official he cut a very good figure. He was not very exact, but self-confident and loud-talking. He only wished speedy promotion, but, unfortunately, he got into difficulties, was reprimanded, and in fact he was compelled to resign. He spent three years on an estate which he had bought, and suddenly he married a wealthy, uneducated woman who was fascinated by his easy, bantering manner. But Pigasoff grew only more cynical, and he soon became tired of domestic life. After living with him a few years, his wife fled secretly to Moscow, and sold to a crafty speculator her estate, on which Pigasoff had just made some improvements. Wounded to the quick by this last blow, he brought a suit against his wife, which he lost. So now he lived alone, visiting his neighbors, whom he laughed at to their face, and who received him with an affected good-humor, although they were never very much afraid of him. He never read a line. He owned about a hundred serfs; his peasants were never ill-treated.

"Ah, Constantine!" said Daria Michaëlovna, as Pandalewski entered the room; "is Alexandrina coming?"

"Alexandra Paulovna told me to thank you, and to tell you it would give her great pleasure to accept your invitation," answered Constantine Diomiditch, bowing right

and left, and running his white, plump hand, with the nails cut to a point, through his carefully arranged hair.

"And is Volinzoff coming too?"

"Yes, he is coming."

"So then, Africanus Simeonovitch," continued Daria, turning towards Pigasoff, "you think all young women are affected?"

Pigasoff's lips contracted a little on one side, and his elbows twitched nervously.

"I say," he began deliberately — he always spoke slowly and distinctly when he was most malicious — "I say that young women in general — I of course do not include the present company" —

"That does not prevent you from doing so in your thoughts," interrupted Daria Michaëlovna.

"I pass them over in silence," answered Pigasoff. "In general, all girls are extremely affected in the expression of their feelings. If a girl is frightened, for example, or delighted, or sorry, the first thing she does is to give a graceful bend to her body" (here Pigasoff twisted himself awkwardly, and extended his arms); "then she screams, 'Ah!' or she bursts out laughing or crying. Once, however" (and here he burst out laughing), "I managed to get a genuine expression of emotion from a remarkably affected girl."

"How did that happen?"

Pigasoff's eyes lit up.

"From behind, I poked her in the side with a stake. How she shrieked! 'Bravo, bravo!' cried I. 'That was the voice of nature; that was a natural cry! You must keep to that in future.'"

They all burst out laughing.

"What nonsense you are talking, Africanus!" cried Daria Michaëlovna. "Do you think I will believe you poked a girl in the side with a stake?"

"It was a stake, upon my word! a very large stake, such as is used in the defence of a fort."

"*Mais c'est une horreur ce que vous dites là, Monsieur!*" cried Mademoiselle Boncourt, casting a serious glance at the boys, who were roaring with laughter.

"Don't believe him," said Daria; "don't you know him yet?"

The irritated French lady, however, could not at once control her anger, and she kept muttering between her teeth.

"You may believe me or not, as you please," continued Pigasoff calmly. "I assure you, however, that I have told only the exact truth. Who can know about it so well as I do? Then perhaps you will not believe that our neighbor Helen Tcheponzoff told me herself — mark my words, told me herself — that she had murdered her own nephew."

"Another of your inventions!"

"Excuse me, excuse me! Listen, and judge for yourself. Observe that I have no wish to malign her; I like her as much as one can like a woman. The almanac is the only book to be found in her house, and she can't read except aloud. Then, too, this exercise throws her into a perspiration, and she says it makes her eyes feel as if they were going to drop out of her head. In a word, she is an excellent woman, and she does not starve her servants; why should I misrepresent her?"

"Come, come!" said Daria; "our Africanus Simeon-

ovitch has got on his hobby. He'll not get off again before evening."

"My hobby! — women have three, from which they never get off, except perhaps when they are asleep."

"What are those three?"

"Recrimination, allusion, and reproach."

"But, Africanus Simeonovitch," said Daria, "you must have some reason for being so bitter against women. Some one must have" —

"Offended me, do you mean?" interrupted Pigasoff.

Daria was a little embarrassed; she remembered Pigasoff's unhappy marriage, and she simply nodded her head.

"It is true, a woman did offend me," continued Pigasoff.

"And yet she was a good, a very good woman."

"Who was it?"

"My mother," answered Pigasoff in a lower tone.

"Your mother? How could she have given you offence?"

"By bringing me into the world."

Daria frowned. "It seems to me," she said, "that our conversation has taken a turn which is not very amusing. Constantine, play us that new *fantaisie* of Thalberg's. Perhaps the sound of music will pacify you, Africanus. Orpheus controlled the savage beasts."

Constantine seated himself at the piano and played the piece very well. Natalie at first listened attentively, but soon she resumed her work.

"*Merci; c'est charmant*," said Daria; "I am very fond of Thalberg. *Il est si distingué*. What are you thinking about, Africanus?"

"I was thinking," said he slowly, "that there are three sorts of egoists: those who live themselves and let others live, those who live themselves and don't let others live, and finally those who neither live themselves nor let others live. Most women belong to the third class."

"How amiable! I am surprised at one thing, Africanus Simeonovitch, and that is your blind confidence in your own opinions, as if you could never be mistaken."

"By no means. I too can make mistakes; all men are liable to error. But do you know what the difference is between the mistakes of men and those of women? You don't know? I will tell you. A man may say, for example, that twice two makes, not four, but five; a woman will say that twice two makes — a wax-candle."

"It seems to me that I have heard that before. But allow me to ask you what connection there is between your thought about the three sorts of egoism and the music which we have just heard?"

"None at all; I did not even hear the music."

"Well, my friend, I see, 'You are an incorrigible, I withdraw,'" answered Daria, altering a line of Gribojedoff. "What do you like then, if music has no charm for you? Possibly literature?"

"I like literature, but not that of the present day."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you. A short time ago I met a gentleman on the ferry over the Oka. On the other side we came to a steep shore; the carriage had to be taken out by hand. This gentleman's carriage was extremely heavy. While the boatmen were at work dragging it ashore, he remained on board the ferry-boat, groaning so that I almost pitied him. 'There,' said I, 'is a new application of the division of

labor. This gentleman is like modern literature; others struggle and do the work, and it keeps up a groaning.'"

Daria Michaelovna smiled.

"And that is what is called the literary production of our day," continued the indefatigable Pigasoff; "a profound sympathy for social questions, and Heaven knows what else — oh! I detest these high-sounding phrases!"

"But then, women, whom you are forever attacking, they at least do not use any high-sounding phrases."

Pigasoff shrugged his shoulders

"If they don't use them, it is because they don't know how."

Daria Michaelovna colored slightly.

"You are beginning to be impertinent, Africanus Simeonovitch!" she said, with a forced smile.

There was a moment of perfect stillness in the room.

"Where is Zolotonocha?" one of the boys suddenly asked Bassistoff.

"In the province of Poltava, my dear boy," answered Pigasoff, "in the centre of Little Russia." He was glad to give another turn to the conversation. "We were speaking about literature," he continued; "if I had any money to spare, I should become a Little Russian poet."

"That is something new; a fine poet you would make," answered Daria Michaelovna; "do you know Little Russian?"

"Not at all; but that makes no difference."

"No difference, and why not?"

"It's very plain. You have only to take a sheet of paper, and write at the top 'Duma';¹ then you string together a number of meaningless words, put in a few Little Russian interjections, such as 'Woropaie! hopp! hopp!' or something of that sort, and your poem is done. Then you send it to the printer. The Little Russian will read it, drop his head in his hands, and you may be sure he will weep. He has such a susceptible soul!"

"But for Heaven's sake," cried Bassistoff, "what are you talking about? It hasn't common sense. I have lived in Little Russia, and I know the language. 'Woropaie, hopp! hopp!' is perfect nonsense."

"Very likely, but the Little Russian will cry, all the same. You say their language: is there a Little Russian language? I once asked a Little Russian to translate a sentence for me, and how do you think he did it? He repeated the words just as I had pronounced them, except that everywhere he changed every *i* into a French *u*. Is that a separate language, or what is it? Before I'd agree to that, I would bray my best friend in a mortar."

Bassistoff was about to answer.

"Don't mind him," cried Daria; "you know he is always uttering paradoxes."

Pigasoff smiled maliciously. A servant entered to announce Alexandra Paulovna and her brother.

Daria arose to receive her guests.

"How are you, Alexandrina," she said. "How kind of you to come. How are you, Sergius Paulovitch?"

Volinzoff pressed Daria's hand, and went towards Natalie.

"Well, and your new acquaintance, the baron, — is he going to come to-day?" asked Pigasoff.

"Yes, he is coming."

¹ The name of the folksongs of Little Russia. — Tr.

"He is said to be a great philosopher; he is spouting Hegel all the time."

Daria did not reply. She gave Alexandra a place on the sofa, and sat down by her side.

"Philosophy!" continued Pigasoff, "a lofty point of view! I am tired to death of this lofty point of view. And what can you see from such a lofty point? Does any one climb a tower to look at the house he is going to buy?"

"Is not the baron going to bring you an article?" asked Alexandra.

"Yes; an article," answered Daria with an affectation of indifference, "on the commercial and industrial relations of Russia. But don't be frightened; we are not going to read it now. It was not for that I invited you. *Le baron est aussi aimable que savant. He speaks such good Russian! C'est un vrai torrent . . . il vous entraîne!*"

"He speaks Russian so well," muttered Pigasoff, "that he has to be praised in French."

"Go on muttering, Africanus; it suits your bushy hair. But why doesn't he come? But why shouldn't we all go out into the garden? We have nearly an hour before dinner, and the day is lovely."

They all arose and went into the garden.

Daria's garden extended to the river. It contained many dark, odorous groves of old lime trees, with clumps of acacia and lilac in the green expanse.

Volinzoff, Natalie, and Mademoiselle Boncourt entered the thick shade. Volinzoff walked by the side of the young girl, but in silence.

"What have you been doing to-day?" Volinzoff at last asked, twirling his brown moustache.

He was very like his sister, though his face was less animated, and his soft, drooping eyes had a melancholy expression.

"Not much," answered Natalie. "I have been listening to Pigasoff's abuse, I did some embroidery, and I read."

"And what did you read?"

"I read — the History of the Crusades," said Natalie, with a little hesitation.

Volinzoff looked at her.

"Oh," he said, after a pause; "that must be interesting."

He plucked a twig from a tree and fanned himself with it. They walked some twenty paces further.

"Who is this baron whose acquaintance your mother has made?" asked Volinzoff again.

"He is a gentleman of the bedchamber. He has just arrived. Mamma thinks very highly of him."

"Your mother is very ready to follow her first impressions."

"A proof that her heart is still young."

"Of course. I shall soon send you your horse. He is almost entirely broken. I want to teach it to gallop, and I shall succeed."

"*Merci.* But really you embarrass me. You are breaking him yourself. They say that is very hard."

"You know, Natalie Alexievna, that to do you the slightest service, I am ready — I should — but not such trifles" —

He grew extremely confused.

Natalie glanced at him kindly, and thanked him again.

"You know," said Sergius Paulovitch, after a long pause, "there is nothing — but why say it? You understand me."

At that moment the bell rang.

"Ah, the dinner bell!" said Mademoiselle Boncourt; "let us go in."

"*Quel dommage,*" thought the old French lady to herself as she went up the terrace steps behind Natalie and Volinzoff, "*quel dommage que ce charmant garçon ait si peu de ressources dan conversation,*" which may be translated, "You are very nice, my dear fellow, but a trifle stupid."

The baron did not come to dinner. They waited half an hour for him. At table the conversation flagged. Sergius Paulovitch did nothing but look at Natalie, by whom he sat, and keep her glass always filled with water. Pandalewski tried in vain to entertain his neighbor, Alexandra Paulovna. He almost melted with sweetness, while she could hardly keep from yawning. Bassistoff rolled little bread-balls, and thought of nothing; even Pigasoff was silent, and Daria said to him that he was not in good humor on that day. He answered sullenly, "When am I in good humor? It is not my way;" and he added with a bitter smile, "be patient, I am only kvass, plain Russian kvass,¹ but your gentleman of the bedchamber" —

"Bravo!" cried Daria, "Pigasoff is actually growing jealous in anticipation!"

But Pigasoff did not answer; he merely looked down gloomily. Seven o'clock struck, and they all went back to the parlor.

"It seems he is not coming," said Daria Michaëlovna.

At that very moment there was heard the rolling of a carriage. A little tarantars entered the court-yard, and a few minutes later a servant came into the room, bringing to Daria Michaëlovna a letter on a silver salver. She read it through, and turning to the servant, asked him, "Where is the gentleman who brought the letter?"

"He is in the carriage. Shall I bring him in?"

"Yes; ask him to come in."

The servant went out.

"Isn't it vexatious! Only think," continued Daria Michaëlovna, "the baron has been ordered to return to St. Petersburg. He has sent me his article by his friend, a Mr. Roudine. The baron was going to introduce him, himself — he speaks very highly of him. But how annoying it is. I hoped the baron would spend some time here."

"Dimitri Nicolaitch Roudine," announced the servant.

(To be continued.)

HENRY MURGER.

THE Prophet of Bohemia. We sing of the man who first enlightened the world on the lives of those that wait upon hope, and struggle in the path of Art against an adverse fortune; who, while he tore down the veil and showed the truth, at the same time raised a cloud of illusion which permits the youthful imagination to hear only the laughter, and to ignore the pain. It is only when one becomes older that the suffering shows more clearly than the joy — the days of privation are seen to be more numerous than the days of feasting.

"Aimons et chantons encore,
La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps."

¹ A fermented drink very common in Russia. — Ta.

How glorious — in a perennial round of champagne, flowers, and song; roaming in the wood with Rosette, and filling an empty purse with a poem! Ragged, perhaps, at times, and a little hungry, but still in what goodly company — with how noble a fellowship! And then the future all before you — the future of fame and success! Let us see what they are — the imaginary and the real Bohemia.

Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, and Henry Murger form a sort of literary triad, which may be studied together. Utterly unlike each other, they present occasional points of contrast which are too striking to be overlooked. They represent the influences of the first third of this century on young men well-born, well-educated, and highly trained. We have to do, so far as the third is concerned, with a mere child of the people, pitchforked into the ranks of literature, but never representing in the smallest degree the voice of the people. It is not a problem which we have to solve. There is no mystery; only a simple, sad life to tell, mistaken in its aims, bankrupt in its aspirations, ruined by its follies. The miserable necessities of a grinding poverty were its excuse; the impatience which a weak will could not resist, that impatience which longed to enjoy before the period when fortune fixed its time of enjoyment, was the fatal rock on which it split. Alfred de Musset led no happy life, but he pursued at least a high standard of art; Alfred de Vigny was a disappointed man because he rated his own powers too high; poor Murger was wretched because he failed to see that Art must be everything — that genius must love his mistress all in all, or not at all. He loved other things as well, and so in the lute the rift widened till the music was mute.

Let me first, with permission of the many who know his book so well, recall some of the incidents in the career of that prince of Bohemians, the imaginary Rodolphe. You will see why, as we go on.

The Rodolphe of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," when we first meet him, is a young man of two or three and twenty. His face is almost hidden by a profusion of beard, his forehead, by way of compensation, being only relieved from absolute baldness by half a dozen hairs carefully drawn across it in a vain endeavor to personate their departed brethren. He is dressed in a black coat, out at elbows, and "gone" under the arms, in trousers which might be called black, and boots which had never been new, because he always bought them second-hand. We find him in the *Café Momus*, Rue Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. We talk literature and art; we drink; we make the acquaintance of three other congenial spirits, Messieurs Colline, Schaunard, and Marcel, and we plunge into Bohemian life. Rodolphe, poet and *littérateur*, is the editor of *The Scarf of Iris*, a journal not entirely unconnected with the millinery and drapery interests, in fact, a journal of fashion. Later on we find him connected with the *Castor*, an organ of public opinion devoted mainly to advance the great hatting cause. Rodolphe's three friends, one of them an artist, one a musician, one a philosopher, scholar, private tutor, are, like himself, poor, ragged, out at elbows. They are afflicted with a Gargantuan hunger. When funds come in, their first thought is food; they go out and eat; they go on eating till there is nothing left in the locker, then they go back to their customary short commons with the resignation of philosophers and the hope of youth. Rodolphe falls in love with Louise. He talks to her in what the author calls the poetry of love. Louise only understands the *patois* of love, so they hardly comprehend one another, and his first flight of the heart is a failure. He is turned out of his lodgings by an impatient proprietor, and lives for a time like the sparrows, *sub Jove*, sleeping in the branches of a tree. Like the sparrows, too, he is always hungry. An uncle, an uncle of romance, a really useful piece of domestic furniture, finds him out at this juncture, and relieves his wants. The uncle is a manufacturer of stoves; has for a long time been meditating a work on chimneys. In his nephew he sees one who can do for him what education and nature have entered into a conspiracy to prevent him from doing himself — write the book. He locates him in a fifth floor; gives him materials, furnishes

the list of chapters, provides him with food, and takes away all his clothes except a Turkish dressing-gown, in order that he may not run away.

The work progresses slowly, far too slowly for the uncle's impatience. In the agonies of composing the chapter on "Smoky Flues," Rodolphe discovers from the papers that he has won a prize of three hundred francs (sixty dollars) at a certain Academy of Floral Games. He is rich, he is a capitalist; he tears himself from his drudgery, and escapes back to Bohemia and his friends and the editorship of the *Castor*. He lives, as do all his friends, in the cheapest room at the top of the house; he can seldom afford the luxury of fire and not always that of candles, so that he goes to bed and stays there. His bed is insufficiently supplied with blankets; so he lies between the mattresses; his expenses from day to day are not, as may be imagined, enormous; and provided only he can weather what he calls the "Cape of Storms," that is to say, the first or fifteenth of the month, when the bills come in, he is tolerably happy. His time is chiefly spent with his friends at the *Café Momus*, to the grief and indignation of the proprietor, for all the other customers are driven away by the four Bohemians, who drink little and eat nothing. Driven to desperation, the landlord draws out at last a list of his grievances, and presents it to them himself. This unique bill of charges sets forth how M. Rodolphe, who always came first, was accustomed to seize the papers and keep them all day; how, because M. Rodolphe was editor of the *Castor*, they never ceased bawling for the *Castor*, till that paper was also taken in by the café; that accomplished, they left off asking for it; how Rodolphe and Colline were in the habit of keeping the *tricot* table to themselves from ten in the morning till twelve at night, the other votaries of the game having nothing to do but to gnash their teeth; how M. Marcel had so far forgotten what was due to a public establishment as to bring his easel there, and make appointments with models of both sexes; how M. Schaunard was talking of bringing his piano and giving a concert of his own works; and how he received visits at the café from a young lady named Phémie, who came without a bonnet; how they actually made their own coffee in the establishment; and how they, lastly, instigated the waiter to send a love-letter, the composition of which was clearly traceable to the pernicious influence of M. Rodolphe, to the old and faithful wife of the proprietor. The artists compromise matters by conceding the minor points, such as a bonnet to Phémie and the coffee to the establishment, and continue to frequent the *Café Momus*.

Then they all fall in love. Rodolphe's passion for Mimi may be read in the "Scènes," chapter fourteen; nothing more faithful, more real, than this sketch of a girl torn from her lover — from his empty stove and meagre dinners — by the attractions of velvet and silk, plenty to eat and drink, and warmth: —

"When the purse is empty — isn't it so, my dear? — Farewell love, and good-by 'tween me and thee. You will leave me lonely, with never an idle tear; Go, and soon forget me — isn't it so, Mimi?"

"Comes to the same, you see; for after all, my dear, Happy days have dawned and died for me and thee: Not too many, 'tis true: best things are ever, here, Shortest and soonest over — isn't it so, Mimi?"

Six years pass; the friendship of the four knows no diminution, their worldly prospects no improvement. Then a change. One of them takes advantage of political disorders, and gets made an ambassador. Sublime impudence of the novelist! Rodolphe and Marcel succeed at last. Then Mimi comes back — poor frail Mimi, a skeleton, pale, worn, emaciated — comes back to seek help and shelter by that Bohemian hearth where her only happy days were spent, with the only man who was ever really kind to her. They pawn their things to keep the life in her. But she dies. Then the band of Bohemians is broken up; they go into society; they take their places in the world; they become respectable, staid, and *successful*. Marcel the painter pronounces the funeral oration over the

past. "We have had," he said, "our time of carelessness and youth; it has been a happy time, a time of romance and thoughtless love; but this prodigality of days, as if we had an eternity to throw away, must have an end; we can no longer live outside the skirts of society; our independence, our liberty, after all, are doubtful advantages. And are they real? Any *crétin*, idiot, illiterate ass, is our master, at the price of lending us a few francs. . . . It is not necessary, in order to be a poet, to wear a summer paletôt in December; we can write poetry just as well in warm rooms and on three meals a day. Poetry does not consist in the disorder of existence, in improvised happy days, in rebelling against prejudices which we can less readily overturn than we can upset a dynasty, and which rule the world. Whatever we say or do, this is certain, that to succeed we must take the beaten path. Here we are, thirty years of age, unknown, isolated, disgusted with ourselves. Up to the present this existence has been imposed upon us; it is no longer necessary; the obstacles are destroyed which prevented our leaving this life. It is finished."

It seems almost as stupid to give the life of Rodolphe in a magazine article, as it would be to give the life of Martin Chuzzlewit. I do so only because in the book is written the early life of its author, because every character, except perhaps that of Marcel, the artist, stands out clear and distinct from the canvas, and is an evident portrait of an early friend. I do not know the original of Colline, but a Parisian friend writes to me as regards Schœnard the ragged musician. "There still exists," he says, "in the Rue Hautefeuille, close by the École de Médecine, right in the Quartier Latin, an old *brasserie*, black with smoke, fitted up with wooden tables, called the *Brasserie Andler*, after the name of its proprietor, an honest and enormously big Swiss. Thither used to resort, about the years 1858-60, the chiefs of the Realistic School, with their apostle Champfleury, and their high priest, the painter Courbet. It was something like the Café *Momus*, although not quite so ragged and out-at-elbows. As a student at this period, I used to frequent this café, and made the acquaintance there of the wreck of Henry Murger's old band of friends. The only celebrity remaining there was poor Schœnard, or at least he whom Murger took for his type of a Bohemian musician. His real name was Schœn; he was then about forty years of age, and had an intelligent and open front, regular features, and a moustache *à la mousquetaire*. He had not *failli son chemin*; he was however considered *tres-fort* in musical composition."

The name of the real Rodolphe was Henry Murger. He was born in the year 1822, at the foot of Mont Blanc, his father being of very poor and humble station. When he was still an infant he was brought to Paris, where his father got a place as *concierge* or porter. His boyhood was passed in the streets and in the court of the hotel. Education he had little or none: only the simplest rudiments of learning, such as a poor man could afford to give his son: no Latin, no Greek, none of that education, most useful of any, which boys at a great school communicate to each other. When he was thirteen or fourteen years old he got noticed by M. Étienne de Jouy, who lived in the hotel. It does not appear clearly how far De Jouy, then a very old man, interested himself in the boy. But he took some care of him, it is clear, because he obtained for him his first situation. Intercourse with this old adventurer could not fail of being singularly useful to a lad of genius and imperfect education. Old De Jouy was a man whose history ought to be written. He knew Voltaire by heart when he was a child; he had a commission and lost a finger fighting the Moorish pirates at thirteen; fought the English under Tippee Sahib at twenty; rescued a Hindoo girl from suttee, nearly getting killed in the process; got put into prison for trying to snatch a Cingalese girl from a convent; escaped in an open boat and was picked up at sea; came back to help tear down the Bastille; fought in the revolutionary army; prison again as *suspect*; married an English girl; prison again for that; turned royalist; and took to writing, getting another dose of prison from

his own friends in 1819. One may fancy the old man pouring his pernicious Voltairean doctrines into the ears of the bright-eyed boy who sat listening to the revelations of new worlds.

When he was sixteen, De Jouy placed him in the household of Count Tolstói, one of the great Russian House of Ostermann Tolstói, as private secretary. One of Murger's biographers has discovered that the cook of the Count had four times as large a salary as the private secretary, and has a bitter fit of sneering thereat. It seems to me a very simple thing. A cook is a most important functionary. He exercises exceedingly delicate duties, and he must be a man of the greatest skill and experience, while young Murger had nothing to do but to read and copy. Surely this kind of sneer is very absurd. And it is always happening. Whenever the life of a man of genius is written, somebody discovers that when he was sixteen, and had five shillings a week, the footman had ten; and then we lift up our hands in pity and disgust. The secretaryship did the boy a great deal of good. Count Tolstói made him read all the best French writers — those of the nineteenth century only — so that Murger remained to his last day as ignorant of the writers before Chateaubriand as he was of Chinese. His three years of this work made him a writer as well as a reader, and when he left the Count at the age of nineteen or twenty, he obtained at once a post on "Correspondance de Journaux de Départemens." To be sure it was not a great thing — fifty francs a month, eight hours a day, twopence an hour — but it was a beginning; it launched him into the sea of literature, and placed him among the struggling mob of young writers, painters, dramatists, poets, and novelists which formed his land of Bohemia. "It was a bad generation," says Pelloquet, "one which was old before its time; one without enthusiasm, yet without experience; one overflowing with vanity, yet without self-respect; which opposed its petty irony to every kind of enthusiasm: which allowed the magnificent heritage of 1830 to perish in its hands."

In other words, the lofty enthusiasm of the Romantic School was dying out, and as yet nothing had arisen to take its place. We need not, however, look for high aims and devotion to art in Henry Murger and his school.

Murger tells us something of his own struggles, in a letter: —

"Possessing some tincture of orthography we worked at our sheet, where our prose was occasionally paid for at the rate of eight francs an acre — something like the price of English pears. The founder of our journal, in which prudence compelled us to refrain from putting 'The conclusion to-morrow,' disappeared one day. He owed us for many an acre of copy. We began by tearing our hair, a distraction which nature no longer permits me; then we agreed to pass the bankruptcy over to the account of profit and loss.

"Nevertheless, three months afterwards — it was a Saturday and the last day of Carnival — while we were regretting the impossibility of keeping the feast, comes an official letter, in which we were invited, as creditors of the journal, to receive twenty-five per cent. of our claims. Think of it! Never were poor recipients more happy."

He got literary promotion and was put on the staff of the *Corsaire*, edited the *Moniteur de la Mode*, just as Rodolphe edited the *Écharpe d'Iris*; contributed verses in the style of Alfred de Musset to the *Artiste*, and wrote novelettes and sketches, among others the famous "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." And at last people discovered that there was a man among them who had opened a new vein; and success, of its kind, came to him.

He is spoken of by those who knew him in his younger days as a singularly modest and unassuming man, prematurely bald, with great sweetness of expression; always good-natured in his conversation, quick of temper but easily appeased, and entirely without malice. He used to make his appearance in the office of the *Corsaire* bathed with perspiration, as if he had been running through the streets, and sit down to write a chapter of his "Scènes," for which he was paid at the rate of a louis a chapter — not much more than a penny a line. Not that he was a rapid writer; on the

contrary, he would spend days and weeks over a single chapter, touching and retouching; but his ideas flowed freely. He was always in somewhat delicate health, the effect of many dissipations, which he condemned, but had not the courage to resist.

Among his friends were Fanchéry, poor Gérard de Nerval, Champfleury, Nadar, Beaudelaire, Pelloquet, and others who have since made some kind of mark in literature, small though it be with some of them. Some of them used to assemble either in that *Café Momus*, where Rodolphe first met his friends, or in that other *brasserie* in the Quartier Latin of which we have spoken. On the site where once stood the *Café Momus* is now a confectioner's shop, so that the Bohemians of the present day, however anxious to keep up old associations, must go elsewhere to hold their *réunions*.

In one of these early years, his friend Pelloquet tells how he went to pay him a visit. He found him ill in bed, alone. The room almost bare of furniture; the bed without curtains or hangings, ill furnished with covering. As he lay there, this poor young Bohemian, his visitor remarked that his eyes constantly turned with longing to a certain shelf, where reposed a black velvet domino and a pair of soiled kid gloves. Soiled kid gloves and a velvet domino! They ought to have been carved upon his tombstone, for they give a sort of keynote to his life. In sickness and in health; in poverty or in funds, he was always looking at the velvet domino and the soiled kid gloves. To the young man, entirely ignorant of society, never having penetrated into the circles of social order and domestic happiness, the *bal de l'opéra* probably appeared to be the highest attainable form of human enjoyment. Music was there, at any rate, with warmth, lightness, and society; with bright eyes, and with forgetfulness of the "acres of copy" which had to be written before his rent was paid. When the last illusions of youth were gone, there remained the habit. Henry Murger's ideas of "pleasure" probably never altogether changed.

It is noteworthy that the "Scènes" were written at the early age of six-and-twenty. In it he touched the highest point of his genius. He never got any further. Later on, when he wrote the "*Dernier Rendezvous*," his style is deepened, his fire fiercer, but he never wrote anything so good, so faithful, and so complete. It is as real as Defoe, and ten times more *spirituel*. A vein of youthful gayety runs through it from beginning to end; not the gayety of careless acquiescence, but of hope. The ragged artists only regard their life as *en parenthèse*. Better days are coming. Marcel shows at last, how the life of Bohemia is only an episode in the career of a man possessed of genius, but destitute of friends. This point has been entirely overlooked by his critics. They seize on the scenes in the book, and neglect its obvious moral. Yet in Marcel's words the moral lies clear and distinct. But the stern moralist is quick to seize an opportunity; so he points the finger of scorn at the young fellows; shows how they are at their wits' end for the next day's dinner; how they practise all kinds of expedients; declaims at their grovelling and material life; at their gigantic feasting when money comes in, at their want of prudence and foresight. Very well, they do eat and drink enormously when they can; they do lack foresight; their life is shabby, poor, and mean. Very true indeed. But suppose our moralist, who is generally fat and well-liking, with a balance to his credit, were condemned to a few years of privation; what if he were so far reduced as to be sometimes actually hungry? Is it not reasonable that a young fellow of five-and-twenty, with a really obtrusive twist, and with barely enough to eat, should look upon abundance as a thing specially desirable and altogether lovely? Nobody finds fault with Homer when he describes the great banquets, dwelling with delight on the meat upon the spit, the long tables, and the zealous attendants. The poet is probably one of those who had but a nodding acquaintance with roasted mutton and broiled venison; but he had recollections, and he rolled them over under his tongue. So with poor Murger. Starving men dream of banquets; thirsty men of foun-

tains; your hungry genius of Belshazzar's feast. Moreover, if an unexpected windfall put him in possession of funds, he does not waste his wealth in paying debts, but calls his friends together and gives them a lordly dinner. Who will care for saving a few paltry francs out of this miserable present, when he looks forward to a great and solid future? Not for these things do we blame Murger's artists.

Rodolphe and Marcel went back to society; Murger stayed in Bohemia. He never had the courage to give up his old habits; perhaps, because he was always in money difficulties, he never had the means; so he was always on the outskirts of the world, always looking for better things, singing gayly:—

"Just as a gipsy wanderer
Roams at his own sweet will,
So I on the highway of Art
Am aimlessly wandering still.

"Just as a gipsy wanderer,
Nothing but hope at his back;
Penniless else is my pocket,
Nothing but hope in my pack."

Yet he made his name; was put on the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; wrote more novels and sketches, all exactly alike; brought out two or three plays, but failed of making a real dramatic success.

As the years go on, and he passes to the thirties, he ceases to sing of youth, and betakes him to regretting the past:

"Hast thou forgot, Louise, Louise,
That night in the garden gray,
When, like the blossoms on the trees,
Your hands in my hands lay?
Our parted lips refused a word;
Our knees all trembling met;
The willows o'er us hardly stirred;
Say thou rememberest yet.

"Canst thou forget, Marie, Marie,
The day we changed our rings?
The golden sun lies on the lea;
The lark above us sings.
The brooklet prattles down the glade
Beside us, as we lie;
Marie! though springs and roses fade,
Let not this memory die.

"Canst thou forget, Christine, Christine,
The room with roses gay,
So near the sky, so small, so mean,
Our April and our May?
And when, one night, the moonbeams bright
Fell on thy cheek and breast,
'Unveil,' they cried, 'thy beauty's pride!'—
Canst thou forget the rest?

"Ill ending hath my poor Marie;
And fond Louise is dead;
Christine, the fragile, on the sea
To sunnier skies is fled.
Alas! Louise, Marie, Christine
Down with the years are borne;
The past a ruin that hath been;
I left sometimes to mourn."

The old loves are gone and can return no more. Or they come back and find the heart dead and cold, the flame extinct:—

"I saw a swallow yestere'en,
The bird that brings the flowers;
I thought of one who loved me when
She had her idle hours.
Pensive I gaze on this old sheet,
Time-worn, dusty, wan;
The calendar of that brief year,
When first our love began.

"No, no! my youth cannot be dead,
For I remember yet;
And if outside your footsteps strayed,
My heart would bound, Musette—

Musette, the faithless ! why, again,
It leaps up still, in truth.
Come back and share once more my fare —
Bread, with the mirth of youth.

"Why, see; the very chairs, the same
That loved your face so fair,
Only at mention of your name,
Put on a brighter air.
Come back, my sweet, old friends to greet,
In mourning for you still:
The old arm-chair, the great glass where
Your lips have drunk their fill.

"The white dress that became you so,
Put on, my eyes to please;
On Sundays, as we used to do,
We'll wander 'neath the trees.
And in the arbor, as of yore,
We'll drink the white wine clear,
To bathe thy wing ere yet it spring
In full song to the air.

"Well; she remembered; yestermorn,
When carnival was done,
To her old nest the bird was borne;
Musette has come and gone.
My arms flew wide, but yet I sighed;
My heart was so estranged.
It was Musette; 'twas I; but yet —
We both were, somehow, changed."

Like most men brought up in the midst of great cities, Murger was passionately fond of the country. A few years before his death he found a little thatched cottage at Marlotte, that village in the Forest of Fontainebleau where the artists love to find subjects for their easels. Thither he went at the first breath of spring, trying to revive his youth among those quaint interminable alleys, all alike save for the play of the cross lights. Among those he used to wander, thinking, we may suppose, of his faded illusions, of the better fortunes of that imaginary Rodolphe, his own *umbra*. Perhaps in those latter days, the black domino and soiled kid gloves were forgotten, put into a pocket. But at all times they represented that sort of gayety which he could describe and convey, though he never seems to have felt it. For he was never a light-hearted man, never of bright and happy disposition: latterly, irritable, perhaps from the contrast between his conception of life and his execution; morose and sensitive to the highest degree. Something always jarred; he was never in tune with nature.

The great charge always thrown in his teeth is that he failed in his promise. This seems to me a short-sighted and imperfect way of putting it. He was a man who had the rare faculty of accurately describing. He told what he knew, not adding to the details of reality, but setting them off with the bright and happy touches of genius. He knew, unfortunately, only one kind of life. He described this perfectly, inimitably. As he knew nothing else, he went on describing it. But when he attempted to go beyond what he knew, as in "Madame Olympe," or the "Victime de Bonheur," he appears to me to be vague, commonplace, and insipid. On the other hand, no one can read the stories of Francine, Hélène, Marianne, so full of sympathy and sorrow, without feeling that they are real stories, only put into shape by the artist. Because they are true, they are lifelike.

I cannot persuade myself that he has done much harm. None but a very youthful mind could be attracted by the life which he describes. His scenes are so full of misery and poverty; we see present always before us the yearning eyes with which the poor artists gaze upon the world of respectability and plenty. Their *amourettes* are so sad and so full of bitter results; their surroundings are all so mean and sordid. No one can be hurt by the story of Rodolphe. At the same time his books are absolutely, totally, incredibly devoid of moral sense or religious principle. I believe that Murger never had either. Perhaps his father, the

concierge, was too busy looking after the lodgers to inculcate morals or religion. Perhaps the Voltairean De Jouy was too busy repeating the works of his master, which he perhaps still had by heart. His obvious fault, that on which everybody fixes, is, of course, his inability to see anything in life but youth. Youth means joy, health, love; if money goes with it, it means flowers, expeditions to Ville d'Avray and Asnières, with champagne. When youth goes there is nothing left. One might as well die at once as grow old. Life only has twenty years in it — between eighteen and thirty-eight. So, getting close to that turning point when, with men of his "persuasion," the years bring nothing but dust and ashes, he wrote those melancholy verses of his, of which the reader may take the following as a translation, for want of a better: —

"Whose steps are those? who comes so late?"

"Let me come in; the door unlock."

"'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
I open to no stranger's knock.

"Who art thou? Speak." "Men call me Fame;

"To immortality I lead."

"Pass, idle phantom of a name."

"Listen again, and now take heed:

"'Twas false. My names are Love and Youth!

Why, God himself is young and true."

"Pass by; the girl I thought all truth

Has long since laughed her last adieu."

"Stay, stay; my names are Song and Art.

My poet, now unbar the door."

"Love's dead. Song cannot touch my heart,

My girl's pet name I know no more."

"Open then now; for see, I stand,

Riches my name — with gold — with gold —

Gold and your girl in either hand."

"Too late; the past you still withhold."

"Then, if it must be, since the door

Stands shut till first my name you know,

Men call me DEATH. Delay no more;

I bring the cure of every woe."

"'Tis DEATH? Ah! guest so pale and wan,

Forgive the poor place where I dwell;

An ice-cold hearth, a broken man,

Stand here a welcome thee to tell.

"Welcome at last; take me away;

Whither thou goest let me go;

Only permit my dog to stay,

That even for me some tears may flow."

Lines very sickly and morbid, are they not? But at the same time, in one so *real* as Murger was, they no doubt expressed a mood which more than once clouded his brain. To show that he was not always moaning over himself and his ruined aspirations, take the following, which I have rendered as faithfully as is in my power: —

"It was Saturday saying to Sunday,

'The village is still and asleep;

By the clock it is twelve, and for one day

Rouse up, your own watches to keep.

I am tired of my trouble and labor,

I must rest for a week from my care;

Your hour is striking, my neighbor.'

Quoth Sunday, 'My friend, I am here.'

"He awoke, and the night lay behind him,

The night in its royal array:

The spangles of stars seemed to blind him;

He rubbed his dull eyes as he lay.

He yawned as he dressed, like a mortal,

And then, when his toilette was done,

He knocked at the dark Eastern Portal,

To wake up his comrade the Sun.

"He climbed to the top of the mountain,

He gazed on the village beneath;

No sound but the drip of the fountain,

'Tis as still,' murmured Sunday, 'as death.'

He crept down the hillside, and going
 Pit-a-pat, to the village he came;
 To the cock whispered, 'Friend, by your crowing,
 Don't tell the good people my name.'

"But 'tis Sunday; 'tis Sunday; behold him,
 With the spring, with the sweet month of May;
 The almond, as if to enfold him,
 Hangs out a white robe on each spray.
 Every flower its eyelid uncloses;
 In the garden an Eden is born;
 The violets sing to the roses;
 The proud oak unbends to the thorn.

"On the edge of his nest, just awaking,
 The thrush gives a welcome of song
 To the swallows their homeward way taking
 From the south where they've lingered so long.
 In his plumage of spring, flying proudly,
 The goldfinch gleams bright in the trees,
 So glad that he cannot too loudly
 Fling song after song to the breeze.

"He has come, he has come, and gift-laden,
 His hands full of treasures for all;
 And a ribbon is here for the maiden,
 And here, for her sister, a doll.
 There is nothing but singing and laughter,
 Uncorking of bottles and flasks;
 And see, there is more yet; for after
 There follow the music and masks.

"Oh! rest for the peasants, and ease;
 They may ask of each other, and tell —
 'Thy father is better, Thérèse?'
 'And the little one, Robin, is well?'
 'Fine weather for vines and for dressing' —
 'The fairest of seasons and best.'
 And to all Sunday comes with his blessing —
 Save only the piper — of rest."

The end to a life of many privations, much dissipation, and much disappointment, came very early. He had his ten years of a very fair success, and lived so much out of the world, that he hardly knew he was successful; he was *décoré* in 1860 — a doubtful honor for one like him. He died in 1861, before completing his thirty-ninth year. It was perhaps time, because youth was gone for him, and wealth had not come. His heart must have sunk when he reflected on the men who had succeeded, and himself who failed — on the sermon which he put into Marcel's mouth fourteen years before.

He had complained of languor and faintness for some time. The winter killed him. He died in a hospital after a fortnight's illness, his last moments of work being spent in revising his poems; Mimi the faithful, for Rodolphe had his Mimi who loved him, attended on him to the last. After passing all his life as a Voltairean and an infidel, he died *en bon Chrétien*, with a priest at his bedside. All literary Paris attended his funeral, whither also, out of respect for their *sacerdotes*, came the whole of the Pays Latin. The day was foggy and cloudy — a fitting time for the funeral of one whose life had been a long succession of rainy days. And then the critics wrote tearful notices of him — those bright and sympathetic notices which they do so well in France. If he had been an Englishman, they would have had his life all written out ready for use, to be pulled down and printed, dry and hard, on the day after his death. His life, with all its embarrassments, disappointments, and miseries, may be taken as a bitter contrast to Marcel's sermon, which he wrote at six-and-twenty. Who would desire such a life? Is it not better to be "respectable," when respectability means comfort, ease, dignity, and a decent income?

He died, and we pity him. Why? Is it not because he lets us see his heart? He was a sympathetic man; so, because he can feel the struggles of others, we too feel for him. And then one fancies that the hand of fate was upon him. In his early lack of education, his isolation from the real world, his entranced absorption in the present, his exaggerated idea of the world of pleasure, we see so many snares

and pitfalls, into all of which he tumbles and falls by turns. He should have been taken into that quiet domestic life in which poor France, so much decried in these evil days, is so rich. There he would have found peace and a wider world. But his guardian angel was asleep when he wanted help; so he blundered, naturally enough. What are they about — these guardian angels — that they let things turn out so badly?

LADY DUGDALE'S DIAMONDS.

"SHE was not My Lady then." Thus Mr. Thomas Walters, the rotund, rubicund, good-tempered landlord of that well-known village inn, "The Dugdale Arms," which hangs forth its sign, resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow and a dazzling amount of gold emblazoning, across the green, friend or stranger must pass by, if he wish to reach Oakhill, Lord Dugdale's ancestral seat.

She was not My Lady then, although we often called her my lady, for she had married in order to get as near having a right to be so addressed as an Honorable could bring her; and I name my story "Lady Dugdale's Diamonds" for that reason.

There were plenty of heirs between her husband and the title when we took up housekeeping at Johnesborough, but they are all dead and gone.

Mr. Will, my old master, is now Earl of Dugdale. I have known him hard up for a guinea, and this day he can hold his own with the wealthiest in the land.

He is just the same as ever, though — just the same careless, kindly gentleman we all loved so dearly.

There is much talk in these days about servants caring for nothing and no one, save their own interests and their own selves. For my part, I say there always were and there always will be some masters and some mistresses no servant could like.

I never served any one, except Mr. Will, and I can honestly say I would have gone through fire and water for him.

The Honorable William Pattingham — that was his name and title. My father chanced to be one of the tenants on the Oakhill estate, where Mr. Will, an orphan, was brought up by his uncle, the seventh Earl; and many a morning we two little lads whipped the trout stream, or surprised Puss at an early toilette, or startled the partridges amongst the stubble.

Ah! that was a rare life! I would not get up now at two o'clock in the morning to land the finest trout that ever swam — but, look you, I would give all I am ever like to be worth in this world to wish to cross the dewy meadows at the first streak of day, and feel my heart bound with an indescribable joy at sight of the fields whence the grain had been carried, brightening as the sun rose and climbed higher and higher.

Well, it only comes to this — I was young and I am old, and other lads whip the trout streams and flush the partridges and astonish Madame Hare; for the world is going and coming, and I am going — and some one else is coming fast after me, and there is somebody behind him, and somebody else following that one in turn.

Aye, it is a queer road we travel from boyhood on, and ever on, as fast as ever our feet will carry us, till we reach a point when we want to turn back for good, and never be anything again but boys for evermore.

You will wonder at a fat old fellow like me — nothing but a village innkeeper — having such notions as these; but if you had known Mr. Will when he was a young man, you would not be surprised at my having learned what has since passed many a lonely hour of my life.

He was the most devil-me-care young gentleman I ever did see — always in debt! always falling in love — quite as often falling out of it — in one way the most reckless, restless, extravagant master a man could have had, and yet in another, thoughtful, and occasionally even sad.

"Why did my uncle bring me up to all this, Tom?" he would say sometimes, pointing to the useless and expen-

sive articles he gathered about him. "Why did he not put me to some honest calling? If he had not a living to spare, why could not he have made a lawyer of me? I think, Tom, I might have been Chief Justice myself, issuing urgent invitations to various poor wretches to appear before his most gracious Majesty, instead of having to decline his most gracious Majesty's pressing invitations as best I can. It is enough to drive a fellow mad. I have the tastes, habits, extravagances of ten thousand a year, and I never had but a bare five hundred pounds per annum, which went to the Jews (would the race had never been permitted to leave Babylon) half a century ago, or thereabouts."

That was his style, and a man, no matter how stupid he might be, could not help brightening up a little under such an employer.

We were very much like horses; a slow one always tries to keep pace with a fast goer—I did. For instance, I did not understand what Mr. Will meant by an invitation to appear before George the Fourth, till I had read the next writ which my master flung down on his dressing-table with an oath, when that little blackguard, Simeon—a true descendant of him who, with his brother Levi, is stigmatized in Holy Writ, as "having instruments of cruelty in their habitations"—touched him on the shoulder, and asked him rather pressingly, to spend the evening at Mr. Absalom's in Cursitor Street.

The wretch had contrived to reach even the innermost sanctuary by representing himself as a hair-dresser, and his man as an assistant.

"Good-by, Tom," said Mr. Will, after I had taken off his dress-coat and helped him on with another, holding out his hand just as if he had been my equal—and by that I knew he felt it dreadfully—"good-by, and keep up your spirits. I will disappoint these cursed Jews one of these days, if it be even at the expense of an ounce of lead."

And then, with a mocking bow, he turned to Simeon and said, "It is not to your tribe I am alluding, my dear fellow. I fancy it has not been all milk and honey with your branch of the family, and the rough part of the labor fell to your share, even at the Tower of Babel. Possibly you did the hod-work there, which would have made even an Irishman dizzy."

And so he went—a gentleman every inch of him—for the last time to Cursitor Street.

You may guess how I felt after he was gone. Every time these fellows had him in their clutches, it seemed harder and harder for him to get out of them again.

All he owned had gone long and long before. His relatives would neither give nor lend him a shilling. His friends were getting tired, and I could not wonder at it. One gentleman may be willing enough to help another at a pinch, but it is not in Christian nature to like spending good money to fill a Jew's coffers.

I sat down in the dressing-room he had just left, with his clothes littered about as he had thrown them off, and wondered where we could turn for help—wondered till I grew tired with casting about in my mind whether there was one left who would see him out of this trouble, and if so, where that one ought to be looked for.

And then, supposing somebody could be found now, who would help him on the next occasion?

Things had been getting worse and worse with us for a long time.

My head was young then, but it grew giddy reckoning up, or rather trying to reckon up, what he owed, and how the tangle was ever to be unravelled, when who should walk in but a lawyer who had seen Mr. Will through with a few bad scrapes.

Though on the last occasion he had vowed he would never advance another sixpence, still my heart leaped into my mouth for joy at sight of him.

"Your master is gone to Berkeley Square, Walters, I suppose," he began. "I saw the Countess was entertaining, as I passed, but I thought I would take my chance of finding him dressing, and late, as usual. Will you tell him he had better keep out of the way for a little while?

Marston is going to arrest, and two or three more will follow suit. Thought he would like to know. What an extravagant sinner it is!" he added, looking at the array of articles on the toilette-table; and he would have gone with that, but I shut the door, and implored him to listen to me.

My head, as I have said, was dizzy with thinking, and planning, and scheming, and I was thankful to find any one to speak to about our trouble.

Mr. Will's debts had that night, so to speak, marshalled themselves before my eyes, and I faced them as he would not have done, and talked of them as he could not.

Perhaps I was wrong to talk so freely of things that I only knew in confidence; but I could not help it. I loved Mr. Will with all my heart, and those Jews, with their evil faces, and heavy gold chains sprawling over their gaudy waistcoats, and huge rings on their dirty fingers, had filled me with a disgust and hatred that I could not have expressed in words.

Although he happened to be a lawyer, Mr. Perrin was a gentleman. As a rule, I do not think much of lawyers and such like; but they say every rule has its exception, and Mr. Perrin was an exception to mine.

I think he must have been fond of Mr. Will, too. Lawyers, even the worst of them, I have noticed, entertain a sort of sneaking fondness for wild characters, for reckless, improvident chaps, such as Mr. Will used to be. It is the redeeming point about them. There may be a providence about it, too, as there is about a mother being fondest of her lame, or blind, or imbecile child. Anyhow, it was not for the money he got out of Mr. Will, his lawyer looked after his affairs then. He is making a good thing of the Earl of Dugdale's estates now; but Lord! which of us then even dreamed he would some day reign at Oakhill?

I, for one, never could have served him as I did, with a perfectly single heart, had such a change seemed probable, or even possible.

I stuck to him as one might to a cheery comrade in a bitter fight, or a shipwrecked companion to a—but there, why do I go on talking such nonsense?

He was a poor master and I a poor servant, and he made me his friend, and I loved him, for all he was the Honorable William Pattingham, and I Tom Walters; and I think, for the same reason that I was fond of Mr. Will, Mr. Perrin liked him too.

With a very grave face he listened to what I had to say, and then he remarked,—

"I had no idea things were so bad as all this comes to, Walters."

Then I made answer,—

"Sir, they are worse; and you would think so too, if only in a minute, so to speak, I was able to remember all about everything."

"You have remembered enough," he said, and sat for a minute quiet. Then he got up to go, but stopped to observe,—

"I wish your master would follow my advice."

"He would follow anything, sir, that meant ease of mind and a berth in the Colonies," I was bold enough to reply.

"Following my advice would mean ease of mind and a comfortable life in England."

"Ah! sir, I don't think his pride would let him do that," I answered, for I thought Mr. Perrin wanted my master to pass through the Court, and I knew it would go sorely against the grain to have such a proposal even made to him.

It was not the fashion then, as it is now, for noblemen to shuffle off their debts in that way, like any butcher or greengrocer; and it may be that the very idea of its being supposed Mr. Will could so demean himself made me speak quick and sharp; but Mr. Perrin only laughed, and said,—

"His pride did not stand in the way of his getting into debt, and ought not to stand in the way of his getting out of it; it is not so much his pride, though, as his prejudices." I looked in a dictionary, after he went away, to learn what he meant by the last word, but the dictionary explanation did not help me.

Next day he came back again. "Marston has been paid," he said, "and your master has left Cursitor Street; but I have advised him not to come back here until an arrangement can be effected with the tribes of Israel; so if you put up some of his clothes I will take them with me."

"Can't I go to him, sir?" I asked.

"No, you had better stay where you are, and answer questions. All you know about Mr. Pattingham is, that he was arrested last night, and you have not heard from him since. You need not mention my name in connection with his affairs."

"No, sir. Please give my duty to Mr. Will, and I hope he won't be long away."

"If he follows my advice he will never come back here," said Mr. Perrin.

But Mr. Will did come back. Months after that night when Simeon arrested him, he walked into his rooms as if he had only left them an hour before.

"Yes, Tom, I am free," he said, in answer to my awkward expression of delight at seeing him once more, "and yet I have lost my liberty—there's a paradox!—at least I shall lose it at half past eleven to-morrow morning."

Still I was so stupid, I did not see his meaning.

"Oh! sir," I exclaimed, "I was in hopes all that was over."

"All what was over?" he repeated; then burst out laughing—"oh! the Simeon and Levi business. So it is, Tom. No more arrests, unless I am a greater idiot than I take myself to be—no more royal invitations, unless they are dated from Windsor Castle—no more credit—everything is to be cash on delivery for the future with Will Pattingham—ironically styled *The Honorable*."

"Have you had money left you, sir?" I asked; "or," I added, a light breaking in upon me, "is it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Will, "it is"—My heart leaped up into my mouth, and then fell back again like a leaden weight. I tried to wish him joy—I tried to look cheerful and pleasant, but it would not do. He saw the news had shocked me, and so he went on:—

"All men must die, you know, and I suppose most men must marry; at any rate, I must; and therefore it behooves me to make the best of a—good bargain;" he finished after a pause so slight, that many a one might not have noticed it. "The lady is wealthy, generous, and kind; my people are delighted with the match; they make no objection on the score of family—why, indeed, should they? Her grandfather on the one side bore a name better known throughout England than that of Pattingham—Smith. Her grandfather on the other side came of an almost equally old race—he was a Jones. Her father thought the two names too good to be divorced, and so dubbed himself 'Smyjthe-Johnes'; after which he died, and bequeathed his cognomen and fortune to his only daughter Amelia Selina Annabella, whom I am to marry to-morrow."

"Are—are you going to take me with you, sir, on the wedding trip?" I asked, wondering whether the old life was indeed all past—whether with his marriage a life so utterly new was to begin, that it should mean for him no Tom—for me no Mr. Will.

"I am afraid not," he said, with one of his queer old smiles. "You like a pretty face, Tom, and it would not suit for you to be flirting with my wife's maid. The future Mrs. Pattingham has strict ideas, and might not approve of any indiscretion. There—I declare the fellow has tears in his eyes. Tom, do you think my marriage is going to part us? Did you think me such a cold-blooded monster as to contemplate flinging over an old friend—for you are my friend? I have been considering into what good berth I can slip you in the new establishment, and have decided that you shall be butler. You must, therefore, go down to Johnesborough, and have everything ready for our return. We are not to reside much in London. I mean to become a model country gentleman. I shall interfere with the poor people, and see that the children learn their catechism."

"Do you know, my grandmother is so charmed with my

prospects that she has sent me her diamonds to present to the bride. They came to her, not through the Pattinghams, but some of her own more august progenitors. They would have been a catch for the Jews, in the good old times—eh, Tom?"

I answered him with what spirit and heart I could muster. The old times had often been bad enough; but it seemed to me the new times were promising to be worse still.

We were entering upon evil days, I thought to myself—days when the hours would pass regularly, with all life and hope and enjoyment taken out of them. This was what had come of following Mr. Perrin's advice. In my soul I cursed him—for which, if that gentleman were here now, I would humbly beg his pardon.

"You will let me know where you are going to be married, sir?" I said, after awhile. "I should like"—

"To be present when the bolt is drawn," he interrupted.

"Well, I don't know that there need be any difficulty about the matter. The sacrifice is to take place at St. George's, of course; and—yes, you may come—only, Tom, my lad, if you feel surprised at anything in the ceremony, try not to look so, there's a good fellow, and keep a still tongue afterwards;" and with that he held out his hand, and I—well, you can think what you please about it; but we had been boys together, and I loved him, and he seemed going away from me forever. So I kissed it, and then broke out crying like a woman—or a fool.

"Cheer up, Tom," he exclaimed; "when we come back you will know Mrs. Pattingham for the true, honest, amiable creature she is. She has been liberality itself to me, and I only hope I may be able to make her as good a husband as she deserves. I mean to try. Heaven knows I do," he added, and then he went off humming an opera air; and I thought I had seen the last of light-hearted, and easy-going Mr. Will.

The next morning I thought so more than ever. As the bride came down the aisle, leaning on her husband's arm, I caught a glimpse of her face for the first time. I knew then the part of the ceremony he imagined would surprise me, and I turned my face towards the wall, that no one might see the amazement I knew was written on it.

She looked old enough to be his mother. She was ugly enough to have been burnt for a witch in the days when witches were burnt. She had no figure—she was no shape—she had no presence; and her tall, handsome, winning, gracious, well-born husband had sold himself for life to this woman, to get out of the hands of those Jews. Though I was in a church I prefixed a word to Jews that I won't repeat here; and meeting Simeon in Piccadilly, on my way home, I had much ado to keep from knocking him down.

I wish I had now. The will to do it and the opportunity, never dovetailed so neatly together afterwards.

But it is the story of the diamonds I was to tell, you remind me. Patience, I am coming to that. You have now the main threads of it in your hand. I served the Honorable William Pattingham, who, marrying Miss Smyjthe-Johnes, promoted me to be butler at Johnesborough.

To Mrs. Pattingham, Lady Dugdale—the Dowager, I mean—presented her wonderful diamonds, which Mr. Will sent to Rundell and Bridge to be reset. His wife wanted to wear them on the occasion of her presentation at Court. Thus the diamonds were at the jewelers, I at Johnesborough, and Mr. Will and his wife on their wedding tour.

It was very kind of Mr. Will, giving me the butler's place at Johnesborough; but I could not help wishing he had arranged that I should learn my duties before going there.

When a stern and stately housekeeper, who had been at Johnesborough in the time of Smyjthe-Johnes, addressed me, I wished my shoes were big enough to hide in. However, I took heart of grace, after awhile, and gave her my confidence—told her how I had been Mr. Will's own man;

how of his goodness he had chosen me to fill the post of butler; how I knew little or nothing of what a butler was expected to do; and, to wind up all, how thankful I should be if she would give me a few hints.

Over her spectacles the old lady looked at me for a minute. Then she said, "Young man, you will do; you are modest and ingenuous." (Somehow, it seemed to me I was then always running up against people who used long words.) "I will instruct you myself. Few persons, male or female, know more of the nature of a butler's duties than I."

Which was quite true. Mrs. Barrett deserved all the praise she was good enough to bestow on herself.

By the time Mr. Will returned, I had learned enough not to disgrace his recommendation. Indeed, my Lady herself seemed surprised at my progress, for she said to me one day, "I had no notion, Walters, you had so correct an idea of the duties of your position. Even my dear father could have found no fault with the manner in which you discharge them."

This was high praise from her Ladyship. The doings of Johnes of Johnesborough seemed, in those days, right in the sight of his daughter—as right as her own doings do now.

No one ever can tell how a marriage will turn out. I am sure, had any person told me, that day in St. George's Church, I should some time consider my master had done a good thing for himself in taking Miss Johnes for better for worse, I must have laughed out in very scorn and bitterness; but the pair had not been long back at Johnesborough before I began to believe she was the very wife for Mr. Will.

If she was fussy and fidgety—and who could doubt her being both?—Mr. Will was too much the other way. She kept things together; she prevented his getting into debt again; she led him into paths of respectability so fenced in by ideas, and traditions, and responsibilities, and proprieties, that I think it would have been next to impossible for any man to break bounds, even had he wished to do so. But Mr. Will did not wish. For the first time, he had a chance given him of doing well; and he was not above taking advantage of it. I know he felt his wife had given him all she had it in her power to bestow, and that it behooved him to try to make her some return. When he married her there was not a morsel of love on his side; but it grew. Day by day, month by month, year by year, it went on putting out buds and shoots; and now I doubt if there is a man in the county fonder of his wife and the mother of his children than William, Earl of Dugdale. And as for the Countess, I think she gets younger every week, and she is not half so plain as she was when she relieved Mr. Will of his debts, and took it in hand to make a steady, respectable, and respected country gentleman of him.

But I am running ahead too fast. When she came home to Jonesborough I did not much care for her, and I liked her ways still less; fussing here, and fuming there; worrying herself about the merest trifles, and nothing to be put out of the regular course even for a moment.

If she had got hold of any gentleman less easy-natured and sweet-tempered than Mr. Will, she would have driven him, or he would have driven her, mad in three months. Even Mrs. Barrett confessed that in some things Mrs. Pattingham was difficult to please.

I tried to please her for Mr. Will's sake, and was making way in her good graces, when one day there came a letter from some place very far away, where old Lady Pattingham, the Dowager, generally spent three parts of the year, saying she was dangerously ill, and summoning Mr. Will and my Lady to her side.

Mr. Will was her favorite of the whole family. She had done a great deal for him, to my knowledge—paid debts for him often, and given him money, together with a large quantity of good advice, and then, finding that nothing did him any permanent good, she tired, like the best of his friends, and returned the letters he sent her, unopened.

Still her heart was with him, everybody knew; and her conduct in the matter of the diamonds proved that she was

more than ready to forgive, when once she saw a hope of reformation.

I do not think it occurred to Mr. Will that she had any thought of making him her heir; not so, however, with my Lady. She was not mercenary exactly, and yet she was sufficiently worldly-wise to know it would be folly to throw away the chance of a legacy, and accordingly she would hear of no delay on this occasion, but was even more anxious than Mr. Will to start at once.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, they left Johnesborough the same day the news arrived. In a letter Mr. Will wrote to me from London, he said neither his uncle nor the Countess was in London, that he would not wait for the Earl's company, but travel on without delay. The period of his return must be uncertain; but he would send instructions home from time to time.

Thus, once again we were all quiet at Johnesborough; and mighty dull I found it, after London.

True, one day we were all flung into a state of excitement by a visit from the Earl. Posting up from the North, where he had been staying, he took Johnesborough in his way, and put the footman, who answered the door, into a state of bewilderment by asking to see me.

"Is Thomas Walters here?" inquired his Lordship; "send him to me directly;" and, without waiting to be asked, he walked into the library, the door of which chanced to be open.

I found the Earl in one of his tempers.

What was the meaning of Mr. Will being sent for, and he not? Was not the dying lady his mother, and who could be nearer to her than he? What had Mr. Will said? Did I know who sent the letter? Had I heard anything of its contents? Though I was but a servant still, I had known the Earl all my life, and he spoke to me just as freely and as angrily as Mr. Will might have done, if anything had chanced to put him in a passion.

Careless about his papers as about all his other concerns, my master had tossed the doctor's letter on his table, and left it there; and as I knew he had no secrets from anybody, I gave it to the Earl to read. It was written in some foreign language, and his Lordship had trouble to make it out; but he managed to do so at last, and then, throwing it down, broke forth again—What was the meaning of their not sending to him?

"The letter may have gone astray, my Lord," I ventured to suggest, and my words fell like oil on troubled waters.

It might—it had; here was the solution of the enigma. Of course his mother would send for him. Thus the Earl ran on, ending by saying I was an honest fellow and attached to the family.

The mercury of his temper fell as rapidly as it had risen. His voice resumed its usual tone; his brow cleared; he threw himself into an easy chair, and allowed me to get him some refreshment. He praised the vintages loved by the departed Smythe-Johnes, talked to me about Mr. Will and my new mistress, spoke of his own sons, and, in a word, was as pleasant as any gentleman could be. There were some letters for his nephew and for his nephew's wife; and when I mentioned this fact, he "graciously," to quote Mrs. Barrett, offered to take charge of them. Indeed, the whole establishment seemed oppressed by the weight of the honor done to it, and appeared satisfied that Miss Johnes had made an exceedingly good investment when she married Mr. Will.

I was treated also with more deference after the Earl's visit, and my fellow-servants asked me such lots of questions about the Dugdales and Pattinghams, about Oakhill, and my Lord's house in town, and the Dowager's place in the country, that I grew sick and tired of the very name of my master's family.

"After all," I thought one morning, "if our old life was anxious, we had variety, at any rate. I do not believe I can stand this much longer."

An interruption was coming to the monotony for which I was little prepared; it came very soon indeed.

That same evening, I was walking down the elm avenue

which people came from far and near to see, when I met two well-dressed men, who proceeded quietly on without taking the least notice of me. I could not tell what made me do it, but when they had traversed some twenty yards, I turned and followed. By the time they reached the house I was close behind them. The hall-door stood open, and on the threshold was Catteron, one of the footmen, lazily contemplating the landscape. To him the strangers addressed themselves.

"Is Mr. Pattingham within?" asked the elder and stouter of the two.

"No; he is not at home."

"When do you expect him back?"

"Can't say; he is gone abroad. The Dowager Countess of Dugdale is ill, and sent for him." Catteron added this piece of information, not out of any civility towards the strangers, whom, indeed, he had treated with scant courtesy, but because he never willingly missed an opportunity of speaking of the Dugdales or their titles. There was a pause — the men, who did not look like gentlemen, though they were well-dressed, exchanged glances, then the elder one inquired, —

"Is Mr. Pattingham's servant, Walters, here, or has he gone abroad, too?"

"No; he is standing behind you;" and thus indicated, I came forward.

"I would like a minute's private conversation with you, sir," said the spokesman, and seeing that Catteron would not go, and that the stranger would not speak before him, I opened the door of a small cloak-room, and followed the visitor in.

Directly I had done so he closed the door, and said, confidentially, —

"This is a mighty disagreeable business, Walters. Had Mr. Pattingham been at home I feel no doubt the matter might have been settled in two minutes; but as it is, I must leave a man here, — yes, I must."

"You don't mean to say" — I gasped.

"Yes, I do," he interrupted. "Most of his debts were arranged, no doubt; but this one, at any rate, does not seem to have been settled. No doubt the man felt hurt at being left out in the cold. Anyway, he is very bitter, and so I'm here; and being here, I must leave a man."

I certainly was no innocent in such matters. I had seen as many writs and witnessed as many arrests as most men who were not sheriffs' officers; and yet the simplest and most timid woman could not have felt more frightened than did I at sight of the writ he handed to me.

The horror of such a thing happening in that house as a man being left in possession, was more than I could bear. Mrs. Barrett — the servants — what should I say to them, — what explanation could I give?

"We might leave the place and the country, Mr. Will and I, after such a disgrace had befallen us;" that was what I thought as the stranger pushed me, trembling in every limb, into a seat.

"Let us talk it over, and see what can be done," he said, not unkindly. "Mr. Haman told me to ask to see you, if Mr. Pattingham chanced to be out. He knew your master would not mind standing a trifle to keep the matter quiet."

"You are from Haman, then," I murmured. Accused had that name been always in my ears, doubly accused was it now.

"Yes, and I'll make it straight with him, so as to give you time to get the debt paid. It would have a bad look to seize here; and your master so lately married, too. You had better represent that your master promised to find my man a berth — that he did Mr. Pattingham a service once. (I groaned aloud.) Come, come, you were man enough in London; don't pull a long face now."

Well, the upshot of it was, that he went away, and his man stayed.

"Look here," said the latter — as if I was not looking at him — "I'll make things pleasant for you as far as I can. When Mr. Pattingham comes back, you can say a word in my favor, and I am sure, by what I have heard of him, he won't forget I tried to perform a disagreeable duty agreea-

bly. Haman gave me a hint of how the land might lie, and I am not a fool."

That he certainly was not. Before three days were over, he was the life of the servants' hall. He won Mrs. Barrett's heart by giving her a specific for corns, and he made love indiscriminately to the housemaids and the cook. They were all expecting him to propose, and I, miserable I, knowing all, had to look on and laugh with the rest.

When I returned one day from the nearest village, Catteron said a young gentleman "was waiting to see Mr. Walters."

"Pears to me you have more visitors than Mr. Pattingham hisself," remarked Catteron, with a sniff. How it happened I could not tell; but in precise proportion as Mr. Sanders grew in favor, I lost it.

I went into the library where the young gentleman sat.

"Mr. Thomas Walters?" he said.

"At your service, sir," I answered.

"I have brought Mrs. Pattingham's diamonds; and as my instructions were, in her absence, to deliver them to no one but you, I have waited for your return."

"But," I expostulated, "how does it happen they are sent down here? I understood Mr. Pattingham, they were to remain at Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's."

"I know nothing about that," he answered. "My principals had an order to deliver them here, and I have brought them. Be kind enough to sign your name there," and he pushed a paper towards me.

I never told any one, except Mrs. Barrett, those diamonds had come; they were a weight on my mind.

I slept with the diamonds, and I dreamt of them; what a trouble I had no one suspected; no one, unless it might be Mrs. Barrett and Mr. Sanders.

"If I were in your place, Thomas," said the former to me, "I would take the plate and the diamonds over to the bank at Lantree, to-morrow."

"I'll take the diamonds, at any rate," I answered, groaning inwardly over Mrs. Barrett's want of comprehension.

"If she only knew there was a bailiff in the house, it would be a comfort," I considered.

The whole affair was growing too much for me, however; I confessed as much to Mr. Charles Sanders, who was kind and sympathetic, as usual.

"I should not sit up late, old fellow, if I were you, to-night; go to bed early, and you will find yourself another man to-morrow."

Which advice I followed. After only one tumbler of punch, I locked myself in my pantry, where I had latterly slept, resolving that early the next morning I would take my Lady's diamonds to the bank at Lantree.

So great a relief was this resolve to my mind, that I fell into a dreamless sleep, from which I was awakened by a noise as of some one trying my door; then it, the door I had locked, opened, and my friend Mr. Sanders appeared, carrying a lantern cautiously.

"What, Walters, still awake?" he said; then, before I could answer, there came a crashing blow. When I came to myself, the sun was streaming across the pantry, and I could see the strong-room had been broken into and its contents ransacked.

With a groan I dragged my body into the passage, where a few hours afterwards Catteron found me.

For days and weeks I lay between life and death, and when I recovered, it was to hear from Mr. Will that his grandmother had never been ill; that the whole matter was a preconcerted scheme; that all his debts had been arranged before his marriage; that Mr. Charles Sanders was no bailiff, only a remarkably clever thief, whom the law hoped eventually to catch and punish.

Anything more? Well, yes. Her Ladyship, Mrs. Pattingham, would not believe in my innocence; and, for the sake of peace, I must go.

"Of course I will do all for you I can. This makes no difference to me, Tom," my master said, but I turned my head away, sick at heart, wounded to the very quick.

"I might be wrong," — so I stated in a note, left for Mr. Will, when I was strong enough to leave Johnesborough, —

"but I would never knowingly see him again till the diamonds were found."

It seemed a wild goose chase then, but I got upon the track of them at last.

There is a story hanging to the finding of the diamonds, too long to tell now. Suffice it to say, they were found, though not in time for my Lady to appear in them at Court.

But she was a just woman, and acknowledged her mistake, and did right by me at last; and so I am fair to confess, gentlemen, that the Countess of Dugdale is a brave and stately lady, and that she has made Mr. Will a good wife, and that they both installed me landlord of the "Dugdale Arms."

IVORIES, ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL.

A HISTORY of ivory carvings was a desideratum, for there are few objects more interesting to the student of the arts of the mediæval period. The volume before us¹ is illustrated by twenty-four photographs executed by the Woodbury process, and therefore absolutely permanent.

The earliest carvings on ivory extant are those found in the caves at Le Monstier and La Madelaine in the Dordogne, consisting of fragments of mammoth ivory and reindeer's bone incised or carved with representations of various animals. These were probably executed, says Sir John Lubbock, at "a time so remote that the reindeer was abundant in the South of France, and probably even the mammoth had not entirely disappeared." Of course the celebrated Egyptian and Assyrian ivories in the British Museum are modern compared with these. There are examples in that collection of the time of Moses, or 1800 B. C. Fifty Assyrian ivories, also there, show the characteristics of the art at that period. When sent to England by Mr. Layard, they were in a state of decay, but the decomposition was arrested, at the suggestion of Professor Owen, by boiling them in a solution of gelatine.

The various substances included under the term ivory are the tusk of the elephant, the walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus. To these we must add the fossil ivory, so often used in early carvings. This was obtained from Siberia, where the tusks of the mammoth are found along the banks of the large rivers. It is a curious fact that the largest tusks of ivory now procured would not furnish pieces as large as those which were used in the Middle Ages. There is every probability that the ancients softened the ivory, and could then enlarge the pieces. A fifteenth-century recipe in the British Museum directs that the ivory should be placed in muriatic acid, and it will become as soft as wax. By being placed in white vinegar, it hardens again.

The Greeks used ivory to decorate their couches, and also shields and arms. Greek sculptors did not think it beneath them to work in the substance. Pausanias has left us an account of some of these early statues, which he saw on his travels, among them an ivory statue of Venus at Megara by Praxiteles; one of Hebe by Naucydes; an ivory and gold example, the work of Phidias, at Elis; and the coffer which the Cypselidæ sent as an offering to Olympia c. 600 B. C. Ivories of this period are of the utmost rarity. The British Museum fortunately possesses several examples which may fairly be considered the work of Greek artists. Early Roman specimens are also extremely scarce. The South Kensington Museum has a *plaque* of the second century, part of a cup, representing a sacrificial procession; and one leaf of a Roman diptych of the third century (the other portion being in the museum of Hôtel de Cluny), upon which a priestess is shown standing before an altar, sprinkling incense in a fire kindled upon it. In the Mayer Museum at Liverpool, two leaves of a diptych are preserved, upon which *Æsculapius* and *Hygeia* are carved. These fine examples are probably of the third century.

The following remarks by Mr. Maskell will show the interest and importance of mediæval ivories: "From the middle of the fourth century down to the end of the sixteenth, we have an unbroken chain of examples still existing. Individual pieces may, perhaps, in many instances be of questionable origin as regards the country of the artist, and sometimes with respect to the exact date within fifty, or even a hundred years. But there is no doubt whatever that, increasing in number as they come nearer to the Middle Ages, we can refer to carved ivories of every century preserved in museums in England and abroad. Their importance with reference to the history of art cannot be overrated. There is no such continuous chain in manuscripts or mosaics or gems or enamels. Perhaps, with the exception of manuscripts, there never was in any of these classes so large a number executed, nor the demand for them so great. The material itself, or the decorations by which other works were surrounded, very probably tempted people to destroy them; and we may thank the valueless character of many a piece of carved ivory, except as a work of art, for its preservation to our own days."

The word *diptych* means anything doubled or folded, and, among the ancients, referred to tablets upon which wax was spread for writing. A diptych was in two portions, a triptych in three, and the outer portions of the leaves were ornamented with carving. We have spoken of some as early as the second and third centuries, but important examples remain of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. These were often sent by new consuls, on their appointment to the office, as presents to people of rank, governors of provinces, etc. In some examples, the name of the consul is carved across the top of the leaf, and the date is therefore determined with absolute certainty. A list of more than twenty of these consular diptychs is given by Professor Westwood in a paper read before the Oxford Architectural Society. The preservation of some of these diptychs is owing to the circumstance that they could be adapted to Christian purposes. In one case, the difficulty was got over by placing the tonsure on the consul's head, and cutting the name of St. Gregory underneath. For Church purposes, they were convenient for inclosing the names of saints and martyrs who were to be commemorated in the services of the Church.

All the large ancient plaques of ivory which have come down to us were not the leaves of diptychs. Some were used to decorate thrones or ceremonial chairs, such as that made for Maximian, Archbishop of Ravenna (546-556), and preserved in the cathedral at Monza. This has been engraved in the works of Du Sommerard and Labarte.

The theological quarrels which took place from the middle of the eighth to the same period in the ninth century, were very destructive to art in the East. The consequence was, that artists and workmen were driven to the West, and monarchs like Charlemagne encouraged them. Ivory became very fashionable, and besides being used for tablets, was employed for pyxes, book-covers, handles of fans, episcopal combs, and pastoral staves. From the ninth to the sixteenth century, ivory was used for a great number of purposes. Besides diptychs, triptychs, crucifixes, and statuettes for private devotion, we have caskets, horns, mirror-cases, toilet-combs, and chessmen for ordinary use. The caskets are generally decorated with scenes from mediæval romances, and are therefore especially interesting. A fine example is in the South Kensington collection, of which a photograph is given. On the lid an ornament is shown, and also an attack on the Castle of Love—a favorite subject. Other compartments illustrate subjects from the romances of Alexander and Tristram, and the celebrated one of Lancelot. The British Museum possesses an extremely interesting early English casket in bone, upon which the myth of Romulus and Remus and the storming of Jerusalem are carved. Mr. Stephens, in describing this, says: "It is one of the costliest treasures of English art now in existence. As a specimen of Northumbrian work and of Northumbrian folk-speech, it is doubly precious. But we know nothing of its history. Probably, as the gift of some English priest or

¹ *A Description of the Ivories, Ancient and Mediæval in the South Kensington Museum, with a Preface.* By William Maskell. Published for the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, by Chapman and Hall, London, 1872.

layman, it may have lain for centuries in the treasury of one of the French churches, whence it came into the hands of a well-known dealer in antiquities in Paris. There it was happily seep, and purchased, some years ago, by our distinguished archaeologist, Augustus W. Franks, Esq. The price given for it was very great." (Stephens' Runic Monuments.) Mr. Franks has liberally presented this valuable casket to the British Museum. It appears in the recently issued series of photographs of the gems of that collection.

It is interesting to notice the references to ivory caskets and coffers in mediæval inventories and other documents. In 1502, we have this entry among the privy-purse expenses of Elizabeth of York: "Item, the same day (May 28) to Maistres Alianor Johns for money by hir geven in reward to a servant of the Lady Lovell for bringing a chest of iverery with the passion of our Lord thereon iij⁺ iiij^d." The Church St. Mary Outwich, London, had in 1518 "a box of eivry garnyshe with silver," and "a box of yvory with xj relyks therein." Sixteen years after, the guild of the Virgin at Boston, Lincolnshire, had "a littil box of ivory bound with gymes (gimmals) of silver." Going back to an earlier period, there were in the treasury at Durham, in 1383, "an ivory casket containing a vestment of St. John the Baptist," and "a small coffer of ivory containing a robe of St. Cuthbert." Some of the caskets in the South Kensington Museum are decorated with morris-dancers and persons playing on musical instruments.

Combs were richly ornamented. One was found among the relics in the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham. This was doubtless used by a bishop before celebrating high mass. There is one of these characters of the sixth century in the treasury of the cathedral of Sens, and a fine example of the eleventh century in the British Museum. The South Kensington collection contains some made for domestic use.

Mirror-cases were ornamented with scenes from domestic life or from poems or romances. Hawking-parties, and people playing at chess or draughts, are frequently represented upon them. But perhaps more interesting than these are the chessmen themselves, examples of which, of the time of Charlemagne, are in the Imperial Library at Paris. Sir F. Madden says of these: "The dresses and ornaments are all strictly in keeping with the Greek costume of the ninth century; and it is impossible not to be convinced, from the general character of the figures, that these chessmen really belonged to the period assigned them by tradition, and were, in all probability, executed at Constantinople by an Asiatic Greek, and sent as a present to Charlemagne, either by the Empress Irene, or by her successor Nicephorus. . . . One thing is certain, that these chessmen, from their size and workmanship, must have been designed for no ignoble personage; and from the decided style of Greek art, it is a more natural inference to suppose them presented to Charlemagne by a sovereign of the Lower Empire, than that they came to him as an offering from the Moorish princes of Spain, or even from the Calif Haroun al Raschid, who gave many costly gifts to the Emperor of the West."

Chess is mentioned in a history of Ramsey monastery, written c. 1100; and Chaucer, in his "Merchant's Tale," describes a chessboard:—

"So when they had ydyned, the cloth was up ytake,
A ches ther was ybrought forth;
The ches was all of ivory, the meyne (set) fresh and new,
Ipulshid and ypidid, of white, asure, and blew."

A remarkably fine set of chessmen were found in 1831, in the Isle of Lewis in Scotland, and are now in the British Museum. Sixty-seven pieces were found in all, belonging to several sets. These are of walrus-ivory (which substance has always been popular with nations of Scandinavian origin), and so are the majority of those circular pieces, like our draughtsmen, used to play at the mediæval game of "tables."

Ivory crosier heads are generally very beautifully ornamented. These heads of pastoral staves were at first of the

fan shape, like that in the South Kensington Museum of the eleventh century, acquired at a cost of two hundred pounds. The crook form superseded this shape about the end of the twelfth century. The serpent often appears upon them—an emblem of prudence and wisdom, or in allusion to the rod of Moses. Those which remain to us are so beautiful that it is a source of regret that so few have been preserved. Vast quantities of Church ornaments were destroyed in England in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but the absence of examples of ivory pastoral staves is very remarkable.

The pax used in the Middle Ages for sending the kiss of peace from the celebrant to the people, was sometimes made of ivory; in fact, this substance seems to have been largely used for almost every purpose connected with the service of the Church. One of the most beautiful ivories in the South Kensington collection is part of the handle of a *flabellum*, or ecclesiastical fan. In the East, these fans were needed to keep off flies from the chalice, etc.; but in the West, says Mr. Maskell, its introduction was a kind of fashion, and having no symbolism, an unmeaning introduction from the Oriental rite. Holy-water sprinklers had often also richly carved ivory handles.

The beautiful ivory statuettes in which the South Kensington Museum is so rich, were generally used for private oratories. These were sometimes made more imposing by the addition of a canopy and wings, the latter being further ornamented with smaller figures. There was at Lincoln in 1536, "a tabernacle of two leaves, gemmels (hinges), and lock of silver, containing the coronation of our Lady;" and also "a tabernacle of ivory standing upon four feet, with two leaves, with one image of our Lady in the middle, and the salutation of our Lady in one leaf, and the nativity of our Lady in the other." The largest statuette known is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Barker. It is considered to be French, of the Burgundian school, and is twenty-three inches high, and six wide.

Mediæval ivories were frequently colored, and further enriched with gilding. Labarte, in his well-known work, gives an engraving from an illumination in a French manuscript of the fifteenth century, shewing a female artist painting a statue. In this, the mediæval craftsman was only following the practice of the sculptors of the early Greek school.

Ivory crucifixes are very rare, and hundreds of fine examples must have perished in the sixteenth century. How significant is such a sentence as the following, found often in a series of returns made by the commissioners for the county of Lincoln—namely, "with the rest of the trash and tromperie w^{ch} appertaynid to the popish service," in recording the ornaments destroyed. A very fine crucifix of ivory is preserved in the Catholic chapel in Spanish Place, London, the gift of Cardinal Wiseman. The figure is colored to imitate life, blood being shewn by jewelled work in rubbies. But, notwithstanding this, Mr. Maskell says it fails in calling forth expressions of pure religious sentiment, the reality of treatment being too near the truth.

Besides the diptychs for private devotion, double leaves and single plaques were used in the Middle Ages for writing. The back of the plaque was depressed, in order to hold wax, which was written upon with a pointel or stylus. Chaucer, in the "Somnour's Tale," says:—

"His felaw had a staff tipped with horn,
A pair of tables all of ivory,
And a pointel ypolished fetisshly,
And wrote alway the names, as he stood,
Of alle folk that gaue hem any good. . . .
Or geve us of your braun if ye have any,
A dagon of your blanket, leve dame,
Our suster dere, lo, here I write your name."

In conclusion, we may remark, that the majority of mediæval ivories belong to the fourteenth century, and the finest period for these works is from 1280 to 1350. Most ivories have been described as French or Flemish, but many of these must surely be English. It is a pity that we

cannot point to many examples which are unquestionably examples of English work. One of these is the triptych in the British Museum, known to have been carved for Grandison, Bishop of Exeter; and a leaf of a diptych also executed for him. Sir Digby Wyatt, in a lecture before the Arundel Society, in speaking of the various styles, says: "A peculiar *nez retroussé*, a dimpled, pouting, and yet smiling mouth, a general gentleness of treatment, and a brilliant yet rapid mode of technical execution, stamp the French work with an almost unmistakable character. To the English style may be assigned a position midway between the French and the second Italian manner. It does not exhibit the gayety and tenderness of the former, nor has it quite the grandeur of the latter, but it is marked by a sober earnestness of expression in serious action which neither of these styles possesses."

Of all the mediæval workers in ivory whose works are our wonder and delight, the names of two only have been transmitted to posterity. Sir D. Wyatt and Labarte each name one only, Jean Lebraellier (carver to Charles V. of France), and Jehan Nicolle, who executed a pax in the British Museum. Mr. Maskell adds to the interest of his volume by giving an Appendix, containing a careful account of the ivories in the British Museum, Bodleian Library, Ashmolean, Soane, and Liverpool Museums, and the Meyrick collection.

We have added up the cost of the South Kensington ivories, and the following is the result: two hundred and fifty-two pieces cost £18,070, or an average of £71 14s. But twelve of these cost £6,784 — an average of £565 4s. — the highest price being £2,142 for the figures and plaques inserted in the Solitkoff Reliquary (twelfth century).

UNDER THE CLOAK.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

If there be a thing in the world that my soul hateth, it is a long night journey by rail. In the old coaching days I do not think that I should have minded it, passing swiftly through a summer night on the top of a speedy coach, with the star arch black-blue above one's head, the sweet smell of earth, and her numberless flowers and grasses, in one's nostrils, and the pleasant trot, trot, trot, of the four strong horses in one's ears. But by railway! — in a little stuffy compartment, with nothing to amuse you if you keep awake; with a dim lamp hanging above you, tantalizing you with the idea that you can read by its light, and when you try, satisfactorily proving to you that you cannot, and, if you sleep, breaking your neck, or at least stiffening it, by the brutal arrangement of the hard cushions. These thoughts pass sulkily and rebelliously through my head as I sit in my *salon* in the *Écu*, at Geneva, on the afternoon of the fine autumn day on which, in an evil hour, I have settled to take my place in the night train for Paris. I have put off going as long as I can.

I like Geneva, and am leaving some pleasant and congenial friends, but now, go I must. My husband is to meet me at the station in Paris at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Six o'clock! what a barbarous hour at which to arrive! I am putting on my bonnet and cloak; I look at myself in the glass with an air of anticipative disgust. Yes, I look trim and spruce enough now — a not disagreeable object, perhaps — with sleek hair, quick and alert eyes, and pink-tinted cheeks. Alas! at six o'clock to-morrow morning what a different tale there will be to tell! Dishevelled, dusty locks; half-open weary eyes, a disordered dress and a green-colored countenance.

I turn away with a pettish gesture, and reflecting that at least there is no wisdom in living my miseries twice over, I go down-stairs, and get into the hired open carriage which awaits me. My maid and man follow with the luggage. I give stricter injunctions than ordinary to my maid never for one moment to lose her hold of the dressing-case which contains, as it happens, a great many more

valuable jewels than people are wont to travel in foreign parts with, nor of a certain costly and beautiful Dresden china and gold Louis-Quatorze clock, which I am carrying home as a present to my people. We reach the station, and I straightway betake myself to the first-class *salle d'attente*, there to remain penned up till the officials undo the gates of purgatory and release us — an arrangement whose wisdom I have yet to learn. There are ten minutes to spare, and the *salle* is filling fuller and fuller every moment. Chiefly my countrymen, countrywomen, and country children, beginning to troop home to their partridges. I look curiously round at them, speculating as to which of them will be my companion or companions through the night.

There are no very unusual types: girls in sailor hats and blonde hair-fringes; strong-minded old maids in painstakingly ugly waterproofs; baldish fathers; fattish mothers; a German or two, with prominent pale eyes and spectacles. I have just decided on the companions I should prefer; a large young man, who belongs to nobody, and looks as if he spent most of his life in laughing — alas! he is not likely! he is sure to want to smoke! — and a handsome and prosperous-looking young couple. They are more likely, as very probably, in the man's case, the bride-love will overcome the cigar-love. The porter comes up. The key turns in the lock; the doors open. At first I am standing close to them, flattening my nose against the glass, and looking out on the pavement; but as the passengers become more numerous, I withdraw from my prominent position, anticipating a rush for carriages. I hate and dread exceedingly a crowd, and would much prefer at any time to miss my train rather than be squeezed and jostled by one. In consequence, my maid and I are almost the last people to emerge, and have the last and worst choice of seats. We run along the train looking in; the footman, my maid, and I. Full — full everywhere!

"*Dames seules?*" asks the guard.

"Certainly not! Neither '*Dames seules*' nor '*Fumeurs*;' but if it must be one or the other, '*Fumeurs*.'"

I am growing nervous, when I see the footman, who is a little ahead of us, standing with an open carriage door in his hand, and signing to us to make haste. Ah! it is all right! it always comes right when one does not fuss one's self.

"Plenty of room here 'm; only two gentlemen."

I put my foot on the high step and climb in. Rather uncivil of the two gentlemen! — neither of them offers to help me; but they are not looking this way, I suppose. "Mind the dressing-case!" I cry nervously, as I stretch out my hand to help the maid Watson up. The man pushes her from behind; in she comes — dressing-case, clock, and all. Here we are for the night!

I am so busy and amused looking out of the window, seeing the different parties bidding their friends good-by, and watching with indignation the barbaric and malicious manner in which the porters hurl the luckless luggage about, that we have steamed out of the station, and are fairly off for Paris, before I have the curiosity to glance at my fellow-passengers. Well! when I do take a look at them, I do not make much of it. Watson and I occupy the two seats by one window, facing one another: our fellow-travellers have not taken the other two window seats; they occupy the middle ones, next us. They are both reading, behind newspapers. Well! we shall not get much amusement out of them. I give them up as a bad job. Ah! if I could have had my wish, and had the laughing young man, and the pretty young couple, for company, the night would not perhaps have seemed so long. However, I should have been mortified for them to have seen how green I looked when the dawn came; and, as to these *commissvoyageurs*, I do not care if I look as green as grass in their eyes. Thus, all no doubt is for the best; and at all events it is a good trite copy-book maxim to say so. So I forget all about them, fix my eyes on the landscape racing by, and fall into a variety of thoughts. "Will my husband really get up in time to come and meet me at the station to-morrow morning?" He does so cordially hate getting

up. My only chance is his not having gone to bed at all. How will he be looking? I have not seen him for four months. Will he have succeeded in curbing his tendency to fat, during his Norway fishing? Probably not. Fishing, on the contrary, is rather a *fat-making* occupation; sluggish and sedentary. Shall we have a pleasant party at the house we are going to, for shooting? To whom in Paris shall I go for my gown? Worth? No, Worth is beyond me. There I leave the future, and go back into past enjoyments; excursions to Lansmere; trips down the lake to Chilton; a hundred and one pleasantnesses. The time slips by; the afternoon is drawing towards evening; a beginning of dusk is coming over the landscape.

I look round. Good heavens! what can those men find so interesting in the papers? I thought them hideously dull, when I looked over them this morning; and yet they are still persistently reading. What can they have got hold of? I cannot well see what the man beside me has; his *vis-à-vis* is buried in an English *Times*. Just as I am thinking about him he puts down his paper, and I see his face. Nothing very remarkable; a long black beard, and a hat tilted somewhat low over his forehead. I turn away my eyes hastily, for fear of being caught inquisitively scanning; but still, out of their corners I see that he has taken a little bottle out of his travelling bag, has poured some of its contents into a glass, and is putting it to its lips. It appears as if—and, at the time it happens, I have no manner of doubt that he is drinking. Then I feel that he is addressing me. I look up and towards him; he is holding out the phial to me, and saying,—

"May I take the liberty of offering madame some?"

"No, thank you, monsieur!" I answer, shaking my head hastily and speaking rather abruptly. There is nothing that I dislike more than being offered strange eatables or drinkables in a train or a strange hymn-book in church.

He smiles politely, and then adds.

"Perhaps the *other* lady might be persuaded to take a little?"

"No, thank you, sir, I'm much obliged to you," replies Watson briskly, in almost as ungrateful a tone as mine.

Again he smiles, bows, and re-buries himself in his newspaper. The thread of my thoughts is broken; I feel an odd curiosity as to the nature of the contents of that bottle. Certainly it is not sherry or spirit of any kind, for it has diffused no odor through the carriage. At this time the man beside me has said and done nothing. I wish he would move or speak, or do something. I peep covertly at him. Well! at all events, he is well defended against the night chill. What a voluminous cloak he is wrapped in; how entirely it shrouds his figure!—trimmed with *fur* too! Why, it might be January instead of September. I do not know why, but that cloak makes me feel rather uncomfortable. I wish they would both move to the window, instead of sitting next us. Bah! am I setting up to be a timid dove? I, who rather pique myself on my bravery—on my indifference to tramps, bulls, ghosts? The cloak has been deposited with the umbrellas, parasols, spare shawls, rugs, etc., in the netting above Watson's head. The dressing-case—a very large and heavy one—is sitting on her lap. I lean forward and say to her,—

"That box must rest very heavily on your knee, and I want a footstool—I should be more comfortable if I had one—let me put my feet on it."

I have an idea that somehow my sapphires will be safer if I have them where I can always feel that they are *there*. We make the desired change in our arrangements. Yes, both my feet are on it.

The landscape outside is darkening quickly now; our dim lamp is beginning to assert its importance. Still the men read. I feel a sensation of irritation. What can they mean by it? It is utterly impossible that they can decipher the small print of the *Times* by this feeble shaly glimmer.

As I am so thinking, the one who had before spoken lays down his paper, folds it up, and deposits it on the seat beside him. Then, drawing his little bottle out of his bag

a second time, drinks, or seems to drink, from it. Then he again turns to me:—

"Madame will pardon me; but if madame *could* be induced to try a little of this; it is a cordial of a most refreshing and invigorating description; and if she will have the amiability to allow me to say so, madame looks faint."

What can he mean by his urgency? Is it pure politeness? I wish it were not growing so dark. These thoughts run through my head as I hesitate for an instant what answer to make. Then an idea occurs to me, and I manufacture a civil smile and say, "Thank you very much, monsieur! I am a little faint, as you observe. I think I will avail myself of your obliging offer." So saying, I take the glass and touch it with my lips. I give you my word of honor that I do not think I did more; I did not mean to swallow a drop, but I suppose I must have done so. He smiles with a gratified air.

"The other lady will now, perhaps, follow your example?"

By this time I am beginning to feel thoroughly uncomfortable; *why*, I should be puzzled to explain. What is this cordial that he is so eager to urge upon us? Though determined not to subject *myself* to its influence, I *must* see its effects upon another person. Rather brutal of me, perhaps; rather in the spirit of the anatomist, who, in the interest of science, tortures live dogs and cats; but I am telling you *facts*—not what I ought to have done, but what I *did*. I make a sign to Watson to drink some. She obeys, nothing loath. She has been working hard all day, packing and getting under way, and she is tired. There is no feigning about her! She has emptied the glass. Now to see what comes of it—what happens to my live dog! The bottle is replaced in the bag; still we are racing on, racing on, past the hills and fields and villages. How indistinct they are all growing! I turn back from the contemplation of the outside view to the inside one. Why, the woman is asleep already! her chin buried in her chest, her mouth half open, looking exceedingly imbecile and very plain, as most people, when asleep out of bed, do look. A nice invigorating potion, indeed! I wish to heaven that I had gone *aux fumeurs*, or even with that cavalcade of nursery-maids and unwholesome-looking babies, *aux dames seules*, next door. At all events, I am not at all sleepy myself—that is a blessing. I shall see what happens. Yes, by the bye, I must see what he meant to happen; I must affect to fall asleep too. I close my eyes, and gradually sinking my chin on my chest, try to droop my jaws and hang my cheeks, with a scumblance of *bonâ fide* slumber. Apparently I succeed pretty well. After the lapse of some minutes I distinctly feel two hands very cautiously and carefully lifting and removing my feet from the dressing-box.

A cold chill creeps over me, and then the blood rushes to my head and ears. What am I to do? what am I to do? I have always thought the better of myself ever since for it; but, strange to say, I keep my presence of mind. Still affecting to sleep, I give a sort of kick, and instantly the hands are withdrawn and all is perfectly quiet again. I now feign to wake gradually, with a yawn and a stretch; and on moving about my feet a little, find that, despite my kick, they have been too clever for me, and have dexterously removed my box and substituted another. The way in which I make this pleasant discovery is, that whereas mine was perfectly flat at the top, on the surface of the object that is now beneath my feet there is some sort of excrescence—a handle of some sort or other. There is no denying it—brave I *may* be—I may laugh at people for running from bulls, for disliking to sleep in a room by themselves for fear of ghosts, for hurrying past tramps, but now I am most thoroughly frightened. I look cautiously, in a sideway manner, at the man beside me. How very still he is! Were they *his* hands, or the hands of the man opposite him? I take a fuller look than I have yet ventured to do, turning slightly round for the purpose. He is still reading, or at least still holding the paper, for the reading must be a farce. I look at his

hands; they are in precisely the same position as they were when I affected to go to sleep, although the *pose* of the rest of his body is slightly altered. Suddenly I turn extremely cold, for it has dawned on me that they are not real hands — they are certainly false ones. Yes, though the carriage is shaking very much with our rapid motion, and the light is shaking too, yet there is no mistake. I look indeed more closely, so as to be quite sure. The one nearest me is ungloved, the other gloved. I look at the nearest one. Yes, it is of an opaque waxen whiteness. I can plainly see the rouge put under the finger-nails to represent the coloring of life. I try to give one glance at his face. The paper still partially hides it, and as he is leaning his head back against the cushion, where the light hardly penetrates, I am completely baffled in my efforts.

Great heavens! What is going to happen to me? what shall I do? how much of him is *real*? where are his *real* hands? what is going on under that awful cloak? The fur border touches me as I sit by him. I draw convulsively and shrinkingly away, and try to squeeze myself up as close as possible to the window. But alas! to what good? How absolutely and utterly powerless I am! How entirely at their mercy! And there is Watson still sleeping swinishly — breathing heavily, opposite me. Shall I try to wake her? But to what end? She being under the influence of that vile drug, my efforts will certainly be useless, and will probably arouse the man to employ violence against me. Sooner or later in the course of the night I suppose they are pretty sure to murder me, but I had rather that it should be later than sooner.

While I think these things, I am lying back quite still, for, as I philosophically reflect, not all the screaming in the world will help me: if I had twenty-lung power I could not drown the rush of an express train. Oh, if my dear boy were but here — my husband I mean — fat or lean, how thankful I should be to see him! Oh, that cloak, and those horrid waxy hands! Of course — I see it now! — they remained stuck out, while the man's red ones were fumbling about my feet. In the midst of my agony of fright a thought of Madame Tussaud flashes ludicrously across me. Then they begin to talk of me. It is plain that they are not taken in by my feint of sleep; they speak in a clear loud voice, evidently for my benefit. One of them begins by saying, "What a good-looking woman she is! Evidently in her *première jeunesse* too" — reader, I struck thirty last May — "and also there can be no doubt as to her being of exalted rank — a duchess probably." (A dead duchess by morning, think I grimly.) They go on to say how odd it is that people in my class of life never travel with their own jewels, but always with paste ones, the real ones being meanwhile deposited at the banker's. My poor, poor sapphires! good-by — a long good-by to you. But indeed I will willingly compound for the loss of you and the rest of my ornaments — will go bare-necked, and bare-armed, or clad in Salvati beads for the rest of my life — so that I do but attain the next stopping-place alive.

As I am so thinking one of the men looks, or I imagine that he looks, rather curiously towards me. In a paroxysm of fear lest they should read on my face the signs of the agony of terror I am enduring, I throw my pocket-handkerchief — a very fine cambric one — over my face.

And now, oh reader! I am going to tell you something which I am sure you will not believe; I can hardly believe it myself; but, as I so lie, despite the tumult of my mind — despite the chilly terror which seems to be numbing my feelings — in the midst of it all a drowsiness keeps stealing over me. I am now convinced either that vile potion must have been of extraordinary strength, or that I, through the shaking of the carriage or the unsteadiness of my hand, carried more to my mouth and swallowed more — I did not *mean* to swallow any — than I intended, for — you will hardly credit it, but — I *fell asleep*!

When I awake — awake with a bewildered, mixed sense of having been a long time asleep — of not knowing where I am — and of having some great dread and horror on my

mind — awake and look round, the dawn is breaking. I shiver with the chilly sensation that the coming of even a warm day brings, and look round, still half unconsciously, in a misty way. But what has happened? How empty the carriage is! The dressing-case is gone! the clock is gone! the man who sat nearly opposite me is gone! *Watson is gone*! But the man in the cloak and the wax hands still sits beside me; still the hands are holding the paper; still the fur is touching me. Good God! I am *lêve-à-lêve* with him! A feeling of the most appalling desolation and despair comes over me — vanquishes me utterly. I clasp my hands together frantically, and, still looking at the dim form beside me, groan out, "Well! I did not think that Watson would have forsaken me!" Instantly, a sort of movement and shiver runs through the figure; the newspaper drops from the hands, which, however, continue to be still held out in the same position, as if still grasping it; and behind the newspaper, I see, by the dim morning light and the dim lamp-gleams, that there is no real face, but a mask. A sort of choked sound is coming from behind the mask. Shivers of cold fear are running over me. Never to this day shall I know what gave me the despairing courage to do it, but before I know what I am doing, I find myself tearing at the cloak — tearing away the mask — tearing away the hands. It would be better to find *anything* underneath — Satan himself — a horrible dead body — anything, sooner than submit any longer to this hideous mystery. And I am rewarded. When the cloak lies at the bottom of the carriage — when the mask, and the false hands and false feet — there are false *feet* too — are also cast away, in different directions, what do you think I find underneath?

Watson! Yes: it appears that while I slept — I feel sure that they must have rubbed some more of the drug on my lips while I was unconscious, or I never could have slept so heavily or so long — they dressed up Watson in the mask, feet, hands, and cloak; set the hat on her head, gagged her, and placed her beside me in the attitude occupied by the man. They had then, at the next station, got out, taking with them dressing-case and clock, and had made off in all security. When I arrive in Paris, you will not be surprised to hear that it does not once occur to me whether I am looking green or no.

And this is the true history of my night journey to Paris! You will be glad, I dare say, to hear that I ultimately recovered my sapphires, and a good many of my other ornaments. The police being promptly set on, the robbers were, after much trouble and time, at length secured; and it turned out that the man in the cloak was an ex-valet of my husband's, who was acquainted with my bad habit of travelling in company with my trinkets — a bad habit which I have since seen fit to abandon.

What I have written is literally true, though it did not happen to myself.

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA.

THE levelling hand of civilization has in most countries in Europe set aside the joyous merry-making common at Christmas in earlier periods; in Russia, however, the good olden times still in a great measure prevail; for, though in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and other places where the influence of European fashions extends, the ancient manners and customs are wearing out, in the remoter provinces of the empire they maintain their sway. There the Christmas festival is still celebrated according to the forms which prevailed on the first introduction of Christianity into the land. The ancient ceremonies are considered of such importance by the majority of the Russian population, that early in the month of November all minds become busy with thoughts of them. About this period the fathers of families begin to reflect, and to calculate how many sausages, what quantity of salted meat, how many bottles of kirsch and other liquors they ought to provide for the coming festival; whilst the women ponder upon the

chances of spending a right merry Christmas; they arrange among themselves whose house shall be selected for the entertainments, whom they shall invite to while away the long evenings with them, and what girls would be the most welcome guests to their own daughters, should it be their lot to celebrate the maiden festival. This last point in particular is matter for deep consideration; for the young ladies in Russia are the heroines of the Christmas festivities, which seem invented but for their amusement. Meetings of friends and relatives are held every day during the Philipowki, or time of Advent, to discuss these important matters, when bitter contests often ensue, to appease which many a propitiatory gift, and many a sugared word from the lips of nurses and tire-women, who are the diplomatists of every Russian family, have to be given.

The family whose house is selected for the Christmas festivities must be rich and hospitably inclined. Long before the eve of St. Wassili, the mistress of the house thus selected begins a round of visits to all the friends and relations of the family, inviting young and old, mentioning each person by name, and repeating to each the complimentary speeches handed down from generation to generation. On the following day the same round is made by the nurse of the family (*babka pozywatka*), whose mission is to repeat the invitation to the young girls. The entry of the nurse in her ambassadorial character into every house is greeted with loud and joyful acclamations, and she is received with many marks of respect. While she is delivering her messages, she mentions each person severally invited, and adds the name of their place of residence; and now the mistress of the house gets in readiness for her a cup of wine, and prepares to wheedle out of her the names of the other guests invited, those of the persons who have been rejected, and lastly, but most important of all, the names of the young men and young women "elected" for each other. This last question refers to the most interesting of all the customs connected with the Christmas festivities. There is an ancient rule which determines that the mistress of the house where the festivities are celebrated shall choose for each young lady a male companion called the "elected." His privileges in his intercourse with the maiden are greater than those of other young men, for which he compensates by devoting himself exclusively to her entertainment. The couple thus joined are called *suzennyja*, and the lady of the house is expected to show much discretion in her selections; because whatever she decrees in these matters must be unconditionally submitted to by fathers and mothers, as well as by the parties themselves.

Whilst the matrons are making arrangements among themselves, the father of the family whose house has been selected is by no means idle; he must send invitations in his own name, or the guests will consider themselves slighted. Early in the morning he calls in the *swat*—a person well acquainted with the duties of ambassador—and intrusts to him the greetings and messages to friends and relations. The *swat* departs upon his mission with his highly-decorated baton of office in his hand. On entering a house he first pronounces a short prayer before the image of the tutelary saint, and then bowing profoundly to the master and mistress, says,—

"Philimon Spiridonowitsch and Anna Karpowna salute you, father Artamon Triphonowitsch, and you, mother Agaphia Nelidowna." Here he makes a low bow, which is returned with equal courtesy, and the persons he is addressing reply,—

"We humbly thank Philimon Spiridonowitsch and Anna Karpowna."

The servant then resumes,—

"They have enjoined me humbly to solicit you, father Artamon Triphonowitsch, and you, mother Agaphia Nelidowna, to spend a few hours of Christmas evening with them, and to amuse yourselves as best may suit you, to witness the sports of the fair maidens, to break with them a bit of bread and taste a grain of salt, and partake with them of the roasted goose."

Then follow the formulas which obtain in Russia, such as the invited not accepting the invitation until politely pressed, and eventually agreeing to come without fail.

The first evening in the house of entertainment is devoted to the reception of the "fair maidens." When darkness sets in, crowds of peasants are seen assembled outside the houses in which the great entertainments are to take place, to watch for a sight of the invited guests, and pass their judgment on the various retinues, and mark how each are received. Long trains of sledges conduct the maidens to the house of their hospitable host. In the first sledge sit the maiden, her mother, and at the feet of the former her favorite companion, generally a poor girl of inferior rank. In the second sledge are the tire-women, with the jewel caskets, the various sweetmeats and cakes with which the fair maidens are always provided, and presents for the domestics of the house which they are about to visit. After these follow friends and relatives, and domestics; the more numerous the better; for according to the length of the train is the honor and glory that redound to the house at which it stops. Each procession as it approaches is headed by the *babka pozywatka*, an inviter-in-chief of the family.

On arriving, the guests do not immediately descend from their sledges, but await, amidst the cracking of whips, the jingling of the sledge bells, and the noise and clamor of hundreds of spectators gathered in the street, the host and hostess, who, on hearing the signal, descend to the gate of the court-yard to receive them. The first greeting consists in many ceremonies, bows and salutations, performed in silence, which is not broken until the parties have entered the court-yard together. The guests are then introduced into the house, and having prayed before the images of the saints, exchange greetings with their neighbors and others who are present, and after other polite ceremonies have been gone through, the new-comers are persuaded to take seats.

The young ladies thus brought together, though they may never have seen each other before, at once become intimate, and address each other by the name "*pedruz enka*" (dear playfellow); while by the master and mistress of the house and all the domestics they are called "*krasnija diwnschki*" (fair maidens). They spend the first evening in planning games for the morrow, and in citing and guessing the popular riddles which abound in Russia, and which form one of the favorite pastimes of the people. When the hour for going to rest arrives, they are conducted to a large room in which feather-beds are spread upon the floor, and in these "the playfellows" repose during the night, it being a rule that they are not to be separated so long as the festival lasts.

Next morning the whole town or village is early in movement, and the gossips are abroad to give and receive information as to the events of the preceding evening. In the festive houses, on the other hand, there is much bustle and turmoil. The nurses rise with the dawn of day to prepare the morning draught for the "fair maidens," consisting of a mixture of wine, beer, honey, and spices; whilst the rest of the domestics apply so freely to the new wine, which on these occasions is dealt out to them in a liberal manner, that they are quite unequal to perform the numerous tasks the busy housewife intrusts to them. The "fair maidens" alone rest undisturbed until the bell tolls for church. At this signal the mistress of the house, who must not venture to awaken them earlier, presents herself on the threshold of their door, and cries out: "Holloa, holloa! fair maidens! it is time to rise. Your elected are up long ago. They have already beaten the dust out of their coats, have looked about them in two markets, have sold three swine, have chased about in the steppes, and have everywhere inquired for their elected. Up, up! and now say what have been your dreams, and who appeared to you in your sleep?"

The answers to these questions are listened to with profound attention, for the dreams of the "fair maidens" during the Christmas festival are considered of grave import, and are repeated in every house in the village, and the

babuschka, or interpreter of dreams, is called in by the hostess to give a clear interpretation of that which has passed through the young ladies' minds during sleep. Breakfast is now served, after which there is an attempt to amuse by games and sports, but these generally languish, for the time is drawing near when the "elected" are to appear, and the choice which has been made for them is of course not matter of indifference. At the appointed hour the doors are thrown open, and a numerous procession enters, and the several persons are presented to the maidens by the host and hostess as the companions they have selected for them, and to be the leader of their games.

At nightfall of the second day, the rest of the invited guests begin to arrive. The host takes up his stand in the gateway to receive them, the hostess awaits them on the doorstep, and the maidens meet them in the hall. After many greetings and salutations the guests are at length seated in the great room, not, however, without much attention being bestowed as to the place assigned to each. Those whom the host and hostess are desirous of honoring are placed at the top of the room. Rich old bachelors are generally seated on the right, and next to them the elder ladies of secondary importance. If there be any fat, fair, and rosy lady in the company, she is pretty sure to be selected the queen of the evening, and is led with much ceremony to the seat of honor. The young married women are placed on the left, and observe a rigid silence. The more staid their deportment, the more they are admired; and mother and mother-in-law, husband and brother, glory in the propriety of their conduct. The *suzennyja*, on the contrary, are grouped in the corners of the rooms, and are engaged in merry converse, which, however, is carried on in an undertone, as all boisterous mirth would be a breach of decorum, and contrary to the respect due to the elder persons present. The latter, on their part, are bound not to interfere with the amusements of the young ones, or to interrupt their conversations.

All the guests at the Christmas festival are dressed in their holiday clothes, but the caprices of fashion are banished from their garments as much as from their social pleasures. The costume of the old-fashioned Russians is not more distinguished for its richness than for its antiquity. In the provincial districts the son dresses as his father and as his father's father did before him; and even female taste and vanity venture not to introduce an innovation in the costume which ages have consecrated. A large beaver cap, a pelisse of sable or fox skin, a richly-embroidered kaftan buttoned up the front with silver buttons and a girdle of rich Persian silk, or of a red kind of woollen stuff called *kummatsh*, is the uniform of each wealthy male guest. The married women wear the *kokoschnik*, a kind of head-dress made of scarlet silk, embroidered with colored silks or pearls and trimmed with lace, from which is suspended a white fatu, or short veil. Their dress, called *saraphan*, resembles in shape a clergyman's gown, and is made of rich gold or silver brocade, buttoned up the front with a single row of buttons; the sleeves, which are very long and wide, are of white muslin, and a stiff muslin ruff encircles the throat. A woollen cloak trimmed with sables, richly-embroidered mittens, and delicate slippers with high heels, complete the costume. Their trinkets consist of gold chains, necklaces, and bracelets of pearls and precious stones, and ear-rings of the same. These last-mentioned objects form the most important items in the dower of the rich maidens, and the greater their antiquity, the oftener they have descended from mother to daughter in the same family, the higher they are valued. The "fair maidens" wear the *saraphan* and the ruff like the married women, but the rich tresses of their own hair, wound round with a rose-colored ribbon, constitute the only head-dress allowed to them.

The quantity and variety of refreshments provided upon these occasions is almost incredible. Before the arrival of the guests a large table is placed in the middle of the room and covered with a profusion of delicacies, of home growth and manufacture as well as foreign, all served up in tin dishes and plates, and flanked with flasks without number of the various home-made liquors which are so much in

favor with the Russians. As soon as the guests enter they are pressed to partake of the good things prepared for them. The host presents a silver cup containing apple, raspberry, currant, or some other liquor on a wooden salver to each of the guests, mentioning them by name and requesting them to drink; and when, to prove their refined manners, they make a very long resistance, he implores them at least to taste the beverage. The mistress of the house in the mean while stands behind her "better-half," accompanying each of his words with a deep courtesy to the guest. If the latter aim at being admired for courtesy and elegance of manner, he refuses to accept the proffered draught from the hand of her husband, but entreats the lady to hand it to him; then, seizing the cup, he expresses a thousand good wishes for every member of the family, and slowly quaffs the beverage, after which he is entitled to imprint a kiss on the forehead of the hostess. When this ceremony is gone through, the guests are requested to partake of something more substantial, "something for the tooth," and the hospitality of the entertainer is evinced by repeated complaints that their guests do not sufficiently honor their cheer. To the young married women no wine or liquor is offered, but they are sure to find their kind hostess prepared to regale them privately in a side room with strong mead or cherry-brandy. The "fair maidens" are not allowed to partake of the refreshments prepared for the other guests, but each of them is provided with a packet of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, to which she applies according to her desire. The poor "elected" alone are entirely excluded from participation in the feasting that is going on around them; they are expected to be *nipituschtschi*; i. e., neither eaters nor drinkers, as it is supposed that the pleasure they enjoy in the presence of the "fair maidens" will nullify every other feeling.

When the refreshments are partaken of, the guests begin to give signs of their intention to take leave, and it again becomes the duty of the host and hostess to press them to stay. The eloquence of the latter proving vain, masks and morris-dancers are called in to aid. These masks, which are of the most primitive description, and generally represent bears and goats, blind beggars and clowns, perform natural dances and recite fables and fairy tales, in which they cleverly introduce all kinds of striking and apposite proverbs, and playful allusions to the faults and foibles of many of the guests, and more particularly to the anxiety of the mothers to see their daughters suited with a desirable "elected." No one is allowed to take amiss what is said on these occasions, provided their names are not mentioned; but should the maskers in any way overstep their privileges, they are immediately turned out. The host is bound to offer them the same refreshments as other guests; if they refuse to partake of any, they are supposed to be persons of rank, and are, on departing, conducted to the gate with many marks of consideration. Those maskers who may have only tasted a few drops of any beverage are seized by the servants on their returning, and swung backwards and forwards for about half-a-dozen times.

When the company begin to weary of this kind of amusement, then commence the so-called "dish games," the most interesting entertainment of the evening. A table in the middle of the floor is covered by the *babka pozywatska* with a white cloth, whilst the eldest nurse in the family places upon it a dish filled with water. While this is going on, the company stand in a ring round the table, and when the arrangements are completed, the "fair maidens," their "elected," and all the married women of the party, step forward and deposit their rings, bracelets, and ear-rings upon the table. The hostess then brings a napkin, with which the person officiating at the dish, after depositing therein all the rings, bracelets, and ear-rings, covers it, while the whole company seat themselves in a circle round the table, the old nurse being placed so as to be immediately in front of the dish. The other nurses having then placed a few small bits of bread, some salt, and three bits of charcoal, on a chair close to the table, all persons present join in the "song of the salt and the bread" (*chjehu i soli*). This song which has many variations, but is essentially the

same throughout Russia, from the confines of Siberia to the frontier of Poland, is as follows :—

"May the bread and the salt live a hundred years—slava (glory)!

May our Emperor live still longer—slava!

May our Emperor never grow old—slava!

May his good courser never be tired—slava!

May his shining garments ever be new—slava!

May his good servants always remain faithful—slava!"

While this is being sung, the *babka pozywatka* stirs the dish in which the trinkets have been placed, and at the conclusion of the song she gives them all a good shake. Other songs follow, prognosticating speedy marriage, the unexpected meeting of friends, marriage with a person of unequal rank, a happy life, good fortune, riches, the fulfilment of a particular wish, poverty, death, sickness, disappointment, etc.; and the trinkets are taken out of the dish one by one—the song that precedes the extrication of each determining the fate of the person to whom it belongs.

These songs, though of a primitive character, are not devoid of grace in conception, as the following specimen will prove :—

"A sparrow-hawk flew out from one tree—slava!

And a little bird flew out from another—slava!

They flew to each other and kissed each other—slava!

Embraced each other with their downy wings—slava!

And the good folks wondered and marvelled—slava!

That sparrow-hawk and dove should build their nests so peacefully together—slava!"

At the end of each line the following chorus is given :—

"To him for whom we have sung it, may it turn to good!

He who has missed it, must do without it!

Must do without it—this cannot fail!"

At the conclusion of this some games follow, which very much resemble "turn the trencher," "blind-man's buff," etc., played by children in this and other countries. Then the guests begin for the first time in earnest to think of retiring: and though host and hostess are again bound to press them to stay a little longer, they are at length allowed to depart. Each party, however, must be conducted to the gate with the same ceremonies as on their arrival, and a full hour or more often elapses before the ceremony of leave-taking is gone through. After the withdrawal of the elder guests, the "fair maidens" and their "elected" recommence their sports, which are continued until the hour of midnight.

The amusements on the following days (for the festivities last until Twelfth Night) differ somewhat from those of the first. In these the men take the lead. Accompanied by the ladies of their family they go out towards nightfall, disguised in masks and fancy dresses, to pay visits to their friends. The persons receiving the maskers treat them with distinguished politeness and liberal hospitality, even before they know who they are; but when they have endeavored in vain for some time to discover them, they are on a given signal seized by some of the household, and swung to and fro until they do "penance," i. e., declare their names. When many guests are thus assembled in one house, and have feasted to their hearts' content, they all depart in company to some other house, where the rest of the night is spent in merry-making and carousing. The noise and bustle of the sledges driving up and down the streets of the towns and villages during the nights that these masked visits are going on, can scarcely be described; for such occasions are seized, and particularly by the humbler classes, to renew old friendships and family alliances, and to give young people opportunities of making acquaintances, which, on account of the retiring manners of the girls, are difficult to form during the more staid periods of the year.

The poorer people who have no rich relations, and are consequently never invited to take part in the entertainments we have described, amuse themselves in the streets.

Masked after a grotesque fashion of their own, they perform all kinds of antics, and make up in merriment for what ever may be wanting in substantial cheer; and the bolder characters amongst them venture sometimes, under the leadership of a young noble, or man of family, to introduce themselves into the houses of the rich, where with their masks on they are permitted to entertain the company, and to enjoy the hospitality of the host.

• IBSEN, THE NORWEGIAN SATIRIST.

BY EDMUND W. GOSSE.

I.

THERE is now living at Dresden a middle-aged Norwegian gentleman, who walks in and out among the inhabitants of that gay city, observing all things, observed of few, retired, contemplative, unaggressive. Occasionally he sends a roll of MS. off to Copenhagen, and the Danish papers announce that a new poem of Ibsen's is about to appear. This announcement causes more stir than, perhaps, any other can, among literary circles in Scandinavia, and the elegant Swedish journalists point out how graceful an opportunity it would be for the illustrious poet to leave his voluntary exile, and return to be smothered in flowers and flowery speeches. Norwegian friends, expressing themselves more tersely, think that the greatest Norse writer ought to come home to live. Still, however, he remains in Germany, surrounded by the nationality least pleasing to his taste, within daily earshot of sentiments inexpressibly repugnant to him, watching, noting, digging deeper and deeper into the dark places of modern life, developing more and more a vast and sinister genius.

The commonest fault among writers belonging to small communities is a tendency to imitate the ruling fashion of some great neighboring power—an inability to found a national school at home. Of all the small peoples of modern times, I think Denmark is the only one that has been able to build up a wholly original and classical literature without foreign assistance; and within the present century, when German influences threatened to swamp home impulses, a happy coalition between the three Scandinavian peoples saved their individuality. Tegnér was able to resist Goethe by leaning on Ohlenschläger, and Ohlenschläger sent every one back to the Eddas and Sagas. At the end of the last century the Swedish poets were brilliant, and at the beginning of the present, Denmark was illuminated by a still more illustrious school. At present Sweden slumbers, and Denmark is "tame and villatic." The torch is held by Norway. Where shall we look for a young great poet among the continental nations? France gives us Leconte de Lisle; Germany, Robert Hamerling; Italy, Aleardi; Denmark, Christian Richardt. Among men born since 1825 these names stand foremost. They represent men of varied grace and lyric passion, excellent minor minstrels, but no more; not one of these four countries, so long in the van of continental art, can produce from among its younger men a single accredited world-poet. It is my firm belief that in the Norwegian, Henrik Ibsen, the representative of a land unknown in the literary annals of Europe, such a poet is found. In Scandinavia, in Germany, it is at least allowed to be so. I am confident that time will declare the same amongst ourselves; for the moment I must do my best to make my words seem plausible.

A land of dark forests, gloomy waters, barren peaks, inundated by cold sharp airs off Arctic icebergs, a land where Nature must be won with violence, not wooed by the siren-songs of dream-impulses; Norway is the home of vigorous, ruddy lads and modest maidens, a healthy population, unexhausted and unrestrained. Here a man can open his chest, stride onward upright and sturdy, say out his honest word and unabashed; here, if anywhere, human nature may hope to find a just development. And

out of this young and sturdy nation two writers have arisen who wear laurels on their brows and are smiled on by Apollo. Björnson is well known, by this time, to many Englishmen; he represents the happy, buoyant side of the life of his fatherland; he is what one would naturally expect a Norwegian author to be — rough, manly, unpolished, a young Titan rejoicing in his animal spirits. Ibsen, on the other hand, is a quite unexpected product of the mountain-lands, a typical modern European, a soul full of doubt and sorrow and unfulfilled desire, piercing downward into the dark, profound, Promethean, a dramatic satirist.

Modern life is a thing too complex and too delicate to bear such satire as thrilled through the fierce old world. In Ezekiel we see the thunders and lightnings of the Lord blasting the beautiful evil body of Aholah; in Juvenal, the iron clank of horse hoofs is ringing on the marble pavement, till in crushing some wretched debauchee, they mingle his blood with the spilt wine and the vine-wreaths. But neither divine nor human invective of this sort is possible now; it would not cure but kill. Modern satire laughs while it attacks, and takes care that the spear-shaft shall be covered up in roses. Whether it is Ulrich von Hutten, or Pope, or Voltaire, the same new element of finesse is to be found; and if a Marston rises up as a would-be Juvenal, the world just shrugs its shoulders and forgets him. As the ages bring in their advancements in civilization and refinement, the rough old satire becomes increasingly impossible, till a namby-pamby generation threatens to loathe it altogether as having "no pity in it." The writings of Ibsen form the last and most polished phase of this slow development, and exhibit a picture of life so perfect in its smiling sarcasm and deliberate anatomy, that one accepts it at once as the distinct portraiture of one of the foremost spirits of an age. Ibsen has many golden arrows in his quiver, and he stands, cold and serene, between the dawn and the darkness, shooting them one by one into the valley below, each truly aimed at some folly, some affectation, in the every-day life we lead.

Henrik Ibsen was born on the 20th of March, 1828, at Skien, a small market town on the sea in the southeast of Norway. He began active life as an apothecary, with a joyous and fermenting brain, a small stock of knowledge, and a still smaller stock of money. But poetry and scholarship were dearer to him than all things, and it is easy to conceive that the small world of Skien became intolerable to him. He wrote a tragedy, and met with a Mæcenas, who would publish it; and, after some delay, there appeared at Christiania, in 1850, "Cataline," a drama in three acts, by Brynjolf Bjarme. Under this uncouth pseudonym a new poet concealed himself, but the public was none the wiser, and only thirty copies were sold. "Cataline" is the work of a boy; it is marked by all the erotic and revolutionary extravagancies usual in the efforts of youth of twenty. The iambic verses are very bad; the writer has evidently read little, and scarcely thought at all, but there is a certain vigor running through it which seduces one into reading it despite one's self. With this precious production under his arm, Ibsen came to the capital in 1851, and began to study at the University. He never attained to a very splendid career there; he began too late for that, but he did fairly well, being well-grounded in Latin. "Cataline" shows that he had read his Sallust well in the old days at Skien. At the University he fell in with a clique of lads of earnest mind and good intelligence, several of whom have made a name in literature: Björnson was there and Vinje, called the Peasant; Botten-Hansen, the bibliographer; and Frithjof Foss, the novelist. These young contemporaries schemed nothing less than an entire revolution in literature. They began to set about it by founding a newspaper, called, I do not know why, "Andhrimner," which professed the same critical independence, and shared the same early fate, as the celebrated "Germ" among ourselves. "Andhrimner" was published by Botten-Hansen, Ibsen, and Vinje, and contained nothing but original poetry, criticism, and aesthetics. After a sickly existence of nine months, it went out. Among Ibsen's

numerous contributions was a long drama, "Norma, or a Politician's Love," a most impertinent lampoon on the honorable members of his Majesty's Storting, of which the first act is said to be in extremely witty and delicate verse. But "Andhrimner" has become a great rarity, a bibliographical prize, and I have never seen it. When it came to grief in 1851, Ibsen was so fortunate as to meet with a gifted man who at once perceived his genius — Ole Bull, the great violinist. At his intercession Ibsen became director of the theatre at Bergen, and held the post till 1857. In 1852 he travelled in Denmark and Germany, met Heiberg, the great poet-critic, at Copenhagen, and came back mightily dissatisfied with Norway and himself. The theatre was a source of constant vexation to him, and during the six years he spent at Bergen his genius seems to have been in some degree under a cloud. He wrote a great deal while he was there, but most of it is destroyed, and what remains is unworthy of him; he produced two or three plays on his own stage, but would not print or preserve them; one little piece which he did print as a feuilleton to a Bergen paper in 1854 was rather flimsy in texture. In 1857, the younger poet, Björnson, took the direction of the Bergen house, and Ibsen came up to Christiania to direct the National Theatre there. He was now almost thirty years of age, and had not written one great work; it is often the loftiest minds that attain manhood most slowly. May-flies reach perfection in a day, and another day sees their extinction, while great souls strengthen themselves in a long-drawn adolescence. But our poet had finished his chrysalis-life at last. For the next seven years, he produced several historical dramas of great and increasing merit, but I do not purpose now to speak of these, interesting as it would be to analyze them, nor of his political or miscellaneous poems, but only of his three great satires. And forthwith let us pass to them.

II.

It was not till 1863 that Ibsen discovered the natural bent of his genius. Until that year no one could tell that he was born to be a satirist. Now, after reading his great latter poems, one can perceive traces of that lofty invective, which was to be his final culmination, even in the earlier and purely historical dramas. But when "Love's Comedy," a satirical play of our own generation, first appeared in Norway, there were very few among the poet's admirers to whom it was not a great surprise to find him to be a master of so entirely new a style. The older pieces, being hewn out of an antique and lovely source, were fittingly robed in terse prose; this, being concerned with the prosaic trivialities of to-day, needed and received all the delicate finish of epigrammatic verse. The original is written in rhyme, but I have translated into blank verse; a rhymed play is a shocking thing to English readers, whereas it is a well-known phenomenon in the classic literature of Scandinavia. The scene of "Love's Comedy" is laid in a garden in the suburbs of Christiania, in the summer-time. A Mrs. Halm, a widow, having a large house, takes in lodgers, among whom are Falk, the hero, and Lind, a theological student. Falk, a young poet brimming over with revolutionary theories and revolting with his whole soul against the conventionality of the day, with regard to amatory and æsthetic matters, has determined to give his life to the destruction of what is false and sterile in modern society. As it happens, the present moment is opportune for commencing the attack. At Mrs. Halm's there is gathered a congregation of Philistines of all sorts, and love, so-called, is the order of the day. Unsuspicious of his intentions, the various pseudo-lovers sport and intrigue around him in what seems to him an orgy of hideous dulness and impotent conventionality. His scorn is lambent at first, a laughing flame of derision; but it rises by degrees into a tongue of lashing, scathing fire that bursts all bonds of decorum. The scene opens in the evening, while the party sit about on the grass. Falk has been asked to sing his last new song, and thus he proclaims the *carpe diem* that is his ideal: —

In the sunny orchard-closes,
While the warblers sing and swing,
Care not whether blustering Autumn
Break the promises of Spring;
Rose and white the apple-blossom
Hides you from the sultry sky;
Let it flutter, blown and scattered,
On the meadows by and by.

Will you ask about the fruitage
In the season of the flowers?
Will you murmur, will you question,
Count the run of weary hours?
Will you let the scarecrow clapping
Drown all happy sounds and words?
Brothers, there is better music
In the singing of the birds!

From your heavy-laden garden
Will you hunt the mellow thrush?
He will pay you for protection
With his crown-song's liquid rush!
Oh! but you will win the bargain,
Though your fruit be spare and late,
For remember, Time is flying,
And not shut your garden-gate.

With my living, with my singing,
I will tear the hedges down!
Sweep the grass and heap the blossom,
Let it shrivel, pale and brown!
Swing the wicket! Sheep and cattle,
Let them graze among the best!
I broke off the flowers; what matter
Who may revel with the rest!

This song wakens a good deal of discussion. The ladies are against it on the score of economy; the gentlemen think the idea very good in theory. The first person who rubs against Falk's susceptibilities is Styver, a dull clerk, who is engaged in due form to a Miss Skjære, who is present. This Styver confesses to have written verses.

Styver. Not now, you know! all that was long ago, —
Was when I was a lover.

Falk. Is that past?
Is the wine-frenzy of your love slept off?

Styver. Oh! now I am officially engaged,
And that is more than being in love, I think!

Some one speaks about "next" spring, and Falk expresses his hatred of "that wretched word": —

Falk. It makes the shareholders of pleasure bankrupt!
If I were only Sultan for an hour,
A running noose about its coward neck
Should make it bid the joyous world good-by!

Styver. What is your quarrel with the hopeful word?

Falk. This, — that it darkens for us God's fair world!
In "our next love" and "when we marry next;"
In "our next mealtime" and in our "next life,"
'Tis the anticipation in the word,
'Tis that that beggars so the sons of Joy,
That makes our modern life so hard and cold,
That slays enjoyment in the living Present.
You have no rest until your shallop strikes
Against the shingle of the "next" design,
And, that accomplished, there is still a "next;"
And so in toil and hurry, toil and pain,
The years slip by and you slip out of life, —
God only knows if there is rest beyond.

Miss Skjære. How can you talk in that way, Mr. Falk?
My sweetheart must not hear a word you say!
He's only too eccentric now! (*To Styver.*) My love!
Come here a moment!

Styver (*languidly, and stopping to clean his pipe*) I am coming,
dear!

From the prosaic Styver, for whom engagement has robbed love of its charm, we turn to Lind, who is in all the delicious ecstasy of a passion returned but unproclaimed. Apropos of Lind's temporary glamour of poetical feeling, Falk remarks that you can always stuff a prosing fool, —

As pitilessly as a Strasburg goose,
With rhyming nonsense and with rhythmic humbug,
Until his lights and liver, mind and soul
(But turn him inside out) are found quite full
Of lyric fat and crumbs of rhetoric.

The company, becoming piqued, turn upon him, and charge him with neglecting poetry; they suggest that he should shut himself up in an arbor of roses, and then he is sure to be inspired. He replies that the enjoyment of nature unrestrained prevents the creation of poetry; that the imaginative beauty thrives best in an imprisoned soul.

Cover my eyeballs with the mould of blindness,
And I will celebrate the lustrous heavens;
Or give me for a month, in some grim tower,
A pang, an anguish, or a giant sorrow,
And I will sing the jubilee of life;
Or else, Miss Skjære, give me just a bride!

They all cry out upon him, Love's blasphemer, for he explains that he desires a bride, that — he may lose her.

For in the very Bacchic feast of fortune
She might be caught into eternity.
I need a little spiritual athletics;
Who knows how such a loss might strengthen me!

At this moment the two sensible people of the drama interpose, Svanhild, who is the only woman with a soul in the piece, and Guldstad, a sober merchant. Svanhild proposes a high spiritual aim for Falk; Guldstad proposes to drive off his "morbid fancies" with a little manual labor. Falk replies: —

I'm like a donkey bound between two stalls;
The left hand gives me flesh, the right hand spirit;
I wonder which 'twere wisest to choose first!

Then is introduced the third pair of pseudo-lovers, the Rev. Mr. Straamand, an uxorious priest with an enormous family, who exemplifies the worst type of the great parody of love. The description of his early life, romantic love, disappointed aims, are most amusingly given in brisk and witty dialogue, Falk sneering ever more bitterly as the description proceeds. The wooing of Mr. Straamand was most sentimental.

He loved her to the tones of his guitar,
And she responded on the harpsichord,
And first they lived on credit.

Among the troop of old and young gathered around him, it is in Lind's armor only that Falk can take pleasure. Lind and Anna love one another, and no one but themselves and Falk have guessed it. Suddenly Falk is horrified by a suspicion that it is Svanhild that Lind loves. He turns away angry, and sick at heart. True love, reserved, tender, genuine, is not to be found; the whole world is old and sterile; all good impulses and hopes are dead. This he says to Svanhild when they are alone, and she upbraids him with dreamy insincerity.

Svan. Last year the faith in Syria was menaced;
Did you go out, a warrior for the cross?
Oh! no; on paper you were warm enough,
And sent a dollar when the Church Times asked it!

[*Falk walks up and down.*]

Falk, are you angry?

Falk. No, but I am musing.
See, that is all!

Svan. We two have different natures,
We are unlike —

Falk. Oh yes! I know it well!

Svan. What is the reason?

Falk. Reason? That I hate

To go about with all my soul uncovered,
And, like good people's love, a common thing, —
To go about with all my heart's warmth bare,
As women go about with naked arms!
You were the only one, you, Svanhild, you —
I thought so, once — but ah! all that is past —

[*She turns and gazes.*]

You listen —

Svan. To another voice that speaks!

Hush! every evening when the sun goes down,
A little bird comes flying — do you hear?
Ah! see, it flits out of the leafy shade —
Now, can you guess what I believe and hold,
To every soul that lacks the singing gift
God sends a little tender bird as friend, —
For it created and for its own garden!

Falk (takes up a stone.) Then if the bird and soul can never meet,

The song is never fluted out elsewhere?

Svan. No, that is true! But I have found my bird,
I have no gift of tongues, no singer's voice,
But when my sweet bird warbles from its bough,
A poem seems to well up in my heart, —
But ah! the poem fades away and dies!

[Falk throws the stone. Svanhild screams.]

Oh God! you struck it! Oh! what have you done!
Oh! That was wicked, shameful!

Falk. Eye for eye,
And tooth for tooth, pure legal justice, Svanhild.
Now no one greets you longer from on high,
And no more gifts come from the land of song.
See, that is my revenge for your ill deed!

Svan. For my ill deed?

Falk. Yes, yours! Until this hour

A singing-bird was warbling in my breast.

Ah! now the bell may chime above them both,
For you have killed it!

Svan.

Have I?

Falk. Yes, you struck
My young and joyous conquering faith to earth,
When you engaged yourself.

Then she explains that Anna is really Lind's beloved. Falk now is interested again in this affair, until Lind declares that he will publish the news, that they may be regularly engaged. Falk shows this step to be suicidal; but Lind persists. The new couple are received with acclamation by the pseudo-lovers, to Falk's infinite disgust. He cries to the company, —

Hurrah! Miss Skjære, like a trumpet, tells you,
A brother has been born to you in Amor!

the result being that the new couple are smothered in and nauseated with congratulations. Here is the description of Straamand and his wife: —

He also was a man of courage once,
And fought the world to win himself a woman;
He sacked the churches of society;
His love burst into flower of passionate song!
Look at him now! In long funeral robes
He acts the drama of the Fall of Man!
And look, that female of gaunt petticoat,
And twisted shoes, down-trodden at the heel,
She was the winged maiden who should lead
His spirit into fellowship with beauty!
And what is left of love's pure flame? The smoke!
Sic transit gloria amoris, Svanhild!

In utter desperation, Falk proposes to throw everything to the winds, and leave modern society to rot into its grave. The only pure spirit he can find is Svanhild, and he tries to persuade her to revolt with him.

We will not, like this trivial congregation,
Attend the church of dulness any more.
The aim and scope of individual labor
Is just to stand consistent, true, and free.

But he expresses too much. Svanhild conceives the idea that he is wooing her only that she may be a means to the attainment of his ideal.

You look at me as children on a reed,
A hollow thing to cut into a flute,
And pipe upon awhile, and throw away.

They part coldly, and the curtain goes down upon Falk's boundless depression and dismay.

The second act is a day later in time. On Sunday afternoon a whole troop of friends, all intense Philistines,

come down to Mrs. Halm's, and hold what Falk calls "a Bacchanalian feast of tea and prose." Lind and Anna are beginning to be weary of their love; now that all the world expects them to be ardent, the charm of mysterious passion is gone. All the three couples, the fat priest and his spouse, the clerk and Miss Skjære, and those most newly betrothed, become more and more ludicrously dull, and Falk, waxing more and more angry, mutters, —

See how they kill the poetry of Love!

But we must hurry to the close, giving only one out of the exquisite and sparkling scenes. Falk has gathered every one round him, and each person has mentioned some herb or flower that is like love, and at last it is his turn: —

Falk. As many heads as fancies! Very good!
But all of you have blundered more or less;
Each simile is crooked; now, hear mine,
Then turn and twist it any way you wish!
Far in the dreamy East there grows a plant
Whose native home is the Sun's Cousin's garden, —

All the Ladies. Oh! it is tea!

Falk.

It is!

The Ladies.

To think of tea!

Falk. Its home lies far in the Valley of Romance,
A thousand miles beyond the wilderness!
Fill up my cup! I thank you! Let us have
On tea and love a good tea-table talk.

[They gather round him.]

It has its home away in Fableland,
Alas! and there, too, is the home of Love.
Only the children of the Sun, we know,
Can cultivate the herb, or tend it well;
And even so it is with Love, my friends,
A drop of sun-blood needs must circulate
Through our dull veins, before the passionate Love
Can root itself, or shoot and blossom forth.

Miss Skjære. But love and love are everywhere, the same
Tea has varieties and qualities.

Mrs. Straamand. Yes, tea is bad or good or pretty good.

Anna. The young green shoots are thought the best of all.

Svanhild. That kind is only for the Sun's bright Daughter!

A Young Lady. They say that it intoxicates like ether!

Another. Fragrant as lotus and as sweet as almond!

Guldstadt. That kind of import never reaches us!

Falk. I think that in his nature every one
Has got a little "Heavenly Empire" in him,
Where, on the twigs, a thousand such sweet buds
Form under shadow of that falling Wall
Of China, bashfulness; where underneath
The shelter of the quaint kiosk, there sigh
A troop of Fancy's little China dolls,
Who dream and dream, with damask round their loins,
And in their hands a golden tulip-flower.
The first-fruits of Love's harvest were for them,
And we just have the rubbish and the stalks.

And now the last point of similitude:
See how the hand of culture presses down
The "Heavenly Empire" out in the far East;
Its great Wall moulders and its strength is gone,
The last of genuine mandarins is hanged,
And foreign devils gather in the crops.
Soon the whole thing will merely be a legend,
A wonder-story nobody believes;
The whole wide world is painted gray on gray,
And Wonderland forever is gone past.
But have we Love? Oh! where, oh! where is Love?
Nay, Love is also banished out of sight.
But let us bow before the age we live in!
Drink, drink in tea to Love discredited and dead!

There is intense indignation among the pseudo-lovers, and Falk is driven out of their society, scarcely saved from the fate of Orpheus. Svanhild comes out to him, and for a little while they enjoy the exquisite pleasure of true and honest love. But, to hasten to the end, Falk discovers that marriage would destroy the bloom and beauty of this sweet passion. He dreads a time when Svanhild will no longer inspire and glorify him, and the poem ends in most

tragical manner by the separation forever of the only two hearts strong enough to shake off the trammels of conventionality. The Age weighs too heavily upon them even, and, to spare themselves future agony, they tear themselves apart while the bond is still fresh and tender between them.

The whole poem — its very title of "Love's Comedy" — is a piece of elaborate irony. We may believe that it is rather Svanhild than the extravagant Falk who really speaks the poet's mind. It is impossible to express in brief quotations the perfection of faultless verse, the epigrammatic lancet-thrusts of wit, the boundless riot of mirth that make a lyrical saturnalia in this astonishing drama. A complete translation alone could give a shadow of the force of the original.

In 1864 Ibsen left Norway, and, as far as I know, has never since reëntered it. For a long while he was domiciled in Rome, and while there he wrote the book which has popularized his name most thoroughly. It seemed as though the poetical genius in him expanded and developed in the intellectual atmosphere of Rome. It is not that "Brand" is more harmonious in conception than the earlier works — for, let it be distinctly stated, Ibsen never attains to repose or perfect harmony — but the scope was larger, the aim more Titanic, the moral and mental horizon wider than ever before. Brand, the hero of the book, is a priest in the Norwegian Church; the temper of his mind is earnest to the point of fanaticism, consistent beyond the limits of tenderness and humanity. He will have all or nothing, no Sapphira-dividings or Ananias-equivocations — the whole heart must be given, or all is void. He is sent for to attend a dying man, but, in order to reach him, he must cross the raging fjord in a small boat. So high is the storm, that no one dares go with him; but just as he is pushing off alone, Agnes, a young girl of heroic temperament who has been conquered by his intensity, leaps in with him, and they safely row across. Brand becomes priest of the parish, and Agnes, in whose soul he finds everything that his own demands, becomes his wife. In process of time a son is born to him. The physician declares that unless they move to some healthier spot — the parish is a noisome glen that does not see the sun for half the year — the babe must die. Brand, believing that duty obliges him to stay at his post, will not leave it. His child dies, and the mother dies; Brand is left alone. At last his mother comes to live with him, a worldly woman, with a frivolous heart; she will not submit to his religious supremacy, and dies unblessed and unannealed. Her property now falls into Brand's hands, and he dedicates it all to the rebuilding of the church. The satire now turns on the life in the village; the portraits of the various officers, schoolmaster, bailiff, and the rest, are incisively and scathingly drawn. All society is reviled for its universal worldliness, laziness, and lukewarmness. At last the church is finished; Brand, with the keys in his hand, stands on the door-step, and harangues the people. His sermon is a Philippic of the bitterest sort; all the wormwood of disappointed desire for good, all the burning sense of useless sacrifice, vain offerings of heart and breath to a thankless generation, all is summed up in a splendid outburst of invective. In the end he throws the keys far out into the river, and flies up the mountain-side away into desolation and solitude. As a piece of artistic work, "Brand" is most wonderful; a drama of nearly three hundred pages, written in short rhymed lines, sometimes rhyming four or five times, and never flagging in energy or interest, is a wonder in itself. Six large editions of this book have been sold — a greater success than any other work of the poet has attained. A very great number of copies were bought in Denmark, where, just now, religious writing is at the height of fashion, and doubtless the subject of "Brand" accounts in some measure for its extraordinary popularity in that country. The verse in which it is written is finished and lovely work of a high lyrical order.

It was among the lemon-groves of Ischia, under the torrid glare of an Italian summer, that Ibsen began his next, and, as I believe, greatest work. There is no trace of the

azure munificence of sea and sky, of the luxurious and sultry South, about "Peer Gynt"; it is the most exclusively Norwegian of his poems in scenery and feeling. Strange that in the "pumice isle," with the chrystalline waves of the Mediterranean lapping around him, far removed from home faces and home influences, he could shape into such perfect form a picture of rough Norse life by fjord and field. "Peer Gynt" takes its name from its hero, an idle fellow whose aim is to live his own life, and whose chief characteristics are a knack for story-telling, and a dominant passion for lies. It is the opposite of "Brand," for while that drama strove to wake the nation into earnestness by holding up before it an ideal of stainless virtue, "Peer Gynt" idealizes in the character of its hero the selfishness and mean cunning of the worst of ambitious men. In form, this poem, like the preceding, is written in a variety of lyrical measures, in short rhyming lines; but there is a brilliant audacity, a splendor of tumultuous melody, that "Brand" seldom attained to. Ibsen has written nothing so sonorous as some of the passages in "Peer Gynt." In the *Spectator* for July 20, 1872, I gave a minute analysis of this play; I need not, therefore, go through it again in detail, but will merely give a rough outline of the plot. Peer Gynt is first introduced to us as playing a rough practical joke on his mother; he is a rude, shaggy lad of violent instincts and utter lawlessness of mind. We find him attending a wedding, and, after dancing with the bride, snatching her up and running up the mountain-side with her. Then he leaves her to make her way down again ignominiously. For this ill deed he is outlawed, and lives in the caves of the Dovrefjeld, haunted by strange spirits, harassed by weird sensualities and fierce hallucinations. The atmosphere of this part of the drama is ghostly and wild; the horrible dreams of the great lad are shown as incarnate but shadowy entities. He grows a man among the mountains, and is introduced to the King of the Trolde, who urges him to marry his daughter and settle among them. Under the figure of the Trolde, the party in Norway which demands commercial isolation and monopoly for home products is most acutely satirized. At last Peer Gynt slips down to the sea-shore and embarks for America. These events, and many more, take up the three first acts, which almost form a complete poem in themselves; these acts contain little satire, but a humorous and vivid picture of Norse manners and character. To a foreigner who knows a little of Norway and would fain know more, these acts of "Peer Gynt" are a delicious feast. Through them he is brought face to face with the honest, merry peasants, and behind all is a magnificent landscape of mountain, forest, and waterfall.

With the fourth act there is a complete shifting of motive, time, place, and style. We are transported, after a lapse of twenty years, to the coast of Morocco, where Peer Gynt, a most elegant middle-aged gentleman, entertains a select party of friends on the sea-shore. He has been heaping up fortune in America; he has traded "in stockings, Bibles, rum, and rice," but most of all in negro slaves to Carolina and heathen gods to China. In short, he is a full-blown successful humbug, unscrupulous and selfish to the last degree. While he is asleep, his friends run off with his yacht, and are blown into thin air. He is left alone and penniless on the African shore. He crosses the desert and meets with endless adventures; each adventure is a clear-cut jewel of satire. Here is a subtle lampoon on the way in which silly people hail each new boaster as the Man of the Future, and worship the idol themselves have built up. Peer, the bubble, the humbug, appears in an Arab camp, and is received as a manifestation of the divine Muhammad himself. A chorus of girls do homage to him, led on by Anitra, the very type of a hero-hunting woman: —

Chorus.

The Prophet is come!

The Prophet, the Master, the all-providing,

To us, to us, is he come,

Over the sand-sea riding!

The Prophet, the Master, the never-failing,

To us, to us, is he come,

Through the sand-sea sailing;
 Sound the flute and the drum;
 The Prophet, the Prophet is come!
Anitra. His steed was the milk-white flood
 That streams through the rivers of Paradise;
 His hair is fire and stars are his eyes,
 So bend the knee! Let your heads be bowed!
 No child of earth can bear
 His starry face and his flaming hair!
 Over the desert he came.
 Out of his breast sprang gold like flame.
 Before him the land was light.
 Behind him was night;
 Behind him was drought and dearth.
 He, the majestic, is come!
 Over the desert is come!
 Robed like a child of earth.
 Kaaba, Kaaba stands dumb,
 Forlorn of its lord and light.
Chorus. Sound the flute and the drum;
 The Prophet, the Prophet is come!

Another episode introduces one of those ill-advised persons who strive to prevent the use of classical Danish in Norway, and substitute for it a barbarous language collected orally from among the peasants—a harsh, shapeless, and unnatural jargon. One of these writers is introduced to Peer in Egypt; he is flying westwards, seeking for an asylum for his theories. He tries to win Peer Gynt's sympathy thus:—

Listen! In the East afar
 Stands the coast of Malabar.
 Europe like a hungry vulture
 Overpowers the land with culture,
 For the Dutch and Portuguese
 Hold the country at their ease;
 Where the natives once held sway,
 Now their hordes are driven away;
 And the new lords have combined
 In a language to their mind.
 In the olden days long fled,
 Th' Ourang-Outang was lord and head,
 He was chief by wood and flood,
 Snared and slaughtered as he would;
 As the hand of nature shaped,
 So he grinned and so he gaped;
 Unabashed he howled and yelled,
 For the reins of state he held.
 But alas! for progress came
 And destroyed his name and fame;
 All the monkey-men with ears
 Vanished for four hundred years
 If we now would preach or teach,
 We must use the help of speech.
 I alone have striven hard
 To become a monkey-hard;
 I have vivified the dream,
 Proved the people's right to scream,
 Screamed myself, and, by inditing,
 Showed its use in folk-song-writing.
 Oh! that I could make men see
 The bliss of being apes like me!

It is said that these lines have had a greater effect in stopping the movement than all denunciations of learned professors and the indignation of philologists.

Between the fourth and fifth acts twenty years more elapse. Peer wins a new fortune in California, and finally comes back to Norway to enjoy it. The opening scene carries us up one of the perilous passages on the Norse coast, a storm meanwhile rising and at last breaking on the ship. All hands are lost save Peer, who finds himself in his fatherland again, but penniless and friendless. Solvejg, a woman who has consistently and unweariedly loved him all his life, receives him into her cottage, and he dies in her arms as she sings a dream-song over him.

"Love's Comedy," "Brand," and "Peer Gynt," despite their varied plots, form a great satiric trilogy—perhaps for sustained vigor of expression, for affluence of execution, and for brilliance of dialogue, the greatest of modern times. They form, at present, Ibsen's principal and fore-

most claim to immortality; their influence over thought in the North has been boundless, and, sooner or later, they will win for their author the homage of Europe. It was a white day with me when I first took "Brand" into my hands in the languor of a summer's day at Trondhjem, and I may trust that some competent translator will some day set these books before my countrymen in an English dress.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Shah of Persia is to visit Europe next April.

ALL the theatres in Paris are now furnished with smoking-rooms.

A RICH naphtha spring has been discovered in the province of Caserto, near Naples.

A NEW illustrated paper has been published in Madrid, entitled, *La Ilustracion Hispano-Portuguesa*.

THE *Poll Mall Gazette* prints a not very complimentary article on "The Commercial Morality of America."

ONE of the most promising students just now at Cambridge, England, is a Hindoo. He is said to be a remarkable mathematician.

A NEW Protestant journal, published twice a month, has appeared in Rome. It is called *La Roma Evangelica*, and is edited by Professor Nardi Greco.

BISHOP STRAIN, of Edinburgh, has laid the foundation stone of a Roman Catholic church in Dundee. The building will cost upwards of four thousand pounds.

THE horse on which the Earl of Cardigan rode, when he led the famous charge of the Light Brigade, has just died, age thirty. He survived his gallant master four years.

THE author of the poem that will attract the most attention in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*—"The Children of Lebanon, an American Idyll,"—is a Boston lady.

LORD ST. LEONARDS, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Westbury, Lord Cairns, and Lord Heatherley, each receive from the British exchequer a yearly pension of \$25,000 for having been lord chancellor.

ONE of the first sculptors of Rome, Monteverdi, who had wonderful success in the statues of the genius of Franklin and the youth of Christopher Columbus, is now at work on a companion statue of Jenner.

LOUIS RATISBONNE, the French poet, says in a singularly candid letter to Victor Hugo: "Can you deny that you have injured our literature by ruining, as you have done, at least a dozen enterprising publishing-houses?"

THE *Petit Journal* offers to its patrons a "Life of M. Thiers," thus set forth: "M. Thiers enfant, M. Thiers étudiant, M. Thiers journaliste, M. Thiers écrivain, M. Thiers amoureux." The *Petit Journal* had better mind its *p's* and *q's*.

WAGNER is reported to have forbidden the performance of his *Tristan et Yseult* at the grand theatre of Berlin. He assigns as a reason for this arbitrary proceeding, that the city does not possess a conductor able enough to bring out so elaborate a work.

THE playing of a Polish pianist, a pupil of Abbé Liszt, is creating a great sensation in Paris. She has confined her displays to pieces by her teacher and Chopin. Her mechanism is said to be marvellous, but the critics disagree in regard to her touch and style.

MILAN has just been called upon to follow to his last resting-place the remains of Francesco Lucca, the patron and protector of art, to whom Italy owes its knowledge and appreciation of foreign masters, and to whom many debutants owe their present position of *prima donna* or *primo tenore*.

AT Nice there is a Russian who made many millions of roubles by railway speculations. He refuses now to go into society, and receives at his house none but the persons whom he knew in the happy old days when he had not a sou. To them he makes little presents of a thousand or two thousand roubles, and so on. This eccentric gentleman, whose name is not given, is clearly a person worth knowing.

THE *Poll Mall Gazette* says that dwellers in London are now exposed to so many dangers, both seen and unseen, that every child should be carefully taught, as an important part of his or her education, how to live in London with a moderate expectation of not being killed by a street accident, murdered and thrown into the Regent's Canal, or being taken into custody by the police for illness or some other obscure cause best known to constabulary intellects.

THE *Paris Figaro*, anticipating the dog days, tells of a wonderful safeguard against hydrophobia, recently patented by a French doctor. This consists simply of an umbrella or cane, which, on pressing a spring, turns by an ingenious contrivance into a small ladder. Thus, if a mad dog rushes along the boulevards, the happy possessor of the "safeguard" has only to touch his umbrella, and presto, a ladder appears, and running up to the top, he can get safely out of all danger.

"MAJORIE'S QUEST," by Miss Gould, and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," by Jules Verne, are two admirable juvenile books that have been in great demand this year on both sides of the water. The *Athenæum* praises Miss Gould very highly for her skill in delineating child-character. "As to the children, indeed," says the critic, "Miss Gould introduces us to some of the most delightful with whom we are acquainted; and as she vouches for personal experience for the most wonderful of all their sayings and doings, we are inclined to hope they are altogether sketched from nature."

THE king of Bavaria has treated himself to a rather neat new sleigh. The seats are supported by carved nymphs, naiads, or walkyries; and the panels are most chastely painted, engraved, and inlaid by the Court artist, Herr von Pechmann. The seats and footboards are of heavily gold-embroidered blue velvet, as are the harness and horse blankets. Everything is shining with gold, even the poles being gilt — every metallic piece in the sleigh and harness being either of solid gold or strongly plated, so as to be rust-proof. The rugs are of the most costly ermine, with chancellières to match. The trifle cost only 200,000 florins (\$100,000).

THEY have in Glasgow a good method for the speedy detection of burglaries. Some few years ago the chief of the police established in Glasgow an office wherein, for a small annual payment, any merchant is allowed to deposit the keys of his business premises, together with such particulars as are likely to be of service to the police in the protection of his property. If the constable on his beat observes anything unusual in the look of the premises under his charge, he is able to enter them without delay or difficulty, and the knowledge of this fact inspires among thieves a wholesome fear that they are liable to be interrupted at any stage of their proceedings. It is said that the system not only pays its working expenses, but has considerably lessened the number of warehouse robberies.

A CURIOUS circumstance in connection with the Alabama arbitration is reported by the Prussian correspondent of the *Times*. The verdict of the arbitrators was published in the *Jornal de Comercio* at Rio de Janeiro several days before it transpired in Europe, so that, had there been a telegraph between Brazil and England, it would have actually reached London earlier from South America than from Switzerland. Upon the *Jornal* glorying in this notable achievement of their Swiss correspondent, the *Rio Republica* begged to observe that the fact of the verdict having been communicated by the Brazilian arbitrator, Baron de Itajuba, to M. de Villeneuve — who happens to be Brazilian envoy in Switzerland and proprietor of the *Jornal de Comercio* — redounded neither to the honor of Brazilian diplomacy nor journalism.

CERTAIN aristocratic ladies of the West End of London, who are devotees of Ritualism, have found for themselves a new employment which has the recommendation of being healthful in its influence. They cannot brook the idea of their sacred edifice being cleaned out by the hands of hireling menials, and they have formed themselves into a society called "The Phœbes," the members of which are solemnly pledged to do this work of cleaning, themselves. Ladies of the highest rank take their turn of polishing the tiled floors, blackleading the stove, sweeping out the pews and beating the hassocks, and burnishing the brass candlesticks and other paraphernalia of Ritualism. Some of the ladies complain that the work is harder than they expected; and it is not thought their devotion will sustain them long in their self-imposed labors.

At the reception of the Japanese ambassadors by M. Thiers the principal person among them read a little speech in the Japanese language, which he delivered in a sort of accented rhythm

resembling a song. This mode of speaking is adopted in Japan as an expression of respect, and as a mark of the greatest politeness. The idea is by no means a bad one, and must have been suggested by some Japanese Machiavelli. How advantageous to a public man would be the power of concealing embarrassment or emotion under a melodious monotone! How impossible it would be to utter personalities or to make foolish after-dinner speeches in tones fixed by a tuning-fork. Orators interrupting each other or addressing the audience simultaneously should, on this principle, be only permitted to do so on condition of supplying the full chord suggested by the note of the first speaker, and harmony would at least be produced in one sense. A stormy meeting would in that case resolve itself into the performance of a concerted piece of truly Wagnerian complexity.

THE editor of *Good Words* has secured, for the January number of that periodical, what may be briefly described as probably the most absurd set of verses ever published in a decent magazine. The author calls his feebleness "A Birth Song." This is the third stanza: —

"Let science glimmer on the brine," —

by the way, we are quite willing to let science glimmer on the brine —

"Bind isle to isle, and clime to clime;
And on the ocean's lyric line,

Let lightning twang the psalms of time:

A triumph! Let the music roll —
God gives us this immortal soul."

This horrible and indigestible ballad is not only printed in *Good Words*, — we wonder how the editor can keep his countenance, — but is printed in an elaborately designed and well engraved border. The poems which the editor of this magazine declines must be rather excellent.

ANOTHER attempted suicide has occurred in Paris, the victim this time being a young man of excellent family, who selected, with appropriateness, it seems to us, the space in front of the monkey cage at the Jardin des Plantes as the scene of his sanguinary operations. Like MM. Paiva, Verry, Duval, and Lucy, he made use of a pistol, and fired two shots at his heart. The explosions appear to have thrown the monkeys into the greatest state of consternation, and to have very seriously wounded the monkey who pulled the trigger. A record is kept in Paris of all the suicides committed, with their cause, etc., and it has always been remarked that the crime is contagious in different degrees. For instance, if a soldier destroys himself, two or three other rank and file follow his example, while if an officer blows out his brains, at least half a dozen privates desert their colors for another world. The numerous suicides now taking place are attributed to the fact that Count de Paiva led the way. According to Dr. Brierre de Boismont, over 300,000 Frenchmen have committed suicide since the commencement of the century, Paris having furnished a seventh of the total.

A DECREE is shortly to be issued at Munich, putting the officers of the Bavarian army on the same footing with regard to marriage, as their comrades in the rest of Germany. Hitherto a Bavarian officer has been required to deposit in the hands of the state a dowry sufficient to maintain a widow respectably before obtaining the royal consent to his marriage, without which the ceremony is legally invalid. There is at present a sum of nearly three million sterling locked up in this way in the public coffers, single blessedness being not at all appreciated by the officers. The money is to be returned to all who can show that they possess such a regularly invested income as, in the event of their death will prevent their widow from being left in distress. This is the less severe guarantee demanded by the state in Prussia; but it is required with such strictness, that many a poor captain or subaltern found the war of 1870 come upon him suddenly after a long engagement without the hoped-for authorization being obtained. In a vast number of instances there was hasty wedlock, followed by almost immediate parting; and many such brides, now widows, live to mourn not only the loss of their husbands, but the harshness of the rule which has left the brief marriage unrecognized by law.

THE Pope recently received a number of distinguished strangers resident in Rome, of whom the greater part were English and Americans. His Holiness, as is his custom, conversed with his guests, inquiring their nationality and the object of their visit to Rome. He paused among the ladies, most of whom, being somewhat confused, answered his questions in stammering accents. Of one young lady, more nervous than her companions, he inquired where she was born. "I am twenty-four years of age, Holy Father," answered the young lady, whose confusion

prevented her from properly understanding the question. The Pope could not refrain from laughter, and replied, "I ask you where you were born?" (*Je vous demande où vous êtes née.*) The young lady, considerably embarrassed, said, "Pray for me, Holy Father, I have not spoken the truth. I was twenty-nine years old some months ago." (*Priez pour moi, Saint Père, je n'ai pas dit la vérité, J'ai vingt-neuf ans depuis quelques mois.*) This *naïveté* considerably amused his Holiness, whose infallibility enabled him to overlook the gravity of his fair visitor's offence, but it did not prevent him from enjoying the good joke. To mildly suggest that all this could never have happened, would be to spoil a rather pleasant story.

SPEAKING of Mr. Johnson's "Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion," a late writer in the *Saturday Review* says: "Mr. Johnson's treatise on the religious thought of India is an attempt to appreciate the philosophic principles and fundamental ideas of the Indian creeds, rather than to discuss their origin, character, or details. It deals only with what may be called the native creeds of India—Brahminism or Hindooism, and Buddhism, and with these rather in their relation to human thought and hopes, and to the peculiarities of Oriental life, than in their theological or cosmogonical aspect. It presumes, in short, a certain acquaintance with the subject on the reader's part, and is rather a review of and disquisition upon the various religious manifestations of the Indian mind, than a history or description of Indian opinion. It commences with a chapter on the Primitive Aryans; the first part discusses the influence of religion on, and its relation to, Hindoo life; tradition, law, the position of woman,—which, according to Mr. Johnson, is exalted by the polytheistic notions which require duties of both sexes, and, as represented in the older poems, is one of honor and respect—and the special forms and forces of Hindoo society. The second deals in a similar manner with the religious philosophy of India, its principal books, and the general bearing and tendencies of the doctrines of Transmigration and Incarnation; while the third treats of Buddhism, its theological speculations, especially Nirwana, and its practical civilization. Mr. Johnson forms an opinion of Hindoo character and capacities which, so far as we know, is not shared by any one who has had long experience of the race in practical life, and he speaks of the Hindoo race as "the Brain of the East." Altogether, he seems to have taken up his subject with a warmth of sympathy and appreciation which has led him into conclusions as little consonant with the common verdict of men of real experience and true Oriental knowledge as they are agreeable to the general principles and received convictions of Christian communities. But the book presents the subject in a new light, and under new aspects, and it may be well to hear what so keen an admirer of Hindoo ideas has to say for his views and for his clients."

THE POTTER OF TOURS.

PLACE for the man who bears the world!
Not he who rules it from gilded throne,
A puppet made by Fate alone,
Nor he who would float, wide unfurled,
The flag of ruin, dealing death—
But he who, scorning common praise,
Hath shown the world heroic ways,
And trod them first, though with dying breath,
Looking beyond the present pain,
And seeing held in the hands of Time
The crown of genius, won again
By soul undaunted of line sublime.

The potter of Tours was at work one day,
But his eye had lost its lustrous ray;
Despair looked in at the open door,
Casting his shadow athwart the floor,
And the potter's heart was sunk in gloom.
Within the walls of the lowly room
Knowledge had grown that men would prize,
For to the patient spirit came
Art pregnant with immortal fame—
Solutions of deep mysteries:
His deeds were wafted forth of men,
And the marvel grew that one so poor
Had e'en the courage to endure
Such scoffs, such jeers, such toil and pain.
Yet though the couriers that wait
To bruit abroad all lofty deeds
Had hovered o'er him in his needs,

And borne away to palace gate
His name, *Avisseau*; he who claimed
The title kings and *savants* named
With wonder, pallid by despair,
Sank reeling backward upon his chair.
Three hundred years had passed away
Since Palissy, who wrought in clay,
Had died, and carried to the grave
The secret none could read and save.
But he, the ceramist of Tours,
Had sworn the tomb should not immure
Science for ever, and had brought
By his own skill and toilsome thought
The buried treasure back to earth.
Yet his success was little worth,
He said to himself, when still there lay
A greater knowledge far away.
"Ah, could I buy one piece of gold
With a whole cupful of my blood!"
He cried—though all his goods were sold—
And loving eyes with tears bedewed
Looked up in his. One moment sad,
His wife gazed on her wedding ring,
Then drew it off with gesture glad,
And held the little sacred thing
Before her husband: "'Tis our own:
Then take the gold, and melt it down!"
The vision of past happy years,
With joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
Obscured his purpose, but the best
Of all his knowledge was the love
That such high sacrifice could prove.
He clasped her sobbing to his breast,
And pushed the talisman away:
But she, a woman, had her way.
Over the crucible he stood,
That seemed nigh consecrate with blood,
Clammy through fear both brow and palm,
As, aspen-like, he strove for calm:
Then like a criminal, at last,
The time of agony being past,
He sought his doom—and with swift glance
He knew that he alone did hold
The secret of enamelled gold.
A change came o'er his countenance:
"Forgive me, wife," he fainting cried;
She, nobly clinging to his side,
Rejoined, "Forgive thee! Yes, with mine
God's blessing went, and both are thine!"

And thus the reign of science speeds
From age to age by doughty deeds;
One labors that the rest may gain
Increase of good, with less of pain.
So wisdom's torch, that must expire
If genius fail, is passed along
By cunning art and poet's song:
And higher still, and ever higher,
Its flames arise as men are led
To Him who formed the germ of thought,
Which being in the darkness wrought,
Brings forth the living from the dead.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the BEST and CHEAPEST Hair Dressing in the world. It promotes the GROWTH of the HAIR, and is entirely free from all irritating matter. The name and title thereof is adopted as a Trade-mark, to secure the public and proprietors against imposition by the introduction of spurious articles. All unauthorized use of this Trade-mark will be promptly prosecuted.

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "SLIGHT COLD" which would yield to a mild remedy, but if neglected, often attack the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and almost immediate relief.

43 YEARS AGO.—Having done business with the Detroit TRIBUNE more or less since 1829, I feel sufficiently acquainted with its merits as an advertising medium to pronounce unqualifiedly in its favor.—J. L. KING, cor Woodward and Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

[Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

[No. 6.]

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

IV.

THERE entered the room a man about thirty-five years old, tall, but somewhat round-shouldered, with thick, curly hair, a dark complexion, and irregular but expressive and intelligent features. His eyes, dark blue in color, were bright, his nose broad and straight; his lips were cleanly cut. His clothes were not new, and they were a trifle small for him, as if he had grown since they had been bought.

He stepped quickly towards Daria Michaëlovna, made her a low bow, and said that he had long been anxious to have the honor of her acquaintance, and that his friend, the baron, regretted extremely that he had been prevented from coming to take leave of her.

Roudine's thin voice was not in keeping with either his height or his broad chest.

"Pray be seated. I am delighted to make your acquaintance," said Daria, and after she had introduced him to the assembled company she asked him if he lived in that part of the country, or whether he was merely a visitor.

"I live in the province of T——," answered Roudine, holding his hat on his knees; "I have been only a short time here. I came here on business, and I am now living in the town."

"With whom?"

"With the doctor. He is an old college friend of mine."

"Ah! at the doctor's. Every one speaks very highly of him. He is said to be a very skilful physician. Have you known the baron long?"

"I met him last winter at Moscow, and I have spent about a week with him."

"He is an extremely intelligent man."

"Yes, very intelligent."

Daria raised to her face her handkerchief, which was wet with cologne.

"Are you in the government-service?" she asked.

"Who? I?"

"Yes, you."

"No; I have resigned."

Then followed a short silence, after which the conversation became general.

"Allow me to ask you," began Pigasoff, turning towards Roudine, "whether you know the contents of the article which the baron has sent?"

"I do."

"It is about the commerce, or rather, the relations of manufactures to commerce in our country; that, I think, is what you were pleased to say, Daria Michaëlovna?"

"Yes, that is the subject," said Daria, raising her hand to her head.

"I am of course a very poor judge of such matters," continued Pigasoff, "but I must say that the very title of the article seems to me — how can I put it delicately? — very obscure and confused."

"How so?"

Pigasoff smiled, and glanced at Daria Michaëlovna.

"Does it seem clear to you?" he asked, turning his fox-like face towards Roudine.

"To me? Why, yes, of course."

"Indeed. Naturally you know better than I do."

"Does your head ache?" asked Alexandra Paulovna of Daria Michaëlovna.

"No, it's nothing — *c'est nerveux*."

"Allow me to ask you," again began Pigasoff in a slightly nasal voice, "does your acquaintance, Baron Muffel — that is his name, I believe?"

"You are right."

"Does he occupy himself especially with political economy, or does he devote to this interesting study only the leisure hours which he takes from his worldly pleasures and his numerous occupations?"

Roudine looked at Pigasoff attentively.

"In this subject the baron is only a dilettante," he answered, blushing slightly, "but there is a great deal that is true and interesting in his article."

"I am unable to discuss that with you, for I am wholly ignorant of his work. But, may I ask you, is his article more concerned with general principles than with facts?"

"It contains facts, as well as theories which rest upon the facts."

"Indeed. In my opinion — if you will allow me, I may say a word; I spent three years at Dorpat — all these so-called general principles, these theories, and systems — excuse my frankness; I am a provincial, and am not accustomed to mince matters — are absolutely useless. They are all abstractions invented to deceive people. Give us facts, gentlemen, that is all we ask."

"Indeed," answered Roudine, "but ought not the meaning of the facts to be explained?"

"These universal theories!" continued Pigasoff, "I cannot endure these theories, points of view, and conclusions! They all rest on so-called convictions. Every one talks of his convictions, asks others to respect them, to adopt them. Oh!" and he shook his fist in the air. Pandalewski began to laugh.

"Very good," said Roudine; "so according to you there are no such things as convictions?"

"No, there are none."

"That is your conviction?"

"Yes."

"Well, how can you say then that there are none? You have just expressed one."

All who were in the room smiled and looked at one another.

"Just allow me" — began Pigasoff again.

But Daria Michailovna clapped her hands and cried, "Bravo, bravo! Pigasoff is beaten!" while she took Roudine's hat from his hands.

"Wait a moment before you express your joy; have a little patience," said Pigasoff peevishly. "It's not enough to make a joke with an air of settling the whole question. It must be disproved, refuted, — but we are forgetting the subject of our discussion."

"Excuse me, in your turn," began Roudine coolly. "The matter lies in a nutshell. You do not believe in the utility of general theories; you have no belief in convictions."

"I don't believe in them — I don't believe in them. I don't believe in anything."

"Very good. You are a sceptic."

"I don't see the need of using such a high-sounding word. Still" —

"Don't interrupt!" cried Daria.

"The fight has begun," said Pandalewski to himself.

"That word expresses my meaning," continued Roudine. "You understand it, why should I not use it? You believe in nothing. Why, then, do you believe in facts?"

"Why? Oh, that's delightful. A fact is something familiar; every one knows what facts are. I judge of them from experience, by my own senses."

"But your senses may be deceived. Your senses tell you that the sun revolves around the earth, or — or perhaps you do not agree with Copernicus? Perhaps you do not believe in him?"

A smile lit up every face; the eyes of all were turned towards Roudine. Every one thought, "He's an intelligent man."

"You turn everything to ridicule," said Pigasoff. "That is very original, but it does not advance matters at all."

"There was, unfortunately, very little originality in what I have been saying," answered Roudine. "It is all perfectly trite, it has been said thousands of times. But that is not the question" —

"What is, then?" broke in Pigasoff rather impudently. It was his habit, when discussing any question, to begin by ridiculing his adversary; then he would grow brutal, and finally he would retire in sulky silence.

"The question is this," continued Roudine. "I confess I cannot listen without pain to the attacks of intelligent people on" —

"On systems," interrupted Pigasoff.

"Well, as you please, on systems. Why do you so especially dislike that word? Every system is based on a knowledge of the principles of life" —

"Yes, but how is one to know them, to discover them?"

"Allow me. Naturally they are not accessible to every one, and man is liable to mistake; but you will probably

agree with me that Newton, for instance, discovered some of the fundamental laws of the universe. It is true that he was a man of genius, but the discoveries of a genius are great, just in proportion as they are accessible to every body. This tendency to seek for general principles among particular phenomena is one of the main characteristics of the human mind, and our whole civilization" —

"So that is what you are coming to," again interrupted Pigasoff with a languid voice. "I am a practical man, and averse to confusing myself with this metaphysical hair splitting."

"You are perfectly right. But yet you will notice that this desire to be merely a practical man, is, after all, a sort of system, a theory" —

"Civilization, you said," continued Pigasoff without listening to him. "You are trying to overcome us with that word. What good is this boasted civilization to us? As for me, I would not give a farthing for it."

"But you are arguing very poorly, Africanus Simeonovitch," said Daria Michailovna, who at heart was much pleased with the calmness and unbroken politeness of her new guest. "*C'est un homme comme il faut*," she thought, looking kindly at Roudine. "I must make friends with him." These last words she said to herself in Russian.

"I shall not undertake the defence of civilization," continued Roudine, after a moment of silence. "It does not need my defence. You don't like it, — that's a matter of taste. Besides, the discussion would lead us too far. Only allow me to remind you of an old proverb: 'You are angry, Jupiter, therefore you are wrong.' I mean that all these attacks on systems, general theories, etc., are especially to be regretted, because in denying the systems one generally denies knowledge and science, and loses the confidence which they inspire; that is to say, confidence in one's self, in one's own power. But human beings need this confidence; their impressions alone can never satisfy them. It is a sad thing for them to fear thought and not to believe in it. Scepticism only leads to sterility and weakness" —

"Those are mere words," muttered Pigasoff.

"Possibly; but permit me to remark that by saying 'Those are mere words,' we often try to get rid of the necessity of saying anything more sensible than those same words."

"How so?" asked Pigasoff, knitting his brows.

"You understand what I mean," answered Roudine with an involuntary impatience, which he at once repressed; repeat it, if a man has no fixed principles in which he believes, if he has no firm ground on which to rest, how can he be able to give an account of the needs, the destiny, the future of his country? How can he know what he himself to do, if?" —

"I surrender at once," suddenly said Pigasoff, bowing and stepping to one side without looking at any one.

Roudine looked at him, smiled slightly, and was silent.

"Ah, he has taken to flight," began Daria Michailovna. "Don't let that disturb you, Dimitri — excuse me," added with a pleasant smile, "what was your father's name?"

"Nicholas."

"Don't let that disturb you, Dimitri Nicolaïtch. I will all see how the matter stands. He pretends he is un-

ing to discuss any more with you ; but the truth is, he feels that he is unable. But draw nearer, and let us talk."

Roudine brought his chair forward.

"How is it that we have never met before?" continued Daria Michaëlovna. "That surprises me. Have you read this book? *C'est De Tocqueville, vous savez.*"

Daria handed the French book to Roudine. He took it, turned over a few pages, and said, after laying it down on the table, that he had not read that volume of De Tocqueville, but that he had thought a great deal about the questions it treated. Conversation began at once. At first Roudine seemed to hesitate, as if he could not find words to express his thoughts, but gradually he became excited and eloquent. In a quarter of an hour his voice alone was to be heard. They all collected around him. Pigasoff remained, however, in a corner near the fire-place. Roudine talked, intelligently, with enthusiasm and good sense; he showed much knowledge and wide reading. No one had expected to find him in any way a remarkable man—he was so poorly dressed—they had never heard of him before. It seemed strange, even incomprehensible, to all, that so intelligent a man could appear so unexpectedly there in the country. So much the more did he surprise them; indeed, he can be said to have fascinated them all, beginning with Daria Michaëlovna. She was proud of her new acquaintance, and she was already meditating beforehand how she should introduce Roudine into society. In spite of her age there was a great deal of youthful, nay almost childish, enthusiasm in her first impressions. Alexandra Paulovna, to tell the truth, had understood but little of Roudine's conversation, but she was no less surprised and delighted. Her brother felt very much as she did. Pandalewski watched Daria, and grew jealous. Pigasoff said to himself, "For fifty roubles I could buy a nightingale which would sing better." But the most vividly impressed were Bassistoff and Natalie. Bassistoff scarcely breathed; he sat the whole time with open mouth and staring eyes, listening as he had never listened before in his life. As for Natalie, her face was flushed, and her look, which was fastened on Roudine, had become darker and more glowing at the same time.

"What handsome eyes he has!" whispered Volinzoff to her.

"Yes, very handsome."

"But what a pity that his hands are so large and red."

Natalie made no reply.

Tea was brought in. The conversation became more general, but from the sudden silence of every one the moment that Roudine opened his lips, it was easy to judge of the impressions he had produced. It suddenly occurred to Daria Michaëlovna that she would draw Pigasoff out a little. She stepped up to him and whispered, "Why do you keep so quiet, and do nothing but smile so contemptuously? Try to attack him again." Then without awaiting his answer, she made a sign with her hand to Roudine.

"There is one quality of his which you don't know," said she, pointing to Pigasoff; "he is a terrible misogynist; he is always attacking women. I wish you would try to convert him."

Without meaning it, Roudine looked at Pigasoff from head to foot; he was at least a head taller. This made Pigasoff extremely angry; his sallow face grew pale.

"Daria Michaëlovna is mistaken," he answered, with an uncertain voice. "I don't detest women especially, but the whole human race."

"What could have given you such a bad opinion of it?" asked Roudine.

Pigasoff looked him straight in the face.

"Probably the study of my own heart, in which I discover every day new worthlessness. I judge others by myself. I am perhaps unjust, and I am worse than the rest. But what would you have? The habit is formed."

"I understand you, and I sympathize with you," answered Roudine. "What noble soul has not felt the need of humility as it contemplated itself? But yet one should endeavor to escape from this sad condition."

"I am much obliged to you for the patent of nobility which you are kind enough to grant my soul," retorted Pigasoff, "but I don't lament my condition. It is not so bad; and even if I knew any escape, I'm not so sure that I should make use of it."

"But that is the same thing—excuse the expression—as preferring one's self-satisfaction to the desire of living and being in the truth."

"Precisely," cried Pigasoff; "self-satisfaction! I understand the word, and you, I hope, understand it, and everybody else. As for the truth—where is it?"

"I really must tell you, you are repeating yourself," said Daria Michaëlovna.

Pigasoff shrugged his shoulders. "I ask: where is the truth? Even philosophers don't know. Kant says 'This is it;' but Hegel replies 'No, it's this.'"

"And do you know what Hegel says about it?" asked Roudine without raising his eyes.

"I repeat it," said Pigasoff with warmth, "I cannot understand what the truth is. In my opinion there is none in the world; that is to say, the word is there, but the thing does not exist."

"For shame!" cried Daria Michaëlovna. "You ought to be ashamed to talk in that way, you old sinner. There is no truth in the world! What use is there in living, then?"

"At any rate," answered Pigasoff with bitterness, "it would be easier for you to live without truth than without your cook Stephen, who makes such good soup. And tell me, please, what need have you of truth? It does not help one arrange one's ribbons."

"Such jesting is not answering," remarked Daria Michaëlovna, "especially when it descends to abuse."

"I don't know how it is with the truth, but to a great many people, listening to it is painful," muttered Pigasoff, withdrawing to his corner.

As for Roudine, he began to talk about self-love, and he spoke of it very intelligently. He proved that a man who lacked it was of no use, that this quality is the "lever of Archimedes," by means of which the world can be moved; but that, at the same time, he alone deserves the name of man who knows how to control his self-love, as a rider does his horse, and to sacrifice his individuality for the general good.

"Selfishness," he [concluded, "is suicide. The selfish man withers like a lonely, barren tree; but a self-love which consists in a striving after perfection is the source of all greatness. Yea, man ought to shatter the obstinate

egoism of his individuality, in order to be able to give free expression to himself."

"Can you lend me a lead-pencil?" said Pigasoff to Bassistoff.

"A pencil — what for?"

"To write down Mr. Roudine's last sentence. If I don't make a note of it I might forget it, and that would be a great pity. It ought to be preserved."

"There are some things which ought not to be laughed at and turned to ridicule," answered Bassistoff with some warmth, turning his back on Pigasoff.

Meanwhile Roudine had moved towards Natalie. She arose, while her face indicated her embarrassment. Volinzoff, who was sitting by her, arose too.

"Here is a piano," said Roudine; "do you play?"

"Yes," answered Natalie, "but there is Constantine Diomiditch, who plays much better than I do."

Pandalewski raised his head and smiled.

"You do yourself injustice, Natalie Alexievna. I really don't play any better than you."

"Do you know Schubert's 'Erlkönig'?" asked Roudine.

"Of course," answered Daria Michaëlovna. "Go to the piano, Constantine. Are you fond of music, Dimitri Nico-laïtch?"

Roudine merely bowed slightly, and ran his hand through his hair, as if he were ready to listen. Constantine began.

Natalie stood at the side of the piano, opposite Roudine, whose face lit up at the first notes. His dark-blue eyes wandered here and there, occasionally resting for a moment on Natalie. Constantine stopped.

Roudine said nothing. He walked to the open window. A mist, heavy with the rich fragrance of the flowers, hung like a veil over the garden. From the trees breathed a gentle, refreshing coolness. The stars sparkled slowly. Delicious was this summer night; calmness covered everything. Roudine gazed into the dark garden for a few moments and then turned round.

"To-night's music reminds me of my university days in Germany, our meetings, our serenades" —

"You have been in Germany?" asked Daria Michaëlovna.

"I studied a year at Heidelberg, and almost as long at Berlin."

"And you dressed like the students? I understand they have a peculiar costume."

"At Heidelberg I used to wear high boots and spurs, and a short embroidered coat. I also used to let my hair grow down over my shoulders. In Berlin, the students dress like everybody else."

"Tell us something of your student life," said Alexandra Paulovna.

Roudine began his account. He did not have the gift of narration. His descriptions lacked color. He did not know how to make his hearers laugh. Soon he dropped the account of his adventures in foreign parts for general reflections on the aim of civilization and science, on universities and university life in general. He sketched a large picture with bold, broad outlines. All listened to him with eager attention. He spoke like a master, with an irresistible fascination, not always clearly — but this very vagueness lent a charm to his words.

The richness of his ideas prevented Roudine from expressing himself with exactness and accuracy. One image followed another; comparisons, now unusually bold, again remarkably apt, followed one another in generous profusion. There was none of the straining after effect of the professional talker, but genuine inspiration animated his wonderful flow of words. He never sought for expressions; his words flowed readily and obediently to his lips, and one would have said that every one of them came straight from his heart, still glowing with the fire of conviction. Roudine possessed to the highest degree what might be called the music of eloquence. He had the art, by touching certain chords of the heart, to make them all vibrate together. It may have been that one or another of his hearers did not perfectly understand him, but yet he felt his breast heaving, scales seemed to fall from his eyes, something seemed aglow before him in the distance.

Roudine's thoughts, all turned towards the future, lent his face the fire of youth. Standing by the window, not looking at any one, he spoke, inspired by the beauty of the night, the general attention and sympathy, as well as by the presence of the young women. Carried on by the warmth of his own emotion he rose to eloquence, nay, even to poetry. The very sound of his voice, sonorous and calm, doubled the charm. It seemed as if from his mouth there spoke something higher, something which even he himself did not understand. . . . Roudine was speaking of what lent an eternal meaning to the brief life of man.

"I remember," he said in closing, "an old Scandinavian legend. The king and his warriors were in a long, dark hall around a fire. It was night, and in the winter-time. Suddenly a little bird flew in at one door and out by another. The king said, 'That bird is like man on the face of the earth; he flies hither out of the darkness, and he flies back again into darkness, and he only stays for a moment in the light and warmth.' 'Sire,' answered the oldest of the warriors, 'the bird is not lost in the darkness; he will find his nest again.' Without doubt our life is brief; but everything great is done by men. The consciousness of being the instrument of higher powers must console for the absence of all other joys; in death itself man will find his life, his nest." Roudine stopped and lowered his eyes with involuntary emotion.

"*Vous êtes un poète!*" said Daria Michaëlovna in an undertone.

All agreed with her in their hearts, except Pigasoff. Without awaiting the end of Roudine's long speech he had quietly taken his hat and gone away, whispering, as he left, to Pandalewski, who was standing by the door, —

"The sane people are too much for me. I am going to visit the lunatics."

But no one thought of detaining him, nor was his absence remarked.

The table was set for supper, and half an hour later the company separated. Daria Michaëlovna had persuaded Roudine to stay there all night. Alexandra Paulovna drove back with her brother. On their way home she uttered many exclamations, and expressed great surprise at Roudine's wonderful intelligence. Volinzoff agreed with her, but he said that he did not always express himself clearly; "that is to say, not so as to be convincing," he

added, probably intending to explain his meaning; and his face darkened and his look grew more melancholy as it fixed itself on the opposite corner of the carriage.

"He's a clever fellow," said Pandalewski aloud, as he unfastened his silk braces while undressing himself; then with a harsh glance at his servant, a little Cossack, he bade him leave the room. Bassistoff did not sleep all night; he did not even take off his clothes; until daybreak he sat writing a letter to one of his friends in Moscow.

Nor did Natalie close her eyes that night. Lying in her bed, with her head resting on her arm, she gazed into the darkness; her pulse beat as in a fever, and many a deep sigh escaped from her perturbed breast.

(To be continued.)

SOME CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

Markham. I was struck by a remark of yours the other day, Benison, as to the irreconcilable various opinions held on certain points by men of superior intelligence; and set about in my mind to recollect examples, especially in the department of literary judgments, and I have lately spent two wet mornings in the library hunting up some estimates of famous men and famous works, the estimators being also of note. Most of these are from diaries, letters, or conversations, and doubtless express real convictions.

Benison. Will you give us the pleasure of hearing the result of your researches? It is a rather interesting subject.

Markham. I have only taken such examples as lay ready to hand. If you and Frank are willing to listen, I will read you some of my notes; and you must stop me when you have had enough. First, I opened our old friend Pepys. Since his Diary was deciphered from its shorthand and published (as he never dreamed it would be), we think of Samuel as a droll, gossiping creature; but he bore a very different aspect in the eyes of his daily associates. Evelyn describes him as "a philosopher of the severest morality." He was in the best company of his time, loved music and books, and collected a fine library. He was a great frequenter of the theatres and a critical observer of dramatic and histrionic art. Well, on the 1st of March, 1661, Mr. Pepys saw "Romeo and Juliet" "the first time it was ever acted" — in his time, I suppose — "but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do." "September 29, 1662 — To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." "January 6, 1662-3 — To the Duke's House, and there saw 'Twelfth Night' acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day."

Benison. Pepys was certainly sensitive to visible beauty, and also to music; to poetry not at all. Shakespeare's fame seems to have made no sort of impression on him.

Frank. We must remember, however, that most if not all of these that Samuel saw were adaptations, not correct versions.

Markham. He had a somewhat better opinion of "Macbeth." "November 5, 1664 — To the Duke's House to see 'Macbeth,' a pretty good play, but admirably acted." "August 20, 1666 — To Deptford by water, reading 'Othello, Moor of Venice' [this, doubtless, was the original], which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' it seems a mean thing." The bustling play which Pepys so much admired was translated or imitated from Calderon, by one Sir George Tuke, and is in the twelfth volume of Dodley's "Old Plays." April 15, 1667, he saw at the King's House "The Change of Crownes," a play of Ned Howard's, the best that ever I saw at that house, being

a great play and serious." August 15, he was at the same theatre, and saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "which did not please me at all, in no part of it." "'The Taming of a Shrew' hath some very good pieces in it, but in generally a mean play." (April 8, 1667.) Later (November 1) he calls it "a silly play." "The Tempest" he finds (November 6, 1667) "the most innocent play that ever I saw;" and adds, "The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays." To do Samuel justice, he was "mightily pleased" with "Hamlet" (August 31, 1668); "but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Frank. It is pleasant to part with our friendly Diarist on good terms. How persistently, by the way, Shakespeare held and continues to hold his place on the boards amid all vicissitudes, literary and social. This very year, in rivalry with burlesque, realistic comedy, and *opera bouffe*, he has drawn large audiences in London.

Markham. Whenever an actor appears who is ambitious of the highest things in his art, he must necessarily turn to Shakespeare.

Benison. That double star, called Beaumont and Fletcher, has long ago set from the stage. It is curious to remember that there were hundreds of dramas produced in the age of Elizabeth and James, no few of them equally, or almost equally, successful with Shakespeare's; many written by men of really remarkable powers; and that not a single one of all these plays has survived in the modern theatre.

Frank. Might not one except "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," of Massinger?

Benison. That is revived, rarely and with long intervals, to give some vehement actor a chance of playing Sir Giles Overreach. "The Duchess of Malfy" and perhaps one or two other old plays have been mounted in our time for a few nights, but excited no interest save as curiosities.

Markham. But there have been fluctuations in taste; in Pepys's time, and not in Pepys's opinion merely, the star of Shakespeare was by no means counted the brightest of the dramatic firmament. I have a note here from Dryden, which comes in pat. In his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," he says that Beaumont and Fletcher "had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure." "I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection." "Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better. . . . Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs."

Frank. It is very comforting, sir, to find the best holding up its head, like an island mountain, amid the deluge of nonsense and stupidity which seems to form public opinion.

Benison. The nonsense and stupidity are only the scum on the top. It is plain that public opinion, or rather say the general soul of mankind, has, in the long run, proved to be a better judge of the comparative merits of plays than Dryden or Beaumont.

Markham. I have sometimes thought that old Ben's "Silent Woman" would still please if well managed, and "The Fox," too, perhaps. They have more backbone in them (pace our great critic) than anything of Beaumont and Fletcher's. But now, with your leave, I'll go on a century, and pass from Pepys to Doctor Johnson and Horace Walpole.

Frank. Who by no means formed a pair.

Markham. Very far from it. Both, however, are nota-

bles in literary history, and men of undoubted acuteness. The Doctor's opinion of Milton's sonnets is pretty well known — those "soul-animating strains, alas! too few," as Wordsworth estimated them. Miss Hannah More wondered that Milton could write "such poor sonnets." Johnson said, "Milton, madame, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

Take another British classic. "Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author." "He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. . . . I wondered to hear him say of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.'"

Gray was also one of the great Doctor's antipathies. "He attacked Gray, calling him 'a dull fellow.' BOSWELL: 'I understand he was reserved and might appear dull in company, but surely he was not dull in poetry?' JOHNSON: 'Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great.'"

Nor did Sterne fare much better. "It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London — JOHNSON: 'Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I am told, has had engagements for three months.' GOLDSMITH: 'And a very dull fellow.' JOHNSON: 'Why, no sir.'" "Nothing odd will last long. 'Tristram Shandy' did not last." "She (Miss Monckton) insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why,' said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about, 'that is, dearest, because you are a dunce.'"

His opinion of the Old Ballads, in which Bishop Percy threw open a new region of English poetry, was abundantly contemptuous.

Benison. It must be owned there were a good many blunders to be scored against old Samuel — a professed critic, too, who might have been expected to hold an even balance. Speaking of Johnson and poetry, I never can hold the Doctor excused for the collection usually entitled "Johnson's Poets."

Frank. He did not select the authors.

Benison. No, but he allowed his name to be attached to the work, and there it remains, giving as much authorization as it can, to a set of volumes including much that is paltry and worthless, and much that is foul. It was one of the books that I ferreted out as a boy from my father's shelves; and many of the included "poets" would certainly never have found their way thither but for the Doctor's imprimatur.

Markham. He says himself, in a memorandum referring to the "Lives," "Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety."

Benison. I remember he pooh-poohed objections made to some of Prior's poems; but Prior at least was clever. On the whole, he evidently allowed the booksellers to take their own way in the selection of "Poets," and did not hold himself responsible for the work as a whole — but responsible he was.

Markham. In a measure, certainly.

Frank. The work as a collection is obsolete, is it not?

Benison. I believe so, and many of the individual writers would now be utterly and justly forgotten but for Johnson's "Lives." But you have some more extracts for us.

Markham. Yes. The opinions of Horace Walpole, an acute man and fond of books, of his predecessors and contemporaries are often curious enough. Every one of the writers whom we are accustomed to recognize as the unquestionable stars of that time he held in more or less contempt. And remember that Horace collected, selected, and most carefully revised and touched up that famous series of Letters of his. There is nothing hasty or unconsidered. "What play" (he writes to Lady Ossory, March 27, 1773) "makes you laugh very much, and yet is

a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Stoops indeed! So she does, that is, the Muse. She is dragged up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humor, and no humor is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic. The heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *mangé* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably." Of the same comedy he writes to Mr. Mason: "It is the lowest of all farces. . . . But what disgusts me most is, that, though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural, or marks any character at all." He thus notices the author's death: "Dr. Goldsmith is dead. . . . The poor soul had sometimes part, though never common sense."

Dr. Johnson's name always put Walpole into a bad humor. "Let Dr. Johnson please this age with the fustian of his style and the meanness of his spirit; both are good and great enough for the taste and practice predominant." "Leave the Johnsons and Macphersons to worry one another for the diversion of a rabble that desires and deserves no better sport." "I have not Dr. Johnson's 'Lives.' I made a conscience of not buying them. . . . Criticisms I despise." "The tasteless pedant, . . . Dr. Johnson, has indubitably neither taste, ear, nor criterion of judgment, but his old women's prejudices; where they are wanting he has no rule at all." "Sir Joshua Reynolds has lent me Dr. Johnson's 'Life of Pope.' . . . It is a most trumpety performance, and stuffed with all his crabbed phrases and vulgarisms, and much trash as anecdotes. . . . Was poor good sense ever so unmercifully overlaid by a babbling old woman? How was it possible to marshal words so ridiculously? He seems to have read the ancients with no view but of pilfering polysyllables, utterly insensible to the graces of their simplicity, and these are called standards of biography!" . . . "Yet he [Johnson] has other motives than lucre: prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry, are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper." On the Doctor's manners, Horry comments thus mildly: "I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says." Of Dr. Johnson's "Prayers" he writes: "See what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust? One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one's eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered who even suspected his own madness. One seems to be reading the diary of an old alms-woman; and in fact his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too."

"Boswell's book is the story of a mountebank and his zany." "A jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson." "Signora Piozzi's book is not likely to gratify her expectation of renown. There is a Dr. Walcot, a burlesque bard, who had ridiculed highly and most deservedly another of Johnson's biographic zanies, one Boswell; he has already advertised an 'Eclogue between Bozzi and Piozzi;' and indeed there is ample matter. The Signora talks of her Doctor's *expended* mind, and has contributed her mite to show that never mind was narrower. In fact, the poor man is to be pitied; he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humor. . . . What will posterity think of us, when it reads what an idol we adored?" "She and Boswell and their *ben* are the joke of the public."

Walpole's chief poets were Dryden, Pope, Gray, and — the Reverend William Mason, "a poet if ever there was one." He also had a great admiration for Mr. Anstey. He desires the acquaintance, he says, of the author of the

"Bath Guide" [Anstey], and the author of the "Heroic Epistle" [Mason], adding, "I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words and sold it for a pension." Mr. Mason's acquaintance he had the privilege of, and kept up a profuse exchange of compliments with that great writer ("Your writings will be standards," "Divine lines," "Your immortal fame," etc., etc.). Mr. Mason was not only an immortal poet, but a connoisseur of the first water in the arts of painting and music. Here, by the bye, is his judgment of a certain musical composer of that day: "As to Giardini, look you, if I did not think better of him than I do of Handel, my little shoemaker would not have had the benefit he will have (I hope) from the labor of my brain [Mr. M. had been writing an opera-book, 'Sappho,' and Giardini, whoever he was, was to furnish the music]. Let Handel's music vibrate on the tough drum of royal ears; I am for none of it."

"Somebody," says Walpole, "I fancy Dr. Percy, has produced a dismal, dull ballad, called 'The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin,' and given it for one of the Bristol Poems, called Rowley's, but it is a still worse counterfeit than those that were first sent to me." This was one of Chatterton's productions, but after the boy's miserable death had made a stir, Walpole thought "poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius," and denied that he had had any hand in discouraging him.

To turn to the stage. We are accustomed to think of Garrick as a good actor, but Walpole loses no opportunity to sneer at him. "He has complained of M^{re}. Le Texer for thinking of bringing over Cailland, the French actor, to the Opéra Comique, as a mortal prejudice to his reputation; and no doubt would be glad of an Act of Parliament that should prohibit there ever being a good actor again in my country or century." Being asked to meet David at a friend's house, Walpole writes, "Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery." Of Mrs. Siddons he writes (in 1782, after seeing her as Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage"), "What I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous, but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil, and remember every accent of the former in the very same part."

Frank. Johnson, I remember, though always friendly to the old towns-fellow and schoolfellow, Davy, said many contemptuous things of him.

Benison. Perhaps rather of the art of acting. He certainly thought Garrick superior to almost all other actors. Johnson was a good deal about the theatres at one period of his life, and, as we know, wrote a play and several prologues and epilogues, yet he settled into a conviction of the paltriness of acting.

Frank. As Goethe seems to have done.

Benison. The Doctor says, for example, that a boy of a years old could be easily taught to say, "To be or not to be," as well as Garrick. But pray go on.

Markham. Neither Sterne nor Sheridan pleased Master Walpole a bit. "Tiresome 'Tristram Shandy,' of which I never could get through three volumes." "I have read Sheridan's 'Critic,' but not having seen it, for they say it admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation."

And now let me lump in some of his notions of more than literary worthiness. He was going to make "a bower" in his toy-villa of Strawberry Hill, and consulting authorities, "I am almost afraid [he says] I must go and read Seneca, and wade through his allegories and drawing-rooms to get at a picture." Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" are "a lump of mineral from which Dryden extracted all the gold, and converted [it] into beautiful

medals." "Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." "Montaigne's 'Travels,' which I have been reading; and if I was tired of the 'Essays,' what must one be of these! What signifies what a man thought who never thought of anything but himself? and what signifies what a man did who never did anything?" "There is a new 'Timon of Athens,' altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it."

Frank. It is to be hoped that neither Dante nor Shakespeare will suffer permanently from the contempt of Horace Walpole.

Benison. Nor Johnson and Goldsmith, for that matter. One moral of the whole subject before us is — not that we are to despise criticism and opinion, but that the criticisms and opinions of even very clever men are often extremely mistaken. The comfort is, as Frank said, that good things do, somehow, get recognized sooner or later, and are joyfully treasured as the heritage of the human race.

Frank. Take away "Boswell's Johnson" — "the story of a mountebank and his zany" — and what a gap were left in English literature!

Markham. Do you remember what Byron said of Horace Walpole? Here it is, in the preface to "Marino Faliero": "He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may."

Frank. A comical judgment, truly, if sincere!

Benison. I believe Byron had a deep insincerity of character, which ran into everything he wrote, said, or did.

Markham. And now listen to Coleridge's opinion on this same "tragedy of the highest order." "The 'Mysterious Mother' is the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it."

Frank. Decided difference of opinion! By the way, it is Byron's distinction among English poets to have been in the habit of speaking slightly of Shakespeare and of Milton, who (he observed) "have had their rise, and they will have their decline."

Markham. Let us return to Coleridge. Talking of Goethe's "Faust," after explaining that he himself had long before planned a very similar drama (only much better) with Michael Scott for hero, he praises several of the scenes, but adds, "There is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat." Moreover, much of it is "vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous."

Frank. By my troth, these be very bitter words!

Markham. Coleridge's estimate of Gibbon's great work is remarkable. After accusing him of "sacrificing all truth and reality," he goes on to say: "Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between: in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations, from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter of Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog: figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discolored; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire!' Was there

ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire." After some further strictures, Coleridge ends thus: "The true key to the declension of the Roman Empire — which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work — may be stated in two words: the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation."

Frank. Coleridge's two words are not so decisively clear as one could wish. The "key" sticks in the lock. But his criticism on Gibbon certainly gives food for thought.

Benison. Gibbon, however, completed a great book, and has left it to the world to read, criticise, do what they will or can with; whereas, Coleridge dreamed of writing many great books, and wrote none. He is but a king of shreds and patches.

Markham. Even "the Lakers" did not always admire each other. "Coleridge's ballad of 'The Ancient Mariner' [says Southey] is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw." And now, if you are not tired out, I will finish with some specimens of criticism on works of the last generation which (whatever differences of opinion may still be afloat concerning them) enjoy at present a wide and high reputation. The articles on Wordsworth and Keats are famous in their way, but the *ipsissima verba* are not generally familiar. Take a few from Jeffrey's review of "The Excursion" (*Edinburgh Review*, November, 1814).

"This will never do. . . . The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we presume, is now manifestly hopeless; and we give him up as altogether incurable and beyond the power of criticism, . . . a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, . . . 'strained raptures and fantastical sublimities' — a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms."

In the next number, I see, is a review of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," beginning, "Here is another genuine lay of the great minstrel."

Frank. One must own that much of the "Excursion" is very prosaic; but that does not, of course, justify the tone of this review.

Markham. And here is the *Quarterly Review*, January, 1819, on "The Revolt of Islam." "Mr. Shelley, indeed, is an unsparing imitator." "As a whole it is insupportably dull." "With minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, anything is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will make one more at whatever risk, and they end commonly like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients, till, in an unlucky moment, they take fire, and he is blown up by the explosion." "A man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself . . . finally he sinks like lead to the bottom, and is forgotten. So it is now in part, so shortly will it be entirely, with Mr. Shelley: if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we now know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text."

Now a few flowers of criticism from Mr. Gifford's review of "Endymion, a Poem," in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818. "Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody.) . . . "The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." "At first it appeared to us that Mr. Keats had been amusing himself, and wearing out his readers with an immeasurable game at *bouts-rimes*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning." The reviewer ends thus: "But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte. If any one should be bold enough to purchase this 'Poetic Romance,' and so much more patient than ourselves as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a

meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavor to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers."

Benison. You remember Byron's kind remarks on the same subject? In a letter from Ravenna, October 20 1820, he writes, "There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. 'Why don't they review and praise Solomon's 'Guide to Health?' it is better sense, and as much poetry as John Keats.'" "No more Keats, I entreat; flay him alive; some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is a bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin."

Markham. The *Quarterly* in March, 1828, had another generous and appreciative article beginning: "Our readers have probably forgotten all about 'Endymion, a Poem,' and the other works of this young man [Mr. John Keats], and the all but universal roar of laughter with which they were received some ten or twelve years ago."

But now enough. Only I should like to read you just one thing more, which is less known, and presents, perhaps, the extreme example of literary misjudgment, by man of true literary genius — Thomas De Quincey's elaborate review of Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister in the *London Magazine* for August and September, 1811. "Not the basest of Egyptian superstition, not Titan under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, even shaped to themselves an idol more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe." A blow or two from a few vigorous undertakings will demolish the "puny fabric of babyhouses Mr. Goethe." For the style of Goethe "we profess respect," but it is much degraded in the translation, which the reviewer expends many choice epithets of contempt. The work is "totally without interest as a novel and abounds with 'overpowering abominations.'" "The we have made Mr. Von Goethe's novel speak for itself. And whatever impression it may leave on the reader's mind, let it be charged upon the composer. If that impression is one of entire disgust, let it not be forgotten that it belongs exclusively to Mr. Goethe."

The reviewer is annoyed to think that some discussion may still be necessary before Mr. Goethe is allowed to drop finally into oblivion.

Benison. You have not quoted any of Professor Wilson's trenchant *Blackwoodism* against "the Cockney School."

Markham. It did not seem worth while. All the bragging and bullying has long ceased to have any meaning.

Frank. And "Maga's" own pet poets, where are they?

Benison. Let echo answer. You might easily, Markham, bring together some specimens of misapplied eulogy — of praise loud and lavish, given (and not by foolish insincere voices) to names and works which proved have no sort of stability. Meanwhile, many thanks your Curiosities.

Frank here, whom I half suspect of a tendency to authorship, may take a hint not to care too much for eulogy or praise, but do his work well, be it little or great, and, as Schiller says, *werfe es schweigend in die unendliche Zeit*, — "cast it silently into everlasting time."

BALZAC'S "EUGÉNIE GRANDET."

THE lives of women, and especially of young women, are often strangely separated from the life of the principal personage of the house they live in. There are houses, especially in small country towns, where there is a remarkable difference of scale in the interests of the lives that passed in them; where the father is occupied with pecuniary transactions, and the daughters are economical shillings; where the father takes a share in considering public concerns, and the daughters have the field of their activities limited to the garden and the Sunday-school, where the father gets richer or poorer every day, and no one in the household knows anything of the fluctuating

in his fortune, so regularly goes the round of the little household matters, so unfailing are the fixed supplies. This separation of interests — this exclusion of the women from the man's thoughts and anxieties, arising partly from true paternal kindness which desires to bear the burden of life as much as possible alone, partly from a well-grounded fear of the talkative indiscretion of young people, partly from an apprehension that if they knew the full gains of a successful year, they might count too readily upon their permanence — is not rare in our own country, but it is still less rare in France. The French girl is educated on the principle that it is well, in her case, to prolong the ignorance and inexperience of her childhood to the very eve of marriage. She believes that "Papa is rich," or she is told that "Papa is not rich;" or, more frequently, she has no distinct idea on the subject, either one way or the other, but simply sees the smooth working of the house-machine, as ladies see steam-engines going steadily in some mysterious way, without inquiring how much coal they burn, or whether the supplies are likely to be ample or insufficient. The wife knows these things in most cases pretty accurately, but the daughter hardly ever knows them till she is a married woman; perhaps even then her knowledge will be limited to the extent of her own dowry, until the old man dies, and his last will and testament reveals the secret of his affairs. In some exceptional cases the mother is treated with the same reserve, and is purposely kept in ignorance of the progress of an increasing fortune, lest her expenditure should hinder accumulation. The most perfect type of the money-maker deeply enjoys secrecy for itself; he feels as if his beloved treasure would be less securely his own if another knew the full extent of it. He likes the vague reputation for wealth, but he is intensely, even morbidly, anxious that the reputation should remain vague, and he dreads an approach to any accurate publicity.

Monsieur Grandet, father of Eugénie Grandet, was an *avare* of this perfect type. Living in the quiet town of Saumur on the Loire, he had passed successively through the trades of cooper, little wine-merchant, large wine-merchant, proprietor of vineyards, money-lender, speculator in estates, till finally in his old age he was a great financial power in his own neighborhood, and still preserved the frugal habits of earlier years, living in a dismal old house — and old houses can be fearfully dismal in those ancient towns — with his wife and daughter and a single maid-servant, a tall, strong, ugly, devotedly faithful, and simple-hearted creature, who worked all day long at man's work and woman's work, not being ornamental in the least, but useful to the utmost of a domestic's possible utility. Old Grandet was in little danger of seeing his riches diminish through the extravagance of women, for he himself gave out the daily supplies for the little household, knowing exactly how many lumps of sugar were used, and what they were used for, how much butter (and it was not much) went for the cookery, and whether to-day's dish might be asked out for to-morrow's necessities. Old Grandet had imposed tribute upon his tenants — not an uncommon custom in France even at the present day, and a relic of feudal usage — so that besides their rent they brought him regular supplies of provisions. They brought him fowls, and eggs, and vegetables, and fruit; he never went to the butcher, and to the grocer as little as might be. His fuel came from his own woods, his wine from his own vineyards, and he kept the key of the cellar. He knew the number of his pears, and gave out the rotten ones to be eaten, two or three at a time. All communications concerning household matters passed directly between old Grandet and the strong servant, *la grande Nanon*, whilst Madame Grandet and her daughter sat in the gloomy salon, by their accustomed window. Hardly any money passed through their hands. M. Grandet gave a few gold pieces occasionally, but always asked for them back again, one by one, under pretext that he had no change. Since his wife was so entirely excluded from the government of her own house, it is unnecessary to add that she was permitted to take no part in the administration of old Grandet's estates.

He managed everything for himself, and he managed everything so well that his riches increased prodigiously.

At the ripe age of twenty-three Eugénie Grandet knew as much of the world as a young nun, and as much of money matters as a baby. The old man's reserved ways and frequent harshness had driven the two women to seek consolation in each other's affection, and that affection had come to be their whole life. Madame Grandet could not enlarge her daughter's mind beyond the narrow circle of her limited and sad experience, but the warmth of her tender maternal love did good to Eugénie's heart, and strengthened it with gentle nurture. A girl so educated was likely, if ever she loved a man, to love him with the greatest singleness and persistence. Having had no experience of variety in affection, she would probably concentrate all her strength of feeling in a single devoted attachment, of which the good or evil effects would color her whole life.

The monotony of the daily life in that gloomy old house at Saumur was broken in upon one evening by the arrival of a young gentleman from Paris, Monsieur Charles Grandet, aged twenty-two, and a perfect dandy. Though nearly related to Eugénie, being her first cousin, this specimen of Parisian elegance had not yet shone upon the darkness of that provincial existence. The two brothers, his father and old Grandet, had not seen each other for many years. Each had pursued wealth in his own way, the provincial in provincial simplicity, the Parisian with the usual Parisian accompaniments of expenditure and risk. The young dandy, as the bearer of a certain missive for his uncle, had hoped, in the lightness of his heart, to live for a while in the country the true *vie de château*, to shoot in his uncle's forests, and pass the time in pleasantness; one of a hundred guests. Young Charles Grandet was completely ignorant of middle-class provincial life, and fell into it, as it were, from the clouds. He came resolved to conquer by the superiority of his metropolitan civilization: —

His idea was to make his appearance with the superiority of a young man of fashion, to throw all the neighborhood into despair by his luxury, to make an epoch, to import the inventions of Parisian existence. He intended to pass more time at Saumur in brushing his fingers and studying his toilet than in Paris itself, where a dandy will sometimes affect a not ungraceful negligence. He had brought with him the prettiest hunting-costume, the prettiest gun, the prettiest hunting-knife, with the prettiest sheath in Paris. He had brought his collection of ingenious waistcoats; there were white ones and black ones, there were waistcoats colored like beetles with golden reflections, others double-breasted, some with collars standing up, and others with collars turned down, some of them buttoning up to the neck with gold buttons. He had brought all the varieties of collars and cravats which were in fashion at that time. He had two dress-coats by Buisson, and the finest of linen. He had a pretty gold dressing-case, and a complete cargo of Parisian trifles.

This young gentleman arrived at his uncle's house in the perfect freshness of the most careful toilet, for though just at the end of a long journey by diligence, he had taken care to avail himself of a rest at Tours by changing his costume and submitting his beautiful locks to the elaborate art of the coiffeur. A being so graceful as this Adonis had never entered that dingy old salon at Saumur. Eugénie Grandet looked upon him in wonder and admiration. Her mind became penetrated with the feeling that no care for him could be too attentive or delicate. She made old Nanon commit unheard-of extravagances; she made her light a fire in the young gentleman's bedroom; she made her go to the grocer's to buy a candle for the guest, superior to their tallow dips. She bought him sugar also, that he might drink *eau-sucrée* during the night, and thus be spared the possible inconveniences of thirst.

From that moment poor Eugénie Grandet's imagination was possessed and occupied by this Parisian charmer. But the next day gave her a more grave and serious interest in his destiny. That letter which he had brought to old Grandet from his father contained the announcement of a commercial disaster and of a fatal resolve. Being unable to meet his engagements, owing four millions of francs and

being able to pay no more than one million, Grandet of Paris had resolved to escape from his shame by suicide. By the time his son reached Saumur this resolution had been carried into effect, and it remained only to the uncle to make the announcement to his nephew. In his view, the really serious misfortune was the bankruptcy and the consequent poverty which it entailed upon the youth. Charles Grandet, however, took his two misfortunes differently; he lamented his father with passionate tears, and bore the ruin with the lightness of youth and hope. What woman could have refused sympathy to a young man suddenly plunged into misfortunes so overwhelming, so terrible, and by him so unforeseen? Old Grandet's manner in making the announcement had not been tender, or even kind, but the two good ladies atoned for its hardness by the most affectionate and sincere sympathy. In the case of the younger one this sentiment rapidly gave place to one still more tender, and before old Grandet could in decency put his nephew out of the house, his only daughter and heiress had privately engaged herself to marry him.

The old man's idea was to pay his nephew's passage as far as Nantes, and embark him on some vessel bound for India, to perish or make his fortune as fate might decide. Balzac's picture of the brief space during which Charles and Eugénie remained together under the same roof is one of the most delicate and original in his writings. The mixture of womanly self-reliance in Eugénie's character with the hesitation of the most absolute inexperience in love affairs, the completeness with which at last she invested her happiness in the hope of her cousin's enduring affection and fortunate return, are painted with great care and the most finished detail. A girl in Eugénie's position, totally ignorant of men and men's ways, easily puts her trust and confidence in the first male creature that she loves. The gravity of character which a superior young woman acquires after twenty, when her life is dull and solitary and occupied in the discharge of monotonous duties, gives to her first love affair a seriousness beyond the evanescent attachments of children in their teens. In this case the seriousness of the attachment was on the female side considerably enhanced by the melancholy circumstances of the case. Charles had really loved his father, who, as is not uncommon with Frenchmen, had carefully cultivated a tender friendship with his boy. The sudden loss had been a cruel trial. Eugénie had heard the unfortunate young man moaning and lamenting throughout the sleepless night. With the simplicity of a character like hers, she had gone to his room alone and tried to comfort and console him. The hardness of her father's manner made this feminine kindness appear more natural and more necessary, whilst her father's rigid closeness in money matters had induced her to offer her hoard of savings for the payment of the sea passage to India. Charles, on his part, had confided in his cousin's keeping some precious things that came to him from his mother, and which he desired to save from the double risks of travel and of poverty. In this way their love was associated with the most serious and sacred feelings, and it became to her like a part of her religion.

For several years after her cousin's departure Eugénie Grandet remained in sad fidelity, not receiving a single letter, but trying to account to herself for this silence by the reasons which faithful women invent for their own consolation. Her treasure consisted of the things which had belonged to Charles's mother, and which he had confided to her care. She watched over the precious deposit as if it were an abiding evidence of his continual love and trust. The secret that she had lent him money became known to old Grandet through a habit which he had of asking on his fête-day to look at his girl's money, which indeed was almost a numismatic collection, for it consisted of large and rare gold pieces of many countries and reigns. This is a way of hoarding not very uncommon in provincial France at the present day, when a man will sometimes make the resolution to put aside all the gold pieces above the value of twenty francs that happen to get into his purse. Grandet had given many pieces of this kind to Eugénie—twenty Portuguese coins each of which was

worth 180 francs, five Genoese worth a hundred francs, and many other curious coins of different nations, worth in the aggregate about £250. All these she had given to her cousin, and when the fête-day came round, and old Grandet according to his custom asked to see them, the young lady's position became trying in the extreme. For had not there been a clear understanding that this money, like the guinea which the Vicar of Wakefield gave to his daughters, was never to go out of her hands, either by way of spending or of donation? The scene on the fête-day, when the money was not forthcoming, is one of the most dramatic in Balzac. It ends by a discovery of the girl's secret, and, to punish her, the old man imprisons her in her own room on a diet of bread and water, happily varied in practice by the devotion of the servant-woman, who at great risk conveys to her more substantial aliments.

The old man's temper after this produces complete domestic misery. His wife, whose health has been declining for years, is unable to bear the wretched moral atmosphere she has to live in, the constant unkindness, the separation from her daughter; so she loses her remnant of strength and quickly passes away. Eugénie is now dreadfully isolated, having nobody to love her but old Nanon. Finally Grandet himself dies, and then Eugénie finds herself the possessor of an enormous fortune. Her real treasures, however, were the relics confided to her by Charles, which she kept religiously, looking at them every day. A woman in Eugénie's position, with her singleness and simplicity of character, easily comes to have a remarkable permanence of sentiment and of thought. She becomes almost like a pensive heroine fixed on canvas by some painter, who year after year seems to be thinking the same thing, and feeling the same tender yet subdued emotion. After seven years of patience, constantly filled with thoughts of Charles, and vague wonderings as to his return, Eugénie said one evening to the old servant Nanon, "What, Nanon, will he not write to me once in seven years?"

After his departure from Saumur, the young gentleman had been successful in his first speculation, and, having inherited the commercial skill which existed in his family, continued to increase his little capital till he was able to undertake operations on a larger scale. Extremely active in business, he devoted himself to it body and soul, being possessed with the idea of reappearing one day at Paris in all the opulence of his luxurious youth. At first he had really treasured the remembrance of Eugénie, but a life of unrestrained immorality speedily obliterated it. Finally he returned with a considerable fortune, and in the same ship had for fellow-passengers the family of a nobleman who had a position at the Court of Charles X. This nobleman's wife thought him worth fishing for as a son-in-law, and caught him by the prospect of a brilliant social position, since, by an arrangement which would certainly receive the royal sanction, he might take the name and arms of D'Aubrión, and ultimately succeed to the marquisate. A month after his arrival in Paris, being still in ignorance of Eugénie's wealth, he wrote to her a counsilly, but not at all lover-like letter, enclosing a check for 8,000 francs in payment for the sum she had lent him, capital and interest, and announcing his marriage with Mlle. D'Aubrión, adding a few observations on the folly of love-marriages, and the necessity for considering the social position of his children.

So ended poor Eugénie's dream of seven years. Charles is punished by learning, too late, the extent of her enormous fortune. She adds a little to his punishment by paying what remains due to his father's creditors. Afterwards, persuaded by her religious adviser, she marries a magistrate capable of attending to her affairs, but her life is a broken life.

WITH a view to the prevention of suicides, a receiving house for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned, about to be established near Waterloo Bridge, London, by the Royal Humane Society.

SLEEP.

It would be interesting to know whether the following question has ever been discussed at a debating society, and if so, on which side the weight of argument lay: "Whether have men of letters or men of science done most to traduce the character of sleep?" On the one side, it might be strongly urged that, from Homer downwards, literary men have been in the habit of slanderously associating in every possible way the gentle form of Sleep with the gaunt image of Death. Between the "dull god" and the "king of terrors," they have attempted to make out a near family relationship. In the literary treatment of the grim monarch, it was quite natural and justifiable to try to show, that at all events, he was very respectably connected. But it was inexcusable in writers on the other side to admit the alleged kinship, to recur to it frequently, or to shrink from indignantly repudiating it. "The sleep that knows no waking," may be permissible as a euphemism; but "Death's twin-brother, Sleep," is simply libellous. To Montaigne, the resemblance was so striking, that he thought one of the uses of sleep is to accustom men to the thought of death, so that they might be able to go out of life without fear. But the quaint old Gaul had some peculiar notions about sleep. He was not sure, for instance, whether it was indispensable to life, founding his doubt on some very questionable stories of alleged prolonged sleeplessness. Sir Thomas More was so struck by the analogies between sleep and death, that he would never trust himself to the tender mercies of "Nature's soft nurse" till he had prayed to Heaven for protection. It is to be hoped that the other petitions of the good knight were inspired by ideas less fanciful than an imaginary close resemblance between sleep and death. The likeness is indeed the slightest possible. The breathing immobility of sleep is not at all suggestive of the fixed repose of death. It may be said, indeed, that except in the one common point of insensibility, the two conditions in all their aspects, æsthetic as well as scientific, present a well-marked contrast. But as a set-off against this besetting sin of many literary men, it might be pleaded, though irrelevantly, that not a few of them have given worthy expression to the characteristic qualities of sleep. Our great dramatist especially has showered on it a perfect bouquet of such endearing epithets as "gentle sleep," "the innocent sleep," "sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care," "balm of hurt minds." Young's musical line, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and Kents's "comfortable bird that broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind, till it is hushed and smooth," are as well known poetical descriptions of sleep as honest Sancho Panza's fervent benison on the man who first invented it.

But if sleep has on the whole received scant justice from the literary class, it fared no better for many a day at the hands of scientific men. If those associated it with death, these long confounded it, as regards its physical antecedents, with stupor. The history of the opinions of physiologists in regard to the cause of sleep presents an instructive example of the folly of theorizing on such a subject, in the absence of any adequate basis of facts established by observation. From the good old times, when the ascension of vapors from the stomach, their congelation by the coldness of the brain, and the consequent plugging of the vessels of the head, was deemed quite a lucid and satisfactory account of the matter, down to a comparatively recent period, there have been innumerable opinions in regard to the cause of sleep. The latest writer on the subject, when setting up his own theory, demolished without difficulty those of his predecessors. At last the balance of scientific opinion, after many uncertain oscillations, settled pretty steadily down to the conviction, that the proximate cause of sleep is a state of fulness or distension of the blood-vessels of the brain. Slumber is brought about, it was believed, by pressure of the distended vessels on the brain tissue. Though some men of high standing could not repress their doubts that natural sleep is not caused in

this way by a tight sanguineous nightcap, this opinion was generally held, and the doubters could not give any better solution of the problem, but were rather inclined to treat it as insoluble. One thing was certain: that a condition in some respects resembling sleep could be artificially produced by pressure on the brain. This condition, though often identified with sleep, was really its counterfeit, coma or stupor, a state distinguishable from true slumber by the great difficulty of arousing the unfortunate subjects of it. This theory, after it had long held sway, was at last proved to be at variance with some established physiological principles, and with observations made on the brain in cases where that organ had been exposed by fracture of its bony covering. It was shown, besides, that a state in every way resembling natural sleep could be induced by diminishing instead of increasing the supply of blood to the brain. In 1855, it occurred to Dr. Fleming, then a professor in Cork, to try the effect of compressing at the upper part of the neck the carotid arteries, two of the vessels which convey the vital fluid to the brain. He requested a friend to make the experiment on himself. The result was the production of a state of complete unconsciousness, in which, however, the subject of the somewhat hazardous experiment dreamed with great activity, a few seconds appearing as hours, from the number and rapid succession of the thoughts passing through his mind. The effects passed off on the removal of the pressure from the vessels. This was clearly a very different condition from that of stupor, and one not distinguishable from ordinary sleep. Dr. Fleming was cautious in drawing conclusions, but he threw out the suggestion that possibly after all ordinary sleep might be connected with an opposite cerebral condition to that commonly assigned as its cause. In a few years this was placed beyond all doubt. Mr. Durham, a London surgeon, and almost simultaneously Dr. Hammond of New York, showed, by a series of experiments on the lower animals, the results of which were first published in 1860, that during sleep the brain is in a comparatively bloodless condition. The experimenters observed the brain becoming pale, and sinking down as sleep came on; and as that condition passed off, they saw its surface rising up and becoming suffused with the red blush of the returning circulation. At the period of complete awakening, the vessels became more full and distended, and a large number sprang into sight which had been invisible during slumber. These experiments, when viewed in connection with that of Dr. Fleming, formerly mentioned, proved conclusively that the immediate antecedent of sleep is a diminution of the stream of blood flowing to the brain, which condition lasts during the continuance of sleep.

This discovery was at once seen to harmonize with everything known concerning the determining causes of sleep—that is, the conditions which tend to produce it. Great loss of blood, for example, predisposes to slumber. In such circumstances, the brain is brought accidentally into a state analogous to its condition in ordinary sleep. Heat is conducive to sleepiness, because it draws the blood to the surface of the body and the extremities, thus diminishing the supply to the brain. Moderate cold has ultimately a similar somniferous influence, and for precisely the same reason. Intense cold, on the other hand, has an opposite effect upon the circulation. It drives the blood from the surface to the internal organs, including the brain, in which it accumulates. The consequence is the induction of a state not of sleep, but of coma, in which the unfortunate victim soon sinks. The inclination to sleep after a hearty dinner is due to the fact that, at such a time the stomach, in obedience to a law to which we shall presently advert, requires an increased supply of blood to enable it to discharge its function. For this it is obliged to draw on the other parts of the system, including the brain. Monotonous sounds conduce to slumber, by tiring out the brain, thus diminishing its activity, and consequently rendering necessary a smaller flow of the vital fluid towards that organ. On the other hand, everything productive of mental excitement of any kind, including even the anxiety to invite the approach of slumber, is directly hostile to it,

because activity of the brain requires, as a prime necessity, a flow of blood towards that organ, inconsistent with the physical conditions of sleep. The discovery of the comparatively bloodless condition of the brain during sleep, brought out also a perfect harmony in the law of nutrition of the different parts of the system. Every one of the bodily organs exercises its function at a considerable expenditure of its own substance. Its period of activity is for itself one of constant wear and tear. Part of its structure is being constantly oxygenated, and thrown off as waste matter. This, of course, renders necessary a compensating process of reparation. The necessity of the periodic quiescence of an organ lies in the fact, that it is only then that its nutrition is possible. During its time of activity, its force is expended in the exercise of its function. To enable it to perform it, there is an increased determination of blood to the active organ. When it has done its work, this excess of supply of the vital fluid is drained away to other organs, whose periodic activity is commencing. Then begins its season of rest. Though its supply of blood is now much smaller, the fluid circulates more slowly, and the conditions are the most favorable for the assimilation of its elements, and thus repairing the losses sustained during its period of functional activity. The heart has thus a short season of activity, followed immediately by a shorter one of rest. In the case of the lungs, the periods alternate at somewhat longer intervals. The brain has a very much longer period in which it is able to work without interruption, and this is followed by a season of repose about half as long. This rest of the brain is sleep, and its use, physiologically speaking, is to afford opportunity for the nutrition of the organ.

But though the discovery of the anæmic condition of the brain in sleep satisfactorily explained some things which were before inexplicable, the cause of that bloodless condition was itself an enigma. Like a dark lantern, the discovery referred to flashed light in every direction in which it was turned, but showed nothing of what was behind it. By what force is the blood held back from the brain? To this it might seem at first blush an adequate reply to say, that the stoppage of the organ's activity renders unnecessary an excess of the vital fluid, required only while it is discharging its functions. But apart from other objections to this view of the matter, it reverses the sequence in which the phenomena actually occur. The diminution of the supply of food precedes, not follows the cessation of functional activity. Fleming's experiment, to which we have referred, shows that sleep is at once produced by partly stopping the channels through which the vital fluid is conveyed to the brain. It would appear, therefore, that some special mechanism is required to secure at the proper moment the diminution of the streams flowing to the organ. The object to be effected is of sufficient importance to make us look for some special arrangement. That object is to stop at once the complicated machinery of an organ whose ramifications extend to every part of the body, to obliterate thought, to overmaster volition, and "steep the senses in forgetfulness." Every one knows how thoroughly effective is the means used for this end. Who has not been obliged to succumb to the imperious power of sleep, in spite of every effort to escape its thralldom? People will sleep undisturbed amid noises so loud, that "with the hurly death itself awakes." In the battle of the Nile, many of the ammunition boys fell asleep, notwithstanding the roar of the conflict and the dread of punishment. After the battle of Corunna, whole battalions of English soldiers on march slept while in rapid motion. Damians, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. slept on the rack while being subjected to dreadful torments, and he could be kept awake only by changing the mode of torture. It is also to be noted that, whatever be the mechanism for restraining the flow of blood to the brain, it cannot be under the immediate control of that organ. The brain is unable to superintend an arrangement for the stoppage of its own function. Every exertion of its own to bring on sleep thoroughly defeats its object.

This brings us to the last important contribution to the

physiology of our subject. In 1868, Mr. C. H. Moore published a very ingenious essay, in which he endeavors to solve the problem of the comparatively bloodless condition of the brain in sleep. He shows that this object can be effected in no other way than by a contraction of the arteries which convey the vital fluid to the brain. The mode in which this contraction is brought about is not difficult to understand; but it is necessary to premise one or two elementary physiological facts. The walls of the blood-vessels consist of several coats, one of which is of muscular fibres which encircle the whole artery or vein. When these fibres contract, they necessarily narrow the calibre of the vessel, and they are connected with nerves which regulate their contraction. The whole nervous mechanism of the body consists of two sets of nerves and nerve-centres — namely, the cerebro-spinal system, composed of the brain, the spinal cord, and the nerves connected therewith; and the sympathetic system, consisting of a chain of small knots of nervous matter (or *ganglia*, as they are called) lying in front of the spinal column, and connected by nervous cords with the cerebro-spinal nerves. In regard to nervous force, the sympathetic system has partly a primary independent power of its own, and is partly controlled by the great cerebro-spinal system. Now, the nerves which control the contraction of the arteries of the neck proceed from the sympathetic system. The brain itself sends no nerves to its own arteries. Hence, in the matter of the supply of blood, that organ is subjected to a mechanism over which it has no direct control. The key of the position is in the keeping of the ganglia of the neck, and if it were possible for them to use their power autocratically, they could at any moment lock up in slumber the great organ above them. They have only partly to turn the stop-cock — that is, to exert their force on the muscular walls of the arteries, when the contraction of the latter would render the brain as powerless as a steam-engine with the motive-power turned off. We have seen that the ganglia have such a power; but of course they do not exercise it under any conditions implying intelligence or volition. Mr. Moore's theory is, that while the primary force of the ganglia tends always to contract the arteries, their power is kept in abeyance while the brain is in a state of activity by its exercising over them an overmastering force. But when the brain becomes fatigued, this inhibitory force is first diminished, and then ceases, and as the ganglia are liberated from control, they begin to put forth their native power over the muscular walls of the arteries, with the almost immediate effect of diminishing the flow of blood to the brain, and locking up that organ in sleep. Before perfect sleep supervenes, however, there is occasionally a struggle for empire: the brain resumes by snatches a temporary sway over the ganglia, until it is no longer able to continue the conflict. During sleep the brain throws off the unremoved effete matter which had latterly clogged its operations, and given rise to the feeling of weariness, premonitory of slumber, and it assimilates new material for the repair of its own substance. When thus invigorated, it is in a position to reassert its power over the ganglia; its arteries, liberated from the contractile force, expand to their usual dimensions, and the flow of the vital fluid to the brain restores the physical conditions of that organ's activity.

It would be difficult to obtain direct verification of Mr. Moore's theory, but the fact that it renders possible a satisfactory explanation of the causes of dreaming and somnambulism, gives it some indirect confirmation. Dreaming is a state of imperfect sleep, in which some of the mental faculties, notably the memory and the imagination, are in active operation, while the other mental powers, and the power of sensation, are in abeyance. In somnambulism, also, certain senses and faculties are completely suspended, while others are in active exercise. The simplest case of that condition is that of sleep talking, in which the power of articulate speech has escaped the spell laid on the other faculties. In the more remarkable cases, the locomotive apparatus is also emancipated. In regard to his mental condition, the somnambulist may be described as alive to objects of attention, and wholly indifferent to objects not

within the range of his train of thought. On awakening, he usually has no recollection of his previous condition; but on again relapsing into somnambulism, he continues the line of thought and action developed from the associations which his mind received on the former occasion. Both dreaming and somnambulism, therefore, imply a completely torpid state of some parts of the cerebral apparatus co-existing with the exemption of other parts of it from the somnific control. Now, though the minute topography of the brain given by phrenology may not be correct, there are reasons independent of the principles upon which that science is based for believing that to different parts of the brain are assigned different functions. If this be the case, the phenomena of the two conditions we are considering would be explicable on the assumption, that while the supply of blood was reduced in some segments of the brain to the sleeping-point, in other parts of the organ it flowed in unabated force. This abnormal condition would be produced by the unequal contraction of one or more of the cerebral arteries, resulting from an imperfect action of the ganglia, and this imperfect ganglionic action in its turn might be caused either by a partial failure of their automatic power, or in their force being partly neutralized by that of the brain.

Since the publication of Mr. Moore's little book, a curious contribution of another kind has been made to the literature of sleep, by Mr. George Catlin, well known as a writer on the North American Indians. This gentleman is of opinion that a large number of the ills to which civilized flesh is subject arises from the fact that people, when they cease to be savages, foolishly persist in the baleful practice of sleeping with their mouths open! That Mr. Catlin is in dead earnest, and not poking fun at us, is evident from the whole tone of his book. Divested of its rhetorical wrappings, Mr. Catlin's main argument may be stated as follows. Amongst his friends the Indians, he has proved that such things as premature deaths from disease, as well as mental and physical deformities, are almost unknown. Among civilized peoples, on the other hand, these things are only too well known. The only difference in the habits of savages and civilized people capable of accounting for this state of matters is, that while the former sleep with their mouths shut, the latter not unfrequently sleep with their mouths open. The Indian mother presses together the lips of her sleeping babe till the habit of shutting the mouth is irrevocably formed. The English mother places her child in a close, stifling atmosphere, in which it is obliged to gasp for breath. The consequence is, that the savage inhales through his nostrils an atmosphere heated and purified by a special apparatus, while the other inspires through his mouth an atmosphere too cold and impure for the delicate respiratory organs. Hence the prevalence in civilized countries of bronchial and pulmonary diseases, and especially of that fell scourge, consumption. Mr. Catlin buttresses his main argument by others of various sorts, not the least convincing of them being contained in his amusing illustrative sketches. No doubt he rides his hobby too hard and too far, but what he says is not devoid of a good deal of truth. In another of its aspects, the habit referred to is equally reprehensible. Every one who has seen and heard *Paterfamilias* take his post-prandial nap in certain positions in his easy-chair, must admit that sleeping open-mouthed is a practice not conducive to beauty, either facial or sonorous. Both on sanitary and æsthetic grounds, therefore, we cannot do better than advise the reader to practise in sleep the laconic injunction which forms the title of Mr. Catlin's book — *Shut your mouth*.

TWO NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

I.

"You seem very cold; will you share my rug?"

So our conversation opened. I was cold, but I declined the offer, drew my shawl closer around me, and shrunk up into the corner of the old coach, an evident object of inter-

est to my only fellow-traveller, a young man whom I had set down at the first glance as a naval officer. It was New Year's Day, a fact I had scarcely recollected until it was recalled to my mind by my companion's next remark, made as he drew his head in from the window after opening it to take a glimpse at the winter landscape.

"The snow is getting most inconveniently deep," he said. "The new year meets with a cold reception; a different one awaits us at our journey's end, I hope, though I much doubt my reaching my destination to-night. You have not much farther to travel, perhaps?"

"I ought to reach it at eight o'clock," was my reply, given in a tone so discouraging to farther parley, that my friend retired into his corner, drew his rug around him, pulled down his travelling cap over his ears, and prepared to doze, leaving me to my own thoughts, while the poor horses dragged their weary way over the deepening snow, and the leaden sky grew darker and darker.

No one had wished me a Happy New Year, and it would have seemed a mockery if they had. The old year had robbed me of all that I held dearest. My father had died abroad, where he had gone with his regiment. My mother had been in ill health when he left her, and the shock of his death had hastened her end. The early winter saw me an orphan. My mother's family had never approved of her marriage with my father, as he had no private means whatever. He had been gazetted a major the very week of his death. Just when my mother and I were rejoicing over the intelligence, he must have died.

I had received a very good education, and most thankful I was that this enabled me to strike out a path for myself. My mother's aunt, Lady Goldney (her husband had been an Indian judge), wanted me to be her companion, but I knew too much of her to covet such a life. My mother's relations had neglected her, let her want many a luxury in those last few months that they could have supplied without any self-denial. That I could not forget, and recollecting it, declined any favor at their hands, shocking them by declaring my firm intention to seek my living as a governess. They immediately, as they termed it, wiped their hands of me, and I went to my father's only brother's to remain until I could succeed in obtaining a suitable situation. My uncle was a country clergyman, bringing up a large family on a very limited income. I had not been with them long when I heard of something that seemed likely to suit me exactly. A distant connection of my aunt's was seeking a governess for her only child, a girl of thirteen. She was charmed to get one whom she could receive as a member of the family. It was a long way from all my old associations, but they were so saddened now that this seemed only a recommendation.

I set off in the early morning, dressing by the flickering light of one candle, my appetite refusing the substantial meal my aunt had hospitably prepared for me. I had seen very little of my relatives until they had come to me in my sore trouble, but they had been so considerate and kind that to bid them good-by opened the wound afresh. I was very young — scarcely eighteen; to be thrown among strangers was a great trial. My uncle wished to give me five pounds, but I would not take it, so I set off for my new duties with a very light pocket and a heavy heart. The words of my fellow-traveller had sent a chilly fear into my heart. Suppose the coach had to stop on the road, and I obliged to pay for bed and board, how would my scanty store hold out? All sorts of fears and surmises crowded into my mind. How should I be received if I came to Morton Manor late at night, or not at all on the day I was expected? Then I wondered whether Mrs. Morton would think me young and giddy, a fear arising from my uncle's last words that very morning: —

"Good-by, Ethel," he had said; "you are a deal too young and pretty to be a governess — more fit to be in the schoolroom yourself. Mind, if you are at all uncomfortable, come back to us, my child. Poor Hugh's daughter will always have a welcome at my hearth."

The compliment that in brighter days would have been dangerously pleasing, was to me then but a cause of pain.

And, as I sat back in that old coach, I recalled with pleasure the fact that in height I was much above the average; though my figure was slight and girlish, I overlooked that, and congratulated myself that, with my golden hair packed tightly behind my ears in a mass of tresses that would show above my head, I looked at least twenty. I am old now, and what beauty I had has long since faded away, so you will not think me vain if I tell you that at eighteen I was beautiful. What made my beauty rare was that my eyes were of a full, deep blue, shaded by eyelashes which, with my eyebrows, were shades darker than my hair. After all, beauty is God's gift, and may be used or abused like every other good thing.

My fellow-traveller and I were presently aroused by the coach stopping, and in a few minutes the guard opened the door and announced a fact that was now self-evident. The clouds were blowing off and it was beginning to freeze.

"Must stop here, sir," he said, "for two hours, to get the horses roughed. The smith is out of the way, so we are obliged to wait until he comes back."

I was the only lady passenger — indeed, the only one at all besides my friend in the corner. At the sound of the guard's voice he rubbed his eyes, yawned, and looked about him, then stepped out, and, as I thought, was going to leave me to myself. Presently he returned, with rather a rueful expression on his face, and said, —

"I think, Miss Peel, you will find the room yonder more pleasant than this," pointing to the window through which the ruddy glow of a blazing fire fell on the snow. "It is not quite the most desirable place in the world for a lady, but, at any rate, it is warm."

I hesitated; but he rejoined, half testily, —

"You had better make the best of it. You will be frozen here long before we are ready to start again."

I felt that he only spoke the truth, and gladly availed myself of his proffered arm to steady my trembling footsteps on the slippery ground, for I was faint and giddy with my long fast. Once in the warm kitchen, with the clatter of voices, the smell of stale tobacco and spirit, a mist stole over my eyes, and sinking into the corner of the old-fashioned settle, I lost all consciousness. I suppose there must have been a great commotion, but, happily for me, I knew nothing until I found myself lying on a bed, and a kind, motherly old woman pouring strong brandy-and-water down my throat. I soon recovered myself, and after I had had tea, paid the old woman her very moderate charge, and heard that we should reach Morton before midnight, I was quite myself again.

The old lady remained chatting with me for a little while, and gave me the startling piece of intelligence that my fellow-traveller was Mrs. Morton's only brother, who had just returned from a long voyage.

"And he has been asking for you, miss," she said; "I thought you must be old friends, he carried you up-stairs so tender like."

Oh, I thought, what will he think of me, so churlish all the journey, and so weak-minded now. I threw myself back on the bed, and in the midst of my conjectures fell asleep, and dreamed that Mrs. Morton was turning me away in the middle of the night, without any money or clothes; from which disagreeable employment I was aroused by a candle being brought into the room, and the hostess awaking me by saying that the horses were being put to.

We were soon on our journey again; and, with my heart throbbing in my throat, I prepared to make some apology to Mr. Felton for the trouble I had given him. But directly he had taken his place he said, —

"I am so glad you are all right again. I was very sorry for you, and frightened too; but this cold is enough to kill any one."

I thanked him, and proceeded to say that I was on my way to Morton Manor to take charge of a little girl who, from what I had just heard, must be his niece.

He started as though very much surprised, but recovering himself, he rejoined, with a short laugh, —

"It is a case of mistaken identity, Miss Peel. Seeing your name on your luggage, I jumped to the conclusion

that you were the only daughter of one of my father's oldest friends, Captain Peel, who was good enough to show me a tiny oil-painting which his wife had sent out to him of his 'little Ethel,' as he called her. You bear a strange resemblance to the picture. I did not think I could be mistaken in the eyes. She had a rich aunt — Lady Somebody-or-other — who was likely to introduce her well, I was told. You must surely be some connection?"

"Why not the original?" I asked, gulping down the sob that rose in my throat as the old happy days crowded back on my memory. "I am Ethel Peel," I hurried on, "the only daughter of Major Peel; so far you have made no mistake; but I am afraid my aunt, Lady Goldney, is unlikely to introduce me much, as she is a chronic invalid."

He gave a glance at my deep mourning, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, —

"Do forgive me. I must have pained you. I shall not easily forgive myself; but I have been away from all home news for many months."

I took his hand, and he grasped mine warmly, saying, as he did so, —

"I am sure you will like Pet, if she is at all what she was three years ago; and Emily will be a true friend to you. She is a little brusque — our Scotch blood, you know — but as true as steel."

So we chatted on, or rather he did, until the coach stopped at the lodge of Morton Manor. There was a long approach, and we had to walk. A man was waiting to receive me, and carry my luggage. He seemed delighted to see Mr. Felton.

We were soon at the old-fashioned house and in the cheerful dining-room, where a bright fire blazed on the hearth, and Christmas fare was spread on the table. I can recall the scene distinctly now, though it was more than fifty years ago, even to the very holly-berries that glistened against the oaken panel. Yes, that New Year's Day was the most eventful of my life, because it introduced me to Horace Felton.

I was quite bewildered in the hubbub that greeted his arrival among them. He was kissed and hugged by his sister, while her husband asked him fifty questions, as to how he had come so unexpectedly, why he had not written to them, all in a breath; and the two large dogs barked and jumped around him; and a sweet-looking child added to the confusion by her merry laugh and cries of delight. All this, you must know, took but a minute, as I stood behind unnoticed. Immediately he could disengage himself from his sister's hugs, Horace turned to me and said, —

"Allow me, Emily, to introduce you to Miss Peel."

She gave me a perplexed look for an instant, then warmly shaking hands, exclaimed, —

"Oh, ten thousand pardons! Here we have been waiting, my dear, for the last four hours to give you a warm welcome, and yet never to have spoken to you all this time! You must forgive us; this young man's sudden appearance has turned our heads. You came together? Well, that was pleasant, just in time to wish us a 'Happy New Year!' We were afraid you would not come until another day had begun. You must be frozen. Pet, take Miss Peel up to her room, and bring her down again quickly to have some supper."

And then I was shown to a comfortable room with a blazing fire. The heat made my face glow, and the excitement made my eyes sparkle, until I scarcely knew myself. But my beauty gave me no pleasure; would Mrs. Morton think me too pretty for a governess? After a merry but hasty meal, I found myself once more in my own room. Mrs. Morton, coming to my door, kissed me affectionately, hoped I should sleep well, and told me not to get up until I was called.

So ended my first New Year's Day. As I laid my head on my pillow, I tried to pierce the veil that hid the future from my view. What of joy or sorrow lay before me in the untried days? So much warm-hearted kindness had won my heart; and I already loved Mrs. Morton as though I had known her all my life.

II.

The day was what some people call "well aired" before I made my appearance down-stairs. The beautiful view from my window over the park, where the trees, laden with snow, sparkled in the bright sun, and the clear frosty air, exhilarating and bracing, made me feel happy and at home.

The morning passed rapidly in arranging lessons for the next day, and in unpacking. I did not meet Horace Felton until lunch. He sat next me, and chatted incessantly. I forgot I was the governess and not the guest. The fact was recalled to me when he said, —

"Do come out and skate this afternoon. The ice bears beautifully, and there are a lot of people coming from Hexham."

I was going to answer affirmatively, but recollected that my time was not my own, and appealed to Mrs. Morton. He interrupted our conversation by urging that in consideration of his being at home, Pet should have another week's holiday, "And then," he said, "we shall be able to show Miss Peel a little of the neighborhood before she gets into harness."

Mrs. Morton good-naturedly assented, and Pet went into ecstasies of delight.

"It is such a strange coincidence, Miss Peel, that your father and mine should have been such friends," said Mrs. Morton. "Horace has just been telling me that he recognized you from a portrait he saw a few years since."

So began the happiest week of my life. Horace, Pet, and I were constantly together. Mrs. Morton was obliged to remain in the house a great deal, as her husband was suffering from an attack of gout, and as he did not approve of solitary confinement, she had to be with him. I look back on that week now, and do not wonder that it was so happy. Horace Felton was then about thirty, tall, and well made, with clear, truthful blue eyes, and crisp, curling, dark-brown hair; full of fun and good-nature. He had seen the greater part of the world in his travels, and had a fund of amusing stories.

The frozen pond was on Mr. Morton's estate, about half a mile from the house. The first afternoon we went down Mrs. Morton was with us, as it was the public day. As we walked across the ice, Horace Felton was at my side, and I heard a young man — short, thick-set, with a great deal of sandy hair — ask, "Who is that girl with Horace Felton?"

I saw a curl on Horace Felton's lip, but he made no remark. Presently we reached an island in the middle of the pond where Mrs. Morton and Pet kept their skates. Several people came up to shake hands and wish Mrs. Morton the compliments of the season, and among them the gentleman with the sandy hair, who asked to be introduced to me. Mrs. Morton seemed much pleased, saying, —

"Miss Peel's father, Major Peel, was an intimate friend of my father's. She is likely to be with us some time."

How long he would have remained at my side, gazing at me with those dreadful green eyes, I cannot tell; but seeing Horace at a little distance, helping Pet with her skates, I gave him an imploring glance, which had the desired effect, and brought him to my side, when the gentleman lifted his hat, and moved off.

"You do not know our local celebrities yet," Horace said; "that gentleman is the richest man within a circuit of fifty miles. He has a splendid place called the Grange, and no wife."

The way the last clause was repeated made me color and feel uncomfortable; but soon all disagreeables were forgotten. Mrs. Morton lent me her skates, and I was thoroughly at home in them. Pet, Horace, and I skimmed along, the cold air dyeing our cheeks with ruby.

I do not know how it was, but from that afternoon I felt that Horace Felton cared for me. Day after day the conviction grew, until it only wanted spoken words to render it a certainty. On the ice, or driving about to the different places of interest in the neighborhood, Pet, Horace,

and I were always together. In the evening I played his accompaniments, or we sang duets together, or played a rubber of whist to amuse Mr. Morton and make him forget his gout.

So the week's holiday passed. The last day Pet had a few young friends to spend the afternoon with her. The ice still bore, and we repaired to take our pastime as usual, for the first time without Horace as an escort. Mrs. Morton had begged him as a particular favor to go with her husband for a drive.

It was getting late, and we were thinking of returning, when I saw him at the farther end of the pond. He joined us, and saying that, as it would be light for another hour, I had better let the children enjoy the ice while they might with safety, as he believed a thaw would set in very soon, he added, "And you come with me; I want to show you the lichen I told you of last evening."

He helped me to unfasten my skates, and the path being very slippery, he gave me his arm. I chatted away as usual, but he was silent. We reached the stone, and I examined the curious lichen that grew on it. He broke off a piece, and asked, half-laughing, half in earnest.

"If I were to give you this, would you keep it for my sake?"

I replied much in the same tone, and opening a little case that I carried in my pocket, held it out for him to drop the lichen in. He did so, and taking both my hands in his, held them, while he looked earnestly into my face, saying, —

"I would give anything I possess, Ethel, to know whether you care for me. I have told you that I saw your likeness in India, but not that those sweet eyes stole my heart away; and that when we met, and I found that you were not only the most beautiful woman I ever saw, but as good as you are beautiful, I have had but one wish — to call you mine."

His arm was around my waist, and he had kissed me passionately before I had any time to comprehend the full meaning of his words. At that very moment a footfall sounded behind me, and, to my surprise and confusion, there stood Mrs. Morton. Could she have heard those words? Had she seen it all? Her color was slightly heightened, and her lips compressed, but her manner was perfectly calm. I dared not glance at Horace. I felt that my cheeks were crimson and my manner unnatural. I was thankful when she put her arm within her brother's, and said, in a perfectly unconstrained voice, —

"Horace and I will prolong our walk, Miss Peel; we have seen very little of each other lately. Will you kindly take the children home at once, and give them some tea? I shall not see them until after dinner."

I walked back as one in a dream. He had told me that he loved me. Whether I loved him was a question I had no need to ask myself. I was happier than I had been for many months. I should be no more alone. There would be some one to care for me, some one to whom I could cling. Again and again I looked at the precious lichen. It seemed a something tangible to assure me that my new-found bliss was indeed a reality. I pictured to myself how, in that long walk, he would tell his sister the whole story, and I believed she would fully enter into my happiness. She had treated me so completely as a friend, that I could not but hope she would be glad to receive me as a sister. Whether he was well enough off to marry was a question that had never occurred to me.

I dressed for the evening with a care I had never taken before. One golden curl I allowed to escape, and it hung on my black dress, which was brightened by a piece of scarlet geranium. I played with the children until they left, listening with palpitating heart for every footfall; longing yet dreading to see him open the door and come in. How little I imagined then the weary years that would come and go before Horace Felton and I met again!

When at last I found myself in the drawing-room, no Horace was to be seen. I fancied I detected an amused expression on Mrs. Morton's face as her eye rested on my long curl, and the bright flower in my dress. I was miser-

ably ill at ease. Why was not Horace there to explain to his sister why she had found me in such an equivocal position; or if he had already told her of his declaration, why did she not allude to it?

After a little conversation on indifferent subjects, she began,—

"I suppose Horace told you that he was going to Hexham for a few days? My husband had arranged to dine at Lord Paverley's to-night, so he drove him over."

I felt the color leave my lips, and a mist float before my eyes. I made a desperate effort to regain my self-possession, and replied in the negative.

I thought that weary evening's *tête-à-tête* would never end. Mrs. Morton really exerted herself to set me at my ease, and ended by asking me to practise some duets with her. At length I was alone in my own room. What could it mean? Those words of his still sounded in my ear, and I could feel his warm embrace. Had he been trifling with me? No; it could not be. I banished the odious thought at once. He was too generous, too thoroughly a gentleman to allow that to be possible. Then why had he left without one word of farther explanation? I consoled myself by believing that the next day would bring a letter which would clear up all misunderstanding, and fell asleep to dream of those words, and that look of love which I flattered myself could but be sincere.

Two days passed, and twice two days, but still Horace neither came nor wrote. There was an indescribable something in Mrs. Morton's manner which told me she had seen and heard everything; but that she disapproved was equally evident from her silence.

Those were miserable days, but they were lightened by some small portion of hope. There was a darker time coming. He had been away a week, when a letter was brought in while we were at breakfast. Pet immediately declared that it was from Uncle Horace. I watched Mrs. Morton's face as she read line after line, her lips tightening and her cheek paling. She never spoke a word for a few seconds after she had refolded the letter and laid it by her plate. Then she drank some tea, and tried in vain to command her voice; but it trembled, and her tears would flow, as she said to her husband,—

"Horace has another appointment; he leaves England for Australia next week. He will not come back here again, as he says he has business which will keep him in London until he sails. He talks of giving up the navy after this voyage, and settling somewhere abroad. It is so sudden; no one can tell when we may meet again!"

I cannot describe to you what were my feelings. Grief, disappointment, injured pride, all struggled for the first place in my wounded heart. Was there no message for me? Better there had been none for my peace of mind than the heartless one I received. "Horace desires to be remembered to you, Miss Peel, and bids me tell you that he supposes that long before you and he have the opportunity again of wishing each other a 'Happy New Year,' you will be a Mrs. Somebody or other."

It was so cold, so heartless, so impudent, that my pride came to my rescue. I would forget him. I should not have to meet him for some years at least; that would help me. But I did love him so sincerely. To believe he loved me had been so sweet. Mrs. Morton felt her brother's sudden departure acutely. She was certainly very kind to me, treating me quite as a younger sister. She could not hear from him for many months, and by a sort of tacit understanding, his name was never mentioned. It was a hard lesson to learn, at eighteen, of the faithlessness of men, and I took it thoroughly to heart. I was young, and healthy in mind and body, so it did not kill me or make me melancholy; but it did what was perhaps worse morally, it made me a cynic.

Mrs. Morton was at no pains to conceal her desire to see me married. Mr. Gainsford, the gentleman whose attentions on the ice that first afternoon had annoyed me so much, was a constant visitor at the Manor. In vain, when I knew he was in the house, I tried to keep in my school-room out of his way; Mrs. Morton would always manage

to bring him in for some excuse, and try to leave us alone; but that I never would allow. At last she confided to me that he had told her long since that he had fallen in love with me at first sight; that, though I was penniless, I was a lady, and should grace the head of his table, and that she had promised to help on his suit. She represented to me, as powerfully as she could, the glories and honors of the Grange contrasted with the lonely life of a governess, particularly when I should find myself obliged to seek a situation among strangers. I could not let her give my wealthy suitor any encouragement while there still lingered in my heart the hope that, after all, something might arise to prove that Horace was not so false as circumstances made him appear.

Twelve months passed. Mr. Gainsford had proposed and been rejected, much to Mrs. Morton's displeasure. But nothing daunted, he had declared his intention to wait one, two, three years—indeed, till I was actually engaged to some one else. I suppose it was the first time his will had ever been thwarted; so that added zest to his courtship. Then came a letter from Horace. He had obtained his discharge from the navy, and was going to begin life as a colonist. No word for me, though Pet was remembered, and even indifferent friends. "I shall look out for a rich wife," he said; and as I heard this, my mind was made up. He had done all in his power to prove to me that he had only regarded me in the light of a toy, to play with for one hour, to be cast aside and forgotten the next. I would now take my life in my own hands. I should never love again in that romantic way, as I now called it; I would do the next best thing—marry Mr. Gainsford, and try to love him out of gratitude. I knew our tastes differed, that we were utterly uncongenial, that he was only a gentleman in so much as money and social position could make him one; and yet, knowing all this, I resolved to accept him, to spend the rest of my life with him. What short-sighted things we do to gratify our pride and pique! And how I hated myself when, a few days after this, I allowed myself to become engaged to Mr. Gainsford!

He pressed me to name an early day for the marriage; but for that I was not prepared, and only consented to the engagement on the condition that it should last for one year at least.

III.

Ten years! Does that seem a long time to drop the thread of my story? Well, it is New Year's Day again. Do you recollect the circumstances of this time ten years ago? My friends were few, and I very poor. I am rich now; but at the time I would recommence my story, I am Ethel Peel still. I have my own maid, and my uncle's parsonage is supplied with all needful luxuries with my money. I am dressing for a dinner-party, and I am to meet Horace Felton. Yes, after all these years we are to meet again. But on what terms? This evening will decide. Meanwhile I will gather up a few of the missing links to connect the chain of my story.

I had only been engaged to Mr. Gainsford a month when I was summoned to what, it was feared, would prove my Uncle Hugh's deathbed. He wished to bid me good-by, and to know that my aunt had some one to comfort her when he was gone, all my cousins being boys. Of course I went at once. How merciful is the Providence that overrules the events of our lives, that stretches out a hand to turn us from the slippery paths that we, in our wilfulness or blindness, choose! I have often since looked back, and shuddered at the life I was so nearly taking for my own.

My uncle got better; and in the sweet, unworldly atmosphere of a good man's home, I saw what I had done in its true light and repulsiveness. I told my aunt my story. It was a great relief to have her sympathy and counsel. She with difficulty obtained my permission to relate the entire facts of the case to my uncle, and very much, I felt, I must have fallen in his estimation. He most decidedly advised me to write at once to Mr. Gainsford, telling him honestly how impossible I found it to give him my heart, and beg to

be released from my engagement, returning the few presents I had received from him.

He was not easily got rid of; and I felt I had behaved so badly to him in the end, that had not my uncle remained firm in his command that I should decidedly put an end to all communication with him, I should have relented, in the hope of making some atonement for my selfishness. He pointed out to me that a marriage such as I contemplated with a man whom I did not love, and no good person could esteem, was unholy in God's sight, and must bring misery in the end. I do not think Mrs. Morton could have known so much of Mr. Gainsford's character as we afterwards learnt, or she certainly would not have helped on our engagement as she did. At last it became a thing of the past; and two years afterwards we heard that he had married a very young girl, at the end of a month's courtship. Of course I did not return to the Manor. Pet had another governess, and I another situation. I did not fill it long, as my Aunt Goldney's lingering malady took a more fatal form. She begged me to come to her, and I felt I should be selfish to refuse. Reluctantly I went; but when once there I was able to fulfil my duty cheerfully. When she died I found, to my surprise, that she had left me nearly a thousand a year. I at once returned to my uncle's, and made arrangements to live with him.

With youth, beauty, and wealth, you will not be surprised if I tell you I had many suitors; but I distrusted them all. It was my money they wanted, not me. So the years glided away, and I was Ethel Peel still. My uncle was now very old, my cousins making their way in the world as large families generally manage to do, and I creating fresh interests for myself, when a new color was given to my life.

Pet had married very early, and had become a handsome little matron, writing to me from time to time long epistles full of the praises of her two children. We had met once or twice since I left Morton Manor, but not one word had I heard of Horace Felton, until six months before this, my second New Year's Day, when Pet wrote to tell me that her Uncle Horace was coming home; I must recollect him (as if I were likely to forget). He was sent for to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle, who had died childless. "We are full of curiosity to see him," she wrote; "and we hope the meeting will cheer my mother. She has been sadly out of health since my father's death." It was thus I heard of his return to England. Was he married? Should we ever meet again?

Mrs. Morton and I rarely corresponded; so it was with some surprise that, a few months after I had heard from Pet, I received a lengthy epistle from her. I will not trouble you with the whole of it, but will give you the substance as shortly as possible.

Horace was coming home, unmarried. That afternoon long ago she had seen the confirmation of her fears, that an attachment had sprung up between her brother and me, and had resolved, if possible, to put an end to it, knowing that he had nothing beyond his profession, and that all chance of future prosperity depended on his keeping upon good terms with his uncle, who would have been irretrievably offended by an imprudent marriage. All this she represented to him during their walk; but without effect. He loved me, and believed I loved him, and cared for nothing else. We could wait. Then she showed him another aspect of the affair. I was very poor, must go on getting my living as a governess for the next three years at least, before he would be at all in a position to marry, and then with only a narrow income to depend on indefinitely, while there was Mr. Gainsford willing, she knew, to marry me at once. I was very young, did not know my own mind; that in our relative positions he would be acting very selfishly to bind me by any engagement. He replied, that if he remained where I was he must claim me; he could not help himself. Then she advised him to go away for a time, leaving it to her tact to set matters right with me. He trusted her, little thinking the part she would play, for his good, as she imagined. Her surmise with regard to Mr. Gainsford was verified by his making her his confidante.

She at once wrote to Horace as though the whole affair was settled, and hence the cruel misunderstanding and separation of years. She had never guessed at the depth of her brother's love for me, or she would not have acted as she did. She regarded it merely as a passing fancy for a pretty girl, of which he might easily be cured to the advantage of both. But when she found how serious a matter it was, she deeply repented the course she had taken; but only discovered her mistake when it was too late to repair the injury she had done. She found that her brother's was a nature that could love but once. He wrote at rare intervals; and my name was never mentioned. Mrs. Morton wrote now to beg me to forgive her, and to prove that I did so by coming to spend a few months with her. That, I unhesitatingly refused to do; at the same time assuring her of my full forgiveness, and in return asking one favor—that she would not tell Horace of my altered fortunes. Not that I feared he would turn fortune-hunter, but that pride might now keep him from me, as I heard that his uncle had left the estate heavily mortgaged.

Now I have brought you up to my second New Year's Day; Horace within twenty miles of me. We met at the house of a mutual friend. He did not know I was to be there; so I had the advantage over him. You will easily imagine mine was no careless toilette that evening. Something of that first early bloom of beauty was gone. Twenty-nine has not all the charms of nineteen. But my friends told me I altered wonderfully little; my hair a shade less golden, and my figure not so slim and girlish, you can just understand the difference. The fashions of forty years ago would not convey a pleasing impression to you now; but I may tell you that my dress was of rich blue silk, pale sky-blue, trimmed with white lace; and I wore handsome pearl ornaments of my Aunt Goldney's.

It was New Year's Day. I had not forgotten that now; and I received the good wishes of the season with a very pleasant conviction that much that was sweet awaited me in the future. I was the first to arrive; and when Horace came into the room, I was sitting where I could see him without his seeing me. Could it be ten years since we had met? The same honest, manly face, so little changed, scarcely aged a day. I fancy people who are in health do not alter much from thirty to forty. In a few minutes he was at my side, and we were being introduced as strangers. "Mr. Felton, a very old friend of mine just come from Australia, knows some friends of yours, he tells me, Miss Peel," said my host.

Our eyes met. I do not know how or why it was, but in that one glance we seemed mutually to understand each other. He took the seat next me, and led me in to dinner. We were not very talkative for awhile. At last he said: "I heard from Emily that you were with your uncle, and thought that my best chance of meeting you was to come up and stay with the people who were to have brought me here to-night. They are kept at home with colds, and urged me to bring their excuses. I only landed three days ago, and had not hoped to have met you so soon. So strange that our first meeting should have been on a New Year's Day, and our reunion on the very same day. May I say reunion?"

I do not think I made any reply; but my silence seemed to satisfy him. So we met after all those weary years. There was very little to explain when he came to me at my uncle's. Emily had been beforehand. She had kept her promise with regard to not mentioning my Aunt Goldney's will. I was able to do that myself when he was lamenting that he feared, from what his solicitors told him, we should be obliged to live carefully for a few years if we wished to pay off the mortgages on the estate. Then I told him of my money; and the principal, which was entirely in my own control, proved to be amply sufficient to get rid of all obligations. We were married after a very short engagement. My first present was a tiny locket. It contained a piece of faded lichen.

Many New Year's Days have come and gone since those two eventful ones of which I have written; but they have left their impress on all the others. I am old now, and but

a few more new years at most can be mine; but the experience of a long life has taught me that we must expect lights and shadows to fall across our path. Does to-day bode evil, to-morrow may bring the good. To few, very few indeed, is it given to walk altogether in the shade.

OF ALIENATION.

WHAT are the main characteristics of human life in advancing years?

There are several, which would be better away.

The natural thing, as one goes on through life, is to be going downhill. We are leaving behind us our better days. We grow less warm-hearted and more crusty: less confiding and more suspicious: less cheerful and hopeful. It is with us as we know it to be with certain of our humbler fellow-creatures. How much less amiable a being is your stiff old dog of twelve years, rheumatic, fretful, listless, snappish, not to be touched without risk of a bite, than the gay, playful, frisking, sweet-tempered creature he used to be! That humbler life runs its course faster than we run ours, but the course is the same. I look at my unamiable fellow-creature, and think, There is what I shall be.

But a distinction must be sharply made, which is oftentimes not made. This is the distinction between passing moods which come of little physical causes and which go quite away, and the downhill progress which is vital, essential, and irrefragable. Dyspepsia and nerve-weariness may for a day or a week simulate the confirmed despondency and testiness which will come when the machinery is breaking down finally. We must distinguish between the passing summer-cloud, and the drear December. There are people who begin too soon to regard themselves as old: to watch for the signs of age, and to claim its unamiable prerogatives. It is not so with others. I find it stated in Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey," that the judge and Edinburgh reviewer at a certain period came to the conclusion that he must, in some sense, make up his mind that he had become an old man. Looking to the top of the page, I read, *Æt.* 70. I rapidly recall a well-known assertion of Moses: and think Lord Jeffrey was not a day too early in coming to that conclusion. But one has known those who, very soon after forty, think of themselves as old. Now at that period, it will not do to yield to the invasion of impatience, irritability, despondency. It is merely that you have got for the time into what golf-players call a *bunker*: and you must get out again. Some day you may get into the bunker, and abide.

Before going on to the main topic to be thought of, let a word be said of a tendency much to be guarded against, which comes with advancing years. It is the tendency to be less kind and helpful to other people than you have been heretofore. I do not mean merely through lessening softness of heart: but for a more tangible reason. You are a fortunate mortal indeed, if, as your life lengthens, you do not find that you here and there receive an evil return for much kindness you have shown to others. Some man, whom you have helped in many ways, who has many times eaten your salt, to advance whose ends you have taken much trouble in ways most unpleasant to yourself, turns upon you and disappoints you sadly at some testing time. Some such man, under no special pressure of temptation, proves himself both malignant and untruthful. Personal offence you readily forgive and forget: but doings which indicate character cannot be forgotten. If a man have told a manifest falsehood once, it must be long before you trust him any more. And, thus disappointed in people you have known, you will be aware of the temptation to look suspiciously on new-comers: to resolve that you shall not waste kindness on those who will by and by turn upon you. For we are too apt to take the worst we have known, for our samples of the race.

Of course, unless you are to allow yourself to settle down into misanthropy, you must strive against all this. If you look diligently, you will commonly discern some excuse for

the wrong-doing which disappointed you. I do not mean that you ought to persuade yourself that the wrong was right: but that you should admit pleas in mitigation of judgment. And you ought to remember a most certain fact, which is practically forgotten on a hundred occasions: to wit, that in dealing with human nature you are dealing with imperfect and warped material, and you must make the best of the crooked stick and not expect that it will act as if straight. It is human to go wrong, as we all learnt in our Latin Grammar; yet we all tend sometimes to be not merely angry but surprised, when we find that the fact is so.

Then, progressing through life, the flavor of all things grows fainter. They have not the keen relish they used to have. And when we make believe very much, and try to keep up the dear old way, this will sometimes make us bitterly feel that we are practising upon ourselves a transparent delusion. Let the name of Christmas be said: it will suggest many things. The truth is, we use up our capacities. Our moral senses get indurated and blunted. And the only way to save our capacities is not to use them. As sure as they are used, they must wear out. It is singular to see, now and then, an example of unused capacities of feeling abiding in their first freshness in people who are old. An aged bachelor, marrying late, finds a fresh delight in his children's ways which looks strange to a man who married at a normal period of his life, and who has got quite accustomed to all this. I defy any mortal to be always in a rapture with what you have about you every day. But over all these notes of advancing life, let one be named, which in the writer's judgment is its main characteristic: It is Alienation.

You come to care little for things and people for whom you used to care much. When one stops, in the pilgrimage, for a little while, and tries to estimate the situation, and to think how it is with one, many (I believe) would say that here is the thing which most strikes them.

Did we sometimes wonder, as children, if we should ever come not to care at all for our native scenes? Did we not, as boys and girls, look at the trees and fields we knew, and the little river, and wonder if we should live to have been for years far away from them, and yet not care? Did we wonder if we should come at last not to care for our father and mother, and our little brothers and sisters: to be separated from them for months and years, and not mind? A characteristic of advancing years, I fear, is a growing selfishness; a shrivelling up of all the real interests of life into the narrow compass of one's own personality. Not indeed in all cases, but in many cases it is so. I remark how men with large families do not mind a bit though their children are scattered far away. I used to wonder how they bore it — the severance of the little circle, the lessening confidence as the little creatures grew older; I wonder yet. But it seems plain that there are men and women, not bad men and women either as the world goes, who, if their own worldly comforts are provided for, do not care at all about their children. Sore and humbling alienation!

The inferior animals are devoted to their young ones with an affection which transcends human devotion, so long as the young ones need their affection. When the young ones come not to need them any longer, they come not to care at all for those young ones: even not to recognize them as such. This morning, being in a Highland glen, I heard from the hill on the other side of the river, a piteous and heart-broken bleating of many sheep. Their lambs had been taken away from them. What an amount of misery was on that heathery hill! It is very strange and perplexing to think how these poor creatures are not only, like us, sensitive to physical pain from material causes, but know spiritual sorrow, coming through the affections. I have always felt that the argument for immortality, drawn from the immateriality of that in us which thinks and feels, is just as good to prove the immortality of the soul of a dog or a sheep, as of the soul of a man. And I have often wished that one could look into the heart of some suffering animal, not enduring pain but enduring

sorrow, and understand what it is like. As the desolate bleatings went on all day, it was sad to think that the poor creatures must just get over their sorrow. They would never see their lambs again. And in a few days they would not miss them. Just the like you may see, many times, in human beings. The human being gets over things more slowly, but just as entirely. The mother that carefully wrapped up a lock of her little boy's hair, and kept it amid her treasures, possibly after five and twenty years, the boy being grown up and having married some one she did not like, develops into the unrelenting persecutor of her son. The little boy that goes away to school, homesick and heart-broken, lives to outgrow all that tenderness of feeling, — not a sham cynic, which is silly, but a real one, which is hateful. Brothers, once always together in lessons and in play, are set down in life far apart, and get out of the way of writing to one another, and become little other than strangers. A lad goes out from his home, away to another country, to make his way in life: how bitter a price we pay in partings for our Indian empire! But year after year goes over: and he lives on in the distant place, with a life quite severed from the old life of home: the short perfunctory letters showing sadly to the ageing parent's heart what a severance time and space have made. I remember how as a boy I used to wonder that a jocular, puffy old gentleman could live on quite jovially, while one boy was in India, another in New Zealand, another in Jamaica. I thought of rosy little faces, with curly hair, gathering at the father's knee by the winter fireside to hear a story; not trusted for an hour out of sight: running to their mother with every little trouble. While the fact was of hard worldly countenances with the big moustache and the grizzling hair and the indurated heart: of men who, coming home, would have found father and mother a bore, and treated them with thinly disguised impatience: of souls introduced into a region of new cares and thoughts, of which parents knew nothing, and of which they never would be told. The rift must come, must widen with advancing time. Not more really were the sheep and their lambs separated, than parents and children, in most cases, by sad necessity must be. And it used to seem to me stranger still, when news came to the parents in Scotland that their boy had died, far away: when one asked how many years had passed since they saw him last, and was told eight, ten, fifteen years. How little they knew what the man was like that died! The son they knew had died out of this world long before: and there was a hard-featured stranger in his place, engaged in some business of which they understood little, and perhaps with a great household of children of whom the old parents at home hardly knew the names. Death had barely increased the alienation which continuing life had made. Let us think whose little ones are still around us, of our boys, far away, walking in streets we never saw, coming and sitting down by firesides quite strange to us. It is humbling, but it is true, that we are alienated from our children almost as the inferior animals from their young. We have sense to see how sad the fact is, and we strive against it in divers ways: but the fact is there.

You may not like to admit it, but you are alienated from any one when you are able to go out and in, and get through your day's work, he being absent and you not missing him. That is alienation. And if so, how much of it there is in this world! We can do without almost anybody. We have all frequently met a fellow-creature who could do without anybody except himself. The affections that cling to parents and home die, in some folk, very early. And there are those who think they have got rid of a somewhat discreditable weakness, when these dwindle and go. There is something touching and pleasant, when we find men remain unsophisticated in this respect, even to advanced years: and even when sufficiently world-hardened in many respects. Nothing in Brougham's life gives one so kindly an idea of his heart, as the fact that when away from her, in London, he wrote a letter to his mother every day. Savage reviewer, demagogue (not in a bad sense), Member for Yorkshire, counsel in a host of great causes and some

historical ones, swaying by pure force the House of Commons, Lord Chancellor, still the day never passed on which the expected letter did not go, did not come. Those who, when another Scotch Chancellor died, malignantly vilified him before he was cold in his grave, did not (it is to be hoped) know anything of Lord Campbell unless by rumor: did not (surely) know how through his early struggles, and his first years at the bar, and on till he was burdened with the work and care of the Attorney-General, he wrote regular and long letters to the good old minister of Cupar, setting out in minute detail how it was faring with his absent son. The rising lawyer had risen no higher when his father died: but it would have been just the same (if it could have been) when he was Chief Justice. And, to go to a different kind of man, Dr. James Hamilton (whose life is worth reading): amid a good deal that was narrow there was the lovable about the letters he wrote, till he died a man of fifty-three, to *My dear Mamma*. One feels that it would have seemed like a breaking away from the dear old ways of childhood, to have varied the manner in which the young lad at college began his first letters home.

Thinking of the inevitable, or all but inevitable, alienation of parents and children, one is not thinking of savage brutes, like Mr. Thackeray's Osborne, nor of proud men like Mr. Dickens' Dombey, nor of heartless monsters like the latter author's Sir John Chester, nor of utter devils like Lord Crabs: not of men one has known, who cut off their sons with a shilling because of some offence to inordinate vanity; or who declared, in place of aiding a child in distress, that he had made his bed and must lie on it: one is thinking of fairly decent folk, not bad, only passably selfish, passably heartless, indifferent honest: to whom *out of sight*, by the necessity of the case, is *out of mind*; and who might just as well fight against the law of gravitation as against the law of their nature. Think of change in social place: and the change in the relations between people which it makes. When one has known of a poor cottager and his wife, pinching themselves blue to send their clever boy to a Scotch university and push him forward into the Church, it was sad to think of the estrangement which was sure to follow the success of all their hard toils and schemes. Even when the son is a worthy fellow, what a severance that dear-bought education must make: and when he gets a living, and finds himself among a new set of associates, and perhaps makes a respectable marriage, the old parents will seldom see him: and it will be with a vague, blank sense of disappointment when they do. Then he may not be a worthy fellow, but a heartless humbug: who designedly draws off from the poor old pair who did everything for him, and bids his mother not to recognize him when she meets him in the street with any of his genteel friends. I hate the word *genteel*: but it is the right word here. I have known such an animal, coming home for a few days' visit, upbraid his poor old mother for not sufficiently polishing his boots: and superciliously smile at her ignorance of his meaning when he bade her take away his clothes and brush them.

I don't say whose fault it was, or whether it was anybody's fault, but it always grated on one painfully to hear of old John McLiver working for his eighteen pence a day, an old laboring man, when his son, not seen by him for many a day and year, was known to fame as Sir Colin Campbell and then as Lord Clyde. That eminent man was unlucky in the matter of names. To the name of Campbell he had no more right than I have: and his title was taken from the name of a river with which he had nothing caringly to do. Perhaps it would have been so awkward for the Field-Marshal to have walked into the old laborer's cottage, perhaps father and son would have found so little in common, that it may have been wise in the peer, instead of going to see his father, to send a little money now and then to the parish minister to be applied to the increase of his comforts. No doubt Berkeley Square, and the little island in the Hebrides, were not five hundred, but five hundred millions of miles apart. All I say is, that as a young man, it pained one's heart to know that utter alienation. Never was a huge ram, with great curl-

ing horns, more estranged from the sheep it was taken from as a trembling little lamb six years before, amid piteous bleatings on either part, than (by the very nature of things) was F. M. Lord Clyde from old John McLiver. If I were such an old John, I would rather my son did not become so great. For then, in my failing days, he would cheer me by kind words and looks (better than the five pound note sent to the minister to give me by instalments) : he would be by me when I breathe my last, and he would lay my poor weary head in the grave.

This special estrangement which comes of social difference exists, and is felt, even where it is continually and heartily fought against. My friend Smith tells me that he well knew a certain man, who, rising from the humblest origin, had attained great wealth and standing; and who, by and by, made a great marriage. To the marriage feast his old father was brought, who had been a laboring man through a long life, till his rich son made him comfortable in his last years. The tie of filial affection was unbroken : and the rich man (who was a good man) was proud and not ashamed of having made his own way : so the homely old workman was presented amid the gathering of grand folk. But one felt the alienation was there, when the big friends, at home with the son, and desiring to be most kind to the father, yet gazed upon the father as a curious old phenomenon. And the poor old father himself was not at his ease with his changed son.

Turning over a new leaf in life, you know how misty the old life soon grows. One forgets, as a reality, the former way of life, entering upon the new. It must be a strange feeling, I think, for a man to find himself Primate of the Anglican Church, who was born and brought up in another communion. Does Archbishop Tait cherish any distinct recollection of his years in the Church of Scotland, which he indeed left, but in which his fathers lived and died? Does he not find it awkward to speak (if English people do so speak) of the *Church of our fathers*? Does he remember, seated in state on the throne in Canterbury Cathedral, the hideous but costly St. Stephen's at Edinburgh where he used to go as boy and lad? It is curious for one who is himself a Scotchman to look at the good prelate, and listen to him; and track out the old thing whence he rose; the occasional breaking forth of the abandoned Scotch accent, and manifold further traces of Scotch training in his youth. A Scot, no matter how denationalized, no matter how Anglicized, can never escape detection by a fellow-countryman. And it is very amusing when one finds a Scot, speaking by terrible effort with a much more English accent than any Englishman, here and there betray the old Adam, by some awfully Doric word. Easily could the writer give wonderful examples of what he describes. But it would not do. And it shall not be done.

My friend Smith recently related to me certain facts, indicating how far he was alienated from the associations of his youth. He informed that he sat next his old sweetheart in a railway carriage for a hundred miles, and did not know her at all. He saw a fat, middle-aged matron, with a red face: but nothing remained there of the airy sylph of dancing-school days. He did not find out who she was, till some one told him at the journey's end. Smith was no more than thirty-nine. But as he communicated this information, his visage was rueful, and he shook his head from side to side several times as though there were something in it to shake. He plainly thought that he was very old.

Most readers will know how they have forgot old school companions, and even old college friends. At school, many boys sort themselves in pairs, by elective affinity. Two boys are chums : always together in the playground : standing shoulder to shoulder against the world. At least it used to be so. Do we sometimes wonder, in graver years, if an old friend remembers us : if he is living yet? At college, one is so far sophisticated, that there is rarely the warm attachment of schoolboy days. Yet there were great friends too : twenty, five-and-twenty years ago ! But young men are bad letter-writers : they are set in life

far apart : letters gradually cease : there is a kind thought now and then ; but the rift has grown a river. People grow worldly of spirit, too, and frightened. If one had the chance to go and call for an old friend, unseen for a quarter of a century, whose home is six hundred miles off ; should not one hesitate whether to go ? One does not know what reception one might meet. A sharp face might look at you, not without the suspicion that you designed to borrow money. Which you would not get.

It is a touching proof how not many years may sever old and fast friends, which you may find in Keble's Life : in the record how Newman and he met at Keble's door, and neither recognized the other. Newman tells us he did not know Keble, and Keble asked Newman who he was : which question he answered by presenting his card. I think it was not ten years since they last had met. It is very sad and strange.

There are many more things one would wish to say : but in treating such a subject there is a temptation to go too much to personal experience. And that must not be. So let me tear up some notes I had made, of other things to be said, and behold them consume away in this little fire. Let it be said, summing up matters, that looking at even a hale, well-preserved, gray-headed old individual, the thing I cannot help thinking of him just at present is, how time and change have gradually alienated him from old things and old associates : self-concentrated him : left a great chasm all around him : isolated him : left no one really near him : left him alone. If his wife is dead, or if he were never married, he is lonely as though in the midst of the great Atlantic. His professional friends and his club friends may like him well enough : but who is fool enough to fancy that club friends and professional friends will care much when he dies ? There is in truth a gulf between you and such. His children are remote, even though dwelling in the same house. His own youth, and early manhood, and the main toils and interests of his life, have receded into dim distance, and look spectral there. Life tends to converge upon himself, and his own physical comforts : and it is very wretched to come to that. Wherefore, my friends, let us keep close together ! It is a blessing to have some one so near you, that you may tell (sure of attentive sympathy) all you do, all you wish and fear, all you think, in so far as words suffice to tell *that*. And from such a one you will hear the same. It is not selfishness or egotism that prompts such confidence : it is the desire to counter-work that increasing alienation, which in the latter years tends to estrange us from others, to throw us in upon ourselves, to make us quite alone. Keep as near as you will, there is still an inevitable space between : a certain distance between you and your best friends in this world.

ANATOLIAN SPECTRE-STORIES.

BY W. G. PALGRAVE.

APART from any consideration as to their intrinsic or objective significance, the spectral tales which constitute no inconsiderable portion of the "folk-lore" of every country have a very real subjective interest — that is, by the insight they afford into the national character and circumstances of narrators and believers. From this point of view, stories, which at first sight appear no more than the useless and fragmentary caprices of idle superstition, prove — I use the term apologetically — skeleton keys where-with at times we may unlock much that refuses to open to the regular instruments of evidential investigation, and gain access to treasures else not only hidden but unattainable. Or, as stars, veiled from view by the nearer splendor of the day, come out distinct by night, so that the same darkness which conceals from us whatever is close at hand, extends our range of vision to that which was before lost to it in the distance ; so far-off affinities of race, the buried substratum of real national character, traces of pre-

historic events, and much else that the fuller light of recent times effaces from the palimpsest of history, become apparent to sight in the shadow of the night-side of human nature. And even where this is not the case, these fanciful tales have their worth, as showing the like workings of men's minds under like circumstances and conditions.

However, to avoid all danger of entanglement in a very profitless discussion, I may as well from the outset remark that, in thus considering spectral stories from their human or subjective side, I have no intention of impugning, any more than of asserting, their objective or præter-human character: I simply prescind from it. For, in fact, the correspondence, or, more correctly speaking, the identity of external and of mental phenomena, the impossibility of separating, except in abstract classification, between the "ego" that perceives and the "non-ego" that is perceived, are not less certain axioms of philosophical truth than the unity and permanence of force, the convertibility of so-called mind and matter, and the ultimate identity of the phenomenal and complex, of which they are the necessary corollaries. But, in the particular instance of the subject before us, the external or "non-ego" side may be safely left out of question, since its isolated and capricious phenomena supply no clue to useful research. "A good Muslim will not occupy himself with that which does not concern him," said, or is reported to have said, Mahomet one day, in answer to an impertinent and meddlesome questioner; and a sound mind, whether Muslim or other, will decline to waste time and trouble on a subject of mere curiosity, unlikely to be gratified, and, were it even gratified, utterly sterile.

Restricting ourselves accordingly to the purely subjective import of these uncanny stories, it is curious to observe the wide extent of their geographical area, and how not unfrequently phantasms supposed to be the exclusive and undesirable property of some particular country or race, show their unwelcome forms in other and far-distant regions, and among races of no apparent community, however remote, of origin. I have myself had a story, first told me by a Norfolk fireside, repeated to me under a Hindoo thatch in Guzerat; and have found the native of the shores of the Persian Gulf subject to the same ghostly terrors as the fisherman of the Scottish coast. But the strangest coincidence is that when the specific and distinctive form assumed by the superstition is one independent, so far as can be discerned, at least, not only of popular creed, education, tradition, or custom, but even of the circumstantial surroundings and adjuncts which might else with tolerable probability be assigned as explanatory of the peculiar idea or phantom. And it is exactly to this class that some of the spectre-tales current in this Pontic region — the same which supplied Ovid with his "Tristia," Chrysostom with a tomb, Offenbach with an opera-title, and myself with a consulate — belong.

Asia Minor, with its wild variety of scenery, its many historical memories, its vigorous and semi-civilized, or, rather, more than semi-barbarous races, each of which develops itself much after its own fashion under the decrepit rule of the effete Osmanlee, has, it might easily be anticipated, an unusually large share in these equivocal treasures of imagination, some of them resembling, even to their supplementary details, those existing elsewhere, some more distinctive in their local coloring and shape. The banshee of Ireland, the haunted house of England, the Scandinavian fetch, the Arab ghoul, the Teutonic witch, the Celtic sorcerer, even the universal "revenant," or, if I may be allowed the expression, commonplace ghost, have each and all their counterpart, sometimes their identity, in what was once the Empire of Trebizond. How much of them is exotic, how much indigenous, would not always be easy to decide. But a couple of specimens, selected out of the countless wonder-tales of the land, may suffice, whether for conjecture or amusement.

We have, I should think, all of us listened, with awe, perhaps, in our childhood, and certainly with a very opposite feeling in later years, to legendary stories of the "spirits of the mine," the "little folk," "cobolds,"

"mountain dwarfs," and whatever other descriptive name they may rejoice in, who, in Germany especially, were or still are said to frequent mines and mining districts, and to keep watch, occasionally with beneficent, more often with malicious purpose, over the treasures of hidden metal. Who has not heard how jealously these "little men" guard the veins of precious ore; what cunning devices they employ to baffle human research; how, if surprised by some unforeseen accident or superior skill, they go about to ransom their secret by presenting the intruder with a piece — or, perhaps, the more orthodox number of three pieces — of what seems at first mere rubbish, lighted charcoal it may be, or refuse slag, but which, if not over-hastily cast away, discovers itself by the morning light to be pure silver or red gold? Though, indeed, in all the tales I can call to mind, the gift proves always of evil omen, and one way or other brings misfortune on the receiver — phantasms of which the Harz Mountains are, if I remember right, the headquarters, although not unknown to German miners elsewhere; in Saxony, for instance. Certainly, these mountain-dwarfs bear a preëminently Teutonic stamp; in Europe itself the Cluricane, and the Celtic "good-folk" in general, are of a different type; while in the Asiatic lands tenanted by the "Semitic" races the entire genus is unknown; though, perhaps, the scarcity of mines in that part of the East may sufficiently account for the absence of their guardian sprites. Even in India, where mines are of ancient date, and phantom-tales of almost every description luxuriant enough, I never heard or read of this particular kind.

It was not, therefore, without considerable surprise, that here, on the Pontic corner of the Euxine coast, in this most un-European and un-Teutonic angle of God's earth, and among a population of mixed origin certainly, but in which Turanian blood and institutions have long predominated, I lately came — in hearsay, of course — on the identical diminutive objects of my childhood's wonderment, and found them, moreover, in full possession of the popular belief. But I must, if the impatience of my readers will permit, preface my tale with enough of circumstance and description to render it intelligible to those — the greater number — for whom Trebizond and Pontus are mere unsuggestive names.

About fifty miles inland hence, south of Trebizond, among the lofty mountain ranges which knit the backbone of Anatolia, and divide those great tributaries of the Persian Gulf, the Tigris and the Euphrates, from the many but less celebrated waters that flow into the Black Sea pool, is situated the small town of "Silverborough," such being the literal translation of its Turkish name, Gumesh-khaneh. It is the centre of a rich and extensive metalliferous district, silver, copper, iron, lead; the last being the most abundant, as the first the most precious of its ores. The town itself is perched high up on a precipitous mountain side of shaly rock, some 5,000 feet above the sea; and immediately overheard frowns a black cliff, pierced by a large cavernous entrance, which once led to the principal shaft of the silver mines whence the place has its name. These mines are said to have been worked in the times of the Byzantine emperors, of the Roman colonists, of the Pontic kings, it may be; but of these last very memory has long since perished from the birth-land of Mithridates. Certainly as late as the beginning of the present century they yielded a very respectable income to their possessors, the Bega, or hereditary land-owners of the neighborhood, who extracted the ore, and smelted it on the spot, after the rough, but not wholly unskilled, fashion of the country workmen.

But in an evil hour for the Ottoman Empire, Sultan Mahmud the Second ascended the throne of Stamboul, and it was not long before the Bega of Gumesh-khaneh had to descend from theirs — when the Turkish autocrat inaugurated those measures which time-serving and short-sighted flattery called the reform, but which were, in the instinctively sounder judgment of the East itself, the first and fatal steps to the final decadence and disintegration of the empire by the resumption of the old military and semi-

feudal land tenures, and the abolition of all hereditary privileges, whether enjoyed by Aghas, Bega, or Pashas, except his own. Then, — was it chance? was it design? it is hard to find out the truth in a matter like this — but scarcely had the recently-appointed officials of the new government system taken the mines of Gumesh-khaneh into their hands, than a flood of water, poured forth from a subterraneous spring deep in the heart of the mountain itself, burst into the central shaft, and, spreading, filled every chamber and gallery. The mischief was, in a country destitute alike of capital and of engineering means sufficient to clear the submerged excavations, irreparable; and from that day to the present the mine has remained unworked and unproductive. But the cavernous entry is still half open, and the neglected heaps of slag, mixed with fragments of rich silver ore piled up near its mouth, bear witness to the copiousness of the mineral veins within. Some time ago I visited the spot, and remarked with a little surprise that the townsfolk, who in these districts are usually eager enough to perform duty as guides to a European explorer, in the vague hope that his superior knowledge may discover "something to their advantage," manifested on this occasion an unwillingness to accompany which I could not at the time account for: it was not till several months later that I learnt the reason.

A thousand feet below the crag, in the deep valley where the rapid Charshoot River rushes by on its way to the Black Sea, there lies on either side of the stream a lovely expanse of garden and orchard, the bright green foliage contrasting with the black and splintered rocks around. These orchards, now that the mines are no longer worked, are the principal occupation and resource of the town of Gumesh-khaneh, and are celebrated throughout the land for the excellence of their produce, pears especially; but the prolonged cold of winter — for snow lies here on the ground three months at a stretch — does not allow the more delicate fruits of Smyrna and the South.

Along the margin of this orchard strip, between it and the steep ascent leading up to the town itself and the deserted mines, passes the high-road of Erzroum and Trebizond, — a road no longer, it is true, thronged by the Persian caravans, which it almost monopolized before Russia had flung open the gates of the Caucasus, that secular barrier between East and West, but still a busy highway by day, and even, in the warmer season of the year, by night; and not much better adapted to be the haunt of solitude-loving spectres, than would be, say, the road of Hammersmith or of Putney.

It was precisely here, however, that the mountain dwarfs, or little men of the mine, took a fancy to show themselves after the fashion which I will now relate, as one summer afternoon I heard the tale from a person who had been, or certainly professed to have been, an eyewitness of the event; a quiet, prosaic, sallow-faced, shop-keeping Mohammedan of Trebizond, with no "speculation in his orbs" beyond that of retail buying and selling; his parentage of that mongrel breed here called Turk or Osmanlee, and in which the aboriginal Tiberene stock seems to have been crossed with Byzantine, Turkoman, and Turkish blood in about equal proportions. I was seated with him, Eastern manner, in his shop, talking, as the phrase goes, of "everything and nothing," when, the conversation happening to turn on mines and metals, he volunteered the following story, which I give, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words.

"In the summer of the year before last," said he, "I went to Gumesh-khaneh on business, and remained there a few days. The heat was excessive; so when I set out to return, I waited till near sunset, intending to go no further that evening than a village some two hours' distant on the high-road, and there to pass the night. A Greek friend of mine from the town" (I should here remark that the name "Greek" has in this neighborhood nothing synonymous with "Hellene," but simply means one belong to the Greek or "orthodox" form of Christianity: this class comprises about a third of the natives in the Gumesh-khaneh mountains, those probably in whom the later Byzantine

element predominates) "joined me as I was leaving the place; he was going in the same direction as myself. It was the latter part of summer, and night soon overtook us, but the moon was up and bright, so that the road lay before us as clear as by day. We left the last straggling houses behind us, but the gardens, as you know, continue for a good way further alongside the highway: everything was silent and still, not a living creature in sight.

"Suddenly from under the black shadow of an orchard close on our right hand, a number of figures issued forth, and placed themselves full in our path. They resembled human beings in everything except size; for their height, which was the same, or nearly the same, of all, did not exceed a foot and a half at most. But, this peculiarity apart, they were perfectly well formed, and all dressed alike, in a sort of dark green cloth, richly ornamented with silver; every one of them wore, too, a silver-mounted dagger at his girdle. One after another, in long procession, they emerged from the low ground and thick-planted trees by the roadside, and ranged themselves in the white moonlight across the way: then coming forward they made a circle round us, and bade us by signs leave the road and come along with them. I looked towards the Greek, my companion, and he to me; but surprise or something else had taken from us all power of speech, and we obeyed in silence. The little figures, which seemed all to act in concert, without any particular leader, now led us off the highway, and conducted us by a side-path winding among the orchards lower down, but without our coming near the river; though in what direction I could not make out. But as we went on threading our way between the trees, my courage began to return, so I whispered to my human friend, and asked him what these strange little creatures might be, and whether we had not best get away from them.

"In a hurried voice he answered that he knew them well for what they were, the spirits of the mine: that if we did not resist them they would do us no harm, but that any attempt at escape would be unwise and dangerous.

"So we continued walking on and on in silence, like captives to the curious band, till we found ourselves in a half-open space, almost clear of trees, and brightly lighted up by the moon overhead: around were thick-planted gardens and deep shadow. Here the dwarfs made signs to us — they seemed chary of words — to stop and sit down; we did so, taking our places among the dry leaves on the grass, while the queer little figures, with their dark dresses and high-peaked silver-edged hoods, posted themselves on every side, some sitting, some standing as if on guard.

"My companion was the first to break the silence, by asking them why they had detained us, and what they wanted of us? They answered, but in a hollow, distant-sounding voice, that seemed to come from no one amongst them in particular, and to be more like an echo than spoken words, that we had no right to be travelling the road at that hour, and having once captured us they did not intend letting us go. The moon was at the full; but now her light faded, though there was no cloud in the sky, as though from an eclipse; and in the gloom the forms around us appeared to increase in number and in size, with threatening looks and gestures. I was terrified, and hesitated whether to remain or fly, but my companion whispered to me, 'Keep quiet, and never mind them; all we have to do is to remain still as we are; they must let us go before the morning.'

"The moonlight returned, bright as before. But the night seemed endless to us as we sat watching there: figures came and figures went, all dwarfs, and all exactly like the one to the other, till the whole grove and place seemed alive with them. Their numbers, too, went on growing till they were a multitude past counting, and one could no longer see through them, so dense was the crowd. Then they brought out musical instruments, drums, flutes, and bagpipes, and, joining in a circle round us, began to caper and dance, every now and then inviting or urging us by signs to join in with them; but we gave no sign of noticing them, and remained seated without moving or speaking. Then their

dance grew madder, and their invitations to us more urgent, with threatening signs if we did not comply; they even made as though they would lay hands on us and compel us by force, but they always stopped short when near us, and we continued where we were, and made them no answer. But the moon was fast sinking, the light around grew dusky red, and the air blew chill; and now the crowd of little figures began to decrease, and thinned off rapidly, though how or whither they went I could not see; they seemed rather to melt away, and became fewer and fewer, till after a short time, only two remained, one of them, as I now observed for the first time, with something like a plume in his head-dress, and another without. These two came up to us, and by gestures commanded us to rise and follow them — they would put us on our road again.

"Very glad was I to get up: the dwarfs led the way, and we followed. It was now nearly dark, for the moon had disappeared behind the mountains, and the dawn had not yet broken; our path too was closely overshadowed by the orchard-trees; there was barely light enough for us to pick our way. As we went, one of the phantoms, he with the plume, came up to my side; but his height was now equal to my own, or more. He put into my hand three good-sized pebbles, and said, 'Take care of these, I give them you as a remembrance;' and adding, 'you can now go straight on, the high-road is before you,' suddenly disappeared. The other had vanished also; there was no one on the path but my companion and myself, and we walked on in silence through the orchards. The stones in my hand felt heavy; and not caring to carry them, I chucked away first one, then a second; when my friend, hearing the noise, turned round and stopped me, saying, 'Do not throw them away, they are most likely of value.' However, two were already gone, but I kept the third, though it was so dark that I could not make out what it was. A few minutes after, we got fairly out of the gardens and on to the high-road, but at a considerable distance from the place where we had left it.

"Puzzled and tired out we sat down by the wayside and waited for the daylight. It was not long in coming; I then looked at the stone in my hand and found that it had the appearance of silver, as indeed it was. We went back into the gardens, trying to retrace our steps as nearly as possible, and hunted about for the other two lumps, but could not find them anywhere. The Greek, my companion, was by trade a silversmith, so I gave him the remaining piece of metal for his use; its weight was about one hundred dirhems, or three fourths of an English pound avoirdupois; it was pure silver."

Such was his story. I asked him what he thought of the whole affair. He replied that there could be no doubt of the dwarfs being the spirits of the mine, for they had often been seen by others, and always much in the same way; though he had never heard of their doing any serious harm to anybody. But why they had interfered with him in particular, who had absolutely nothing to do with the Gumesli-khané mines, he could not tell; but fancied it might have all taken place on account of his Greek friend, who, as a native of the town, and a workman in silver too, might have had some designs of utilizing the old excavations, some plan for draining the submerged shaft; who could tell? As for himself he had evidently never indulged in any theorizings about the affair; it was for him a plain fact, like any other that might have happened; it did not even seem to have much aroused his curiosity; a queer apathy which I have often observed among uneducated people, and much resembling, I should think, the way in which the even less developed minds of animals receive the impressions of what is around them, but not in their line.

I asked him also what had become of his friend of that night; and whether he were still at Gumesli-khané. He answered, "No; that after the adventure, and having appropriated and made use of the silver, everything went wrong with him; his children sickened, and two died, his house fell out of repair, his business did not prosper, and that before a twelvemonth had passed, he emigrated with

others to the Russian territory in the Caucasus, whence he had not returned."

No one can fail to observe how close, point for point, is the family resemblance in this story between the mountain-folk or subterraneous dwarf of the Asiatic neighborhood of Trebizond and their kindred in the Thuringian Harzberg. The superstition does not look like a Turkish one; nor, I believe, does it exist in Georgia across the frontier; it has no place in Arab or Mohammedan legends either as such. The very slight and occasional intercourse between the natives of this country and Germans in particular, whether of the working class or otherwise, does not seem ground enough to warrant the theory that a belief of this kind could have been imported by European visitors; who besides would have other occupations than that of adding one fancy more to the large stock in hand already existing among the people. When we are shown at Jerusalem the window out of which Mary Magdalene looked to see the Saviour go by to Calvary, or when in Egypt the sycamore-tree is pointed out to us under which the Virgin and Child rested when fleeing from Bethlehem to Cairo, we have but to look round, and the explanation is ready in the neighboring Franciscan convent or Propaganda priest. But the goblins of the mines have in their service, so far as I am aware, no missionary apostles, for the best of all possible reasons, that it would be no one's interest to undertake the task. Nor, again, do the special landscape features of bare rocks and leafy gardens, even on a shiny night in the summer season of the year, announce any intrinsic or even plausible connection with this peculiar vagary of the human imagination. It may be, however, that the notion is simply an inherited one, either from the aboriginal Tibereans and Chalybes of the coast, or from their Byzantine colonizers; most probably, I should think — though I cannot call to mind anything definite or corroborative of my conjecture — from the latter. Mr. Tylor, perhaps, of all men living, might best be able to furnish a solution of the question.

There are, however, phantoms of another cast, common, I believe, though with some differences of local shaping and coloring, to all countries, and by no means unfrequent in these, which may more readily be accounted for, whether by transmitted belief, or even by the simpler hypothesis of excited imagination, suggestive surroundings, and the like. I allude to the popular notion according to which, in some evil hour or uncanny spot, the semblance of a well known form or voice is assumed by a malicious spirit that seeks by this disguise to lure its intended victim into deadly terror or bodily hurt. From the legendary Scottish Border, where the White Lady of Avenel entices Father Philip down the stream into the dangerous weir-pool, to the lone southern desert where the Arabian ghoul by not dissimilar artifices leads the wayfarer astray to his death amid the pathless sands; sometimes half in malice, but more in sport, as a Robin Goodfellow or Puck; sometimes in fiendish earnest, as the ghastly Poludniza of the Russian harvest fields, or the hollow half-man of the Brazilian forests; however various the modifications, the idea is everywhere essentially the same. Generally, too, it is to be found — and this may render the explanation easier to those who are careful to answer in such a matter — in connection with that other equally wide-spread superstition, which associates special spiritual power and manifestation with special spots; and not unfrequently even with special times and seasons of the common year.

For fancies of this kind, few apter places could be found than Trebizond. An old half-ruined city, a wide extent of crumbling walls and desolate towers, a confused relic-heap of successive histories and creeds, Pontine, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turk; within, accumulated memories of violence, crime, and bloodshed; without, wild surroundings of dark mountain glen, trackless forest, and melancholy sea, — for melancholy the leaden mist-covered Black Sea is, even more than the Irish Channel or the Atlantic, as Mr. Disraeli himself, were he here, would allow — it is but natural if the semi-barbarous and totally uneducated inhabitants of such a site should have their share of belief in

the phantom "mockery," and should surround him with that atmosphere of mingled gloom and degradation which especially characterizes the memorials of the ignoble Comnenian dynasty, which more than any other has impressed its mark on town and people. And so in fact it is; and I might easily compose a volume — and a very useless one it would be — of the spectral tales of my own next-door neighbors. One such may, however, suffice; I have selected it out of the heap, partly because it is more than usually illustrative both of the localities themselves, and of the customs hereabouts prevalent; partly on account of its curious distinctness of detail, and the facts connected with it.

The parallelogram of precipitous rock, whence Trebizond derives its name, is separated on its western side from the continuity of the coast by a deep valley, or rather ravine, called Xenos. On its eastern margin rise the lofty, though half-ruined walls of the old fortress, the work of the Comnenian Emperors; while its western brink is overshadowed by the gigantic cypress-trees of a large Turkish burial-ground, where, amid countless tombs of every date, reposes under a separate cupola the ambitious mother of Sultan Selcem, conqueror of Syria and Egypt. Just without the cemetery enclosure, between it and the Xenos ravine, stands a small "hammam," or warm bath, of the description so common in the East for the use of the adjoining town-quarter. The suburb, further on, exchanges its name of Xenos for that of Pharos; probably a reminiscence of some old lighthouse which may once have stood on the rocky spur of cliff here jutting out into the sea, and sheltering the shallow harbor of Hadrian, now disused; but of such a building no vestige now remains except the name. But immediately behind the bath rises a confused mass of shattered walls and towers, the relics of a Byzantine outwork that formerly guarded the eastern extremity of the bridge by which access is given across the deep ravine to the castle of Trebizond; and all along up the rapid slope and down the rocky beach, a wilderness of quaint houses and huts, mostly dilapidated, scattered irregularly amidst unpruned orchard-gardens and tall plane-trees, with narrow winding paths here and there between high stone walls, neglected fountains, fallen tombstones, among rank hemlock, grass, and brier; such is this very picturesque, but not very lively or enlivening suburb.

Every nook of it is haunted, say the inhabitants, and if their accounts be worthy of the least credit, the statistics of the disembodied spirits must at least equal those of the flesh-clad ones; but the goblin resort of predilection is, all agree, the "hammam," or bath. This is just as it should be, since the normal condition of public baths in the East is to be haunted; one, for instance, by a black cat of preter-feline proportions — my groom saw it; another by innumerable long snakes, that wriggle up and down the walls — a young Government clerk is my authority for these; a third by a grim and shadowy negro — the policeman who told me of it had nearly been frightened out of his senses; and so on to the end of the goblin list. In plain fact, the interior of an Asiatic bath, especially at night, and when few people are in it, is eerie enough. There is the large, stone-flagged, high-roofed entrance hall, surrounded by deep recesses and wide galleries; then the vaulted chamber within, dimly lighted from above, and opening out from it the yet gloomier retiring-nooks for secluded bathers; the heavy, steamy air, the damp-mottled walls, the ceaseless plash of the large drops that condense and fall from the vault overhead; everything concurs to produce a feeling of loneliness and depression, and to encourage the fancies consequent on such a state. Then, too, a public bath-house is, even in Mohammedan ideas, somewhat of what a theatre or an opera-house may be to a "strict" evangelical, hardly a "proper" place; and this notion, which is unfortunately too often justified in these regions by fact, creates a half-anticipation of meeting evil influences there — a dread which chance, solitude, or any other terrifying cause, may readily heighten into vision.

How many goblins, and of what precise sort, have been seen in the Xenos hammam, I do not know — the census

is yet in its infancy in Turkey — but in the Pharos suburb adjoining, not ten minutes' distance from the ill-famed bath, there yet lives a man of respectable family and condition, married, well-off for means, and under forty years of age; but smitten with premature decrepitude, half-palsied in body, and from time to time wandering also in mind, incapable alike of business and enjoyment. This wretched condition dates from a night in the bath-house of Xenos six years back, under the circumstances which I will now relate as they were told me by a member of the sufferer's own family; the matter was one of general notoriety in the town.

It was in the Mohammedan or lunar month of Sha'aban, which that year corresponded pretty nearly with our December, and which, as preceding the thirty days' yearly fast of Ramadhan, is in some measure a festive time for the followers of the Prophet, a sort of Carnival before their severe Lent. Osman Kaleeb-Zadeh, to give him his name in full, had sat up one night till rather late in one of the coffee-houses — here the ordinary social resorts — of the quarter, amusing himself, after the fashion of the country, by playing backgammon with a friend of his own age and position, and chaffing on the ordinary topics of the time. When the coffee-house had to be closed, a little before midnight, they were the last to leave it; and before parting for the night, they agreed to meet early by the first dawn at the public bath close by, and afterwards to go together into town upon some business which they had arranged in common. They then separated.

Osman went home and to bed, intending to be up before daybreak and join his friend at the bath. But in the middle of his sleep he was suddenly awakened by a sharp knocking at the door. Getting quickly up and opening it to see what was the matter, he beheld standing outside what he supposed to be his companion of the evening before, with a lantern in his hand. The night was still, warm, and overcast with low, misty clouds, as nights often are here during the winter solstice, cold and storm rarely setting in before mid-January. "What has brought you here so early?" he asked. "It is not yet near morning." "How so?" replied the other: "the dawn has already broken, only 'tis cloudy and dark. If we do not make haste we shall find the bath crowded with people, and have ever so long to wait for our turn. Besides, the sooner the better: get your things on and come." Hearing all this, Osman supposed that he must have overslept himself, and was really behind time. So he slipped quietly back into the house, dressed himself, and came out. His friend was still waiting for him, lantern in hand at the door.

No one else was up and stirring as they passed along the narrow lanes, now doubly dark with overshadowing trees, talking familiarly as they went, till they came out on the little open space close by the coffee-house where Osman had spent the evening, where stands a noble plane-tree, and opposite, beyond, is the low, dark entrance of the bath they were going to. But on one side the view opens out across the Xenos ravine to the battlemented walls of the castle opposite; and beyond these again rises high in air the tall stone minaret of a mosque, once a Byzantine church, and now the principal place of Mohammedan worship within the limits of the old fortified town.

Here they stopped to breathe the fresh air a moment after the close, stifling lanes. It was murky night. Osman looked east, but there was no hint of dawn there: only the tapering outline of the minaret was traced faintly white against the blackness of the sky. "How far off it looks in the dusk, and how high!" he exclaimed. "Not so very far off, nor so very high neither," said the other, in a strange altered voice, that made his companion start. "Suppose we just light it up — shall I?" And without waiting for an answer, he stretched out his arm, which suddenly lengthened right across the valley before them, the city walls, and the houses beyond, till it reached the minaret, and hung the lantern on the pointed summit, where it remained suspended, glittering like a star in the gloom.

Terrified at the sight, Osman turned to ask — but his companion had vanished, and he was all alone under the plane-tree in the silent night. Without waiting for more, he hurried back as best he might to his own house, entered, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed. His wife woke up, and inquired what had happened to him — where he had been? He gave some evasive answer, and then lay quiet, pretending to go to sleep, and wishing for the morning.

Only a few minutes, however, had thus passed, when rap it came at the door again. Osman turned a deaf ear at first; but when it was repeated his wife awoke, and, not suspecting what had occurred before, begged her husband to get up and see who was outside. Ashamed to own either his fears or their cause, Osman reluctantly rose, left the room, and opened the house-door. There, sure enough, stood his friend — or the semblance of his friend — lantern in hand, waiting. "Who are you?" asked Osman. The other stared. "Why, do you not know me?" said he. "Were we not playing backgammon together last evening? and did we not agree to go together to the bath this morning? Come along, or we shall be late; the day is breaking." Form, voice, manner, all were those of his friend. Osman felt again ashamed to hint his suspicions; so he determined to put a bold face on it, and accompanied the other into the street.

Before they had gone far he himself learnt to despise his own fears; so thoroughly did the easy and straightforward talk of the one at his side assure him that this time it was no tricky phantom, but a real, living "man and brother" beyond a doubt. Still, he refrained from mentioning the incident of an hour before, lest he should be laughed at or disbelieved.

They passed the open place, the plane-tree, and reached the bath. To their surprise — Osman's, at least — its door stood wide open, and the entrance-hall was fully lighted up; yet no one appeared to be moving within; the head bath-keeper's accustomed place was empty; nor did any attendants come forward to meet them. But the bathing-wrappers, towels, and other requisites were all ready put out; some hung up, some lying folded in their proper places; everything was neatly arranged and fit for use. "They must have got the bath in order, and then, finding that nobody came, have turned in again for a nap," said Osman's companion. "Well, till some one awakes, we had best change our dress, and make ourselves comfortable, for the mean time, in the heating-room."

Osman agreed, and the two exchanged their out-of-doors dress for the costume ordinary in an Eastern bath, consisting of very toga-like wrappers, and went into the large vaulted inner room, which was also lighted up and ready warmed. Here they lay down on the raised stone dais against the wall, with the dome-like roof some twenty or twenty-five feet overhead, and the lamp hanging down from it in the centre.

While they thus reclined at ease, waiting till either a servant or some other bather like themselves should enter, Osman, who had now no doubts left in his mind as to the real and bodily identity of his companion, could not resist the temptation of recounting to him the previous adventure of the night. So he told how he had been awakened and beguiled out of doors by a phantom exactly resembling in shape and voice the friend now beside him, and how they had almost arrived at the bath, when the spectre betrayed itself for what it really was by the portentous feat already described. The other listened without interrupting the story, in apparent astonishment, till, as the narrator concluded: "So," he subjoined, "it hung the lantern it was carrying on the top of the big minaret, did it? But do you think he could have managed this?" and, with the words, he lifted a leg and a foot, which suddenly lengthened out just as the arm had done before, and with a kick struck the very highest point of the central vault above them, shattering to pieces the lamp where it hung.

Osman leapt up terrified, as well he might be, and found himself alone in pitch darkness, for every light in the bath

had been instantaneously extinguished. However, as he had often been in the building before, and was thoroughly well acquainted with it, he managed, in spite of his trepidation, to find his way to the door, and rushed out, in bathing costume as he was, into the open air, leaving his own clothes, which he did not venture to search after, behind him in the entrance-room. But as he crossed the open space between the coffee-house and the bath he looked back, and to his horror, saw the dim and distant top of the minaret within the fortress once more lighted up by the spectral lantern hanging there. Chill and trembling, he at last got back to his own house. There he found his wife fast asleep; and much was she surprised when he woke her to see him so quickly returned, and in such strange attire. He now made a clean breast of it, telling her of all that had happened to him that night from first to last, and adding, that when the day was up he would return to the bath and fetch his clothes from where he had left them.

But hardly had he finished his narration when, to the alarm of both, the same rap that had twice been heard before was repeated outside. Osman's wife, naturally enough, entreated her husband to pay no attention to it. But, like Tam-o'-Shanter in a similar case, he would not take advice: —

Ah, gentle dames! it gaes me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

"But to our tale." Osman, who was by no means a coward, and whose mettle was now fairly up, swore that he would see the matter out to the end; besides, added he, the dawn must now be near, and it could hardly be a phantom again this time. So he got up, went, in bathing apparel as he still was, to the house-door, and opened it. Sure enough, there stood his friend, or what seemed his friend, waiting. "What is the matter with you," asked the figure, "that you stare so wildly at me? and how come you to be in such a dress?" "My own wearing-clothes are at the bath," replied Osman; and forthwith proceeded to give an account of all that he had seen that night, and how he had been twice spectre-tricked, thinking to himself, "If this time it be a phantom, too, like the others, I may as well provoke it to show its true character at once, before we go further." But his friend, on hearing all this, expressed the utmost astonishment. "Me!" he said; "why, I have only this minute left my house, and I was going quietly by myself to the bath, when it occurred to me that I might as well pass by your door, and take the chance of calling you up, in case you might not be awake already. You must have been dreaming somehow. Any way, let us now go at once, and look for your clothes where you have left them, lest anybody else should come in the mean while and take a fancy to them." Once more Osman felt sure that the speaker was his own live neighbor, and no other. So, after a little more parley, they went together, and soon stood before the bath. As before, the outer door was wide open, and the interior of the building brightly lighted up, but neither bathkeeper at the entrance, nor any other living creature. Osman went to the corner where he had first undressed, and there found his clothes lying, untouched and folded, exactly as he had left them. His first impulse was to put them on without delay; but his friend suggested that, as the bath was heated, they might as well make use of it; so the two entered the inner room, there to wait till the ordinary attendants should enter on service.

They sat awhile and talked: no one came. But suddenly a confused noise, like that of a crowd, was heard proceeding from one of the dim corner recesses of the hall. Osman looked that way, but saw nothing; then turning his head back a moment towards his seeming friend, perceived that his face was changed and horrible, and his stature gigantic.

And now from the dark niche whence the sound had been heard, issued a long procession of countless figures — men, women, children, on foot, on horseback, armed, unarmed, soldiers, peasants, townsfolk, spears, lances,

swords, drums, fifes; a mixed multitude, large, small, grotesque, fearful, hideous. They filled the entire place; they swarmed round Osman; they pointed at him, they laughed, they danced, they clamored, they sung, they played the strangest antics, till in a moment, as the first sharp cry that summons to wakefulness and morning prayer sounded from the minaret gallery of the old mosque outside, they all vanished into nothing; the lights went suddenly out; and Osman, left alone and in darkness, fell fainting on the stone pavement of the floor.

There he remained till he was thus found by the bath-keeper who entered at daylight, and was carried home, still insensible. But before long he recovered consciousness, and told his story; for some hours, even, he seemed none the worse for his spectral adventure. As evening approached, however, fever came on, and he for several days was like to die: when the crisis had passed, it left him paralytic, hopelessly impaired in mind and body, a mere wreck. Such he now continues. His friend, whose semblance the "mock" had thrice assumed, had never, as they afterwards found, left his house during that fatal night, nor even till late the following morning.

SMOKELESS EXPLOSIVES FOR SPORTING GUNS.

GUNPOWDER at the present epoch may be said to have reached the acme of perfection, and yet many are dissatisfied with it as a sporting explosive. Those who are accustomed to its use can urge but few facts in its favor, the chief of which are — safety from spontaneous combustion, and regularity of explosive power. On the other hand, after every combustion of gunpowder a residuum is found in fire-arms, which in warm weather rapidly stiffens or beads, and lines the inside of the barrel with a powder crust; in damp weather, as every sportsman knows, this deposit becomes of a fluid and slimy consistency. This is produced by incomplete decomposition, and consists of the material parts thrown off on the decomposition of the gunpowder; the ashes of the charcoal, and sulphur in combination with charcoal, appear to predominate in this deposit. The more impure the ingredients which composed the gunpowder, and the greater the quantity consumed, the greater will be the deposit. With large charges proportionately less deposit is left in cannon than with lesser ones. This is accounted for by the greater force with which the former upon their discharge project a great part of the residuum out of the piece than do the latter, from the proportionately longer barrels of sporting guns. In the former of these cases, in guns of great diameter, it spreads itself over the whole interior surface, and so forms a very thin layer, which readily imbibes the atmospheric air. The acids which this deposit contains act as decomposers of the metal of the interior of cannon, as well as of gun barrels. During the long and continuous use of a gun barrel, the interior has been noticed to become restricted by this residuum to a prejudicial degree. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten, where sportsmen have had their hands, and in some cases their heads, blown off when in the act of loading, the *sons et origo* of the mishap has been found in this deposit or residuum of which we are speaking. For instance, if a muzzle-loading sporting gun be not cleaned, with every new charge a portion of the powder slime or crust is driven into the breech or chamber of the gun, and a very dangerous increase of this deposit is occasioned, which intercepts the fire, or may, upon loading, effect a spontaneous ignition. It not unfrequently happens in the army and navy, that from not carefully "sponging" a great gun after firing, upon inserting the next charge it spontaneously explodes, and blows the "sponger" and "loader" from the muzzle. Many experiments have elicited that the residuum of the powder in the gun barrel is phosphorescent — i. e., emits a light in the dark — like many other oxides, especially those deposited by fire gas; but this is not a dangerous appearance. The cause of the

powerful action of inflamed gunpowder is the extraordinarily rapid expansion of the gases and vapors of the so-called powder-damp, wrought by the high degree of heat to intense elasticity, which, in its sudden effort to occupy a much greater space than it occupied in its solid and material state, strives to overpower every obstacle that would oppose its expansion. This may be exemplified by igniting a single thoroughly dry grain of gunpowder in the open air, when it will be found to evolve and spread around itself a heated mass of air, which at the distance of four or five times the diameter of the grain is still capable of inflaming another grain. The spherical-shaped space which at this moment, in obedience to the aerostatic law, the expanding powder takes possession of on all sides around it, and within which it is capable of communicating inflammation, is therefore from about five hundred to a thousand times greater than was the material bulk of the grain. Experiments and calculations have shown that the powder-damp, evolved by a closely-confined quantity of powder, at the moment of inflammation, and completest possible combustion, strives to occupy a space about five thousand times greater than it occupied before, and from which it expanded. This would denote a force or power equal to five thousand times the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. It is a great pity, however, that this continuous and rapid combustion should all end in *smoke*. But, as all sportsmen are aware to their chagrin, such is the case, even with the best gunpowder ever made. As a natural consequence, after firing the first barrel it is difficult to "get in" the second at a "covey," as by the time the curtain of smoke has lifted and enabled the sportsman to aim again at the retreating birds, they are generally at a range where his tiny projectiles fall innocuous about their feathers. To invent a sporting explosive which should be "smokeless," and at the same time shoot with the regularity of gunpowder, has been the object of numerous practical sportsmen and of chemists for the last fifty years. Until, however, within the last four or five years, "no practically" safe and efficient sporting explosive resulted from the amount of attention bestowed on the subject.

Amongst these inventions, that of gun-cotton is first worthy of note, inasmuch as it approached nearer to the required desiderata for a sporting explosive — i. e., smokelessness — than any other invention having cellulose tissue as a basis. In 1832, M. Braconnot, a chemist of Nancy, in France, in treating starch with concentrated azotic acid was led to the discovery of a pulverulent and combustible product, to which he gave the name of icylidine. This discovery was passed over, nevertheless, with but little notice, till in 1838, M. Pelouze, a chemist of some celebrity, resuming the labors of M. Braconnot, discovered that the very simple matters paper, cotton, linen, and a variety of tissues, as well as other substances, possess the fulminating property attributed to starch. It remained, however, for Professor Schönbein, of Basle, to adapt this discovery to fire-arms in the form and substance known as gun-cotton. This explosive is prepared by steeping cotton-wool for a longer or shorter period in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, thoroughly washing and then drying at a gentle heat. It consists, chemically, of the essential elements of gunpowder — i. e., carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen; but, in addition, it contains another highly elastic gas — hydrogen. The carbon in the fibres of the wool presents to the action of flame a most extended surface in a small space, and the result is an explosion approaching as near as possible to the instantaneous: in consequence of its rapid ignition the recoil of the gun is most violent. Sufficient time is not given to put the charge in motion, hence it is not looked upon with favor as a projectile agent amongst sportsmen. In addition to such a serious defect as the foregoing, gun-cotton possesses an unhappy knack of spontaneous combustion when in the act of drying after being damped, either purposely to keep it safe in store or from the result of exposure to the atmosphere. One would imagine that the recent awful explosion at Stowmarket, and dreadful loss of life, was sufficient warning to our government to desist from attempting to thrust it into the hands

of the army and navy for engineering purposes. We are informed, however, that, much against the wish and expressed opinion of the most eminent engineers of the day, such is their intention. The Prussian Government, after many trials, rejected gun-cotton from their arsenals, adopting instead the new explosive called "Lithofracteur," manufactured by Messrs. Krebs and Co., of Cologne. As Lithofracteur cannot explode unless ignited by a detonating fuse, one would imagine that our government would follow the example of the Prussians and adopt it for mining and engineering purposes. We are given to understand, however, that a "special Act" was hurried through the Legislature to prohibit the use of nitro-glycerine in this country; and, as it happens, in a small measure, to be one of the component parts of Lithofracteur, the country at large is prohibited from traffic in the article. But to return to our "smokeless" sporting explosives. Saw-dust treated in various ways has also been tried as a substitute for gunpowder, and with varying success. Most decidedly the best of this description of explosives is Schultze's Wood Powder, which is made in the following way: The grains, being collected in a mass, are subjected to a treatment of chemical washing, whereby calcareous and various other impurities are separated, leaving hardly anything behind save pure woody matter, cellulose or lignine. The next operation has for its end the conversion of these cellulose grains into a sort of incipient xyloidine, or gun-cotton material, by digestion with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. Our readers will understand that, inasmuch as the wood used as a constituent of the Schultze gunpowder is not charred, its original hydrogen is left, and by and by, at the time of firing, will be necessarily utilized towards the gaseous propulsive resultant. Next, washed with carbonate of soda solution and dried, an important circumstance is now recognizable. The grains, brought to the condition just described, are stored away in bulk, not necessarily to be endowed with final explosive energy until the time of package, transport, and consignment. Only one treatment has to be carried out, and it is very simple. The ligneous grains have to be charged with a certain definite percentage of some nitrate, which is done by steeping them in the nitrate solution and drying. Ordinarily a solution of nitrate of potash (common saltpetre) is employed; but in elaborating certain varieties of white powder, nitrate of baryta is preferred.

By Clark's patent method, pyroxylinized wood grains, without being subjected to frequent washings, are combined with other constituents, with a view to neutralize the free acid. The chief fault in all these descriptions of powder is want of regularity in explosive force. Schultze's Powder as now made is much better in this respect than it used to be, more care being bestowed on its manufacture. Quite recently a discussion arose in the leading sporting journals concerning smokeless explosives for sporting purposes; from which it appeared that Reeves's gun-felt has earned for itself a considerable amount of popularity. It appears from the newspaper correspondence, to which many well-known sportsmen contributed, that, as compared with gunpowder, Reeves's gun-felt gives equal penetrative power and regularity, allied to freedom from smoke and diminution of recoil, great cleanliness, and no corrosion of the barrels with the ordinary care bestowed on all fire-arms, perfect safety in use and keeping, it being incapable of active explosion, unless confined as in the barrel of a gun. The felt in a loose form may be fired with as much safety as the toy called "parlor lightning." Powder when once damp cannot be restored to its former efficacy, whereas when the felt has absorbed a great amount of moisture it can be easily and without danger re-dried and restored to all its original qualities. After removal from the fire it should be allowed to cool for one or two hours before use. These remarks are applicable to the felt when *actually* damp — otherwise it does *not* require the stimulus of being laid before the fire the night previous to shooting, as some sportsmen have recommended with regard to Schultze's powder: this precaution is not required, and therefore it would not increase the efficiency of gun-felt.

As compared with gun-cotton it has the great advantage of superior regularity, which is evidently obtained by the diversity of the manufacturing process. Gun-cotton was toned down to a safety point by the admixture of certain proportions of raw or unconverted fibre, which, being of different specific gravity, renders a perfect uniformity of mixture extremely difficult to attain. On the other hand, gun-felt is chemically treated *en masse* by various compounds, which, combined with the process of felting, endue it with the desired properties. This principle seems to have been partially adopted by Mr. Punshon in his patented gun-cotton powder, the success of which remains yet to be proved by the sporting community. In the manufacture of gun-felt the presence of any free adherent acid is rendered impossible by the various stages of the process. It is the free acid which is the cause of corrosion in the barrels, and also ignition of the material at a low temperature. Gun-felt will not ignite under a temperature of from 380 to 400 degrees. *It has also no fulminating power.* With regard to its keeping properties it leaves little to be desired, as it has been proved fully as effective after three or four years' keeping as when first filled into the cartridge. With the exception of gunpowder, it is also less affected by damp than any other of its competitors. As compared with the Schultze powder, or wood-dust, the raw material of which is necessarily, from its varying densities, of uncertain absorbent power, the gun-felt has the great advantage of having for basis the very purest form of cellulose. There is, however, a disadvantage connected with the gun-felt in that it requires a special machine for loading. This is remedied by buying the felt ready filled into the cases, with or without shot, or by sending cases to be filled at the manufactory, thus doing away with all trouble, and ensuring the loading being done in the best possible manner. Another point of great importance is that no gun has been burst or damaged by it, which is more than can be said of any other explosive. With respect to rifle-shooting it has already been proved very effective, and thoroughly adapted for that purpose, and we expect to find it soon in general use for sporting and other rifles.

Reeves's gun-felt having now been on its trial among sportsmen for four seasons' shooting, and nothing disparaging to it having arisen from its use, it may fairly be regarded as the only sound smokeless explosive for sporting guns. We understand that the inventor manufactures it under his own eye at Dark Mills, Brimscombe, Gloucestershire, and that his constant attention is given to the process, so as to ensure regularity of propellant force in every cartridge sent out. This is as it should be. When companies undertake the manufacture of explosives they too often seem only to consider how a profit is to be made and a dividend ensured. As in such a case individual prestige is not at stake, there is no healthy stimulus to excellence derivable from the knowledge that one's efforts to give satisfaction are regarded with a critical and approving eye by the sporting public. Here, however, the case is different. Mr. Reeves is a sportsman, as well as an inventor, and he addresses himself directly to the sporting public from his manufactory.

Who can tell what the next advance may be in science, as applied to sport? Even grouse are killed by strategy, and after the most approved mode are driven to the shooter.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MADAME TUSSAUD has added Stanley and that respectable colored ge'm'n, Kalulu, to her wax-works.

A WRITER in the *Athenæum* states that Mrs. Somerville had written an autobiography, which she intended for publication after her death.

At Nantes, recently, Monjaux and Mlle. Sorandi played in "Martha" by candlelight, the gas company being unable to furnish their usual supply, owing to the overflow of the Loire.

RECENTLY two travellers, passing through the Norrland, were enchanted by hearing a most delightful soprano colorature, seeming to proceed from a barn. Upon inquiry it happily turned out to be quite the reverse of *vox et præterea nihil*. The performer was a well-made Swedish farm nymph of sixteen, and after a little parleying, the fortunate *impressarii* were able to persuade the girl to come to Upsala, where she is now studying, previous to entering the Paris Académie de Musique. We shall probably hear of this new star in a couple of years.

PRINCE HASSAN, the son of the Khedive, who left England a short time since, was surprised on arriving at his father's capital, a fortnight ago, to learn that he was about to be married. The resolution had just been taken by the Khedive, and the young prince had no sort of notice of the happiness in store for him till he reached Cairo. The wedding is, however, fixed to take place next month, and that entirely irrespective of the prince's views on the subject. The Khedive has ordered his other sons to be married at or about the same time as Prince Hassan, and has selected their brides. Love's young dream does not have much latitude in the Khedive's household.

A FRENCH scholar, M. E. Müntz, has found unedited documents concerning one of the most illustrious poets of Germany, whose biography has remained most obscure as yet, in spite of all researches, — John Fischart. These documents are Fischart's act of marriage, dated St. Martin's day, 1583, and several allusions to his family, especially his wife, who married again on the 24th of April, 1593 (she married J. L. Weidmann). These documents have been utterly unnoticed by the historians of German literature, Goedeke, Koberstein, Vilmas, etc., as well as by the latest editor of Fischart's works, H. Kurz. M. Müntz will soon publish these documents, and so little is known yet of Fischart's life, that his contribution will be welcome.

DEATH was busy last year among distinguished people in France. It carried off the young Duc de Guise; the Duc de Persigny; M. Conti, formerly private secretary to Napoleon III.; M. Rivet, celebrated for his Constitution, which went to pieces on the day of his death; Père Gratry, the eminent Academician, who submitted to the Church before he died; Merle d'Aubigné, the author of the "History of the Reformation;" Théophile Gautier, author of "Mlle. de Maupin," and other less objectionable novels; Théodore Cogniard, a dramatic writer; Capefigue, historian and journalist; Jacques Babinet, the astronomer; Pouchet, the Rouen professor of natural history; Léon Say, a talented dramatist, who committed suicide. The army has lost Marshals Vaillant and Forey; the Navy, Rear-Admiral Tabuteau; commerce, Arles-Dufour, and the publisher Plon, etc.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY in an able article, attributes the importance given to a certain class of women in Paris to the journals of the *Figaro* type, which chronicle their toilettes, their equipages, and their movements. In the accounts given by these papers of "first representations," this style of chronicling is carried to a pitch which renders it impossible for women who care for their fame to venture to the theatre. M. Sarcey relates a pleasing accident which befell him a couple of months ago. He repaired as a sober critic to a first representation. The manager had forgotten to keep him a stall, and was obliged to put him in a box behind two ladies. The next morning what was his astonishment to read in his *Figaro* or *Gaulois* that *ce gros farceur* Sarcey was seen hiding himself at the back of a box behind Mlle. X. and Mlle. Y., two actresses more famed for their personal charms than their histrionic talent! Had M. Sarcey's reputation not been above suspicion, this indiscretion might have been fatal to his domestic happiness, and, as he says himself, it might have led to a duel.

ACCORDING to *Galignani*, a new process of cleaning pictures has been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which, by length of time, has become almost incorporated with the color underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copahu balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downwards over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol, at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the copahu a degree of semi-fluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting, and when the ure is hung up in its place again two or three days after, it is as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have

given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

A VERY distinguished musician, Giovanni Tadolini, has just died at Bologna, aged seventy-nine. Tadolini has left no works of any importance; but his talent was so fully recognized by Rossini that when the great Italian composer was unable from illness to complete the "Stabat Mater," promised for a particular occasion, it was to Tadolini that he applied for no fewer than four pieces still wanting. Afterwards when, in the year 1842, the "Stabat Mater" was brought out in Paris, Tadolini's contributions to the work seem to have been omitted. It would, at least, be difficult now to point out any portion of the "Stabat" which does not bear the impress of Rossini's own genius. Tadolini's pieces are said to have been performed only once, at Madrid; and whether they were composed on motives furnished by Rossini (in which case, retouched by the master, they may still be retained in the existing score), or were wholly the invention of Tadolini, it is certain that their composer never had the satisfaction of hearing them as they proceeded from his pen. The chief sphere of Tadolini's activity was the Italian Opera of Paris, where he officiated as conductor during Rossini's brief period of management, and for many years afterwards as singing-master, or *répétiteur*. Among the many distinguished artists to whom he taught their parts in every new work that was brought out, may be mentioned Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has another affair of honor on hand. When that gentleman left France some time since to pay a visit to the late Emperor at Chiselhurst, he was attacked with considerable violence in *La République Française*. It was no secret that the article in M. Gambetta's organ, which was equivalent to a challenge, was written by M. Ranc, the only member of the Commune who, for some inexplicable reason, was not prosecuted by the government. M. Paul de Cassagnac, on reading M. Ranc's attack, immediately wrote to say that that gentleman would lose nothing by waiting, and this evening he replies to his assailant. After reprinting the anonymous article complained of, M. de Cassagnac says: "You mean, therefore, to keep on your mask? But that does not stop me, sir, for I know who you are. I have only to look through your linen to read on your shoulder the name of Ranc. You are Ranc, the Communist; Ranc, the friend of incendiaries and cut-throats; Ranc, the executioner of the Radical party, the right arm of Gambetta. It is with you that I have business. It is you who have written this article. I know it." M. Paul de Cassagnac then says that when his opponent accuses him of never having fought a serious duel, he is not complimentary to his friends Lermina, Lissagaray, Rochefort, Lockroy, and Flourens, all of whom he has wounded in duels. "They did not know how to hold a sword, you say. Be it so; but with you it is different, and I am far from denying your skill, having had the advantage of attending the same fencing school as you, but with less assiduity." The reply of M. Paul de Cassagnac, who promises to accept a meeting, but who declines to challenge M. Ranc, occupies the whole side of his journal. Among other accusations brought against M. Gambetta's ex-Minister of Police, is that of having been mixed up in the Orsini affair. The Imperialist champion distinctly calls his antagonist an assassin. It is thought that the result of this polemic will be a deadly duel. M. Ranc fought a few months ago and wounded his man, and as for M. Paul de Cassagnac, no one has yet been able to scratch him, though Flourens and Lissagaray were both cunning of fence.

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DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

V.

ON the next morning Roudine had hardly finished dressing before a servant came to his room with an invitation from Daria Michaëlovna to come to her boudoir and take a cup of tea. Roudine found her alone. She welcomed him very warmly, asked if he had slept well, and poured out his tea herself, put in the sugar, and offered him a cigarette; then she again expressed her surprise that she had never met him before. Roudine had seated himself at a little distance; but Daria Michaëlovna offered him an arm-chair near her sofa, and turning towards him, began to make inquiries about his relatives, his plans, and his projects. Daria spoke lazily, and did not listen very attentively, but Roudine saw that she was trying to be polite to him, indeed, that she was even flattering him. It was not without purpose that she had arranged this morning interview, and that she had chosen a plain but becoming dress, *à la Madame Recamier*. However, she soon ceased asking him questions, and began to talk about herself, her youth, and the persons she had known. Roudine listened with interest; but — strange to say — no matter of whom Daria Michaëlovna spoke, she always introduced herself as the main figure, so that he soon learned what she had said to such or such an eminent person, or what influence she had had upon some eminent writer. Judging from Daria Michaëlovna's conversation, all the distinguished persons of the time had wished for nothing except to make her acquaintance and deserve her good-will. She spoke of them very simply, without especial enthusiasm, as of people who belonged to her, calling some of them very odd sticks, but stringing their names together like gems in a costly coronet about the name of Daria Michaëlovna.

Roudine listened, smoking his cigarette in silence; only now and then he interrupted with brief remarks the lady's loquacity. Although he was naturally eloquent and fond of talking, he knew how to listen, and those who were not frightened by his fluency soon expressed themselves freely in his presence, so much kindness did he show in listening to what another might say. He was very good-natured, as those are apt to be who are accustomed to feel themselves superior to the company they are in. In a discussion, he rarely let his opponent have the last word; he overcame him with his eager, impassionate language. Daria Michaëlovna spoke Russian, and seemed proud of her familiarity with her mother-tongue, although she made use of a great many French words and expressions. She tried to employ

simple and popular expressions, but not always with perfect success. Roudine was not overmuch offended by the jargon which poured from Daria Michaëlovna's mouth. At last she grew tired; she let her head fall on the sofa cushion and looked at Roudine.

"Now I understand," he began slowly, "I understand why you pass every summer in the country. You need repose, calmness; after the bustling life of the city you have to rest. I am convinced that you have a keen feeling for the beauties of nature."

Daria glanced at him quickly.

"Nature? Oh, yes, — yes, of course; I do indeed love it, but you know, Dimitri Nicolaitch, even in the country a little society is necessary. Here I hardly see any one. Pigasoff is the cleverest man here."

"The man who got so angry yesterday?" asked Roudine.

"Yes. In the country he is by no means to be despised — he's amusing at times."

"He has some intelligence," answered Roudine, "but he's on a wrong path. I don't know whether you agree with me, Daria Michaëlovna, but, in my opinion, there is nothing to be said in defence of unlimited, complete negation. Deny everything and possibly you will be considered intelligent; that is a well-known device. Ignorant people will readily suppose that you are better than everything which you deny; but that is often false. In the first place, it is easy to spy out faults in everything, and then, if you are in the right, so much the worse for you. Your mind, always disposed for negation alone, loses its power and withers away. While you flatter your self-love, you deprive yourself of the real pleasures of the mind. Life — the inner worth of life — eludes your superficial, soured observation, and at last you become a mere scold, the butt of every one. Only he who loves can criticise."

"*Voilà M. Pigasoff enterre,*" said Daria Michaëlovna. "You have a wonderful power of describing people. Still, Pigasoff probably would not have understood you. He only loves himself."

"And he's always abusing himself in order to have an excuse for abusing others," said Roudine.

Daria Michaëlovna laughed.

"Yes, but, to pass from the sick man to the sound one, — what do you think of the baron?"

"Of the baron? He's an excellent man, with a good heart and much experience; but he has no character. All his life he will remain half a scholar, half a man of the world; that is to say, a dabbler, or more exactly, a mere cipher. It's a pity."

"That's precisely my opinion," answered Daria Michaëlovna; "I have read his article . . . *entre nous* . . . *cela a assez peu de fond.*"

"Who else do you see?" asked Roudine after a short silence.

Daria knocked off the ash of her cigarette with her little finger.

"Hardly any one else. There's Alexandra Paulovna; she is very nice, but nothing more. Her brother is a very worthy man, *un parfait honnête homme*. Prince Garine, you know. Those are all. There are two or three other neighbors, but they can't be counted. Either they are forever putting on lofty airs and pretensions, or else they are alternately bashful and overbold. As for the women, you know I never see them. We have another neighbor who is said to be a very cultivated, even a very learned man, but he is very eccentric. Alexandrine knows him, and it seems is somewhat interested in him. You ought to have paid her some attention, Dimitri Nicolaitch; she is a charming woman; she only needs to be developed a little; yes, she does need that."

"She is very attractive," remarked Roudine.

"She is a perfect child, Dimitri Nicolaitch, as innocent as a child. She has been married, *mais c'est tout comme*. If I were a man I should fall in love with just such women."

"Really?"

"Without doubt; such women have at least freshness, and that can't be imitated."

"And can everything else be imitated?" asked Roudine with a laugh, which was seldom seen on his face. Whenever he laughed his face assumed a very strange expression which gave him the appearance of an old man; his eyes closed, his nose wrinkled. "And who is this eccentric of whom you were speaking, and in whom Madame Lipina is interested?" he asked.

"A certain Leschnieff — Michael Michaëlovitch; he has a place in the neighborhood."

Roudine started and raised his head.

"Leschnieff — Michael Michaëlovitch?" he asked; "is he a neighbor of yours?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

Roudine did not answer at once.

"I used to know him — a long time ago. He is said to be rich?" he continued, playing with the fringe of his chair.

"He is rich, but he dresses horribly and drives about in a droschke, like an overseer. I have tried to get him here. He is said to be very clever. I am now arranging some business matters with him . . . you know I manage my estate myself?"

Roudine bowed.

"Yes, I do it myself," continued Daria Michaëlovna. "I don't try any foreign improvements. I follow the Russian ways; and you see everything goes on very well," she added, pointing to the surrounding objects.

"I have always been convinced of the complete error of those who deny the existence of practical sense in women."

Daria Michaëlovna smiled pleasantly.

"You are very kind," she said, "but what was I going to say? What were we talking about? Oh, yes, about Leschnieff. I have to talk with him about some surveying. I have often invited him to come and see me, and I expect him to-day; but he never comes — he's so eccentric."

The curtain which hung before the door was raised and

the steward entered. He was a tall, gray-haired, somewhat bald man, wearing a black dress-coat, a white neck-tie, and a white waistcoat.

"What do you want?" asked Daria Michaëlovna, and turning a little towards Roudine, she asked him in French, "Does he not look like Canning?"

"Michael Michaëlovitch Leschnieff has arrived," said the steward; "shall I bring him here?"

"Ah, heavens!" cried Daria Michaëlovna, "just as we were speaking of him. Invite him to this room."

The man left the boudoir.

"This singular man is come at last, and at an unfortunate time. He interrupts our conversation."

Roudine was about to leave, but Daria Michaëlovna made him stay.

"Where are you going? We can talk about this matter in your presence, and besides I want to have you describe him to me as you have Pigasoff. When you speak, *vous gravez comme avec un burin*. Stay."

Roudine was apparently about to answer, but he thought a moment and said nothing.

Michael Michaëlovitch, whom the reader already knows, entered the room. He wore the same old coat, and held in his sun-burned hands the same old cap. He saluted Daria Michaëlovna quietly, and walked up to the table.

"You have at last been good enough to call, Mr. Leschnieff," said Daria Michaëlovna. "Pray be seated. I believe you know this gentleman," she added, pointing towards Roudine.

Leschnieff looked at Roudine, and smiled rather oddly.

"I know Mr. Roudine," he said with a slight bow.

"We were at the university together," remarked Roudine in a low voice, and casting down his eyes.

"And have met since," said Leschnieff, coldly.

Daria Michaëlovna looked at both with some surprise, and offered Leschnieff a seat, which he took.

"You wanted to see me," he began, "about the surveys?"

"Yes, about the surveys, and also for the pleasure of making your acquaintance. We are neighbors and almost relatives."

"I am much obliged to you," answered Leschnieff. "As to the surveys, I have come to an agreement about them with your overseer; I consent to everything he proposes."

"I knew you would."

"But he told me we could not sign the papers until I had had an interview with you."

"Yes, that is my habit. May I ask you if it is true that all your serfs pay you rent?"

"It is true."

"And yet you interest yourself in the surveying? That is very commendable of you."

Leschnieff did not answer for a moment.

"You see I came for this interview."

Daria Michaëlovna smiled. "I see that you came. You say that in such a strange way, I am sure that you did not want to come."

"I never go anywhere," answered Leschnieff, phlegmatically.

"Not anywhere? But you call on Alexandra Paulovna?"

"I am an old friend of her brother."

"Her brother! Still, I don't compel any one. But you

will excuse me, Michael Michaëlovitch, I am older than you and may be permitted to find fault with you; how can you take any pleasure in leading so retired a life? Is it my house perhaps that you don't like? or perhaps you don't like me?"

"I don't know you, Daria Michaëlovna, and so how can I dislike you? Your house is very handsome; but I confess frankly I don't like to take the trouble. I have no suitable coat, no gloves; I don't belong to your set."

"By birth and education you do, Michael Michaëlovitch. *Vous êtes des nôtres.*"

"Let us leave birth and education out of the discussion, Daria Michaëlovna. That is not the point."

"Man ought to live with his kind, Michael Michaëlovitch. What pleasure have you in living like Diogenes in his tub?"

"In the first place he was very comfortable there; and in the second, how do you know that I do not live among people?"

Daria Michaëlovna bit her lips.

"That is another matter. I have only to regret that I am not one of those whom you deem worthy of your acquaintance."

"It seems to me," broke in Roudine, "that Mr. Leschnieff carries to excess what in itself is a very praiseworthy feeling — the love of liberty."

Leschnieff made no answer; he simply looked at Roudine. There was a moment of silence.

"So," said Leschnieff, rising, "I may consider our business as settled, and may tell your overseer to bring over the papers for me to sign."

"You may . . . although you are not at all amiable . . . I ought to refuse."

"But this survey will bring you more profit than it does me."

Daria Michaëlovna shrugged her shoulders. "And you won't stay and breakfast with us?"

"Thank you very much, I never eat any breakfast, and besides, I must go home."

Daria Michaëlovna arose. "I won't detain you any longer," she said, going towards the window; "I don't dare detain you."

Leschnieff bade them good morning.

"Good-by, Mr. Leschnieff. Excuse me for boring you."

"You have not bored me," he said, going out.

"What do you think of him?" asked Daria of Roudine.

"I had heard that he was eccentric, but this exceeds everything."

"He suffers in the same way as Pigasoff," answered Roudine, "from a desire to appear original. One pretends to be a Mephistopheles, the other a cynic. In it all there is a great deal of egoism, a great deal of selfishness, little truth, little love. In another way, it is a sort of calculation; one puts on a mask of indifference and idleness, to make others say, 'That man hides a great deal of light beneath a bushel!' But if you examine closely, there is no light there."

"*Et de deux!*" said Daria Michaëlovna. "You are a terrible man at defining character. No one escapes you."

"Do you think so?" said Roudine. "Still, to be just," he continued, "I ought not to say anything about Leschnieff.

I loved him once, loved him as a friend. Afterwards, in consequence of some misunderstanding" —

"You quarrelled?"

"No, we had no quarrel; we separated, and, I think, separated forever."

"That's the reason, I noticed that you were ill at ease during his visit. . . . I am much obliged to you for a pleasant morning. I have enjoyed it very much. But — everything in moderation! I give you leave of absence until breakfast-time; now I must attend to business. My secretary, you have seen him — Constantine is my secretary — is probably waiting for me now. I commend him to you. He is a most worthy young man, very obliging, and enthusiastic about you. Good-by, then, dear Dimitri Nicolaïtch. How indebted I am to the baron for giving me the opportunity of making your acquaintance."

Daria Michaëlovna held out her hand to Roudine. He first shook it, then raised it to his lips, and went out into the hall, and thence upon the terrace, where he met Natalie.

VI.

It was by no means unlikely that one would not at first be attracted by Daria's daughter, Natalie Alexievna. Thin and dark, she had not yet reached her full growth, and she did not hold herself perfectly straight. Her features, although rather marked for a girl of seventeen, were noble and regular. Especially beautiful was the clear, smooth forehead, which rose above her gently arching eyebrows. She spoke very little, but when any one was talking she listened and looked attentively, almost fixedly, at him, as if she was unwilling to let anything escape her. She would often sit motionless, sunk in thought, her arms hanging by her side; at such times her face expressed the profoundness of her abstraction. . . . A hardly perceptible smile played about her lips and disappeared again; her large dark eyes lifted themselves up slowly. "*Qu'avez-vous?*" Mademoiselle Boncourt used to ask, and then would begin to scold her, telling her it was not proper for a young lady to drop her head and be so absent-minded. But Natalie was not absent-minded; on the contrary, she studied earnestly and was fond of reading and working. Her feelings were keen and deep, although she was reserved; in her childhood she had hardly ever cried, now she seldom even sighed, and only grew pale when anything troubled her. Her mother considered her a well-behaved, reasonable child, and used to call her in jest, *mon honnête homme de fille*, but she had no very high opinion of her intellectual powers.

"Fortunately, my Natalie is cold," she used to say. "She's not like me — so much the better! She will be happy." Daria Michaëlovna was mistaken. Besides, it is seldom that a mother fully understands her daughter.

Natalie loved Daria Michaëlovna, but she did not have perfect confidence in her.

"You have nothing to conceal from me," said her mother to her one day, "but if you had, you would make a great mystery of it. You have your own little head."

Natalie looked at her mother and thought, "And why shouldn't I have my own head?"

When Roudine met her on the terrace, she was going into her room with Miss Boncourt to get her hat and walk in the garden. Her morning occupations were finished

She was no longer treated as a child; Miss Boncourt had long since ceased instructing her in mythology and geography, but she made her read every morning a chapter of history, or of a book of travels or some other instructive work. Daria Michaelovna made the choice as if she were following some system; but in fact she gave Natalie everything which her French bookseller in St. Petersburg sent her, except naturally the novels of Alexandre Dumas, Fils & Co.; these she kept for herself. When Natalie was reading history Miss Boncourt scowled with great severity behind her glasses; the old French lady considered all history to be full of things which were only harmful to know, although her knowledge included only Cambyzes in ancient times, and Louis XIV. and Napoleon, whom she hated, in modern history. But Natalie used to read books of which Miss Boncourt had never heard; she knew Pouchkine by heart.

Natalie blushed slightly as she met Roudine.

"Are you going to walk?" he asked.

"Yes; we are going into the garden."

"Will you let me go with you?"

Natalie looked at Miss Boncourt, who answered, "Certainly, sir, we should be glad to have you."

Roudine took his hat and followed them.

At first Natalie was a little embarrassed at walking by Roudine's side, but she soon recovered herself. He began to question her about her occupations and the pleasure she had in the country. She answered a little timidly, but without that uneasy self-consciousness which is sometimes mistaken for modesty.

"Do you never get tired of the country?" asked Roudine, glancing at her from the corner of his eye.

"How can one be tired of the country? I am delighted to be here. I am very happy here."

"You are happy. That's a great word. But it's natural enough; you are young."

Roudine pronounced this word in a strange way, as if both envy and pity moved him.

"Yes, youth!" he added. "The great aim of science is to give us by means of work what youth gives us gratuitously."

Natalie looked at Roudine attentively; she had not understood him.

"I have been talking most of the morning with your mother," he continued, "an extraordinary woman. I can understand why all our poets so valued her friendship. Do you too like poetry?" he added, after a moment of silence.

"He's examining me," thought Natalie, and she answered, "Yes, I like it very much."

"Poetry is the language of the gods. I too am fond of poetry. But not in verses alone do we find poetry; it is everywhere; it is all around us. Look at the trees, the sky; from all sides stream forth life and beauty; where there is life and beauty, there is poetry. Let us sit down on this bench," he continued. "So; I don't know why, but it seems to me that when we are better acquainted we shall be" (and he looked with a smile into her eyes) "very good friends. What do you think about it?"

"He treats me like a child," thought Natalie again, and, uncertain what she ought to say, she asked him how long he intended to stay in the country.

"All summer, the autumn, and perhaps through the winter. You know I am not rich; besides, I'm beginning to get tired of the perpetual change of place. It is time for me to give myself a little rest."

Natalie looked at him with surprise.

"Do you really find that it is time for you to rest?" she asked timidly.

Roudine fixed his eyes upon her.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I meant to say," she answered with some embarrassment, "that others may seek rest, but that you. . . you ought to work and try to make yourself useful. Who will do it, if you do not?"

"I am much obliged to you for your flattering opinion," interrupted Roudine, "be useful—that is easily said," and he rubbed his hand over his face. "Useful!" he repeated. "If I could only know how I could be of use—if I only had confidence in my own powers, where could I find sincere and sympathetic souls?"

Roudine let his hand fall with so despondent an air and dropped his head so sadly that Natalie could not help asking if he were indeed the man who on the evening before had spoken with such enthusiasm and confidence.

"But no," he added, shaking his lion-like mane, "that is nonsense, and you are right. I thank you, Natalie Alexievna, I thank you heartily." Natalie did not know why he thanked her. "A word from you has reminded me of my duty, has shown me the way. . . . Yes. I must work. If I have talents I must not bury them. I ought not to waste my powers in empty, useless babble, in vain words." . . .

And his words flowed as from a spring. He spoke admirably, enthusiastically, against cowardice and idleness, about the necessity of working. He reproached himself, proved to himself that to discuss in advance what one was going to do was as unwise as to prick with a pin fruit that was on the point of ripening; it was a mere waste of force in both cases. He declared that a noble thought never failed to awaken sympathy, that those alone were misunderstood who did not themselves know what they wanted, or who deserved their fate. He spoke for a long time, and concluded with thanking Natalie again, and, pressing her hand suddenly, he added, "You are a charming, noble being!"

This liberty astounded Miss Boncourt. In spite of the forty years she had spent in Russia, she understood Russian with great difficulty, and admired only the fluent ease of Roudine's remarks. In her eyes he was only a sort of virtuoso or artist, and such people could not be held to too strict a regard of conventionalities.]

She rose, arranged her skirts, and told Natalie it was time to go back, especially because Mr. Volinzoff was going to breakfast with them.

"There he is now," she added, glancing at one of the paths which led towards the house.

And in fact, Volinzoff was coming towards them. He approached irresolutely, greeted all from a distance, and turning towards Natalie with suffering marked upon his face, he said to her, "Ah! you were taking your walk?"

"Yes," answered Natalie. "We were just going back to the house."

"Indeed, let us go."

And they all started towards the house.

"How is your sister?" asked Roudine with an especially courteous voice. On the evening before too he had treated him with great kindness.

"Thank you very much, she is very well. Perhaps she will come to-day. I think you were talking when I came up!"

"Yes, we were talking. Natalie Alexievna had said something which made a great impression upon me."

Volinzoff did not ask what she had said, and in unbroken silence they all reached the house.

(To be continued.)

A CHARLATAN BIOGRAPHER.¹

This is a book which is discreditable to every one who is concerned in its publication. When we have said that (so far as Mr. Page is concerned) the book is utterly worthless, we have said nothing. It is much worse than this. It is a direct defiance to Mr. Hawthorne's expressed wishes; it is a direct injury to his children; it is scarcely less than a direct insult to the public.

In 1870, Mrs. Hawthorne, in her Preface to "Passages from the English Note-Books," wrote as follows:—

"There had been a constant and an urgent demand for a life or memoir of Mr. Hawthorne; yet, from the extreme delicacy and difficulty of the subject, the editor felt obliged to refuse compliance with this demand. Moreover, Mr. Hawthorne had frequently and emphatically expressed the hope that no one would attempt to write his biography; and the editor perceived that it would be impossible for any person outside his own domestic circle to succeed in doing it, on account of his extreme reserve."

But the task which Mr. Hawthorne's wife feared to attempt, a writer who disguises himself under an assumed name rushes in to undertake. Folly, however, is the least part of this *soi-disant* Mr. Page's proceedings. We must trace the history of them a little more minutely.

The first notice that this book was in contemplation appeared on the fly-leaf of "Septimius," which Miss Hawthorne had edited. It was there announced, "Shortly will be published, uniform with this volume, 'The Life and Unpublished Stories of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne,' by H. A. Page." Of course all the world would suppose, what we presume it was intended to suppose, that Mr. Hawthorne's family had given their sanction to the work, and supplied materials for it. As matter of fact it was far otherwise. At last, and when other means seemed of no avail, they requested us to insert a notice to the effect that the book had no sanction of theirs, that they did not believe that Mr. Page had ever been acquainted with their father, or had any unpublished manuscripts of his. Silence on their part would have been complicity, and would certainly have deceived the public. An attempt to induce a withdrawal of this notice on the ground that a critical estimate, and not a life, was the character of the forthcoming book, was fortunately unsuccessful. Mr. Page and his publishers must be alone responsible. And now, when the book appears, it assumes the form of "Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne; with Stories now first Published in this Country." The interests of truth had gained thus much by the protest of Mr. Hawthorne's children. Mr. Page writes:—

"The circumstance that I have had access to several American magazines, hardly of recent date, and to the various American editions of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works, has enabled me to trace out several short stories and sketches of his, which, though acknowledged by him, have never been reprinted here or given to English readers."

To discover in out-of-the-way quarters stories of Hawthorne's which have never been pirated by any English

publisher, and to deprive Hawthorne's own representatives of the advantage of any reprint, would be a respectable feat of literary enterprise. All things are fair in the absence of a defined international copyright. Other and higher considerations were naturally out of the question.

In turning, however, to these stories ("now first published in this country"), we find there are only some two hundred pages, of large print and wide margin. The first is "Mother Rigby's Pipe:" it is about one fourth of the whole. As we read, the story seemed familiar to us, though we could not recollect the name. We turned, however, to "Mosses from an Old Manse," and there we found it; but it is there called "Feathertop; a Moralized Legend."

Mr. Page's motives for altering the name we do not attempt to explain: we only know that he nearly threw us off the scent entirely. All the rest of the book, except some forty pages, is also from the "Mosses," so that the researches among American magazines and various editions have not come to much. It is a small gleanings, indeed, for which we are to be grateful.

Now the "Mosses from an Old Manse" have been already published in England; and, even allowing that these particular stories are not included in the English edition, the American edition is a common book enough, and the stories are already well known. "The Virtuoso's Collection" is as amusing and characteristic in its way as anything Hawthorne ever wrote. "Feathertop" is delightful, and there are many charming bits in "The Passages from a Relinquished Work."

As regards the "Memoir," Mr. Page has merely extracted scraps from "The Note-Books," a few passages from Fields' "Yesterdays with Authors," and a sentence or two from an old paper by Mr. Curtis. This is all. Mr. Page had no information to give us, and so we learn nothing that we did not know before. There is not a single fresh incident in the book. There is no example of that delightful humor which dropped out so slowly and unexpectedly. There is not even a fragment of an unpublished letter. The seven years of life in Europe is compressed into two pages: the whole "Memoir," properly so speaking, includes but fifty.

The "Memoir," however, is supplemented by an essay on Hawthorne's characteristics as a man and as an author. Considering that Mr. Page had never even seen Hawthorne, and that, like the typical German with the camel, he had to evolve a portrait of Hawthorne out of his own consciousness, we must honestly say that the sketch shows both ingenuity and industry. We learn, moreover, what Hawthorne would have been if he had been otherwise than he was: "Had Hawthorne been as sceptical of Providence as he was of men, he would have been helplessly melancholy." Now, Hawthorne was not "sceptical of men," nor was he in any real sense "melancholy;" but of course we cannot say what might have happened had he been both these, and "sceptical of Providence" also. He might—who can tell?—have been capable of writing this very essay! To show its literary quality, it may be enough to quote the first and last sentences: "The root of Hawthorne's genius was Puritan, but he dipped the Puritan sternness in finest dyes of fancy, caught largely from his early impressions." To dip roots into dyes which have been caught from impressions is a curious operation, which we are too little versed in the mystery of dye-works to understand. The last sentence, apparently borrowed from an upholsterer, is easier: "His words fit his thoughts as neatly as do the coverings which Nature provides for her finest and most delicate productions,—chaste ornament never being spared."

But enough of Mr. Page! Let us turn away to look once more upon that man of high genius and of stainless honor, whose name is the excuse for this book. The truest dignity and the gentlest heart were his. Few have ever heard of the kind and generous deeds he did when, during his consulship in England, he was able to befriend a countryman. Still fewer would suspect how indignantly, when occasion called, he could flash out against an injustice, a cruelty, or a

¹ Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne; with Stories now first Published in this Country [England]. By H. A. Page. London, 1873.

vice. He was reserved, no doubt, but not to those whom he truly loved. He was full of a quiet common sense, which contrasted strangely with the wild fancies which haunted his brain when he sat down to work. As you saw him and heard him talk, the question would continually recur, how had this man, whose friends were so few, and for whom strangers had no attraction, contrived to fathom the lowest depths and unveil the most hidden secrets of human nature? Or whence did the weird visions come to a mind that was in itself so healthy, and to a quiet life that was so full of happiness? The only explanation—and Hawthorne himself partly hints at it—is the rare gift of an overmastering genius, which seems to assert itself independently of all circumstances and conditions. Talent has been defined as what a man *can* do, genius as what he *must* do. The man of genius is less possessed of a gift than possessed by it. He has to obey rather than command, and he works not always as he would, but as he is compelled to work. Hawthorne often complains that he cannot make his stories or his characters as he wishes.

Hawthorne's life will never be written; but could not his family give us a selection of his letters? Some of them are now before us: full of the old humor, and the quaint, genial wisdom,—but we have no right to print them. The few that Mr. Fields has published are hardly among his best.

There is one letter, however, which was published in the Liverpool papers of June 16, 1855, which is curious, as bearing on Hawthorne's religious opinions, and which, of course, is already public property. It appears that there was a meeting being held of "The Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire." It would further appear that this assembly is a relic of the Presbyterian organization established by the Parliament of 1647, and that, like other English Presbyterian institutions, it is now entirely Unitarian. To this meeting Hawthorne, then in Liverpool, had been invited. He wrote the following answer:—

"I regret that a long contemplated and unavoidable absence from town will deprive me of the great pleasure of being present on the interesting occasion, in the enjoyments of which you kindly invite me to participate. Few things have been more delightful to me during my residence in England than to find here the descendants (spiritually, at least, and in many instances I believe the descendants by lineage and name) of that revered brotherhood, a part of whose mission it was to plant the seeds of liberal Christianity in America. Some of that brotherhood sought freedom of worship on the other side of the Atlantic, while others reserved themselves to the perhaps more difficult duty of keeping their religious faith pure and full of genial life beneath the shadow of English churches and cathedrals. And it seems to me a noble and beautiful testimony to the truth of our religious convictions, that, after so long a period, coming down from the past with an ocean between them, the liberal churches of England and America should nevertheless have arrived at the same results; that an American, an offspring of Puritan sires, still finds himself in brotherly relations with the posterity of those free-minded men who exchanged a parting pressure of the hand with his forefathers more than two centuries ago; and that we can all unite in one tone of religious sentiment, whether uttered by the lips of the friend whom you have summoned from my native land (Rev. W. H. Channing), or by the lips of your honored guests, whose faith has ripened in the mother country. — With great respect, sincerely yours, NATHL. HAWTHORNE."

We greatly doubt whether there exists any other clear and published indication of the bent of Hawthorne's religious sympathies.

OVERWORK.

EVERY one who has had much to do with schoolboys or undergraduates is aware of a pleasant fiction which is current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from their mothers and sisters. A young gentleman whose face is rather pale, whose hand shakes more than is fitting at his time of life, and who has a generally dilapidated appearance at the end of term, is apt to ascribe those

symptoms to the superhuman efforts which he has made in passing the Little-go. He throws out dark hints about the necessity of fastening a wet towel round his head, and supporting his nervous system by copious draughts of green tea. His female relatives naturally sympathize, and regard examiners as stony-hearted inflictors of tortures upon the young. The more experienced and impartial observer is apt to be sceptical. It is indeed true that some young men have injured their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it is also true that in a majority of cases the fiction is tolerably transparent to the young gentleman's college acquaintance. Overwork is sometimes a simple appeal for compassion; its supposed victim is merely acting the part of pallid student to impress the audience at home. More frequently it is a delicate periphrasis for other evils of a less presentable nature. Its sufferer may be imputing to intellectual exertion what is really due to a misguided passion for supper-parties and to nights spent in devotion to loo. In short, overwork is a highly convenient veil to throw over the innumerable methods in which a youth may injure his constitution. If the physical mischiefs produced by excessive study could be fairly compared with the mischiefs produced by other causes, we have a shrewd suspicion that their sum total would be infinitely less than is generally supposed. We may say pretty confidently, from a tolerably wide experience, that the number of victims to overwork is utterly insignificant, compared with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon soft-hearted relations.

What is true of undergraduates is at least equally true in later life. Most men, as they grow older, grow lazier, and at the same time become more accomplished hypocrites. For both reasons they acquire greater skill in imposing upon themselves and others. A young man brought up in happy ignorance of physiological laws, and placed under the stimulus of a competition whose importance he grossly exaggerates, does occasionally take liberties with his constitution. When he becomes conscious of his digestive apparatus, he grows more cautious, and is less accessible to excitement. He cannot be ridiculed by his companions, and he becomes an adept in the art of self-flattery. Everybody likes to think that he is making superhuman exertions, and his wife and family accept his theories much more readily than his tutors and competitors. And thus, when some eminent man breaks down under the strain of his labors, there is immediately a chorus of hard-working people who are ready to exclaim, Yes, we are all breaking down. The cry is taken up by the newspapers, and we are treated to eloquent sermons upon the terrible excitement and the incessant wear and tear of modern life. We are living too fast, burning the candle at both ends, and exhausting our nervous systems under the incessant pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is genuine? and how much is merely the repetition in later life, and with greater affectation of solemnity, of the old undergraduate pretence that we are being overworked, when in reality we are only wanting to excite a little domestic pity?

That a great deal of this lamentation is mere pretence will probably be acknowledged by any one who fairly examines the cases of his acquaintance. A gentleman has a comfortable breakfast; he goes to his chambers or his office, and returns to a late dinner. He does no work afterwards, and has plenty of time for a good sleep. His whole time for active work is comprised, say, between 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. From that must be deducted the time spent in luncheon, in gossiping, in the intervals between different pieces of business, and in all other interruptions. If he has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labor for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as most men; and of this again a very large part is in most cases of a purely routine character. If a man who keeps himself up to this standard does not get from six weeks' to two months' holiday in the year, he considers himself to be cruelly injured, and immediately com-

plaints that he is being worked to death. One hears such complaints from many men who, if surprised in the hours of what they call business, are as often as not reading the newspaper, or perhaps making believe to read it. An energetic man will frequently contrive to cram into the hours which are allowed to run to waste by his friends work enough to win literary or scientific reputation, as a voluntary addition to his other labors. As very few men have the necessary taste for such supererogatory performances, we may fairly assume that their burden is not heavier than human nature may fairly be expected to bear. It is of course true that there are many exceptions to this rule. There are barristers in large practice who have to begin the study of their briefs at five in the morning; physicians who cannot call any hour of the day or night their own; and ministers whose labors, sufficiently severe in themselves, are only suspended whilst they breathe the unhealthy air of the House of Commons. But such cases, though positively numerous, are relatively a very small minority. Few members of Parliament are unable to spare time for society, for sport, for travelling, or for a thousand other modes of time-killing. The vast majority of professional men are far more apt to complain of the absence of work than of its excessive supply. For one barrister whose table is groaning under an accumulation of briefs, there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a subject of regret to their friends, would be accepted with surpassing equanimity by attorneys and by the public at large. The overwork of which we complain, so far as it really exists, is the result of a social system which accumulates duties upon a few, to leave the mass at complete leisure. Of the few, again, it must be added that a majority have no heavier burdens than they can fairly carry. The longevity of successful lawyers is notorious. We need not give instances of the many successful men who have been hard at work from early manhood to old age; of whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their capacity for doing it satisfactorily. With such men it must be supposed that hard work has been rather healthy than otherwise; and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a minority. They are the few men whose intellectual force is disproportioned to their physical strength, and who have not self-restraint enough to decline duties for which they are fitted in every respect but constitutional power. Some such men doubtless break down every now and then, and the sympathy which their cases excite provokes others to exhibit themselves in the same amiable character. We all like to be martyrs, especially when the fire exists only in imagination.

The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under the name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he cannot leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, Who is she? than to ask, How much is it? Business which keeps a man in a state of constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labor at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Erie Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively discreditable sound, the

evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming-tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently complain that we have injured ourselves by over-application to our duties.

As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most flimsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are manœuvring, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists, it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds' weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a blood-vessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labor. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answer better to sit up at night; and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The *Lancet*, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable recommendation of the same authority; whilst, of course, excess in tobacco and alcohol is a constant cause of the incapacity for sleep which is often complacently attributed to overwork. The rule is, in short, that a man should take care that he gets good sleep and keeps his digestion in order. A little unprejudiced observation of his own symptoms will teach a man of ordinary sense how to keep himself in health; and, by a judicious arrangement of his time and habits, he will find that he can do as much work with perfect impunity as will serve him, if he so pleases, with an admirable excuse for committing suicide and becoming a text for leading articles. It is not overwork that should be denounced, but the bad habits for which work is made to serve as an excuse. Eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as voluminous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

ANYTHING like an adequate description of the genius of Faraday, of the daring of his researches or of the splendor of his scientific achievements, even within the compass of a substantial work, has been all but despaired of by each of his thoroughly competent biographers. Professor John Tyndall, who was deemed not unworthy of being his successor in the Chair of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, has, at the very opening of the beautiful volume in which

he has celebrated his great predecessor's career as a discoverer, frankly pronounced any attempt at such a delineation a work very difficult of performance. It is the remembrance of his friendship that he cherishes. As for his mantle, he modestly declares that it is almost too heavy to be borne. Dr. Bence Jones, again, the able Secretary of the establishment in Albemarle Street, declares, in the very first sentence of the Preface to the two volumes of his more extended biography of the philosopher, that, at the first blush, the notion of writing anything like a fitting Life of Faraday appeared to him to be simply hopeless. Nor can these avowals be very much wondered at, upon reflection, remembering that Michael Faraday was, quite literally, what Tyndall has in so many words declared him to be, "the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." Under the guise of an errand-boy turned analyst, here was one who indeed made good his claim to be regarded as, what the same eulogist hesitates not to designate him, — a mighty investigator. In his lifelong pursuit of the truth he was as indomitable and indefatigable in his character as a scientific inquirer, as the Arabian necromancer who pursued the genii through all his protean transformations. He took his wizard stand in the Circle of the Sciences. The Magic Mirror of Cornelius Agrippa was as nothing in its revelations to that heavy glass of silico-borate of lead with which, under the wonder-working hand of Michael Faraday, light was first experimentally magnetized — or, in other words, under the powerful magnetic influence of which it proved to be capable of circular polarization.

On inscribing the illustrious name of Faraday at the head of this paper, a whole quarter of a century seems to ourselves, in the twinkling of an eye, to have disappeared. Youthful ardor is again ours, as it was then — apparently but yesterday. Turning out of Piccadilly into Albemarle Street, we have hastened eagerly to the Grecian façade at the northeastern extremity of the latter thoroughfare, until, having passed through the swinging doors and ascended the broad staircase, we have entered for the first time the theatre in which we have come to listen to the prince of lecturers, and to watch, with the delight with which a boy observes the every movement of a conjurer, the exquisite manipulation of the peerless experimentalist. As we pass through the ante-room or vestibule to the larger hall or principal apartment of the edifice, we have an eye to the recess of the window near the corridor, for it is there, on that historical spot, that, on the 13th March, 1813, Sir Humphry Davy first gave audience to the young journeyman book-binder named Faraday, who was afterwards to become his assistant, and who was destined to surpass even his splendid reputation. Although the lecturing theatre is capable of holding an audience of fully seven hundred persons comfortably seated on the semi-circular benches, ranged tier above tier beneath the horse-shoe gallery and in front of the horse-shoe table, within the bend of which the hero of the scene is expected at any moment to appear behind the orderly array of bottles, retorts, scientific instruments, and other apparatus prepared for his experiments, a comparatively moderate gathering has assembled on the particular occasion we are here alluding to. Those who are there, however, are clustered together in groups, talking in whispers, and evidently, all of them, on the tip-toe of expectation. It is one of those evenings when the great electrician and natural philosopher was at his best, both in lucidity of exposition and in the dexterity of his manipulations. There is a stir immediately upon his entrance better in its way than a round of acclamations. It expresses the cordiality of a welcome that is hushed instantly in order that those present may listen rather to his voice than to their own. The great Professor is there before us, with very much indeed of the expression that may still be seen in the familiar photograph of him, taken several years afterwards. His hair is less grizzled, but the countenance, in the general look of it, is identical. Thorough Englishman though he is, there is something Scottish, somehow, about the facial lines, and yet something Hibernian also in the good-

humored vivacity of the frank and manly features. Immediately upon his first utterance, you are at home with him on the instant. Each listener feels as if he individually were taken by the button-hole. We are not being talked at or to *ex cathedra*. Somebody is chatting with us in the pleasantest voice imaginable, and putting us so completely at ease with himself and his theme, and ourselves into the bargain, as his listeners, that we almost have the flavor of the walnuts and salt upon our lips, and our knees under the mahogany. Instead of *our* passing the bottle, however, *he* does that part of our delightful evening for us repeatedly, with a musical clink of glass or metal on the littered board before him, where are agreeably visible his and our desserts, enlivened here and there, as if by wit or anecdote, with an occasional flash or effervescence. Never, surely, had any instructor a more remarkable or a more charming gift of clearness in the way of explanation. He appealed to the sight at every possible opportunity, as well as to the understanding. As he used to say — supposing he had to remark — If I open my hand, the stone I grasp will fall to the ground, he would prove the accuracy of his assertion by doing it; he would open his hand and allow the stone to drop. Proof positive was what he rejoiced in, both at the lecture-table and in the laboratory. He accepted and acted upon the old axiom that seeing was believing. And what was especially noticeable in regard to him was this, that the tritest, the most familiar illustration of any truth by experiment, seemed to come to himself at the moment with the most refreshing novelty, as though it were then for the first time witnessed. He had the limber thumb of Doyce. He fingered the instruments under his hands as though he loved them, and with the consummate adroitness of a prestidigitateur skilled in all the most delicate arts of legerdemain. At his highest moments, too, when his enthusiasm was kindled by his consideration of some of the more astounding marvels observable in the operation of the wondrously complex, yet no less wondrously simple, laws regulating the organization of the material universe, in the temple of which he was a veritable high priest, his whole presence appeared to undergo a complete exaltation. His luminous eyes sparkled with a delight that was contagious. His voice rose, his words flowed more rapidly and with a natural eloquence that was fairly irresistible, his gesticulation even became impassioned, his hair fluttered on his forehead, and his hearers listened to him with a mingled sense of exultation and excitement. It was in her vivid remembrance of him under this loftier aspect, as one of the greatest elucidators who ever lived of the mysteries of creation, that Lady Pollock, when describing Faraday in *St. Paul's Magazine*, in the June of 1870, said, without a particle of exaggeration, that "His audience took fire with him, and every face was flushed." No wonder that another, perhaps the ablest of all his delineators, has said of him elsewhere that, underlying his sweetness and gentleness, two certainly of his dominant characteristics, there was glowing at heart all the heat of a volcano. As we recall him then, clearly, to our remembrance, beyond the perspective of so many intervening years, regarding him, as we then did, from the respectful distance of one numbered among his youthful auditors, so we are fain to estimate him at this moment in grateful retrospect with sentiments of almost unmeasured admiration. There can be little doubt of this, moreover, on a deliberate examination of his whole career and character, that he was as wonderful a lecturer as he was an extraordinary scientific discoverer; and not only that, but that he was as good a man as he was a great philosopher.

Michael Faraday was born at Newington Butts, in Surrey, on Thursday, the 22d September, 1791. He was the second son and the third of the four children of James Faraday, a blacksmith. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Hastwell, was the daughter of a farmer of Mallestang, near Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland. The paternal grandfather of the philosopher, an honest artisan who died as far back as in 1741, and who, we are tempted to conjecture, may have been so illiterate as not to know how to spell his own name, dubbed him in his part of

the country "Richard Faraday, a stonemason and tiler of Keasden, and by religion a separatist." Through his marriage with Elizabeth Dean, the grandmother of the now world-famous Professor of the Royal Institution, the sturdy stonemason of Keasden became the owner of Clapham Wood Hall, in Yorkshire, at the foot of Ingleborough. The tenement at this day, in spite of its high-sounding name, is little better than a stone cottage. There, however, were born and bred up to various handicrafts a family of ten children. It was the third son, James, who took to clinking his hammer on the anvil as a blacksmith. Born on the 8th of May, 1761, and married in 1786, he removed with his wife to London, where were born to them two sons and two daughters. The eldest and the youngest were girls — the former, called after her grandmother, being Elizabeth, the latter, called after her mother, Margaret. Between them came the two boys, the elder, Robert, following his father's trade as a blacksmith, the younger, Michael, beginning life as an errand boy at a bookseller's shop, becoming, after he had served his apprenticeship, a journeyman book-binder, and eventually winning fame and honor to himself all the world over as one of the greatest of all, or, as we have seen, his successor, Professor Tyndall, prefers to put it, the greatest of all experimental philosophers. According to a family tradition, the Faradays came originally from Ireland. For several generations, however, they were English laborers in the workshop, the stone-yard, and the smithy. They were ingrained Nonconformists. Their belief in Christianity settled down at last within the limits of the narrowest sectarianism. A certain Presbyterian minister, named John Glas, early in the last century, had broken away from the tenets he had originally held, and in so doing had lured in his train a band of followers who arrogated to themselves the title of Glasites. With a slight, indeed a scarcely definable, modification, the disciples of their founder, as time ran on, following in the train of his son-in-law, Robert Sandeman, came to be known in their turn distinctively as Sandemanians. Nurtured spiritually in the midst of this narrow sect, the future philosopher remained faithful to it down to the very last, he himself latterly for many years together being enrolled as an elder among the select band of the London Sandemanians. In that capacity, in truth, he was long looked up to by his co-religionists as one of the shining lights in their obscure little conventicle, in St. Paul's Alley, Red Cross Street, conducting the services, leading the hymns, and frequently preaching with great unction in a style of pulpit oratory, the character of which may be readily conjectured from the remark once made in regard to one of his sermons that it was like a tessellation or mosaic-work of texts from Scripture. Thoroughly conscientious in his religious belief as in everything else, it has been related of Faraday, when his fame as a philosopher had long been resplendently established, that Cardinal Wiseman, having one day been introduced to him at the Professor's own particular request, availed himself of the opportunity presented by a long and discursive conversation between the two to ask the great scientific discoverer good-humoredly if, in his deepest conviction, he really believed that the entire Church of Christendom, Holy Catholic and Apostolic, was comprised within the little sect to which he belonged? "Oh, no!" exclaimed Faraday, just as good-humoredly, "but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us." To the perfect sincerity of which assurance his Eminence would have been the first without doubt to have accorded instant and absolute credence.

It was when Michael Faraday was a little fellow of five years of age that his father, the blacksmith, moved with his family, in 1796, from their suburban place of residence at Newton to a more central situation in the metropolis. They took up their humble abode then, in point of fact, in some poor rooms over a coach-house, in Jacob's Well Mews, turning out of Charles Street, in the neighborhood of Manchester Square. There for eight years together Michael continued to reside with his parents, his brother, and his two sisters. He played at marbles on the pavement in Spanish Place. Like Johnny in the "Battle of Life,"

he loitered often about the streets nursing a Moloch of a baby in the shape of his little sister Margaret. At intervals the family were hardly put to it, the father earning but scanty wages as a journeyman at Boyd's smithy in Welbeck Street. Once, it was during the distress of 1801, when corn had actually risen above £9 the quarter, the impoverished blacksmith's family was placed on the parish books for public relief, a loaf weekly (and which was to last him that time) being accorded to Michael, then a boy of nine. When he could be spared from assisting in the household drudgery, he was permitted to pick up an occasional morsel of the merest rudiments of knowledge, in the way simply of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at an adjacent day school of the humblest character. In reality that constituted the whole of his schooling. At thirteen years of age it became necessary for him, however, to contribute in some measure to the support of the household. A situation was consequently obtained for him, in 1804, as an errand boy to carry out the books and newspapers to the customers of Mr. George Riebau who kept a bookseller's and stationer's shop at No. 2 Blandford Street, a few doors round the corner from the Mews where the boy's little home was secreted. Steadily and industriously the lonely fellow plodded on at this out-door work for a twelve-month, so effectually winning to himself the good opinion of his employer that in the autumn of the following year he was apprenticed to Mr. Riebau — the indentures, which were dated the 7th October, 1805, containing the significant clause that "in consideration of his faithful services, no premium" was required. During the term of his apprenticeship he learnt on the premises of his master the craft of a book-binder. Of the volumes he bound, moreover, he eagerly devoured the contents between whiles. He read, too, it should be remembered, rather for instruction than for amusement. While he made acquaintance, for example, thus with Miss Burney's "Evelina" and with the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," he enjoyed still more Watts' "Improvement of the Mind" and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry." Not satisfied with the account given in the latter of certain homely scientific experiments, he contrived, at the cost of a few pence to himself, to test the accuracy of the letter-press description. He thus actually constructed with a common glass phial a miniature electric machine, which years afterwards came into the possession of Sir James South, the astronomer, and is now preserved in the Royal Institution. Another favorite book bound by him, and the contents of which he carefully mastered, was Boyle's "Notes on the Produce-ability of Chemical Principles." His employer, seeing his intelligence, gave him ready access to the miscellaneous store of works in his possession. Conspicuous among these was one of the earlier editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which young Faraday conned with delight the article on Electricity. His proclivity towards science was thenceforth more and more clearly manifested. Strolling one day along Fleet Street his attention was caught by a handbill in a shop window. Pausing to read it, he there learnt that lectures on Natural Philosophy were given hard by on certain evenings by Mr. Tatum, at 53 Dorset Street, the time being eight o'clock, and the charge of admission one shilling. So desirous was he of attending these lectures that his master readily gave him permission to go, while his elder brother Robert, then earning a small wage in his father's smithy, supplied him for several evenings with the needful shilling. It was the commencement of a new epoch in the life of Michael Faraday. His enamored eyes caught the skirts of the goddess of science — *et vera incessu patuit dea*. It has been remarked by Carlyle with some show of reason that "No really able man ever proceeded from entirely stupid parents." Nevertheless, in answer to Professor Tyndall's inquiry, Faraday could recall to recollection in regard to his parents no sign whatever of unusual ability. The lectures attended by him at Mr. Tatum's house in Dorset Street, turning out of Fleet Street, numbered altogether either twelve or thirteen. The date of the first was the 19th February, 1810; the date of the last was the 26th September, 1811.

Apart from the instruction thus acquired, the attendance there secured to the young apprentice two or three lifelong friendships. Notably among these was that of his intimate correspondent for many years afterwards, a young Quaker, named Benjamin Abbott, then occupying the position of a confidential clerk at a large city establishment. It was in the kitchen at Abbott's that Michael Faraday made his first experiment, and it was there at that kitchen-table that he delivered his first (amateur) lecture. So systematically did he apply himself to that, for him, labor of love, the obtaining the utmost possible amount of advantage from the opportunities that came within his reach for increasing his store of knowledge, that he carefully compiled and wrote out a series of elaborate notes on Tatum's Lectures, illustrating them with drawings cleverly done in perspective, bound them with his own hands in four quarto volumes, and inscribed them in graceful and grateful terms in manuscript to his Master, Mr. George Riebau. His acquisition of the knowledge of drawing in perspective he owed to the kindly interest in him manifested by a lodger at Mr. Riebau's, a French artist of some ability, named M. Masquerier, one who had painted the portrait of Napoleon the First, but who was then a political refugee in England. Towards the close of Faraday's apprenticeship there came to him, however, a more remarkable opportunity for advancement in every way than any by which his well-ordered and industrious career had yet been gladdened. Among the customers who occasionally dropped in at the stationer's shop, where the amateur student of science during his working hours was busily occupied in his handicraft of book-binding, was one Mr. Dance, who was a member of the recently incorporated Royal Institution. Struck with the ardor in the pursuit of scientific knowledge manifested by the stationer's apprentice, Mr. Dance, considerably obtained free admission for Faraday to the four last lectures delivered during the spring of 1812 in the theatre of the building in Albemarle Street, by the then world-famous discoverer of potassium, soon to be the yet more renowned inventor of the Safety Lamp, Sir Humphry Davy, Chemist, Physicist, and Natural Philosopher. The first of those four memorable lectures, when Davy had Faraday among his auditors, was (1812 being leap year) on the 29th February. The second was on the 14th March. The third and fourth were respectively on the 8th and 10th of April. Upon each occasion Faraday sat in the gallery immediately over the clock, taking copious notes the whole of the time, drinking in every word, watching keenly every movement. The subjects under consideration were first radiant matter, second the yellowish-green gas, thence, from its color, *χλωρός*, called Chlorine, third simple inflammables, and fourth metals. The Notes taken by Faraday were afterwards written out by him with great care, illustrated, annotated, and indexed, the whole being bound up in a quarto volume.

Ambitious of winning his way, he hardly knew how, to some more congenial occupation than the one opened up to him in the future by the prosecution of his handicraft as a book-binder Faraday ventured to address a letter respectfully avowing his aspirations to the then President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks. His application, however, remained unanswered. Meanwhile, on the 7th of October, 1812, the seven years of his apprenticeship expired. And upon the following day, the 8th, he went as a journeyman book-binder into the employment of an irascible French *émigré*, Mr. De la Roche. The position of the embryo philosopher became simply intolerable. Loathing trade and loving science, he wrote to Sir Humphry Davy, enclosing to him, with his letter, the MS. quarto, already described, of his Notes on Sir Humphry's four Lectures. Christmas was approaching; Davy was at the moment upon the eve of quitting town for the holidays, but before his departure, wrote, on the 12th December, 1812, — to his honor be it said, — a singularly gracious answer to his young correspondent's application. Offering to give Faraday an interview on his return to London, he said, among other things: "It would gratify me to be of any service to you;" adding, "I wish it may be in my power." The de-

sire expressed by Faraday, of course, had been that, in any suitable capacity, he might be employed at the Royal Institution. Immediately upon Sir Humphry's return to town the interview took place, as incidentally mentioned in an earlier part of this paper, in the vestibule or ante-room of the lecturing-theatre. An incident may here be mentioned, of the reality of which there appears to be no doubt whatever, and according to the account cursorily given of which by Faraday's biographer he would seem to have first come face to face with Davy during the previous October, almost immediately on the expiration of the date of his apprenticeship. It is related, in fact, that just before the close of the October of 1812, Sir Humphry Davy having been invalidated during his experiments in regard to chloride of nitrogen by the accidental ignition and detonation of that explosive liquid, required the temporary aid of an amanuensis by reason of one of his eyes having been so seriously injured that the wounds resulted in an attack of inflammation. In consequence of this Michael Faraday for a few days together acted in that capacity — namely, as Davy's scientific amanuensis or secretary, the opportunity coming to him, it is conjectured, through his having been introduced to Sir Humphry by the French artist Masquerier. However this may have been, it was not until afterwards, as already intimated, that the young aspirant for more congenial employment than that which secured to him skill as a journeyman book-binder, brought to the knowledge of his new patron, the great chemical philosopher of Albemarle Street, in the way just now recounted, his disrelish for trade and his love of science. With all his wish to befriend him, Sir Humphry Davy had to wait until some suitable vacancy might arise to admit of Faraday's being engaged at the Royal Institution. The opportunity occurred sooner than might have anticipated. A couple of years previously, on the 30th October, 1810, Faraday's father, the honest blacksmith, had expired. The widowed mother — who survived her husband nearly thirty years afterwards, dying in point of fact in the March of 1838 at Islington, long after her famous son had to her great pride won his way to celebrity — had removed with her children, while Michael was still an apprentice at Mr. Riebau's, from their rooms over the coach-house in Jacob's Well Mews, to others of a little better character at No. 18, Weymouth Street, Portland Place. There, one night in the early spring of 1813, Faraday was undressing, preparatory to turning into bed, when a grand looking carriage with powdered livery-servants, drew up with a crash at the door, and a note from Sir Humphry was left for the young book-binder, asking him to call in Albemarle Street on the following morning. A situation that seemed to be the very thing for him, had just fallen vacant at the Royal Institution. It was that of chemical assistant in the lecture-theatre and the laboratory. To it, in succession to William Payne, Michael Faraday, at Sir Humphry's instance, was eventually nominated. At a meeting of the managers, which took place on March 18th, 1813, his name, as a candidate for the office, was brought forward by Davy himself, and his age (twenty-two) was specified, Sir Humphry adding that, so far as he himself had been able to observe or ascertain, he appeared to be well-fitted for the appointment. "His habits are good," said Davy, "his disposition is active and cheerful, and his manner intelligent." The situation was modest enough, being that of attendant upon the lecturers and experimentalists. The remuneration was small, amounting at the outset to no more than 25s. a week, with rooms on the establishment (first of all in the attics) and such little perquisites for his own use as coals and candles. There, in point of fact, and for upwards of half a century afterwards, Michael Faraday found his fitting stand-point. From that time forward until the close of his honored life, at the age of seventy-six, he found there more than simply a *pied-à-terre*, he found his home, his arena, his rostrum, the spot of ground in which his domestic existence was most happily passed, where his exquisite skill as a scientific expositor, and his wonderful genius as a scientific discoverer, were equally manifested. At the period of Faraday's entrance into the Royal Institution, Davy occupied the

joint offices of Professor of Chemistry and Director of the Laboratory. When, several years afterwards, Sir Humphry gave up the former position to his successor, Professor Brande, he insisted, at the same time, that Faraday should be nominated at once to the latter, namely, that of Director of the Laboratory, a post thenceforward held until his death, by that greatest of all philosophers. Very modestly and unassumingly he took his place at the outset, however, as the scientific assistant, first of Davy, and afterwards of Brande, acquiring such skill at last in that capacity, that the latter was familiarly said to *lecture on velvet*! At the commencement of his engagement at the Institution, thanks to Davy's audacity and his own in dealing with detonating compounds, he ran the gauntlet, before a single month was out, of as many as four explosions in the laboratory. Upon another occasion, later on, when he was busily occupied in his first daring experiments in the way of liquefying gases, he had as many as thirteen fragments of glass driven into his eyeball by one of these shattering explosions. His heart was so entirely in his work, however, at these times, that it was with him, literally, as it might have been on the leading of some Forlorn Hope by Nelson or Dundonald; the very sense of the peril gave an added zest to the enterprise. In his eager quest of scientific knowledge, Faraday had entered his name among some thirty or forty young men of the middle and lower ranks, who, for their mutual improvement, had formed themselves into what was called the City Philosophic Society. Animated discussion there took place of an evening, at which the young assistant of Davy appears to have held his ground with singular ability. Another of the members, a Mr. Dryden, in sketching the scene metrically, introduces Faraday, emphatically as the chief of all the debaters, saying of him, among other things equally eulogistic:—

"His powers unshackled range from pole to pole,
His mind from error free, from guilt his soul;
Warmth in his heart, good humor in his face,
A friend to mirth, but foe to vile grimace."

Half-a-dozen of the members between whiles used to meet alternately at Magrath's warehouse in Wood Street, City, and at Faraday's attics in the Royal Institution, for their mutual grammatic advancement. What Michael Faraday even then especially aspired to be, was not so much a physicist, a name which he always detested, as point-blank—a philosopher. For his more rapid elevation to that rank he had soon afforded him a resplendent opportunity.

Sir Humphry Davy having about this time expressed a wish to extend his researches by travelling on the Continent, the Emperor Napoleon the Great, whose sympathies were always with genius, although he was just then entering upon that stupendous struggle with the last and most formidable of all the coalitions against his vast domination, which led in the end to his downfall, found time, in the midst of all his momentous preoccupations, to transmit a special pass through his dominions, whithersoever he pleased, to the great English Philosopher. As his philosophical assistant and amanuensis, Faraday accompanied Sir Humphry Davy upon this profoundly interesting tour. Since the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens the continent had been in a manner closed against chance travellers. The way was opened now betimes, however, thanks to Napoleon's authoritative permit to the English *savant* and his companion. Between the October of 1813, and the April of 1815, when the final crash of Waterloo was becoming imminent, they were busily engaged in traversing France, Italy, the Tyrol, Germany, Holland, Switzerland. Faraday up to that date had never been a dozen miles from London. Even before quitting the shores of England upon this continental journey, he exulted at having had first exposed to his view on his road to Plymouth the geological foundations of the earth visible at a glance on that part of the coast of Devonshire. Upon reaching Paris he was enabled to examine at his leisure in the galleries of the Louvre, under the title of the wondrous *Musée Napoléon*,

all the grand artistic treasures of the world brought together under one roof, the priceless spoils of the great wars of the modern Sesostris. Napoleon himself he saw, though but at a tantalizing distance, on the 18th December, 1813, going in state to the Senate, huddled up in an enormous robe of ermine, his features overshadowed by a tremendous plume of feathers drooping from a velvet hat, as he sat in one corner of the gorgeous state-carriage, upon which were clustered in various parts as many as fourteen servants in the imperial livery of green-and-gold. Hastening on to Italy, where Sir Humphry and his assistant loitered with especial delight at Rome and Florence, the two philosophic travellers, the one in the zenith of his fame, the other in the vernal flush of his noble and elevating aspirations, went further afield among the principal cities, museums, and universities of the continent. It has been said of Faraday, not inaptly, that Europe was his university. In traversing it thus, in intimate association with Davy, he became personally known at the outset of his career to the leading men of science of that period in various countries, dating in point of fact from that time a series of inestimable friendships. The professors of the grand European University through which Michael Faraday was thus enabled to advance his scientific education were Davy and his contemporaries. A year and a half was in this manner most profitably occupied. Immediately upon the return of Sir Humphry and his companion, the latter was re-engaged as scientific assistant in the lecture-room and the laboratory, by the managers of the Royal Institution. He was so re-engaged at the slightly advanced salary, or rather wage, of 30s. a week, his income being raised, a year afterwards, to £100 per annum. It was in the September of 1815, that a marked change was noticeable in the Notebook of the Laboratory, when the sprawling entries of Brande ceased, and Faraday's neat and orderly penmanship for so many years together commenced. From that date his scientific advancement, especially in his rapidly-accumulated knowledge of chemistry was very remarkable. Davy, recognizing more and more clearly the rare and exceptional capacities of his assistant, began to entrust to him betimes various easy analyses. Faraday's earliest entry of all in the laboratory Notebook just referred to, had relation to his own analysis of Dutch Turf Ash. In 1818, he was experimenting most originally in regard to Sounding Flames. Such was the recognition he had already won from Sir Humphry, that in the course of that philosopher's paper descriptive of his own researches in regard to flame, leading to the gradual perfecting of his Safety Lamp, he emphatically acknowledges himself "indebted to Mr. Michael Faraday for much able assistance." Apart from his professional labors as assistant at the Royal Institution, he was beginning to lecture and beginning to write. Faraday's first lecture, in point of fact, took place on the 17th January, 1816, at the City Philosophical Society, and had relation, comprehensively, to the General Properties of Matter. From that starting point he rose to be at last the admitted Prince of all Experimental Lecturers. His earliest paper was published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and was descriptive of his analysis of some native caustic lime from Tuscany. Writing to him from Rome, in the October of 1818, Sir Humphry, with whom he had been in the Eternal City only four years previously as his amanuensis, ended his letter by saying, "Believe me, there is no one more interested in your success and welfare than your sincere well-wisher and friend, H. Davy."

At thirty years of age, that is, in 1821, Faraday is described as a young-looking man, well made, and neatly dressed. He was still standing quietly within the bend of the horse-shoe table, when Professor Brande was lecturing, as his ever keen-eyed and ready-handed assistant. The year last-mentioned was, in several ways, memorable as marking a distant epoch in Faraday's biography. Immediately before its commencement, in the December of 1820, he had reported what is still notable as about the very first of his long list of wonderful discoveries—that of chloride of carbon. Midway in 1821, on the 12th June, Faraday

was united in marriage to Sarah Barnard, the third daughter of a silversmith in Paternoster Row — the Barnards, like the Faradays, being Sandemanians. Shortly before his nuptials Faraday had been appointed Superintendent of the House and Laboratory at the Royal Institution. Additional accommodation was afforded him upon the occasion of his marriage, in order that he might be enabled to bring his wife to a comfortable home under those familiar roof-beams. The wedding was as carefully arranged in avoidance of anything like fuss as that of Wemmick in "Great Expectations." Back to his old haunts, he brought with him his bride, and there they continued to reside for forty-six years together in uninterrupted happiness. Between the two there was the most perfect congeniality. A happier union it is almost impossible to imagine. Before the year was out he had so far extended Ampère's beautiful experiments as to the mutual action of magnets and electric currents that when after many months of unsuccessful trial he at last saw them begin to move round each other, it is related of him that, boylike, he rotated himself with delight, and celebrated the occasion by taking his attendant, a mere stripling, as a treat for the evening to Astley's Amphitheatre. In the midst of his profound scientific labors he had an unsophisticated love of fun and a relish for the simplest amusements. During his bachelor days he enlivened his home solitude by playing on the flute. Then and afterwards he enjoyed singing bass in glees and quartets at the house of one of his musical acquaintances. His mechanical ingenuity was shown at this time by his contrivance of a velocipede, a precursor of the more recently perfected bicycle — on which, at an early hour of the morning, it would be his delight to run his way up hill to the heath at Hampstead. In 1823 he was engaged in squeezing chlorine and other gases by powerful compression into a liquid form, afterwards in one instance successfully applying the result of his experiments as a disinfectant when a malignant fever was raging at Millbank Penitentiary. Faraday's first paper in the Philosophical Transactions was the one read by him as long previously as on the 21st December, 1820, before the Royal Society, on two new compounds of iodine, carbon and hydrogen. Reverting briefly to his first great electro-magnetic discovery, we would direct attention for a moment in passing to the rapidity with which he had thus followed up Oersted's newly-disclosed action of a voltaic current on the magnetic needle. Ampère, in development of the curious fact thus brought to light in 1820, showed clearly enough how every magnetic phenomenon then known might be reduced to the sympathetic or mutual action of electric currents. And it was in reward for his persevering researches in regard to the conjectures thus opened up to his contemplation that Faraday was enabled on the Christmas Day of 1821 to display to his wife in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution the actual visible revolution of a magnetic-needle round an electric current precisely as he had long anticipated he should have the satisfaction of demonstrating. Often and often the result of his investigations came to him, as in this instance, quite suddenly, as the result of a long series of almost painfully reiterated experiments. It was so strikingly enough, moreover, when the moment arrived at which he was enabled first to observe the liquefaction of chlorine already mentioned. An appreciative disciple like Mr. Robert Mallet could afterwards point exultantly to the historic spot in the laboratory where Faraday stood when he first realized the triumph thus won by his perseverance. But only a very few minutes previously, unaware of what the great chemist was about, Dr. Paris, who was loitering through the laboratory, could actually banter the young experimentalist upon employing glass vessels that were not perfectly clean. Inasmuch that Faraday felt almost constrained on the following morning to blurt out the startling fact thus laconically: "Dear Sir, — The oil you noticed yesterday turns out to be liquid chlorine. Yours faithfully, Michael Faraday."

Consequent upon a change in the management, Faraday, on the 7th of February, of 1825, from having been hitherto simply the chemical assistant, was appointed the Director of the Royal Institution. Nearly a twelvemonth previous,

according to a recollection Sir Roderick Murchison was often fond of relating, Professor Brande being accidentally one day a defaulter in the midst of a course of lectures, Mr. Faraday, the hitherto silent and unobtrusive assistant stepped to the front as his more than efficient substitute. It was his unpremeditated *début* in the scene of his countless triumphs afterwards as a lecturer. This was in 1824. Not until his nomination in the following twelvemonth as director were the subsequently long famous Friday evenings in the laboratory commenced. That was an institution essentially of his own creation. In 1827, during the spring, he delivered a course of twelve lectures on Chemical Manipulation at the London Institution. His first course at the Royal Institution was one of six lectures on Chemical Philosophy. His Christmas Lectures on chemistry, in which he so often delighted to address juvenile audiences as they had never been addressed before, and as they have never been addressed since, began in that same year, the 26th December, to be continued in golden sequence during many subsequent holidays. Half-a-dozen lectures each wintry season he thus addressed to the boys and girls home for Christmas —

"Fairy Tales of Science
And the long results of time :"

bewitching their ears with a quiet chat that had all the charm for them of story-telling, and illustrating his remarks with a succession of radiant experiments that were as surprising as a display of fireworks or as the harlequinade of a pantomime. For nineteen years together, namely, until their discontinuance in 1846, Faraday, who had an especial love for children, continued to give this annual treat, as entertaining as it was instructive, to the youngsters at Christmas time. An historical painting of peculiar interest preserves to recollection the appearance of the theatre or lecture-room of the Royal Institution upon one of the most memorable of his Juvenile nights. The picture referred to is the one painted by Mr. Blaikley. The Prince Consort is in the chair, having beside him the Prince of Wales, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state," then in his boyhood, and his brother, Prince Alfred, now the Duke of Edinburgh; Murchison, Delarue, Mrs. Faraday, and others are distinguishable among the audience. Sir James South is leaning by the doorway. Dr. Bence Jones, the lecturer's biographer, is to the left of the three Princes. Behind the horse-shoe table Professor Faraday is standing in animated discourse. In the background is observable his faithful attendant, so long associated with the philosopher, both at the lecture-table and in the laboratory, Sergeant Charles Anderson, an old soldier, formerly in the Royal Artillery. The philosopher's title as Professor he obtained in 1833, the very year in which his poor income of thirty shillings a week was raised to a modest £100 a year. For, it was then that a munificent member of the Royal Institution and of Parliament, John Fuller, M. P., founded a Chair of Chemistry, giving it an endowment that brought in £100 a year, and crowning his good work by at once nominating Faraday for life as the first recipient of the advantages of this Fullerian Professorship. The philosopher's singularly moderate income was thereby at once doubled, and as the establishment in Albemarle Street continued to prosper under his direction, little by little, his own recompense was increased. Apart from his regular avocations in connection with the Royal Institution, commercial analyses poured in upon him in constantly increasing abundance. His attention to these proved to him easily and largely remunerative. The gains thus accruing to him in that one year exceeded £1,000. The following year they were yet larger. There can be little doubt of this, that they might readily have been increased, for every subsequent twelvemonth, to an additional £5,000, at a moderate computation. They were all foregone, however, quite unhesitatingly, by Faraday in the interests of Science and Philosophy. Wealth was within his grasp, and he had but to close his hand upon it. Unselfishly he resolved to forego all idea of accepting the ample fortune then clearly within his reach — solely because he saw, on the other hand, quite as clearly, that no

less distinctly there lay before him the opportunity of widening the world's knowledge. In making plain the evolution of electricity from magnetism, he had just announced one of his greatest discoveries. Opening up in radiant perspective from this astounding revelation, there lay the possible solution of the grand problem, how one form might be made to exhibit at pleasure the phenomena of magnetism and of common or voltaic electricity. The alternative, sharply defined, was before him to choose from — Fame, through the laying bare of the grandest secrets of Nature; or affluence with the abandonment of the darling studies of his life. Faraday's decision, the instant he realized this, was prompt and unhesitating. He deliberately turned his back upon wealth, and gave himself up thenceforth wholly and absolutely to the goddess of Science whom he worshipped. The effect of his decision was immediately apparent. His professional gains, from being some £1,200 or £1,300 in 1831, dropped abruptly, in 1832, to £155 9s. In subsequent years, they never approached even that petty aggregate. Commercial analyses he had no longer time for. The veil of Isis was not merely, it might be said, capable of being raised by his reverent hand for the advantage of his fellow men, but to his own keen vision, it is hardly extravagant to say, appeared at moments to be absolutely transparent.

After eighteen years' residence at the Royal Institution, where his time was pretty equally divided between his own home-room, the lecture theatre, and the laboratory, Faraday, in 1831, being himself then just forty, and at the very climax or maturity of his intellectual strength, made his grand discovery of Magneto-electricity.

A symmetrical grouping together of his marvellous revelations of the laws of Nature has been suggested by his gifted successor in the chair of chemistry at Albemarle Street, Professor Tyndall. According to that ingenious arrangement or ordering of Faraday's leading discoveries as an Electrician and Natural Philosopher, the one just now mentioned shows clustered around it the various results of all the great Professor's researches in the domain of magneto-electric induction! His investigations, for example, on the extra current, on the lines of magnetic force, on the polar conditions of diamagnetic bodies, on the repulsive phenomena of the magnetic field, as well as on the employment of the induced magneto-electric current, as at once a measure and a test of magnetic force. Astonishing as all these revelations of the inner mysteries of the arcana of the universe are in themselves, as compared with the profounder achievements of Faraday as a scientific discoverer, in his way a sort of Columbus-Copernicus of Natural Philosophy, Tyndall has gone so far as to pronounce all the work just now enumerated as, everything considered, but the mere vestibule to the temple of grand truths afterwards built up by Faraday's master hand. As the second group or cluster of his astounding aggregation of discoveries, his successor has regard next of all to those resulting from Faraday's subsequent researches, the dominant out-come of which was his definition of the great law of definite electro-chemical decomposition. Around that central revelation were massed others, as it were, of a cognate but subsidiary character in regard to electro-chemical conduction, in regard to electrolysis both with the pile and with the machine, as well as in regard to his analysis of the contact theory, and his searching inquiries in regard to the source of voltaic electricity. Towering above all the others as his third and supreme cluster of discoveries, came those which marked his glorious revelation of the Magnetization of Light. Speaking of this in a glow of grateful admiration, Professor Tyndall, fresh from his own sublime Alpine wanderings, declares it to be among all Faraday's discoveries, as the Weissborn among mountains, "high, beautiful, and alone." Then it was that with his ingeniously contrived crystalline lump of heavy glass, made of the silico-borate of lead, two inches square and half an inch in thickness, suspended between the poles of an electro-magnet, Faraday brought to view the startling fact that a body which in its ordinary condition exerts no action on light when examined in the

polariscope, directly it is submitted to powerful magnetic action shows itself capable of circular polarization. Everything being arranged for this astounding demonstration when the force of the electro-magnet was developed, the field from having been black became luminous — and continued to be luminous so long as the electric current was passing. Speaking it reverently, *Γεννηθῆτω φῶς, καὶ ἔστω φῶς*. Faraday's fourth group of discoveries, Professor Tyndall places under the head of Diamagnetism. As the result of his surprising researches, the magnetic condition of all matter was revealed. The philosopher then demonstrated in point of fact that the motions displayed in a magnetic field by all diamagnetic bodies — organic bodies, for example, as varied as wax, blood, bread, beef, apples, and leather — are all reducible to one very simple law — namely, that "the particles of the diamagnetic tend to move into the positions of the weakest magnetic force." Thickly clustered, moreover, around his central discovery of Diamagnetism (communicated to the Royal Society on the 18th December, 1845) were the results of his subtle investigations in regard to the magnetism of flames and gases, in regard to the magneto-crystalline action, and in regard to purely atmospheric magnetism.

While unquestionably the fame of Faraday rests principally on these four grand groups of magneto-electric discovery, other discoveries of an extraordinary character enhance the glory of his reputation. Conspicuous among these were the results of his memorable researches in regard to the liquefaction of gases, in regard to frictional electricity, in respect to the source of power in the hydro-electric machine, in reference to the electricity of the gymnotus, in regard to electro-magnetic rotations, and in respect to regelation. Eminent among his purely chemical disclosures was his discovery of benzol, prepared by him originally through the destructive distillation of benzoate of lime, but now obtained innocuously and in enormous quantities from coal-tar naphtha. It is from this that all the exquisite aniline dyes of modern commerce are obtained, mauve and magenta and blues and violets and ruby-reds, equalling in beauty the Tyrian purple, and vying with the prismatic colors of the rainbow. So enormous were Faraday's labors as an experimentalist, that the private Notes of his Researches, which are all numbered, and which, as sacred memorials of his genius, are all carefully preserved, have the astounding figure of No. 16,041 affixed to their final paragraph.

As to the benefits accruing to the world from these profound and abstruse investigations of the philosopher, they are simply priceless and incalculable. Does any one ask in what direction they lie, or whether to mankind at large they are of any practical advantage? Let Professor Tyndall answer them as by a casual movement of his dexter finger — pointing now to those telegraphic wires which are trailed across our streets as though spiders of Brobdingnag had been spinning in the cities of Lilliput, and along which "Faraday's currents" are momentarily speeding from place to place — now to those electric lights which nightly shine on either side of the British Channel, there at La Hève, here at Dungeness! And speaking of which, Professor Tyndall says truly that these are nothing less than "Faraday's sparks exalted by suitable machinery to sunlike splendor." Not unnaturally, as the result of the constant tension of his mind in working out so many profound, and often seemingly all but inscrutable problems, his health occasionally broke down, once so completely, in 1841, that it became necessary for him to give himself a year of brain rest, upon which occasion he took a delightful run into Switzerland. That he in truth needed repose is sufficiently evidenced by the Royal Society's catalogue, which actually gives a list of 158 papers of his contributed either to the various scientific magazines or to the philosophic transactions. Curiously enough, Faraday published but one work — namely, that on "Chemical Manipulation." That is to say, he never published another book in the ordinary acceptance. Others of his works he permitted to appear, such as, in 1839-55, his "Experimental Researches," in three volumes, on "Electricity and Magnetism," or as, in

1859, his other researches on "Chemistry and Physics." Three of his courses of lectures also he allowed to pass through the press in little volumes: in 1853 that on "The non-metallic Element," in 1860 that on "The Forces of Matter," and in 1861 that on "The Chemical History of a Candle," — the first of which was arranged by J. Scofield, and the two latter by W. Crookes.

The disinterestedness of Faraday as a man of science, has already been strikingly demonstrated by his disdain for the riches that he could so easily have secured as a professional analyst. It should be especially borne in remembrance, however, in addition to that, that his services were always afforded gratuitously to Her Majesty's Government, to the Admiralty, the Ordnance, the Home Office, the Woods and Forests, in fact, to any and every department. He declined the Professorship of Chemistry at the London University, but, in 1829, accepted a lectureship at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, a position he retained for nearly twenty years altogether. Nothing, in its way, afforded him greater gratification than his weekly run down to Woolwich, which was usually celebrated by a country ramble on the evening before he lectured. In 1836 he became the Scientific Adviser to the Trinity House, with a salary of £200 a year, continuing to hold that office for nearly thirty years afterwards. Throughout life, he appeared to regard politics with supreme indifference, showing, however, in later years, a tendency to Conservatism. In 1848, nevertheless, like everybody else, he awoke from his customary apathy as a politician, and on the 10th of April, was out in the streets as a Special Constable. If he was occasionally prostrated by his herculean labors in the laboratory, he showed, as Professor Tyndall remarks, immense resilience. Within a year of each other, Faraday's successors first made his personal acquaintance. Professor Tyndall first saw him in 1850, succeeded him sixteen years afterwards at the Royal Institution, and, later on, celebrated their friendship in his "Faraday as a Discoverer." Dr. J. H. Gladstone first beheld the philosopher in 1851, at Ipswich, during the meeting of the British Association, taking special note at the time of Faraday's playfulness after dinner, in cutting boomerangs out of card, and shooting them across the table at one or two of those he knew most intimately. A twelvemonth afterwards, he resigned into Dr. Gladstone's hands his lectureship at the Woolwich Academy, his successor, after his death, paying tribute also, in his turn, to the genius of the great scientific discoverer, in a volume not unworthy of presentation among the numerous memorials of this kind raised in his honor by so many other competent appreciators.

One mark of distinction alone was ever sought by Faraday. This was when he ambitioned as a young man to be enrolled F. R. S. That honorable desire it is matter for poignant regret to remember was very meanly opposed at the time, apparently out of jealousy, by Sir Humphry Davy. In spite, however, of his direct and rather formidable antagonism, he being the President of the Royal Society, Faraday on being balloted for in the January of 1824 was elected a member almost unanimously. In after years honors poured in upon him, unsought, from all the learned bodies of all the civilized countries of Christendom. He was a D. C. L. of Oxford, an LL. D. of Cambridge, and a Ph. D. of Prague. He was a Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Merit, a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. He received at different times each of the gold medals in the gift of the Royal Society, indeed twice receiving the Copley medal as a signal mark of the splendor of his scientific achievements. He was at various periods enrolled a member of the Philosophical Societies of Cambridge, Paris, Florence, Heidelberg, Philadelphia, Boston, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Palermo, Basel, Stockholm, Modena, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, Bologna, Rome, Haarlem, Turin, Naples, Moscow, Padua, Venice, Pesth, Breslau, Rotterdam, and Copenhagen. He received the Grande Médaille d'Honneur at the French Exhibition, and was altogether decorated with as many as *ninety-five*

titles and marks of merit, including among these what some one, in echo of Mr. Disraeli's phrase has spoken of as the blue ribbon of science, he having been elected in 1844 one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy. Though he had never passed through a university career he was — to his own great satisfaction — chosen a Senator of the London University. Immediately on the resignation of Lord Wrottesley he was sought for as that nobleman's successor as President of the Royal Society. This magnificent tribute, however, he modestly declined to accept, as he also did when, in succession to the Duke of Northumberland, the managers of the Royal Institution were desirous of naming as their President one who had entered the establishment at a salary of 25*s.* a week. A pension of £300 a year on the Civil List was awarded to the philosopher in 1835 by the then Prime Minister, Viscount Melbourne, a pension first of all haughtily declined by Faraday from the inadvertent discourtesy, as it appeared to him, with which it had been proffered to his acceptance. As an especial mark of interest in him on the part of the Sovereign, in 1858 the Queen placed at his command as a place of residence, a pretty and picturesque tenement situated on the old Green at Hampton Court. There calmly and peacefully he passed the two last years of his life in complete repose. Gradually, as old age advanced, his wonderful powers diminished. Giddiness and loss of memory dimmed his faculties; and on Sunday, the 25th August, 1867, he tranquilly breathed his last at Hampton Court, while seated in his arm-chair. On Friday, the 30th August he was buried at Highgate Cemetery.

His Life and Letters, in two substantial volumes, were given to the world in 1870 by Dr. Bence Jones, the Secretary (in succession to the Rev. John Barlow), of the Royal Institution. His biographer was in every way admirably qualified for the office he had thus undertaken. He had listened to Faraday for thirty years as a lecturer. He had been with him upwards of twenty years. He had known him intimately for fifteen. "Yet my knowledge of him," writes Dr. Bence Jones, in his Preface, "made me feel that he was too good a man for me to estimate rightly, and that he was too great a philosopher for me to understand thoroughly." Professor Tyndall, in a similar strain, besides saying of Faraday, "He was equally rich in mind and heart," exclaims, in looking back over his whole career, "Surely no memory could be more beautiful!" He enjoyed such a familiarity, as has been well remarked, "with the unseen forces of Nature as was never vouchsafed to any other mortal." Summing up his career and character in a single sentence, his biographer has said as accurately as tersely that Faraday's aim through life was — "to seek and say that which he thought was true, and to do that which he thought was kind." It was surely an incident significant of the sensibility of his whole temperament, that he burst into tears when he suddenly came upon an old friend beaten down in health and being wheeled in a Bath-chair. He had a noble and almost affecting pride in his humble origin. Referring in his Swiss journal at Interlaken to the clout-nails there manufactured, he says simply, "I love a smith's shop and everything relating to smithery," adding, "My father was a smith." Thus again, when he was giving a sitting for his bust to Matthew Noble, upon the sculptor, because of some peculiar expression that flitted across his countenance, remarking that he feared the clink of the chisel and mallet was disagreeable to him, "No, my dear Mr. Noble," exclaimed Faraday, putting a kindly hand upon his shoulder, "but the noise reminded me of my father's anvil, and took me back to my boyhood." So cautious was he as a seeker after the truth through all the winding labyrinths of his experiments that he observed at last wittily, "The man who is certain he is right is almost sure to be wrong." A monstrous assertion once got about to the effect that Faraday had upon one occasion given an axiom to the materialists by saying that Electricity was Life. So far from any such sentiment having ever passed his lips, he has remarked on the contrary that "Electricity is an implement of life and nothing more." He had too reverent a moral nature and too profound an

intellect to have regarded unbelief with anything but mingled feelings of pity, scorn, and abhorrence. His exposure of spiritualism on the 2d July, 1853, through the columns of the *Athenæum* is yet within popular remembrance. Then it was that, as he good-humoredly remarked afterwards to Professor Schönbein, he "turned the tables on the table turners." What he was proudest of himself, as a man of science, was that he had never been found to be wrong. Auguste de la Rive has said of him since his death, "I do not think that Faraday has once been caught in a mistake — so precise and conscientious was his mode of experimenting and observing." M. Dumas in his *Éloge* on our philosopher at the Académie des Sciences has said of Faraday emphatically, "I have never known a man more worthy of being loved, of being admired, of being revered." His other illustrious scientific friends upon the continent regarded him for years in exactly the same light — men like Humboldt, Biot, Magnus, Arago, and Chevreul. After his death honors poured in upon his memory. The Chemical Society founded a Faraday Lectureship. A new street in Paris was called the Rue Faraday. A memorial to him was placed in the hands of an eminent sculptor, being the result of a public subscription set on foot under the very highest auspices. Mr. Disraeli, as Prime Minister in 1858, had given the first appeal to the Government for its coöperation in raising a suitable monument in honor of the philosopher, his emphatic and cordial approval. The estimates for the current year having already been moved, however, it became necessary to postpone a consideration of the matter until the next session of Parliament. Before that period had arrived, there was a change of Government, Mr. Gladstone having come in at the head of an economic administration. The new broom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his ministry, Mr. Lowe, superciliously swept the notion of Government aid to a Faraday Memorial clean out of consideration, as a luxury not to be indulged in. Upon the 8th of June, 1869, however, eight presidents of learned associations, headed by the President of the Royal Society, met in conclave, and arranged for a public meeting, which was holden on Monday, the 21st of that month, in the Royal Institution, with the Prince of Wales in the chair. Quite independently of the Government, the projected tribute was thereby secured to the memory of the illustrious philosopher.

JOHNNY FORTNIGHT.

YEs, that's my name, and I'll bet ninety-nine out of every hundred of you never heard it before. But you know who I am, for all that. Londoners call me the tallyman; East-enders, I mean, and other unfashionable folk, for of course Belgravia and Tyburnia know me not, any more than they know several other tribes who prey as I do on the dwellers in those parts of London which the swells have only heard of.

Down near the Land's End I'm called Johnny Fortnight. They're fond of queer names down there; they call a little beer-shop a kiddle-a-wink; a bed is a ty; the industrious ant is a murrian; a mail is a boolawn; a well a peeth (puteus, my friend the national schoolmaster suggests); a root a mohr; a mine a bal; and I might go on with a page of queer words, for the people are Cornish. They sing their words; and, although a cockney would catch their meaning far sooner than that of a Zimmerzeat or Dosset or Devonshire laborer, he would notice, besides the queer words, a lot of queer phrases, such as "Good night upon you," betokening difference of race.

Is it this difference which makes them call me Johnny aforesaid? No, the reason is that I make them pay for what they buy of me at the modest and equitable rate of a shilling weekly, and their constant effort is to put off payment till the week after, so, whereas I wish to be Johnny Weekly, they desire to make me what they have taken to call me.

For the rest, I am a most respectable individual. If you

met me with my well-combed beard (usually "sandy" — red, say my detractors); my unimpeachable scarf, as neat, breast-pin and all, after a dozen miles on the tramp, as when I started from home; my well-polished boots, which I always manage to keep clean — one can do it in West Cornwall, for even weather like this can't turn pounded granite into mud; my trim leggings, and my pack, which, with its apparatus of straps and the indispensable stick, is a sight to see, you'd never believe that I am the representative and lineal descendant of that dirty, tricky, slouching old Autolycus, the pedlar.

Yes, I'm highly respectable; it wouldn't pay to be otherwise. Do you think my customers would believe me if I was as untidy as little Penrose, the draper in St. Fusty Churchtown, or as unpretending as poor old Mrs. Penaluna, who has been measuring out tapes and staylaces and yards of flannel for the last forty years to a few dullards among the Carn Brea folks? I have a fine presence, what the newspapers call a good physique; and I, the particular I who now write, am a well-known and appreciated "local." It pays, that does; and I am not the only man who takes to it (say the worldlings) for that very sufficient reason. Ain't most of the pursers of mines "locals," and many of the "mine captains" to boot, and many of the little great men who put their money "out to use" among the farmers? You see the people trust us a deal more when we're pretty high up in "the Church;" and it's so good to be trusted, especially if you have to sell anything that parties must take your word for. And, besides, we know our men and women more, and get a hold on them such as we couldn't get in any other way. The thing is to be a class-leader; one of your class'll always come to you, no matter what his trouble is; and when people do that, it gives you many ways of quietly pushing your business. Bless you, you've no idea of the queer things class-leaders are called on to do. I was standing one night near upon twelve o'clock (it was years before this new Act) under the portico of the Commercial Hotel up to St. Fusty, smoking my evening pipe — why shouldn't I take my ease at my inn? Johnny hadn't been some seven years at work without having pretty well lined his purse, I can tell you. Well, I'd come out to have my smoke, and to freshen up a bit after the dampness of the St. Fusty commercial room, when down the side street I heard a strange noise. It was a blind alley, blocked at the end by a low wall, over which many people in the daytime made a thoroughfare. I looked round the corner, and saw a man, evidently more than half drunk, trying to feel a gap in the wall, and asserting at each failure that it was "blessed" strange he couldn't find his way, what with the moon and all. He talked loudly enough to rouse the neighbors; and pretty soon a door opened, and a clear, decided voice, as of one used to command, called, "Who are you, making this piece of work at this time o' night?" Whereupon our inebriated friend began in the old miner's drawl: "Oh, young Pusser, don't 'ee be angry now. You do knaaw me. I'm James Trembaath up to Ballosinny; worked at the blacksmith's shop this more nor twelve year. Yes, you do knaaw me. I was in your class for years, young Pusser. And then I took to takin' a drop too much; and that's what I done this night, and now can't find my way home. But you do knaaw me, young Pusser; and there, if you'll show me the way home, I'll tell 'ee what, I'll give 'ee a shilling for the missionaries." Exeunt purser and blacksmith, leaving me to reflect on the strange tie between "leader" and class, and on the possible advantages therefrom to a man in my line. Yes, I must manage to be a class-leader before long; and then if I take a missus and open shop somewhere, as well as going my rounds, I shall do double as well as I could without leadership to help me.

I'm a "local," as I said, and I'm very proud of that same. I'm not one of them that hold to colleges and all that for training to the ministry. Of course the parson he's all dark; that's what you might expect. I've been to hear him times, and he always speaks, to my thinking, like one who fancies there's something to be said on t'other side; and that'll never do, you know, in religion no more

than in politics. No half-measures for me; none of your folks with an aggravating sort of conscience that makes them think, and hesitate, and ask themselves questions. I hate crotchety preachers, just as much as crotchety Parliament men. I like a man that goes straight forward, as if he could see the goal ahead, and didn't care to look at anything between him and it. And that's what our young men out of the colleges are getting too fond of doing. Between you and me, they're getting almost as bad as the parsons. But I know what I've got to say, and I say it; and there's the Book to back me, and if they've anything to say against the Book, why, they'd better not say it to me, that's all. I go ahead when I get on a text; I've read Spurgeon till I flatter myself I've formed my style on his — on the best part of his, of course.

Yes, I'm highly respectable; I am so by the confession of the head of all the Johnnies in this half of the country. He's a Scotchman, is McClutchy; a good many of us are Scotchmen, though they mostly leave Presbyterianism on the other side of the Border. Fine fellows those Scots; I admire them, though I'm not one of them — "missionaries" (as I called them at a quiet soirée some score of us had last Twelfth Day at Camborne) carrying with them "the gospel of trade." A great hit I think that was. And then I drew an eloquent contrast between those early missionaries, Saint Perran, Saint Leven, Saint Senan, and Company, whose names have filled the land, and who brought with them but an imperfect creed, which had to be trimmed at the Reformation, and further altered by glorious John Wesley and ourselves, who carry the perfection of modern fabrics round to the most outlying cottages. Truth in stuff is at least as grand a thing as truth in word; and that is what we persistently preach. How we practise it those must say who buy our articles. One thing we certainly don't do; we never condescend to the shop tricks about the three farthings or elevenpence halfpenny lightly penciled on when the shillings are as big as half a window-pane. We should be ashamed of such a clumsy contrivance. "No; there's the price, mum; and if you like it you needn't pay all at once, you know. A shilling a week is my rule. Can't make up that? Well; they must be poor gettings where the wife can't save that much out of her marketings. You think the stuff's well enough. It is, indeed, you may take my word for it. If you was to go to Truro, you'd find that's just what all the tip-top county people are wearing now; and doesn't it suit your face too? Black hair and eyes — why, I can almost light my pipe at them," said I, suddenly remembering an old story. "Come, then; if you've set your heart on it you shall have it, as far as I can help you to it. A shilling to start with for a dress like that, and only nine shillings for the whole of it. We'll drop next week; that's as fair as any one could say; and you shall give me a couple of shillings the week after. There'll be a 'general pay' betwixt this and then, and, unless it's a very bad month indeed, you'll easily manage that much, and nobody the wiser."

That was how I began my first deal with Mrs. Bosanco, in a lone cottage up on the moor behind Nether Bosperron. She was a rosy country girl, not well "out of the teens of years," with a baby of some six weeks old, her husband working "under tribute" in Wheel Conscience. Things were looking well with them; he'd brought home six pounds last month, a vast sum for a Cornish miner, though our Scotchmen tell me it is just nothing compared with the wages upwards. The poor damp cottage looked as bright and cheerful as stoneware spaniels and groups of Burns and Highland Mary, and cheap glass plates on the mantle-shelf, and German prints on the walls could make it. I thought I knew every inch of my beat as well as a government surveyor; but some of these German pedlar chaps had clearly been beforehand with me. Fact is, Bosanco's house had been empty for years, and I thought, till somebody told me, that it was empty still. But trust those Germans to find out where money is to be got; and they never give credit, so the cruel wretches often make a clear sweep, carrying off every shilling along with the rest of the ready cash. I hate them on artistic grounds. I have my

feelings, and I hope I'm not insensible to the beauty of a good engraving. It's just that which make me so mad to see frightful caricatures of well-known prints stuck about in all the cottages I go into. What can our "societies" be about that they don't do something to raise the popular taste, or at least to hinder the Germans from depraving it? Tracts! We're overdone with them. I can pick enough up any Sunday about the lanes to keep me in pipe-lighters for the rest of the week. How much better to get the Art Union to let them reprint their outlines of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and of the "Ancient Mariner," and two or three more, and sell them for next to nothing — send them round ready-bound with the book-hawkers. I'd warrant they'd get a sale.

But this is a digression; it shows you that I have my feelings, and that I can be righteously indignant, especially when fellows that I look upon as interlopers flood the country with what is in itself detestable. Besides, look at many of their wares. The Cornish are highly decorous, but I've seen bits of prints that it can never do a girl any good to look at, nor a boy either, and that in rooms where the big Bible was on the little round table, nicely covered with an antimacassar, in the corner. There's another class of prints, too, bought, I fancy, for their glorious colors; these are simply the cheapest Romanist pictures, of which our unsophisticated folks don't know the meaning. I could show you half a dozen places where the Pope is execrated, and Rome held in reprobation, and yet on the walls are "The Seven Colors of Mary, or the Sacred Heart." Yes; I am sure our "societies" — Tract and Christian Knowledge — might do a great deal with advantage in the way of pictures for the poor.

But I was telling you about Mrs. Bosanco. Well, she paid well enough that two shillings, and a shilling more, after letting another week drop, and then, after waiting a good bit, another couple of shillings; and then, without waiting to pay up all, what did she do but buy a pair of green glass ear-rings and a brooch to match — (these Cornish girls are all mad after jewelry; it's in the blood, I think) — and half a crown's worth of flowers — "real flowers" they always call the artificial ones, because they last longest, I suppose. I once had the honor of walking over three miles of moor alongside of Her Majesty's inspector of schools for our district, and he — a Cornish man, too — stuck up for this love of "flowers," and I think he even had a weakness for the rings and glass jewels; "it showed taste struggling against difficulties." I don't agree with him. It wouldn't do for me to give up selling what everybody wants to buy; but if I could afford to keep a conscience (as somebody says — you see I'm a well-read man, thanks to my Scotch friends for that), I'd never sell any of that rubbish any more; I've seen the harm of it, and know how often a fly-away hat full of flowers covers an uncombed head, and a gorgeous brooch fastens a torn dress with nothing but rags underneath it. And as to the mischief in other ways, young Blobbles, who's a "lady's man," could tell, and does tell, too, much about that; and I'm afraid more than half of it is true.

So, mind, I didn't try to sell those things to Mrs. B.; I only showed them with the rest of my stock, and she singled them out as a banker would a false note amid a pile of good ones. Buy them she would, and she'd manage the paying. And she did for awhile; but when her husband for three months brought home nine, and twelve, and eight shillings, and then went up to fifty, and then down to two pounds, and stuck there for a twelvemonth, she having her second baby, and a long bout of fever, too, during the while, how could the poor woman pay, I should like to know? Of course my way was plain. I couldn't afford to lose; and so at last I had to tell her husband, and the storming rages he got into were enough to frighten a body. He wasn't going to pay her debts, he'd go to prison first; but he did pay a little, and then he could pay no more; he had debts at "shop," and little gettings, and so I was obliged to county-court him; and somehow he did get into Bodmin jail, as he said he would. What could I do? It wasn't my fault, you know. It's that horrid gambling plan

that they call "tribute work." Nothing throws me out of my reckoning like that; there's no certainty in a man's pay. Where a man works "to wages" you know what he gets, and what his wife can afford, and in many parts (though seldom in this teetotal district) anything that's spent on your wares is saved from the beer-shop. But a tributer may get six pounds one month, and nothing at all the next. I was up at Hayle one day, and I met an old fellow I'd known years before as a miner, taking in a load of early Cornish cabbages to sell. "Hallo!" said I; "them sort of things don't grow down in Wheal Kitty." "No," he rejoined; "no more Wheals for me. I had two-and-thirty years of it, man and boy; and how do you think I stood when I left off? Why, seven shillings on the wrong side, and one month I made as much as eight pounds. No more tribute work for me; I've turned market-gardener; it pays, and there's no miner's disease."

Let me explain this. In a mine the "grassmen" (surface workers), who look after the water, the stamps, etc., get wages from two pounds five shillings to two pounds ten shillings a month, rarely higher. The underground men are either "at tutwork," the ground being let out to the lowest bidder at so much a fathom, or "under tribute," in which case, after paying their share towards the working expenses, wear and tear of tools, etc., they get a previously-arranged proportion of the value of the tin which they have raised.

This "tut-work" is uncertain enough. The rock varies every few fathoms, and the men's constant complaint is that the mine captains won't set long bargains, for fear if a man has bought a hard bid dear he might come to a very soft bit before he made his length. A "tut" man sometimes makes very little "when the ground do turn against him."

But "tribute" is as gambling as speculating in mine shares. A man may have a rich lode, and then his gettings are worth having. Half St. Fusty was built in that way by tributers in North Levant. But mines are poorer nowadays, and mine captains are sharper. They take care to put all the rich lodes to tut-work, and if a man does make six pounds one month they're pretty sure to "cut him down" for three or four months to come.

That's why so many men have gone abroad. As soon as ever the high price of tin forced up wages a little, and so gave them a pound or two in hand, off they went, to the immense disgust of pursers and captains. It was quite a stampede last spring. You see, tribute is a poor life. Supposing a man only digs out rock and earth, his lode thinning out to nothing, why he doesn't receive a shilling at the month's end, and has his candles, tools, powder, and mine dues to pay for out of his capital, if he has any. An abominable system, and keeping the men slaves to the shops, always in that wretched state of living from hand to mouth. It's just a trick to work poor mines that never ought to be worked at all, by taking the men into a partnership of the heads I win tails you lose sort. No mine ought ever to be kept on which can't afford to pay fair weekly, not monthly, wages to its workmen; and since mines vary from richness to poverty, mines ought, to my thinking, to be worked by the state.

However, that's not the point; what I say is that tribute ruined the Bosancos, and has done me out of many an honest shilling. Honest, I say, for I'm, as I told you, a highly respectable individual; I'd scorn to do what half the miners in my county would delight in — promote a mine that was about as likely to pay the shareholders, as to produce diamonds and gold nuggets. I wouldn't carry lumps of good rich ore in my pocket, and drop them where the London gentlemen were coming to see if the ground looked promising. Miners do these things, though they're very religious men. One of them who had turned fish-hawker because his eyes had failed, told me he liked underground best because it gave him more time to attend the week-day evening means of grace. Very religious men; and yet they do strange things — things that I should scorn.

Yet, somehow, respectable as I am, squire, and parson,

and doctor, all look suspiciously on me; and they say I sell bad goods, and charge twelve shillings for what could be bought at shop for six. They say I egg women on to extravagance, and make them deceitful, and so bring all sorts of evils on families; and that when a woman takes to cheating her husband about shillings, she won't stop there. I don't know; I must leave it to you to judge, my candid public. Remember, I'm a missionary of trade; what a grand title in this commercial country! I walk hundreds of miles in the year, in the cause of Manchester and Paisley and Birmingham. I'm a sort of Livingstone here in West Barbary, and as for cheating — not if I know it. Of course, quality and all that's the buyer's look-out. I'm not going to cry "stinking fish" to please any parson. I just act up to the exigencies of business (that's the phrase), and you know as well as I do, that every plate glass tradesman of them all does the same. Do Messrs. Hookem and Squeezur rise above my level when they supply some Oxford mooncalf with a hundred pounds' worth of (mostly female) jewelry? Or is the mooncalf's tailor a pattern to Johnny Fortnights when he allows little suppers to be given in his house, and puts down the same, wine, cigars, and all, in his bill as coats and waistcoats? I think I'm a good many cuts above that kind of work. I work hard for my shilling; and though I once overheard the parson of St. Fusty soundly rating a woman whom he'd been relieving, and where I'd just called to look after an old account, he didn't convince me that I got it dishonestly as things go. I don't say, with my prototype in Shakespeare, "What a fool is honesty;" but neither do I see why I should shut my mouth "when fortune drops booties into it." Do you, baker, who have been fined for short weight, or more adulterating publican, "call me rogue," an' you will. Like Autolycus, "I'm proof against that title" — at any rate, when bestowed by such as you.

LAND AND SEA.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago it may be safely said that the minds of ninety-nine out of every hundred British schoolboys were swayed by an imaginative antinomy, the two rival powers of which were Lever and Marryat. The life, the atmosphere, the movement abounding in the novels of the authors of "Charles O'Malley" and "Peter Simple," constituted the opposing poles to which the enthusiasm and the aspirations of every youngster *à* la ten to seventeen were irresistibly led with all the attraction of magnetism. Now Marryat was in the ascendant, now Lever: it was simply a question which of the two authors our school-boy had last read. Now he dreamt of desperate sorties, well-planned ambuscades, reconnaissances, forlorn hopes, night attacks, terrible in their preparation, and splendid in their catastrophe: now of privateers and privateering, victories achieved in the teeth of the combined antagonism of Neptune and Vulcan, wonderful feats performed by urchin admirals in war sloops and *speronaros*, the ennobling discipline of the cock-pit, and the fierce delights of the midshipmen's mess. The secret of the charm in either case it was not difficult to discover. The existence depicted both by Lever and by Marryat was the very embodiment of every idea of liberty, of fun, of rollicking dash, and of prosperous pluck which a youngster could conceive. No base desires, no ignoble appetites were ever excited or encouraged by a single line which either of these writers ever penned. The chord of sympathy which they struck, if now and then somewhat extravagant in its note, had, at least, a ring always manly, always healthful, invigorating, English, and pure. And it may be regarded as matter for special congratulation by the parents of many an English boy that the writings of Charles Lever and Frederick Marryat synchronized as closely as they did in point of the enthusiastic popularity which was their immediate lot. As regards their influences and effects, the novels of Marryat were a corrective to those of Lever, just as a strong dose of Lever was an antidote to Marryat. The youngster

whose head was turned by the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, whose eye was dazzled by the glitter of cuirasses and the gleam of naked swords under the rays of a Spanish sun, no sooner betook himself to the pages of "Midshipman Easy" or "The King's Own," than the hue of his vision was changed, and the field of his ambition altered. It was no longer the bray of trumpets and the clash of steel which thrilled his spirit; no longer the song of "The Irish Dragoon" to which his heart beat tune, no longer the "He would be a soldier" which was the refrain of his juvenile existence. The ocean usurped the place of the tented field; instead of the well-mounted troop parading through the town, the wonder of maidens on balconies, and the glory of the multitude in the streets, the image of a line-of-battle-ship rose before his eyes, the decks cleared for action, the Union Jack waving from the mainmast, the ringing cheer of the British tar, the booming of a cross-fire, the boarding of the enemy's vessel, the final victory, due as much as anything to the splendid exertions and the superhuman powers of a small naval officer, aged fourteen years, who was the centre of the schoolboy dreamer's vision, and who was, in point of fact, none other than himself. The result of these conflicting ambitions, following each other in succession so swift, was generally what might have been expected. The temporary exclusive possession of the boyish mind by Lever and Marryat in turns, terminated in a conviction that, on the whole, it might be as well not to attempt to realize the existence portrayed by either. Psychological authorities inform us that when contending motives exactly balance each other in the human mind, no action results, adducing, as illustrative of this proposition, the time-honored instance of the homely quadruped standing betwixt two bundles of hay the same in size and in appearance. Something of the same kind was the consequence to the schoolboy world of a course of alternated perusal of Lever and Marryat. Reflection seemed to show that the attractions of a naval and a military career were as nearly as possible equal; and the youthful enthusiast, despairing of the power successfully to decide between these distracting claims, arrived at the conclusion that it might, on the whole, be as well if he devoted his energies for the present to Latin syntax or irregular Greek verbs. If Lever and Marryat have both inspired some proportion of young gentlemen in the fourth forms at Eton and Harrow with a passion that has found vent for itself in pestering their fond fathers to make application on their behalf at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, the fond fathers in question may ascribe to the simultaneous enthusiasm which the fictions of the novelists of the land and of the sea inflamed, that these passions passed off in the majority of instances so quietly.

The recent lamentable death of Charles Lever, and the appearance of such a memoir of Marryat as the existing materials could supply, offer a good opportunity for attempting a parallel between the two men, with respect to their lives and labors, in these pages. And it will be seen that the parallel which we now propose to trace is far from being purely fanciful or imaginary, but is at each point surprisingly close and exact. Each in his own literary sphere reigns supreme: each reflects in his writings, with curious fidelity, the spirit and the tendency of the life he describes. Points of contrast there are between the two men not a few; but it is the contrast, after all, which intensifies and substantiates the analogy. Both Lever and Marryat were not, so to speak, brought up to literature. In their infancy they were not fed upon printer's ink instead of pap; nor were they tucked up, as many writers undoubtedly have been, in proof-sheets. Both had passed through the very best of all public apprenticeships to the novelist's art — the apprenticeship of an active, a varied, a laborious career. Both, like Mr. Anthony Trollope in the present day, had outgrown the heyday of youth when they turned their hands to authorship. Marryat was thirty-seven when, in 1829, he published "The Naval Officer." Lever was thirty-three when, ten years later, he delighted the world with "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." In the course of a literary life of three decades Lever wrote

at the rate of a novel a year. In the course of a literary life of less than two decades Marryat contrived to produce not fewer than thirty distinct works. The superabundant activity even of the two men is equally remarkable. As Lever always had other occupations besides those of the pen to claim his attention and time, so too had Marryat. In the ordinary course of things, they existed for Lever: Marryat created them for himself. Lever was consul at Florence, at Spezzia, at Trieste — not very arduous posts, it is true, but still posts to which official duties and responsibilities attached: Marryat betook himself at Langham to scientific farming, and rising every morning at five to look after his stock with a zeal that would have done credit to one who had no thought in life but the improvement of land and the breeding of cattle. Neither Marryat nor Lever could have succeeded in getting through a tithe of the literary labors which they actually accomplished, unless they had been methodic workers. The method, which with Lever was in great degree the outcome of his official experience, may in the case of Marryat be attributed to his naval training. The two men were thus both of them strengthened and prepared for literature by the regular routine of professional existence. At this point we are reminded of an important distinction between the novelist of the land and the novelist of the sea. Marryat reflected his own personal experience; Lever, save in his later novels, did not. Thus every fiction which flowed from the pen of the author of "The King's Own" is distinctly in a greater or less degree autobiographical. We will not say that out of Marryat's novels could have been concocted a life of the writer almost as complete as that which his daughter has given us, but there is no incident or episode in Marryat's career of a naval officer narrated in these memoirs which will come with much of novelty to the student of his novels. It is as if the reader of some history had been referred to the original sources, documents, and authorities whence that history had been derived. So in the Lord Cochrane of the memoir we immediately recognize the Captain M—— of "The King's Own," the Captain Savage of "Peter Simple," the Captain Maclean of "Jacob Faithful"; we see that the ship life in "Peter Simple" was that of Marryat himself on board the *Æolus*, and that the real scene of the mythical "Midshipman Easy" was the deck of the *Impérieuse*. Again, we now hear that Marryat first visited the Barbadoes in the sloop *L'Espiegle*, and that he burst a blood-vessel in dancing at a ball in that island. Here we immediately recognize the dignity ball, and the side-splitting fun which attended it, of "Peter Simple." Once more: before the *Rosario* was paid off, Marryat made several cruises with her against smugglers in the Channel; what else has he done than give permanent color and shape to these experiences in the smuggling passages of "The King's Own"? Such instances as these might be multiplied indefinitely in the case of Marryat: there are scarcely any of the kind forthcoming in the case of Lever, with the exception of a few touches of realism which approach to personality; in the earliest and best known of his novels there are none whatever. It may be said that the imagination of the author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," and "Jack Hinton" is better than the experience of a score of other writers; and so, no doubt, it is. Only, the fact remains that there cannot attach to the romances of Lever that twofold value — first, as genuine works of novelistic art; secondly, as contributions to the social history of the times and classes with which he was concerned — that there does to the romances of Marryat. For Lever was the novelist of war, and he himself had "never set a squadron in the field;" of the army, and his knowledge of military affairs was exclusively that which an acute observer might collect from a regular course of mess dinners, after a preliminary initiation into the mysteries of garrison life; of dashing light-cavalry officers; of their inexhaustibly comic servants; of terrific charges in which he had never taken a part; of the crash and onset of hostile armies which he had himself never beheld. Let it not be supposed that we are for a moment disposed to underrate

Lever's work — the joy of our own youth, as we hope it will be also the delight of our posterity. But we are comparing and differentiating the two men, and in such a task we should be guilty of a grievous critical sin if we were to omit what appears to us their prime distinction. As the word-painter of great battles, the impact and the recoil of opposing forces, the fierceness of the war tug, the dispersion of the combatants, the rally, the final triumph of the victors in the game of bloodshed — in the sketching of all these Lever is unequalled. But the splendid pictures which he gives us are struck out at a white-heat of imagination, and with no other aid than that of his own self-evolving consciousness. With Marryat, again, every feat of fortitude or skill that his heroes accomplish has had its prototype in his own experiences; and it will be found that the novels of Marryat approach to or recede from the standard of the highest excellence according as they do or do not reflect the vicissitudes of his own nautical career.

One of the consequences of this difference between the two men as novelists is, that inaccuracies and infidelities to nature and reality, which have no place in the pages of Marryat, are not unfrequent in Lever. Marryat's pictures of the service at the time when Peter Simple and Jack Easy made their first cruise, are those of literal and historical credibility. The contradictions and inconsistencies of Lever's sketches of army life and army discipline thirty years ago have been repeatedly pointed out. Lever, it was true, had, in his own words, "both a degree and a commission." But it is much to be questioned whether Lever knew anything of the *vie intime* of T. C. D., which he has depicted in colors so preposterously impossible, if so irresistibly amusing, in "Charles O'Malley." A writer in *Fraser*, on the first appearance of this novel, who, we make bold to say, was none other than Maginn himself, tackles its author with some severity, but with much justice and good-humor, on the evidence which he betrays of his own academic inexperience, or, at least, his partial experience. "A Trinity College man," says Maginn, for Maginn it assuredly was, "would scarcely talk of an officer who does not exist in the university, namely, the *proctor*. He would have known that in T. C. D. the duties of the *proctor* are discharged by the *dean*, and those of the *bull-dogs* by the *porters*. He would, probably, when he was using technical or slang terms peculiar to the college, such as *chum*, meaning fellow-lodger, in the same set of chambers, and *jib*, for junior freshman, have said *skip*, and not servant. 'In the evening,' says Charles O'Malley, 'our occupations became still more pressing; there were balls, suppers, whist parties, rows at the theatre, shindies in the street, devilled drum-sticks at Haynes's, select oyster parties at the Carlingford, in fact, every known method of remaining up all night, and appearing both pale and penitent the following morning.' Surely Mr. Lever must have mistaken the college for a caravansary, through whose open gates men can come and go at all hours, unquestioned and uncontrolled." Then come other criticisms, to the effect that a Trinity man would not speak of being on the sick list at the same time that he was abroad in the *Phoenix*, and that he would not have sneered at "the meagre fare of the fellows," who, in fact, live only a trifle too sumptuously. "Finally," concludes the *Fraserian*, "we presume that being a medical student, who perhaps attended the lectures on anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and botany, given by the university professors, but open to all who pay the courses, he picked up some names of persons and things, and some old stories, but that he really knew nothing of college life or of the university he has held up to ridicule." Maginn himself was a staunch Trinitarian, and some of these strictures must be attributed to a spirit of patriotic partisanship. That Lever drew largely on his fancy for his facts illustrative of existence at the Dublin *academia* is likely enough, as well as that his personal knowledge of it was derived from pretty much those sources which Maginn enumerates; but the fact of Lever's diploma is as indisputable as his connection with the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Let us cite another example of the poetic license which

Lever allows himself in his descriptive passages. Speaking of the cliffs of Moher, he alludes to "pebbly beach," "minute peals of waves," "fishing-smacks," "golden straw," "fisherman's hut," "a road along the margin of the cliff," "tall and ancient lime-trees," as incidental accessories to the scene. Now the coast of Clare is, as a matter of fact, without a single one of these pleasing features. For grandeur, desolation, and magnificence it is unsurpassed. It is an unbroken succession of dizzy precipices, rising suddenly out of the waves, or else with the merest fringe in front of them of jagged stones. But, for the most part, there is not a span of earth on which the fowl of the air might rest in his flight towards the New World between the perpendicular rocks of the Moher coast and the fury of the Atlantic tides.

We have spoken of Lever and Marryat as each displaying in their fictions an overflowing measure of what we may call the spirit of the two professions to whose literary service they dedicated themselves. Glitter and pageantry, pomp, show, and circumstance — these are proverbially and professionally dear to the military mind; Lever never loses an opportunity of dwelling on them. Whether it is a review in the *Phoenix*, or a march past in the streets of some foreign capital: a parade in peace, or the death-grip amid the hurly-burly of war; the entry of the French army into Berlin, as described in "Tom Burke," or the aspect of Paris during the occupation by the Allied Armies, as in "Jack Hinton" — this tendency is equally conspicuous. Now, with naval men, on the other hand, everything sinks into insignificance in comparison with plainness, method, efficiency. Thus the descriptions which Marryat gives us of ships drawn up in order of battle, of the meeting of naval celebrities, of battles, and of deeds of daring, dwell as little as possible upon the ornamental accessories and accidents of the scene. There is a straightforwardness, a simplicity, a severity in all these matters, essentially characteristic of the nautical man and the naval mind. If we are not mistaken, the influence of Marryat's intensely professional spirit may be seen, as contrasted with that of Lever, in other ways than this. His exactitude in setting before us scenes and places, his geographical and topographical precision — these are just what might have been expected in an author who had learned the value and the necessity of a rigid accuracy in the most practical of all schools; to whom, as he ploughed his perilous and watery course, a mistake of an inch might make all the difference between life and death. We are disposed to think that it was the habit of order and regularity acquired in the course of his sailor experiences, which made Marryat, later in life, aim at investing his farm in Norfolk with a model character. In their literary style, the very turn of their sentences and rounding of their periods, the terse brevity of the one and the elaborately sparkling rhetoric of the other, we may see continual traces of the professional distinction. While we are on this subject of the professional notes that characterize respectively the novelist of the land and of the sea, it is impossible not to be struck by the degree in which the two men are representative, in a way more significant than we have yet pointed out, of the spirit and history of their times. If the greatest authors are those who are the most complete exponents of the temper, and whose works are the most perfect reflexes of the events, of their times, then both Lever and Marryat must be allowed to overtop their contemporaries by head and shoulders. Just as Lever was the literary organ of the military enthusiasm begotten by the success of the British Army in the Peninsular War, so the taste which Marryat satisfied, and which, like every elemental force in literature, he also created — the passion for nautical adventure, the thirst for deeds of naval daring — was the natural and historical outcome of the triumphs of Nelson and Collingwood. Milton was not more the poet of Puritanism, Dante of mediæval Catholicism, Shakespeare of the opening drama of the modern age, Byron of its ripeness or consummation, than Marryat and Lever were the novelists of the splendid epoch of English history coincident with the period during which our fortunate isle was the supreme arbitress of the destinies of Europe, both by

land and sea. A second Lever or a second Marryat may be, and we believe is, impossible, but only because the circumstances of national history which witnessed their literary development are no longer forthcoming.

Thus have we endeavored to indicate some of the chief features of similarity and dissimilarity in the style and the treatment of this pair of incomparable writers. We will now enumerate such of their remaining points of literary contact as are necessary to complete and sustain the parallel we have commenced. And first, it is the common prerogative, both of Marryat and Lever, to combine genius and geniality. Their writings — and through their writings the story of their lives — command that affectionate excess of personal interest and sympathy which is only accorded by the public to a very few of those who labor for its literary amusement or instruction.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus
Tentat et admissus circum præcordia ludit amico.

Both Lever and Marryat have a keen satirical vein running through their writings; yet they can neither of them be called satirists. Theirs is the satire of Horace and of Sterne, not the ruthless invective of Juvenal, or the *savissima indignatio* of Swift. They shoot folly as it flies, but the echo of each shot is drowned in a peal of ringing laughter and good-humored merriment. Over and above this innate kindness of heart, equally conspicuous in Lever and Marryat, their novels are stamped by an individuality which serves to make the writer personally known to the reader. Hence the feeling, elicited by each successive work of the authors of "Harry Lorrequer" and "Midshipman Easy," that it was but a fresh opportunity offered to the public of improving an actual acquaintance which had begun years since; and hence, too, it was that, when Lever died, last year, and Marryat died twenty-four years ago, a sentiment of keenly personal loss and sorrow went through the country; such a sentiment as that which followed the death of Thackeray and of Dickens, and which it is one of the truest tests of genius to create. Again, Marryat and Lever possessed the same insight into human character and human motives — the same happy faculty of investing typical personages with a variety of development and a diversity of color. Neither Marryat nor Lever repeat themselves. Inferior artists are only able to shadow forth the same type in one individual; Lever and Marryat have a legion of characters for one and the same type. A comparison between the *dramatis personæ* of "Peter Simple" and "Midshipman Easy" will illustrate the justice of this view in the case of Marryat; while we have but to place in mental juxtaposition the actors in "Harry Lorrequer" and "Jack Hinton" to verify it as regards Lever. As the two men are alike in their highest excellences, so are they in their defects. Neither can produce a real or effective sketch of natural scenery unless there is a human presence in the foreground. Both are wanting in pathetic powers, and both fail artistically when they attempt the portrayal of feminine character. The women of Lever and Marryat remind one of what may be witnessed on the stage of half a dozen London theatres. Just as most companies possess an actress whose special mission it is to play one particular part, and who seldom ventures beyond the limits of the familiar rôle, and just as the *habitué* knows perfectly well beforehand that the delineation of character, though the name be altered, will be on each successive occasion identical, so the reader of Marryat and Lever, immediately he understands the place which a heroine is destined to fill in the action and development of the story, is able to identify her with some one or other of the few feminine varieties he has previously encountered.

It is more easy to trace the literary pedigree of the naval than of the Irish military novelist. Banim and Carleton may, perhaps, be mentioned as Lever's literary progenitors; but there is a wide interval of difference between them, and, like the younger Teucer, the son may boast that he is better than his sire. Lever inaugurated a style and a school. He has had a score of imitators, but he is really without predecessors in his peculiar line. Marryat, on the other

hand, may be said to be the lineal descendant of Smollett. But we must not lose sight of the fact that, though the author of "Frank Mildmay" has his prototype in the ranks of English writers, his works of fiction were, at the time when they appeared, protests against the spirit that reigned supreme in the fiction of the day — a spirit of forced sentimentalism, vicious, enervating, in a word, essentially namby-pamby. Dickens and Thackeray were as yet unknown, and the public welcomed the honest, outspoken manliness of Marryat with a sense of superlative relief, immediately recognizing, in his quiet effectiveness of circumstantial narrative, no unworthy successor of Defoe. As a painter of nautical life, Marryat may be safely pronounced superior to Smollett, who himself drew from nature and life. But Smollett entered the navy at twenty and left it at twenty-five. Marryat was in active service from the year 1806 to 1830. It is customary to compare Fenimore Cooper with Marryat. Both, it is true, treated of naval subjects, but from very different points of view; for Cooper is nothing if not romantic. Captain Glasscock, the author of "Sailors and Saints," "Land Sharks and Sea Gulls," imbibed a considerable measure of Marryat's spirit; and Mr. Howard, author of "Rattlin the Reefer," Captain Chamier, author of "Ben Brace," Michael Scott, author of "Tom Cringle's Log," have attempted, not unsuccessfully, to catch his manner and reproduce his charm. Mr. James Hannay deserves a place, and a high one, among our naval novelists; but Mr. Hannay is too fastidious in his elaboration of epigrams, and his balancing of sentences, ever successfully to acquire the strength and the swiftness of movement which constitute the real excellence of the novel of the sea.

To pass from the works of Marryat and Lever to their lives, it is to be hoped that, at no distant date, we may have a biography of Lever which will give us as real a picture of the man as the volumes lately published by his daughter do of Marryat. Meanwhile, we will content ourselves with constructing such a picture of Captain Marryat's every-day life as the materials which Mrs. Ross Church has brought together render no difficult task. For that portion of his existence which was coincident with his naval career, the reader may, as has been already said, be referred to Marryat's own novels. But of his social experiences, both in London and at Langham — the estate which he purchased — no record whatever is to be found in his own works. It was in 1830 that "private affairs" — to wit, his marriage with Miss Shairp — induced Captain Marryat to resign the command of his ship, the *Ariadne*, and to leave the navy. He had been appointed equerry to the late Duke of Sussex, and he was compelled to remain near the person of the King's brother. His first residence was Sussex House, Hammersmith, which he had purchased of the Duke, and where, in the words of one who knew him well, "he kept up a round of incessant gaiety, and a course of almost splendid extravagance." "At Sussex House," continues the writer, "were held those amusing, conjuring *soirees* which Captain Marryat used to have, in conjunction with his great friend, Captain Chamier, where they would display the various tricks of sleight-of-hand which they together had purchased and learned of the wizard of that day, and where Theodore Hook was wont to bewilder the company with his ventriloquisms, and make them laugh with his funny stories and imitations. There half the men to be met were men such as the world had talked of, and whose *bon-mots* were worth remembering. Marryat lived then in the atmosphere of a Court as well as in the odor of literature. The former air might easily be dispensed with without any loss of happiness, but one would have thought that intellectual society had become necessary for his existence. I remember him on the Continent some years later than this, at all sorts of places, at Brussels, at Antwerp, at Paris, at Spa, always living *en prince*, and always the same, wherever he went, throwing away his money with both hands — the merriest, witziest, most good-natured fellow in the world. As soon as he was famous, society was ready to applaud. Once at a German *table d'hôte*, where I also was present (for I speak from per-

sonal recollection), he, in order to amuse his next neighbor, suddenly laid down his knife and fork, and looked to the other end of the table. The other knives and forks went down. He laughed, and there was a dead silence. 'I'll trouble you for the salt,' said he, or something equally commonplace, whereupon there was a general roar of laughter. 'There's nothing like being considered a wit,' he whispered. Later, I remember Captain Marryat living in Spanish Place, London. His establishment was not so superb as it had been at Sussex House; but his manner of living was as gay. It was an incessant round of dining out and giving dinners. At his table you met all the celebrities of the day. His intimate friends were men and women who had made their names of value. In Spanish Place it was I had seen him in association with Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Ainsworth, and John Poole, or with the beautiful Lady Blessington and D'Orsay; and then, after an absence of years, I travelled into Norfolk, to find him in a most out-of-the-way place." *Apròpos* of his retirement to Langham, Captain Marryat, in his unpublished fragment, "Life of Lord Napier," thus writes himself: "Most sailors, when they retire from the service, turn to agriculture, and, generally speaking, make very good farmers. There appears something very natural in this. When Adam was created a man in full vigor, he naturally took to the labors of the field. And what is a sailor — who, although he has run all over the world, has, in fact, never lived on it — when you plant him on shore, but a sort of Adam — a new creature striking into existence, as it were, in his prime? For all his former life has been, as far as terrestrial affairs are concerned, but a deep sleep." Into his new life as country gentleman and country farmer, Captain Marryat entered with as much of enthusiasm and of energy as his character might have led one to expect. The truth is, action was necessary to such a man, and the merely sedentary activity of *littérateur* was not enough to provide his exuberant powers with the work which they demanded. His farming was not financially a success, but it gave him an occupation in which he rejoiced, and from which his friends found it no easy matter to tempt him, even on a flying visit to London. Langham Manor was a cottage in the Elizabethan style, built after the model of one at Virginia Water belonging to George IV., with latticed windows opening out to flights of stone steps, ornamented with vases of flowers, and leading down from the long, narrow dining-room, "where (surrounded by Clarkson Stanfield's illustrations of 'Poor Jack,' with which the walls were clothed) Captain Marryat composed his later works in the room behind. . . . When he wrote in the dining-room, he always selected a corner of the table that commanded a view of the lawn on which his favorite bull, 'Ben Brace,' was generally tethered."

The name of Captain Marryat, as a generous landlord and a kind friend to the laboring poor about his property, is still cherished in Norfolk. "Dumpling," Marryat's pony, was a character in himself; mounted on him "the Captain" would "ride about his farm in all weathers, attired in a velvet shooting-coat, mud-bespattered high-tops, and a 'shocking bad hat.'" The writer in the *Cornhill* tells a pleasant story about this historical steed, Dumpling, who had "a spiteful temper," which, it appears, he never omitted any opportunity of showing. "Marryat once put two of his children upon the pony, when he himself was occupied about some farming operations, and sent them across the meadow. So long as he was in sight, Dumpling trotted steadily along, but no sooner did he find himself unobserved, than up flew his heels, and both the little girls went over his head. Back they came running to their father, to complain of 'Dumpy.' 'Come here, sir,' shouted Marryat to the conscience-stricken pony. Dumpling saw a whip in his master's hand; he glanced first one side and then the other, while Marryat waited for him to come. He might have turned tail and raced all over the meadow; but, after a moment's reflection, he hung his head penitently, and, running to his master, thrust his head under Marryat's arm. The moral of it of course was, that Dumpling did not get a whipping."

Though Captain Marryat had bought Langham in 1839, he had scarcely settled regularly down till 1843. But when once settled, he was not to be moved. Now there is a dinner given to Charles Dickens, and a special invitation is despatched to Langham; now some theatricals, with an unusually promising cast, are on the *tapis*, and Mr. Forster writes as follows: "Look at the bill enclosed; it is all Dickens' doing. I am a lamb at the slaughter. But *will you come up?* Stanny (Stanfield) and all of us are in it. Dickens plays 'Bobadil.' I have kept my best place for you. If you will come, tell me, and you shall have the card of invitation by return of post. Many are coming from greater distances than Langham. *Do come.* I shall be so pleased to hear 'Off, off,' and 'Fling him over' (for hear them I suppose I must), from your friendly voice. Now be a gentleman — a trump — a first-rater — and come special for the play. Tickets are at a premium, I can tell you." This urgent appeal is only one out of many which Marryat received at Langham, and which he, without exception, steadfastly resisted. He writes, even to an intimate friend, to say that "he has a horror of publicity, and that the very idea of taking the chair at a meeting is enough to keep him away." In August, 1847, the ailments from which Marryat had long suffered became alarming, and in that month he writes to his sister, that he had twice broken a blood-vessel, and had lost two stone in weight. "On the early morning of the month of August, 1848, just about dawn, he was lying apparently asleep, when his housekeeper, who had nursed him most faithfully throughout his long illness, and was watching beside him at the moment, heard him murmur a sentence of the Lord's Prayer; as he finished it, he gave a short sigh, a shiver passed through his frame, and he was gone."

The novels which Captain Marryat produced during the later years of his life, in the midst of his retirement at Langham, have not met the intense popularity which his earlier works have permanently secured for themselves. "M. Violet," "Valerie," "Olla Podrida" — the latter quite the prettiest of his short stories — will live, but not with the same continued freshness and exuberance of vitality as "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," and "Jacob Faithful." As much may probably be said for the fictions which were the results of the closing years of the literary labors of Lever. But it was the good fortune of the author of "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" to achieve excellence of a very high character in a line totally distinct from anything he had previously essayed in some of his penultimate productions. "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke" and "That Boy of Norcott's" are equal to anything which Lever ever wrote; considered as a work of novelistic art, the former of these may, indeed, be pronounced superior to anything he had previously accomplished. The character of Dudley Sewell and his wife, of the old Irish judge, the grouping and the subordination of the minor *dramatis personæ* were specimens of literary workmanship such as Lever had not given us before. Close upon a quarter of a century has passed since Marryat died; more than a quarter of a century passed since the first of Lever's novels appeared, and the books of each writer continue to hold their own; more than this, those who read these books first as boys, can turn to them again, now that they are men of middle age, with all the zest and pleasure that attended their first perusal. This one simple fact is the highest test of truth to nature and fidelity to life to which a writer of fiction can be submitted. In his "Diary in America," Marryat tells the following charming story: "I made this morning a purchase at a store, which an intelligent little boy brought home for me. As he walked by my side, he amused me very much by putting the following questions: 'Pray, Captain, has Mr. Easy left the King of England's service?' 'I think he has,' replied I; 'if you recollect, he married and went on shore.' 'Have you seen Mr. Japhet lately?' was the next query. 'Not very lately,' replied I; 'the last time I saw him was at the publisher's.' The little fellow went away perfectly satisfied that they were both alive and well." Such a power as these questions of the small American

implies, is a heavy responsibility for the author who possesses it; and no author could have exercised it with an effect more uniformly beneficent than Marryat, and it may be added, Lever. The tone and temper of Marryat's novels are those with which English parents would like to see their sons imbued — the lessons embedded in the midst of all their pleasantries are those which every lad must learn by heart, who would steer a straight course through life — lessons of constancy to purpose, loyalty to duty, loyalty to friends. And the same thing is true of Lever. Is the devil to have all the good tunes to himself? Is virtue to be perpetually condemned to wear the mien of dulness? Marryat and Lever are, above all things, national writers, and of two national writers such a boast as this is a mighty one to be able to make.

HEROISM.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It is an open question whether the policeman is not demoralizing us, and that, in proportion as he does his duty well; whether the perfection of justice and safety, the complete "preservation of body and goods," may not reduce the educated and comfortable classes into that lap-dog condition in which not conscience, but comfort, doth make cowards of us all. Our forefathers had, on the whole, to take care of themselves; we find it more convenient to hire people to take care of us. So much the better for us, in some respects; but, it may be, so much the worse in others. So much the better; because, as usually results from the division of labor, these people, having little or nothing to do save to take care of us, do so far better than we could; and so prevent a vast amount of violence and wrong, and therefore of misery, especially to the weak: for which last reason we will acquiesce in the existence of policemen and lawyers, as we do in the results of arbitration, as the lesser of two evils. The odds in war are in favor of the bigger bully; in arbitration, in favor of the bigger rogue; and it is a question whether the lion or the fox be the safer guardian of human interests. But arbitration prevents war: and that, in three cases out of four, is full reason for employing it.

On the other hand, the lap-dog condition, whether in dogs or in men, is certainly unfavorable to the growth of the higher virtues. Safety and comfort are good, indeed, for the good; for the brave, the self-originating, the earnest. They give to such a clear stage and no favor wherein to work unhindered for their fellow-men. But for the majority, who are neither brave, self-originating, nor earnest, but the mere puppets of circumstance, safety and comfort may and do merely make their lives mean and petty, effeminate and dull: their hearts must be awakened, as often as possible, to take exercise enough for health; and they must be reminded, perpetually and importunately, of what a certain great philosopher called, "whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report;" "if there be any manhood, and any just praise, to think of such things."

This pettiness and dulness of our modern life is just what keeps alive our stage, to which people go to see something a little less petty, a little less dull, than what they see at home. It is, too, the cause of — I had almost said the excuse for — the modern rage for sensational novels. Those who read them so greedily are conscious, poor souls, of capacities in themselves of passion and action, for good and evil, for which their frivolous, humdrum daily life gives no room, no vent. They know too well that human nature can be more fertile, whether in weeds and poisons, or in flowers and fruits, than it is usually in the streets and houses of a well-ordered and tolerably sober city. And because the study of human nature is, after all, that which is nearest to every one and most interesting to every one, therefore they go to fiction, since they cannot go to fact, to see what they themselves might be, had they the chance —

to see what fantastic tricks before high heaven men and women like themselves can play, and how they play them.

Well: it is not for me to judge, for me to blame. I will only say that there are those who cannot read sensational novels, or, indeed, any novels at all, just because they see so many sensational novels being enacted round them in painful facts of sinful flesh and blood. There are those, too, who have looked in the mirror too often to wish to see their own disfigured visage in it any more; who are too tired of themselves and ashamed of themselves to want to hear of people like themselves; who want to hear of people utterly unlike themselves, more noble, and able, and just, and sweet, and pure; who long to hear of heroism and to converse with heroes; and who, if by chance they meet with an heroic act, bathe their spirits in that, as in May-dew, and feel themselves thereby, if but for an hour, more fair.

If any such shall chance to see these words, let me ask them to consider with me that one word Hero, and what it means.

Hero; Heroic; Heroism. These words point to a phase of human nature, the capacity for which we all have in ourselves, which is as startling and as interesting in its manifestations as any, and which is always beautiful, always ennobling, and therefore always attractive to those whose hearts are not yet seared by the world, or brutalized by self-indulgence.

But let us first be sure what the words mean. There is no use talking about a word till we have got at its meaning. We may use it as a cant phrase, as a party cry on platforms; we may even hate and persecute our fellow-men for the sake of it: but till we have clearly settled in our own minds what a word means, it will do for fighting with, but not for working with. Socrates of old used to tell the young Athenians that the ground of all sound knowledge was — to understand the true meaning of the words which were in their mouths all day long: and Socrates was a wiser man than we shall ever see. So instead of beginning an oration in praise of heroism, I shall ask my readers to think, with me, what heroism is.

Now, we shall always get most surely at the meaning of a word by getting at its etymology — that is, at what it meant at first. And if heroism means behaving like a hero, we must find out, it seems to me, not merely what a hero may happen to mean just now, but what it meant in the earliest human speech in which we find it.

A hero or heroine, then, among the old Homeric Greeks, meant a man or woman who was like the gods; and, from that likeness, stood superior to their fellow-creatures. Gods, heroes, and men is a threefold division of rational beings, with which we meet more than once or twice. Those grand old Greeks felt deeply the truth of the poet's saying, —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man!

But more: the Greeks supposed these heroes to be, in some way or other, partakers of a divine nature; akin to the gods; usually, either they, or some ancestor of theirs, descended from a god or goddess. Those who have read Mr. Gladstone's "*Juventus Mundi*" will remember the section (cap. ix. § 6) on the modes of the approximation between the divine and the human natures; and whether or not they agree with the author altogether, all will agree, I think, that the first idea of a hero or a heroine was a godlike man or godlike woman.

A godlike man! What varied, what infinite forms of nobleness that word might include, ever increasing, as men's notions of the gods became purer and loftier, or, alas! decreasing, as their notions became degraded. The old Greeks, with that intense admiration of beauty which made them, in after ages, the master sculptors and draughtsmen of their own, and indeed of any age, would of course require in their hero, their godlike man, beauty and strength, manners, too, and eloquence, and all outward perfections of humanity, and neglect his moral qualities. Neglect, I say, but not ignore. The hero, by reason of his kindred with the gods, was always expected to be a better

man than common men, as virtue was then understood. And how better? Let us see.

The hero was at least expected to be more reverent than other men to those divine beings of whose nature he partook, whose society he might enjoy even here on earth. He might be unfaithful to his own high lineage; he might misuse his gifts by selfishness and self-will; he might, like Ajax, rage with mere jealousy and wounded pride till his rage ended in shameful madness and suicide. He might rebel against the very gods, and all laws of right and wrong, till he perished in his *ἀσθαιλία* —

Smitten down, blind in his pride, for a sign and a terror to mortals.

But he ought to have, he must have, to be true to his name of Hero, justice, self-restraint, and *αἰδώς* — that highest form of modesty, for which we have, alas! no name in the English tongue; that perfect respect for the feelings of others which springs out of perfect self-respect. And he must have, too — if he were to be a hero of the highest type — the instinct of helpfulness; the instinct that, if he were a kinsman of the gods, he must fight on their side, through toil and danger, against all that was unlike them, and therefore hateful to them. Who loves not the old legends, unsurpassed for beauty in the literature of any race, in which the hero stands out as the deliverer, the destroyer of evil? Theseus ridding the land of robbers, and delivering it from the yearly tribute of boys and maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur; Perseus slaying the Gorgon, and rescuing Andromeda from the sea-beast; Heracles with his twelve famous labors against giants and monsters; and all the rest —

Who dared, in the god-given might of their manhood, Greatly to do and to suffer, and far in the fens and the forests Smite the devourers of men, heaven-hated, brood of the giants; Transformed, strange, without like, who obey not the golden-haired rulers —

these are figures whose divine moral beauty has sunk into the hearts, not merely of poets or of artists, but of men and women who suffered and who feared; the memory of them, fables though they may have been, ennobled the old Greek heart; they ennobled the heart of Europe in the fifteenth century, at the rediscovery of Greek literature. So far from contradicting the Christian ideal, they harmonized with — I had almost said supplemented — that more tender and saintly ideal of heroism which had sprung up during the earlier Middle Ages. They justified, and actually gave a new life to the old noblenesses of chivalry, which had grown up in the later Middle Ages as a necessary supplement of active and manly virtue to the passive and feminine virtue of the cloister. They inspired, mingling with these two other elements, a literature, both in England, France, and Italy, in which the three elements, the saintly, the chivalrous, and the Greek heroic, have become one and undistinguishable, because all three are human, and all three divine; a literature which developed itself in Ariosto, in Tasso, in the *Hypnerotomachia*, the *Arcadia*, the *Euphues*, and other forms, sometimes fantastic, sometimes questionable, but which reached its perfection in our own Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*" — perhaps the most admirable poem which has ever been penned by mortal man.

And why? What has made these old Greek myths live, myths though they be, and fables and fair dreams? What, though they have no body, and perhaps never had, has given them an immortal soul, which can speak to the immortal souls of all generations yet to come?

What but this, that in them — dim it may be and undeveloped, but still there — lies the divine idea of self-sacrifice as the perfection of heroism; of self-sacrifice, as the highest duty and the highest joy of him who claims a kindred with the gods?

Let us say, then, that true heroism must involve self-sacrifice. Those stories certainly involve it, whether ancient or modern, which the hearts, not of philosophers merely, or poets, but of the poorest and the most ignorant,

have accepted instinctively as the highest form of moral beauty — the highest form, and yet one possible to all.

Grace Darling, rowing out into the storm toward the wreck. The "drunken private of the Buffs," who, prisoner among the Chinese, and commanded to prostrate himself and kotoo, refused in the name of his country's honor — "he would not bow to any Chinaman on earth" — and so was knocked on the head, and died surely a hero's death. Those soldiers of the Birkenhead, keeping their ranks to let the women and children escape, while they watched the sharks that in a few minutes would be tearing them limb from limb. Or, to go across the Atlantic — for there are heroes in the far West — Mr. Bret Harte's "Flynn of Virginia," on the Central Pacific Railway (the place is shown to travellers), who sacrificed his life for his married comrade, —

There, in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall.
Then in the darkness
I heard him call, —
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."

And that was all
Heard in the din —
Heard of Tom Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia.

Or the engineer, again, on the Mississippi, who, when the steamer caught fire, held, as he had sworn he would, her bow against the bank till every soul save he got safe on shore: —

Through the hot black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard;
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle

He wern't no saint — but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty — a dead sure thing —
And went for it there and then;
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

To which gallant poem of Colonel John Hay's — and he has written many gallant and beautiful poems — I have but one demurrer — Jim Bludso did not merely do his duty, but more than his duty. He did a voluntary deed, to which he was bound by no code or contract, civil or moral: just as he who introduced me to that poem won his Victoria Cross (as many a cross, Victoria and other, has been won) by volunteering for a deed to which he, too, was bound by no code or contract, military or moral. And it is of the essence of self-sacrifice, and, therefore, of heroism, that it should be voluntary; a work of supererogation, at least towards society and man; an act to which the hero or heroine is not bound by duty, but which is above though not against duty.

Nay, on the strength of that same element of self-sacrifice, I will not grudge the epithet heroic, which my revered friend Mr. Darwin well applies to the poor little monkey, who once in his life did that which was above his duty: who lived in continual terror of the great baboon, and yet, when the brute had sprung upon his friend the keeper, and was tearing out his throat, conquered his fear by love, and, at the risk of instant death, sprang in turn upon his dreaded enemy, and bit and shrieked till help arrived.

Some would nowadays use that story merely to prove that the monkey's nature and the man's nature are, after all, one and the same. Well, I, at least, have never denied that there is a monkey-nature in man, as there is a

peacock-nature, and a swine-nature, and a wolf-nature — of all which four I see every day too much. The sharp and stern distinction between men and animals, as far as their natures are concerned, is of a more modern origin than people fancy. Of old the Assyrian took the eagle, the ox, and the lion — and not unwisely — as the three highest types of human capacity; the horses of Homer might be immortal, and weep for their master's death; the animals and monsters of Greek myth — like the Ananzi spider of Negro fable — glide insensibly into speech and reason; while birds — the most wonderful of all animals in the eyes of a man of science or a poet — are sometimes looked on as wiser, and nearer to the gods, than man. The Norseman — the noblest and ablest human being, save the Greek, of whom history can tell us — was not ashamed to say of the bear of his native forests that he had "ten men's strength and eleven men's wisdom." How could Reinecke Fuchs have gained immortality, in the Middle Ages and since, save by the truth of its too solid and humiliating theorem — that the actions of the world of men were, on the whole, guided by passions but too exactly like those of the lower animals? I have said, and say again, with good old Vaughan, —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how mean a thing is man !

But I cannot forget that many an old Greek poet or sage, and many a sixteenth and seventeenth century one, would have interpreted the monkey's heroism from quite a different point of view, and would have said that the poor little creature had been visited suddenly by some "divine afflatus" — an expression quite as philosophical and quite as intelligible as most philosophic formulas which I read nowadays — and had been thus raised for the moment above his abject selfish monkey-nature, just as man requires to be raised above his. But that theory belongs to a philosophy which is out of date and out of fashion at present, and which will have to wait a century or two before it comes into fashion again.

And now, if self-sacrifice and heroism be, as I believe, identical, I must protest against an use of the word sacrifice which is growing too common in newspaper columns, in which we are told of an "enormous sacrifice of life;" an expression which means merely that a great many poor wretches have been killed, quite against their own will, and for no purpose whatsoever: no sacrifice at all, unless it be one to the demons of ignorance, cupidity, or mismanagement.

The stout Whig undergraduate understood better the meaning of such words, who, when asked, "In what sense might Charles the First be said to be a martyr?" answered, "In the same sense that a man might be said to be a martyr to the gout."

And I must protest, in like wise, against a misuse of the words hero, heroism, heroic, which is becoming too common, namely, applying them to mere courage. We have borrowed the misuse, I believe, as we have more than one beside, from the French press. I trust that we shall neither accept it, nor the temper which inspires it. It may be convenient for those who flatter their nation, and especially the military part of it, into a ruinous self-conceit, to frame some such syllogism as this: "Courage is heroism: every Frenchman is naturally courageous: therefore every Frenchman is a hero." But we, who have been trained at once in a sounder school of morals, and in a greater respect for facts, and for language as the expression of facts, shall be careful, I hope, not to trifle thus with that potent and awful engine — human speech. We shall eschew likewise, I hope, a like abuse of the word moral, which has crept from the French press now and then, not only into our own press, but into the writings of some of our military men, who, as Englishmen, should have known better. We were told again and again, during the late war, that the moral effect of such a success had been great; that the *morale* of the troops was excellent; or again, that the *morale* of the troops had suffered, or even that they were somewhat demoralized. But when one came to test what was

really meant by these fine words, one discovered that morals had nothing to do with the facts which they expressed; that the troops were in the one case actuated simply by the animal passion of hope, in the other simply by the animal passion of fear. This abuse of the word moral has crossed, I am sorry to say, the Atlantic; and a witty American, the other day (whom we must excuse, though we must not imitate), when some one had been blazing away at him with a revolver, he being unarmed, is said to have described his very natural emotions on the occasion, by saying that he felt dreadfully demoralized. We, I hope, shall confine the word demoralization, as our generals of the last century would have done, when applied to soldiers, to crime, including, of course, the neglect of duty or of discipline; and we shall mean by the word heroism, in like manner, whether applied to a soldier or to any human being, not mere courage; not the mere doing of duty: but the doing of something beyond duty; something which is not in the bond; some spontaneous and unexpected act of self-devotion.

I am glad, but not surprised, to see that Miss Yonge has held to this sound distinction in her golden little book of *Golden Deeds*; and said, "Obedience, at all costs and risks, is the very essence of a soldier's life. It has the solid material, but it has hardly the exceptional brightness of a golden deed."

I know that it is very difficult to draw the line between mere obedience to duty and express heroism. I know also that it would be both invidious and impertinent in an utterly unheroic personage like me, to try to draw that line, and to sit at home at ease, analyzing and criticising deeds which I could not do myself: but — to give an instance or two of what I mean: —

To defend a post as long as it is tenable is not heroic. It is simple duty. To defend it after it has become untenable, and even to die in so doing, is not heroic, but a noble madness, unless an advantage is to be gained thereby for one's own side. Then, indeed, it rises towards, if not into, the heroism of self-sacrifice.

Who, for example, will not endorse the verdict of all ages on the conduct of those Spartans at Thermopylae, when they sat "combing their yellow hair for death on the sea-shore"? They devoted themselves to hopeless destruction: but why? They felt — I must believe that, for they behaved as if they felt — that on them the destinies of the Western world might hang; that they were in the forefront of the battle between civilization and barbarism, between freedom and despotism; and that they must teach that vast mob of Persian slaves, whom the officers of the great king were driving with whips up to their lance-points, that the spirit of the old heroes was not dead; and that the Greek, even in defeat and death, was a mightier and a nobler man than they. And they did their work. They produced, if you will, a "moral" effect, which has lasted even to this very day. They struck terror into the heart, not only of the Persian host, but of the whole Persian empire. They made the event of that war certain, and the victories of Salamis and Plataea comparatively easy. They made Alexander's conquest of the East, 150 years afterwards, not only possible at all, but permanent when it came; and thus helped to determine the future civilization of the whole world.

They did not, of course, foresee all this. No great or inspired man can foresee all the consequences of his deeds: but these men were, as I hold, inspired to see somewhat at least of the mighty stake for which they played: and to count their lives worthless, if Sparta had sent them thither to help in that great game.

Or shall we refuse the name of heroic to those three German cavalry regiments who, in the battle of Mars La Tour, were bidden to hurl themselves upon the chassepots and mitrailleuses of the unbroken French infantry, and went to almost certain death, over the corpses of their comrades, on and in and through, reeling man over horse, horse over man, and clung like bull-dogs to their work, and would hardly leave, even at the bugle-call, till in one regiment thirteen officers out of nineteen were killed or wounded? And why?

Because the French army must be stopped, if it were but for a quarter of an hour. A respite must be gained for the exhausted third corps. And how much might be done, even in a quarter of an hour, by men who knew when, and where, and why to die? Who will refuse the name of heroes to these men? And yet they, probably, would have utterly declined the honor. They had but done that which was in the bond. They were but obeying orders, after all. As Miss Yonge well says of all heroic persons — “I have but done that which it was my duty to do,” is the natural answer of those capable of such actions. They have been constrained to them by duty or pity; have never deemed it possible to act otherwise; and did not once think of themselves in the matter at all.”

These last true words bring us to another element in heroism: its simplicity. Whatsoever is not simple, — whatsoever is affected, boastful, wilful, covetous, — tarnishes, even destroys, the heroic character of a deed; because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, wherever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility, at least, of heroic action. For it is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done — nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed, with a double mind, and saying to yourself not only, “This will be a brilliant deed,” but also, “and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off into the bargain.” Heroism knows no “into the bargain.” And therefore, again, I must protest against applying the word heroic to any deeds, however charitable, however toilsome, however dangerous, performed for the sake of what certain French ladies, I am told, call “*faire son salut*” — saving one’s soul in the world to come. I do not mean to judge. Other and quite unselfish motives may be, and doubtless often are, mixed up with that selfish one: womanly pity and tenderness; love for, and desire to imitate, a certain incarnate Ideal of self-sacrifice, who is at once human and divine. But that motive of saving the soul, which is too often openly proposed and proffered, is utterly unheroic. The desire to escape pains and penalties hereafter by pains and penalties here; the balance of present loss against future gain — what is this but selfishness extended out of this world into eternity? “Not worldliness,” indeed, as a satirist once said with bitter truth, “but other-worldliness.”

Moreover — and the young and the enthusiastic should also bear this in mind — though heroism means the going beyond the limits of strict duty, it never means the going out of the path of strict duty. If it is your duty to go to London, go thither: you may go as much further as you choose after that. But you must go to London first. Do your duty first: it will be time after that to talk of being heroic.

And therefore one must seriously warn the young, lest they mistake for heroism and self-sacrifice what is merely pride and self-will, discontent with the relations by which God has bound them, and the circumstances which God has appointed for them. I have known girls think they were doing a fine thing by leaving uncongenial parents or disagreeable sisters, and cutting out for themselves, as they fancied, a more useful and elevated line of life than that of mere home duties: while, after all, poor things, they were only saying, with the Pharisees of old — “Corban, it is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me;” and in the name of God, neglecting the command of God to honor their father and mother.

There are men, too, who will neglect their households and leave their children unprovided for, and even uneducated, while they are spending their money on philanthropic or religious hobbies of their own. It is ill to take the children’s bread and cast it to the dogs: or even to the angels. It is ill, I say, trying to make God presents, before we have tried to pay God our debts. The first duty of every man is to the wife whom he has married, and to the children whom she has brought into the world; and to neglect them is not heroism, but self-conceit: the conceit that a man is so necessary to Almighty God, that God will ac-

tually allow him to do wrong, if he can only thereby secure the man’s invaluable services. Be sure that every motive which comes not from the single eye — every motive which springs from self — is by its very essence unheroic, let it look as gaudy or as beneficent as it may.

But I cannot go so far as to say the same of the love of approbation; the desire for the love and respect of our fellow-men.

That must not be excluded from the list of heroic motives. I know that it is, or may be proved to be, by victorious analysis, an emotion common to us and the lower animals. And yet no man excludes it less than that true hero, St. Paul. If those brave Spartans, if those brave Germans, of whom I spoke just now, knew that their memories would be wept over and worshipped by brave men and fair women, and that their names would become watch-words to children in their fatherland — what is that to us, save that it should make us rejoice, if we be truly human, that they had that thought with them in their last moments to make self-devotion more easy, and death more sweet?

And yet — and yet — is not the highest heroism that which is free even from the approbation of our fellow-men; even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The heroism which is known only to our Father who seeth in secret? the godlike deeds done in the lonely chamber? the godlike lives lived in obscurity? — a heroism rare among us men, who live perforce in the glare and noise of the outer world: more common among women; women of whom the world never hears; who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide: or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But, nevertheless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womanly heroism, in which, as in all spiritual forces, woman transcends the man, that it would hide if it could.

And it was a pleasant thought to me, when I glanced lately at the golden deeds of woman in Miss Yonge’s book — it was a pleasant thought to me, that I could say to myself — Ah! yes. These heroines are known, and their fame flies through the mouths of men. But if so, how many thousands of heroines there must have been, how many thousands there may be now, of whom we shall never know. But still they are there. They sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flower and eat the fruit; and know not that we pass the sower daily in the street — perhaps some humble, ill-drest woman, earning painfully her own small sustenance. She who nurses a bedridden mother instead of sending her to the workhouse. She who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, a reckless brother, or the orphans of a kinsman or a friend. She who — But why go on with the long list of great little heroisms, with which a clergyman at least comes in contact daily — and it is one of the most ennobling privileges of a clergyman’s high calling that he does come in contact with them — why go on, I say, save to commemorate one more form of great little heroism — the commonest, and yet the least remembered of all — namely, the heroism of an average mother? Ah, when I think of that last broad fact, I gather hope again for poor humanity; and this dark world looks bright, this diseased world looks wholesome to me once more: because, whatever else it is or is not full of, it is at least full of mothers.

While the satirist only sneers, as at a stock butt for his ridicule, at the managing mother trying to get her daughters married off her hands by chicaneries and meannesses, which every novelist knows too well how to draw — would to heaven he, or rather, alas! she, would find some more chivalrous employment for his or her pen — for were they not, too, born of woman? — I only say to myself, having had always a secret fondness for poor Rebecca, though I love Esau more than Jacob, let the poor thing alone. With pain she brought these girls into the world. With pain she educated them according to her light. With pain she is trying to obtain for them the highest earthly bless-

ing of which she can conceive, namely, to be well married ; and if in doing that last, she manœuvres a little, commits a few *bassesses*, even tells a few untruths, what does all that come to, save this — that in the confused intensity of her motherly self-sacrifice, she will sacrifice for her daughters even her own conscience and her own credit ? We may sneer, if we will, at such a poor, hard-driven soul when we meet her in society ; our duty, both as Christians and gentlemen and ladies, seems to me to be — to do for her something very different indeed.

But to return. Looking at the amount of great little heroisms, which are being (as I assert) enacted around us every day, no one has a right to say, what we are all tempted to say at times, "How can I be heroic ? This is no heroic age, setting me heroic examples. We are growing more and more comfortable, frivolous, pleasure-seeking, money-making ; more and more utilitarian ; more and more mercenary in our politics, in our morals, in our religion ; thinking less and less of honor, duty, and more and more of loss and gain. I am born into an unheroic time. You must not ask me to become heroic in it."

I do not deny that it is more difficult to be heroic while circumstances are unheroic round us. We are all too apt to be the puppets of circumstance ; all too apt to follow the fashion ; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our color from the ground on which we lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity, called public opinion, should spy us out, and, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace — which public opinion can make very hot — for daring to worship any god or man save the will of the temporary majority.

Yes, it is difficult to be anything but poor, mean, insufficient, imperfect people, as like each other as so many sheep ; and, like so many sheep, having no will or character of our own, but rushing altogether blindly over the same gap, in foolish fear of the same dog, who, after all, dare not bite us ; and so it always was and always will be.

For the third time I say, —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man !

But, nevertheless, any man or woman who will, in any age and under any circumstances, can live the heroic life, and exercise heroic influences.

If any ask proof of this, I shall ask them, in return, to read two novels ; novels, indeed, but, in their method and their moral, partaking of that heroic and ideal element, which will make them live, I trust, long after thousands of mere novels have returned to their native dust. I mean Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Mr. Thackeray's "Esmond," two books which no man or woman ought to read without being the nobler for them.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," is simply the history of a poor young clerk, who rises to be a wealthy mill-owner here in these manufacturing districts, in the early part of this century. But he contrives to be an heroic and ideal clerk, and an heroic and ideal mill-owner, and that without doing anything which the world would call heroic or ideal, or in anywise stepping out of his sphere, minding simply his own business, and doing the duty which lies nearest him. And how ? By getting into his head from youth the strangest notion, that in whatever station or business he may be, he can always be what he considers a gentleman ; and that if he only behaves like a gentleman, all must go right at last. A beautiful book. As I said before, somewhat of an heroic and ideal book. A book which did me good when first I read it ; which ought to do any young man good, who will read it, and then try to be, like John Halifax, a gentleman, whether in the shop, the counting-house, the bank, or the manufactory.

The other — an even more striking instance of the possibility, at least, of heroism anywhere and everywhere — is Mr. Thackeray's "Esmond." On the meaning of that book I can speak with authority. For my dear and regretted friend told me himself that my interpretation of it was the true one ; that this was the lesson which he meant men to learn therefrom.

Esmond is a man of the first half of the eighteenth century, living in a coarse, drunken, ignorant, profligate, and altogether unheroic age. He is — and here the high art and the high morality of Mr. Thackeray's genius is shown — altogether a man of his own age. He is not a sixteenth-century or a nineteenth-century man born out of time. His information, his politics, his religion, are no higher than of those around him. His manners, his views of human life, his very prejudices and faults, are those of his age. The temptations which he conquers are just those under which the men around him fall. But how does he conquer them ? By holding fast throughout to honor, duty, virtue. Thus, and thus alone, he becomes an ideal eighteenth-century gentleman, an eighteenth-century hero. This was what Mr. Thackeray meant — for he told me so himself, I say — that it was possible, even in England's lowest and foulest times, to be a gentleman and a hero, if a man would but be true to the light within him.

But I will go further. I will go from ideal fiction to actual, and yet ideal, facts ; and say, that as I read history, the most unheroic age which the civilized world ever saw was also the most heroic ; that the spirit of man triumphed most utterly over his circumstances at the very moment when those circumstances were most against him.

How and why he did so is a question for philosophy in the highest sense of that word. The fact of his having done so is matter of history. Shall I solve my own riddle ?

Then, have we not heard of the early Christian martyrs ? Is there a doubt that they, unlettered men, slaves, weak women, even children, did exhibit, under an infinite sense of duty, issuing in infinite self-sacrifice, a heroism such as the world had never seen before ; did raise the ideal of human nobleness a whole stage — rather say, a whole heaven — higher than before ; and that wherever the tale of their great deeds spread, men accepted, even if they did not copy, those martyrs as ideal specimens of the human race, till they were actually worshipped by succeeding generations, wrongly, it may be, but pardonably, as a choir of lesser deities ?

But is there, on the other hand, a doubt that the age in which they were heroic was the most unheroic of all ages ; that they were bred, lived, and died under the most debasing of materialist tyrannies, with art, literature, philosophy, family and national life dying or dead around them, and in cities the corruption of which cannot be told for very shame — cities, compared with which Paris or New York are the abodes of Arcadian simplicity and innocence ? When I read Petronius and Juvenal, and recollect that they were the contemporaries of the Apostles ; when — to give an instance which scholars, and perhaps, happily, only scholars, can appreciate — I glance once more at Trimalchio's feast, and remember that within a mile of that feast St. Paul may have been preaching to a Christian congregation, some of whom — for St. Paul makes no secret of that strange fact — may have been, ere their conversion, partakers in just such vulgar and bestial orgies as those which were going on in the rich freedman's halls : after that, I say, I can put no limit to the possibility of man's becoming heroic, even though he be surrounded by a hell on earth ; no limit to the capacities of any human being to form for himself or herself a high and pure ideal of human character ; and, without "playing fantastic tricks before high heaven," to carry out that ideal in everyday life ; and in the most commonplace circumstances, and the most menial occupations, to live worthy of — as I conceive — their heavenly birthright, and to imitate the heroes, who were the kinsmen of the gods.

FOREIGN NOTES.

OWEN MEREDITH has a new volume of poems in press.

M. GOUNOD has finished an opera for the Covent Garden theatre, London.

AN English paper states that "Hannah More wrote eleven books after she was sixty years old." We wish she hadn't.

FIVE complete novels, as well as a large number of miscellaneous papers, have been found among Théophile Gautier's MSS.

"ROMBO AND JULIET" is again being set to music by an Italian composer. This is the fourteenth musical version of the play in a hundred years.

WE regret to hear that Garibaldi is engaged in writing another novel. For whatever great works Heaven designed Garibaldi, it was not in the novel line.

THE Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, according to the latest accounts, is expected in Oriental Siberia, where great preparations are being made to receive him.

THE Unitarians are about to erect in the central part of London a public hall, at a cost of £30,000, towards which subscriptions to the amount of £11,000 have already been received.

WE publish in this number of EVERY SATURDAY a new poem by Alfred Tennyson. In the forthcoming edition of the Laureate's works, this poem forms the epilogue to "The Idyls of the King."

LAST year the London pantomime and burlesque writers were warned by the Lord Chamberlain not to lampoon Mr. Lowe. This year similar notification was given respecting Mr. Ayrton.

LE CRAPAUD GAMBETTA (the "Gambetta Toad") is the most successful Parisian toy of the new year. It is a little cardboard reptile, which croaks in imitation of M. Gambetta's hoarse voice after he has spoken for two hours.

THE aged Guizot is absolutely bringing out another work. The subject is "Monarchy, Imperialism, and Republicanism." This veteran statesman and author entered on his 86th year last October. He has seen three monarchies, two empires, and three republics.

GÉRÔME's latest painting is valued at 40,000*fr.* The picture, one of the best by this artist, expresses touchingly the attachment of an Arab to his horse. He is represented alone in the desert with the dying animal, and holds his head caressingly between his hands.

ROCHEFORT's political opinions have been greatly modified during his imprisonment. He complains now of having been the dupe of adventurers, who placed him in the front rank, and who, when the hour of danger arrived, took to their heels. We liked him better when he was plucky.

OSCAR II., of Sweden and Norway, who was recently nominated admiral in the Danish fleet, has appointed King Christian IX. of Denmark a general of cavalry in the Swedish army, and has also appointed the Crown Prince of Denmark a lieutenant-general in the same branch of the service.

SINCE the beginning of the present year, a weekly paper entitled, *Das Interessante Universum* ("The World of Interest") is published in Germany, modelled after EVERY SATURDAY. Its object is to reproduce all kinds of interesting articles, events, feuilletons, miscellanies, which may appear in the periodical literature of the day.

THE trustees of the British Museum and the Lords of the Treasury have accepted the offer of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to send out to Assyria, at an expense of 1,000 guineas, for six months, Mr. George Smith, the decipherer of the tablets which have lately caused so much interest in the antiquarian and literary worlds.

IN the Austrian capital, if you want to give a little girl a handsome present, it is *chic* to buy a doll exactly the same size as the child, and dress it from head to foot in the most splendid materials, rings, ear-rings, and generally a watch and chain. If you wish to do the thing particularly well, a *trousseau* accompanies the present. If you wish to do it particularly particularly well, a dowry must also accompany the doll.

THE London *Court Journal*, in a curious article on the death of Louis Napoleon, says: "Trespassing on the dying thoughts of such a man, we fancy there must for a moment have been a reflection that his dearly-beloved child and wife were well left in the charge of such a people [the English]: and, on the part of our countrymen, we may, we think, answer they will be true to that fleeting thought of the expiring monarch." This, it seems to us, is drawing it rather fine.

A NEW work has appeared in Vienna on the Empress Maria Louisa, by Baron Helfert. The author has based his work on an extensive collection of letters and other documents in the state and court archives at Vienna, which, in many respects, throw a new light on the history of the time. The circumstances attending the divorce of the Empress Josephine, and Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa, are related, with many interesting details hitherto unpublished.

THE estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of France, all of whom started in life without anything but brains, is as follows: Victor Hugo, 600,000*fr.*; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, 8,500,000*fr.*; Adolphe Thiers, 1,000,000*fr.*; Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, 400,000*fr.*; Edmond About, 250,000*fr.*; Alphonse Karr, 100,000*fr.*; Jules Janin, 570,000*fr.*; Édouard Laboulaye, 100,000*fr.*; Victorien Sardou, 500,000*fr.*; Théophile Gautier died a millionaire, and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence.

THE biggest, and perhaps the dullest, book which has ever been "constructed," is just now in process of building in Paris. It is the book which shall contain the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have now formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The book will possess a certain historical, or at least genealogical, interest. The list is said to comprise 380,000 names. The *Patrie* states that 125 composers have been employed on the work during the last three months, that it is being printed on seven presses, and that it will form a volume of 13,163 pages.

AMONG the documents examined for photographic copies for the Record Office, is the celebrated "Denmyne Collection," belonging to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and made up of correspondence between King James VI. and different members of his family. Among them is a letter to King James from his grandson, little Prince Frederick Henry, eldest son of Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was afterwards drowned near Amsterdam, in the beginning of January, 1629, and it runs thus: "Sr.—I kisse your hand. I would fain see you. Majestie. I can say nominativo hic, hæc, hoc, and all 5 declensions and a part of pronomen and a part of verbum. I have two horses alive, that can goe up my staires, a black horse and a chesnut horse. I pray God to bless your Majestie. Yor. Majesties obedient Grand-child, FREDERICK HENRY."

A SINGULAR story of a horse which passed safely through the war and the Commune was related in a suit just decided before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. He, or rather she, as it was a mare, was first called Blunette, and belonged to a dealer named Parcelier; she was of noble race, and had gained prizes at agricultural shows. When Paris was invested, and meat became scarce, she was requisitioned, and was destined for the slaughter-house. Fortunately, M. de Dyanne, an officer of the National Guard, remarked her, and saved her from that ignoble fate by taking her as a charger. She was then renamed *Patrie*, and carried her master in his service. During the confusion that reigned at the moment of the armistice, she was stolen by her groom, but was recovered by her owner. The Commune then next arrived, and the requisitions and acts of violence recommenced. The master of *Patrie* was sought after as a hostage, and was obliged to quit Paris in haste, leaving her concealed in a room on the ground floor of a house, with her feet tied up in cloths, so that the noise she made should not betray her hiding-place. M. de Dyanne had not, however, forgotten his faithful animal. His wife came into Paris, and, by means of a passport for a horse, obtained through the Turkish Embassy, *Patrie* was saved for a third time. A year later, M. Parcelier, her first owner, came forward and claimed her as his property. The other refused to give her up, showing that he had purchased her for 1,150*fr.*, when she was condemned in December, 1870, although the execution of the contract had been postponed to the end of the war, and was made conditional on the mare surviving; he besides proved to the court that out for him *Patrie* would long ago have ceased to exist, as he had saved her from the slaughterman, thieves, and the Commune. The court now decided that she should remain the property of her benefactor on his paying the 1,150*fr.* to M. Parcelier.

"A MIRACLE in the United Kingdom," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is a very rare occurrence, and in this respect it must be confessed we are far behind our continental neighbors; yet a really wonderful miracle took place a few days ago in Ireland, and one, moreover, which will bear comparison with some of the best authenticated miracles of modern times. Last week, according to the *Dublin Express*, about two thousand people assembled in Rathdowney Square to witness a miracle which was to be performed by a man named Edward Dowling, who lives at Clonmeen, about three miles from Rathdowney. For a

month past it was known that a miracle was to be wrought by Mr. Dowling in Rathdowney Square, at noon, on the 10th inst., (December). That gentleman, it was stated, was to be taken up in the air; the town was to receive a shock, and many persons were to be converted. Dowling, who is a devout Roman Catholic, was in the chapel from a very early hour in the morning, preparing for the miracle, and at the appointed time left for the square, accompanied by a large assemblage of people; and here a slight hitch occurred in the proceedings — Mr. Dowling failed to make the anticipated ascent. After standing for an hour in the square without 'going up,' he was considerably taken into a house by a friend. In all other respects, however, the miracle was a perfect success; two thousand people assembled to see it, and this fact alone entitles it to be noted as one of the most marvellous events of the day."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* reports the discovery at Mantua of some frescoes apparently by the hand of Giotto. The Venetian photographer Raja happened to be in Mantua on business; he there found some works going on in an old palace of the Gonzaga family, in a chamber which had formerly served as a private chapel. The floor was strewn with painted fragments of the wall, and the business of destruction was going on rapidly. Raja succeeded in arresting the progress of the workmen, and, calling Professor Botti, of Pisa, to his aid, managed to restore the portions which remained intact, and to remove them safely from the surface of the wall. These fragments belong to two different paintings; the subject of one is the Madonna throned, attended by St. Catherine and St. Stephen (or Laurentius?); of the other, the Crucifixion. Of this latter, half of the figure of the Christ was still existing when Raja came upon the scene, but he has only been able to save an arm and three figures of angels. It is these portions which are reported to show evident tokens of Giotto's hand. He was at Padua in 1303, but nothing has hitherto come to light from which we might suppose ourselves authorized to infer that he was ever in Mantua. The remnants of this fresco must, it is asserted, be his work, and it is suggested as probable that the whole of the chapel was painted under his superintendence. The other fresco is stated to be of great historical value, but is not ascribed to Giotto; it is possibly by a pupil, who shows great force in modelling, but a less delicate feeling for form.

A PAMPHLET under the title, "The Emperor and the Pope," has just been published in Prussia, written by Herr von Gerlach, one of the most determined antagonists of Prince Bismarck, whom he accuses of having "debauched the conscience of a whole people." Herr von Gerlach is a Protestant, and a politician of some notoriety, and his opposition to the policy of the Imperial Chancellor is therefore hailed with gratification by the German Catholics. He is by no means confident in the future of the German Empire. He maintains that the union by force of so many diverse elements cannot be lasting. But it is his picture of the religious situation in view of the recent debates in the German Parliament which is most welcome to the Catholics. "The Catholic Church," he writes, "is now more zealous, more compact, more full of confidence, more enterprising, more active, more ready for conflict (perhaps too ready), and better organized, than in the first half of 1871. The Catholics boast that their Church is growing in faith, in the spirit of sacrifice, in devout life, in zeal for the divine worship. The influence of the orders, and above all that of the Jesuits, has increased in equal proportion. Around the friend in danger all his friends have rallied in order to defend, aid, and counsel him, as well as to love and comfort him. In the face of this revival of the Catholic Church, German Protestants are becoming divided into parties more and more hostile. Numerous pastors and many distinguished laymen are exerting all their energies to shake the foundations of the Evangelical Church, the confessions of faith, and the authority of Holy Scripture. And in the midst of all this agitation and disorder in regard to doctrine, a complete change in the constitution of the Protestant churches is being planned." Herr von Gerlach denounces the conduct of the Protestant deputies who in the Reichstag have silently supported what he calls these "exceptional and capricious laws."

TO THE QUEEN.

O LOYAL to the royal in thyself,
And loyal to thy land, as this to thee —
Bear witness, that rememberable day,
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince
Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again
From halfway down the shadow of the grave,

Past with thee thro' thy people and their love,
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of man
And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed, and clime —
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us, "Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends — your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go."
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hongoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak
So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?
There rang her voice, when the full city peal'd
Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
For ever-broadening England, and her throne
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
That knows not her own greatness: if she knows
And dreads it we are fall'n. — But thou, my Queen,
Not for itself, but thro' thy living love
For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements: take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours: for some are scared, who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or Art, with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that which knows
To its own harm: the goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight: yet — if our slowly-grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common sense,
That saved her many times, not fail — their fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

[No. 8.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

VI. (continued.)

THEY met again in the parlor before dinner, but Pigasso did not appear. Roudine seemed rather out of spirits, and he kept asking Pandalewski to play something of Beethoven. Volinzoff said nothing, and kept his eyes fastened on the ground. Natalie did not stir from her mother's side; at one moment she was lost in thought, and the next she was busy with her work. Bassistoff simply stared at Roudine, waiting for him to utter one of his intelligent remarks. Three hours passed thus uneventfully. Alexandra Paulovna did not come to dinner, and as soon as the meal was finished, Volinzoff had his carriage brought to the door, and he drove away without taking leave of any one.

He felt very ill at ease. For a long time he had been in love with Natalie, but he had never ventured to confess his passion, and this state of uncertainty was the cause of great suffering to him. She was always glad to see him, but her heart was calm; he never deceived himself with respect to the emotion he excited. He had never hoped to arouse a tenderer feeling, and only waited for the time to come when she would be thoroughly accustomed to him and would consent to accept him. But what could have so disturbed Volinzoff to-day? What change had he noticed in this short time? Natalie had treated him as she always did.

Was it the sudden thought that perhaps he did not understand Natalie's character, and that she was not so near him as he had imagined? Was he jealous? Had he a presentiment of some misfortune? . . . At any rate he suffered, in spite of all his attempts to control himself.

On reaching his sister's house he found Leschnieff there.

"What made you come back so early?" asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"I don't know; I was bored."

"Was Roudine there?"

"He was."

Volinzoff threw his cap to one side, and sat down.

Alexandra Paulovna turned towards him quickly.

"Please, Sergius, help me to convince this obstinate man," pointing to Leschnieff, "that Roudine is uncommonly intelligent and really eloquent."

Volinzoff muttered a few unintelligible words.

"I don't contradict you in the least," began Leschnieff.

"I don't deny his intelligence and eloquence, I only say I don't like him."

"Have you ever seen him?" asked Volinzoff.

"I saw him this morning at Daria Michaëlovna's," answered Leschnieff. "He is now the Great Mogul there. The time will come when they will quarrel. Pandalewski is the only person whom she will never abandon; but now Roudine has it all his own way. Yes, indeed, I saw him. He was sitting there, and she showed me to him as if she was saying, 'There, my friend, see what queer fellows we have about here!' I'm not a piece of fancy stock, to be trotted out before visitors; so, I left at once."

"And what had you gone for?"

"About some surveying; but that was a mere pretence, she only wanted to see me. A fine lady . . . we know all about that."

"Roudine's superiority is what offends you," said Alexandra Paulovna warmly; "that is what you can't forgive. But I am sure that his heart is as good as his head. Only look at his eyes when he" —

"Speaks of lofty virtue," said Leschnieff, quoting a line of Griboiedoff.

"You will make me angry, and then I shall cry. I am really sorry I stayed here with you and did not go to Daria's. You don't deserve such kindness. Now don't tease me any more," she added plaintively. "Tell me something about his youth."

"Of Roudine's youth?"

"Yes; why not? You told me, you remember, that you had known him for a long time, and very well."

Leschnieff arose and began to walk up and down the room.

"Yes," he began, "I know him well. You want me to tell you about his early life? Very well. He was born in T—. His father was a poor man who had an estate there. He died young and left this only child to his mother's care. She was an excellent woman and devoted to her son. She half starved herself that he might not lack money. He was educated at Moscow. At first it was one of his uncles who paid his expenses; afterwards, when Roudine had grown up and put on all his fine feathers, — excuse me, I won't do so any more, — it was a rich prince whose acquaintance he had made. Then he went to the university. It was there I knew him, and very intimately, too. Of our life then I will tell you at some other time. It is of no importance now. Then he travelled."

Leschnieff kept walking up and down the room; Alexandra following him with her eyes.

"Once gone," he continued, "Roudine seldom wrote to his mother. He only went to see her once, and then for but two days. It was among strangers that the poor

woman died, but to the last she kept her eyes fastened on his portrait. When I lived in T—— I used to go to see her. She was a kind old lady, and very hospitable; she never failed to give me preserved cherries. She was entirely devoted to her son. The gentlemen of the Petchorine¹ school will tell you that we are always inclined to love most those who are least capable of feeling any love for others; but it seems to me that all mothers love their children, especially when they are away from them. Some time afterwards I met Roudine again, abroad. He was living with one of our Russian ladies who had interested herself in him; she was a sort of blue-stockings, neither younger nor handsomer than blue-stockings should be. He wandered about for some time with her, and finally left her — no, excuse me, she grew tired of him. Then I lost all trace of him. That is all."

Leschnieff stopped, passed his hand over his face, and sat down in an arm-chair as if he were fatigued.

"But do you know, Michael Michaëlovitch," said Alexandra Paulovna, "that you are very bad? I am really beginning to think that you are no better than Pigasoff. I am convinced that all you say is true, that you have not added anything, and yet in what an unfavorable light you have put everything! His poor old mother, her devotion to him, her lonely death, that lady . . . what is the need of all that? Don't you know that one might paint the lives of even the best of men in such colors — and that, too, you will observe, without adding anything — that every one will be frightened? It is a sort of back-biting."

Leschnieff arose and began to walk up and down the room again.

"I certainly did not intend to deceive you," he said finally. "I am no backbiter. To be sure," he added, after a brief pause, "there is a certain amount of truth in what you say. I have not treated Roudine too severely; but — who knows? — he may have changed since then; perhaps I have not been fair towards him."

"Then promise me to renew your acquaintance with him, to study him thoroughly, and then to give me your final judgment of him."

"Very well, if you wish it. . . . But why are you so silent, Sergius Paulovitch?"

Volinzoff started, and raised his head as if he had been suddenly awakened from sleep.

"What can I say? I don't know him. Besides, I don't feel very well to-day."

"You do look a little pale," said Alexandra Paulovna.

"I have a headache," said Volinzoff, as he left the room.

Alexandra Paulovna and Leschnieff gazed after him, and their eyes met without their saying a word. What was going on in Volinzoff's heart was a secret to neither of them.

VII.

MORE than two months had passed, during which time Roudine had hardly been out of Daria's house. She could not be without him. It had become a fixed habit with her to talk to him and listen to his conversation. Once he wanted to go away on the pretext that he had spent all his money, but she gave him five hundred rubles, which

did not prevent him from borrowing one hundred from Volinzoff. Pigasoff visited Daria Michaëlovna much less often than before. Roudine's presence made the house distasteful to him, and he was not the only one who had this feeling."

1. "I don't like that conceited fellow," he used to say; "he's as affected in his way of speaking as the hero of a Russian novel. He begins with an 'I,' and then he stops to admire it. 'I, well, I!' and he's so long-winded. If any one sneezes, he begins to explain why he sneezed instead of coughing. If he praises any one, it's as if he were raising him in the social scale. On the other hand, if he begins to decry himself, he drags himself in the mire, so that you would think he'd never dare show his face again. Not at all; it only puts him in better spirits, as if he'd taken a glass of absinthe."

As for Pandalewski, he was rather afraid of Roudine, and treated him with great obsequiousness. Volinzoff found himself in a singular relation to the new-comer. Roudine used to call him a knight, and was unceasing in his praise, whether in his presence or not; but his warmest compliments only filled Volinzoff with impatience and vexation. "He is making fun of me," he used to say to himself, with a sudden feeling of hatred. In spite of all his efforts to control himself, Volinzoff was jealous of him. And Roudine, although he was so loud in his praises, and called him a knight while he borrowed money from him, was hardly more drawn towards him. It would not have been an easy matter to define the feelings of these two men when they shook hands warmly with one another and their eyes met.

Bassistoff continued to worship Roudine, and to listen greedily to every one of his words. But Roudine paid him very little attention. Once he spent the whole morning with him, talking on the most serious subjects, and aroused in him the warmest enthusiasm; after that he gave him no more consideration.

It was merely idle words, when he expressed his longing for young and ardent souls. Leschnieff had begun to visit Daria Michaëlovna, but Roudine never entered into discussion with him, and seemed to avoid him. Leschnieff, too, on his side, treated him with coolness, and never expressed any final judgment about him, much to the annoyance of Alexandra Paulovna. She bowed down before Roudine, but she had confidence in Leschnieff. All in Daria Michaëlovna's house humored Roudine's whims, and obeyed his slightest wishes. He settled what was to be done every day. There could be no picnic without his approbation. All these sudden, improvised excursions were very little to his taste, and he took part in them with very much the same air of indifference and willingness to be pleased, that one shows who joins in the sports of children. To compensate for that, he took an interest in everything, discussed with Daria the management of the estate, the education of the young, and all sorts of business matters. He listened to all her plans without any contempt for the details, and proposed changes and improvements.

Daria was always charmed with what he said, but it never had any practical result. In all matters connected with the house she used to follow the advice of her overseer, a short, one-eyed old man, who was as crafty as he

¹ The name of the hero of a novel of Lermontoff. — Tx.

was soft-mannered. "What is old is fat, what is new is thin," he used to say, smiling wisely and winking.

After Daria, there was no one with whom Roudine used to talk so often nor so long as with Natalie. He lent her books without any one knowing of it, confided to her his plans, and read her the first pages of future articles and books. Very often she did not fully understand them, but Roudine did not seem to trouble himself much about that, as long as he had some one to listen to him. His intimacy with Natalie was not perfectly agreeable to Daria, but she said to herself, "Let them chat together here in the country; he's fond of her as of any little girl. There's no harm in it; and he will teach her a great deal. But at St. Petersburg I will arrange everything on a different footing."

Daria was mistaken. Roudine did not talk to Natalie as one generally talks to a little girl. She too listened keenly to everything he said, tried to catch his meaning, submitted to his judgment all her thoughts and doubts; he was her instructor, her guide. At first it was only her head that was in a turmoil, but a young head is never long in a turmoil before the heart too is affected. How delicious to Natalie were those moments, when, as often happened, they were sitting on the garden-bench, in the light, transparent shadow of an ash-tree, and Roudine would read aloud Goethe's "Faust," Hoffman, Bettina's Letters, or Novalis, continually stopping to explain to her whatever she found obscure! Like most Russian girls she did not speak German well, but she understood it without difficulty. As for Roudine, he was familiar with the whole romantic and philosophical world of Germany, and he carried Natalie with him into this ideal world. It was an unknown and marvellous world that was unfolded before the eager gaze of the young girl. From the pages of the book in Roudine's hand there streamed wonderful images, grand and touching, thoughts new and lofty, which filled Natalie's soul as with strains of enchanted music, while the holy fire of enthusiasm burned in her troubled heart. . . .

"Tell me, Dimitri Nicolaitch," she said one day as she was sitting over her embroidery by the window, "are you going to St. Petersburg this winter?"

"I don't know," answered Roudine, letting a book he had been running over, fall into his lap; "if I can get the means I shall go."

He spoke languidly; all the morning he had seemed tired and dejected.

"I think you will find the means."

Roudine shook his head.

"Do you think so?" and he glanced at her from one side, with a look full of meaning.

Natalie was about to answer, but she stopped.

"See," began Roudine, pointing towards the window, "do you see that apple-tree? It is broken down by the abundance of the fruit. A true picture of genius."

"It is broken because it had no support," answered Natalie.

"I understand you, Natalie; but it is not so easy for man to find this support."

"I should think the sympathy of others . . . but isolation at any rate" . . . Natalie became embarrassed, and blushed. "And what are you going to do in the country this winter?" she added quickly.

"What am I going to do? I shall finish my long article — you know — on tragedy in life and in art. I told you my design day before yesterday; I will send it to you."

"And shall you have it printed?"

"No."

"But why not? For whom then do you do this work?"

"What if it were for you?"

Natalie lowered her eyes.

"It would be far above me, Dimitri Nicolaitch."

"May I ask the subject of the article?" asked Bassistoff modestly. He was sitting at a little distance from them.

"On tragedy in life and in art," answered Roudine. "And Mr. Bassistoff will read it too. Then I have not yet quite made up my mind about the fundamental idea. Hitherto I have not given enough attention to the tragic import of love."

Love was a favorite and frequent subject of Roudine's conversation. At first Miss Boncourt used to start and prick up her ears at the mention of the word, like an old war-horse at the sound of a trumpet; but gradually she had grown used to it, and now she merely pursed her lips and took a pinch of snuff at intervals, whenever she heard the word.

"It seems to me," said Natalie modestly, "that the tragedy of love is simply unrequited love."

"Not at all," answered Roudine, "that is rather the comic side of love; one must look at the question in an entirely different way — go into it more profoundly. Love," he continued, "everything about it is a mystery, the way it appears, grows, vanishes. At one time it starts forth suddenly, unmistakably, joyous as the day; another time it smoulders a long time, like fire beneath the ashes, and bursts out in the soul when everything is destroyed; again it creeps into the heart like a serpent, to disappear as soon. . . . Yes, yes, it is a great question. And who is there who loves nowadays? Who knows how to love?"

Roudine grew thoughtful.

"Why have we not seen Sergius Paulovitch for so long a time?" he asked suddenly.

Natalie blushed deeply, and lowered her head over her work.

"I don't know," she answered in a low voice.

"What a noble, excellent man!" said Roudine, rising. "He is one of the best types of the Russian gentleman."

Miss Boncourt looked at him from one side with her little French eyes.

Roudine began to walk up and down the room.

"Have you ever noticed," he asked, turning suddenly upon his heels, "that the oak — and the oak is a strong tree — only loses its old leaves when the new leaves begin to burst forth?"

"Yes," answered Natalie, "I have noticed it."

"It is the same way with old love in a strong heart. It is already dead, and yet it survives itself; and only a new love can drive it away."

Natalie did not answer.

"What does he mean?" she thought.

Roudine stood for a moment without moving, shook his hair, and went out.

Natalie went to her own room, where she remained for some time sitting on her bed, buried in thought. For a

long time she thought over those last words of Roudine, then suddenly she clasped her hands and burst into tears. Why she wept — God alone knows! She herself did not know why her tears burst forth so suddenly. She dried them, but again they fell, like water from a long confined spring.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT ON THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S.

I HAD long entertained the idea that a night spent on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral would give one an opportunity of observing certain peculiar and interesting effects, which would well repay one for the slight amount of inconvenience consequent on passing the night in that elevated position.

Choosing, therefore, a favorable time when the sky was clear, and the glass at "set-fair," I obtained the requisite permission from the cathedral authorities, and having made arrangements with the very obliging chief verger, I presented myself, in company with two friends, at the north door of the cathedral, at about eight o'clock on a certain evening in August last. We had provided ourselves with something to eat and drink, plenty of wraps and overcoats, a telescope, a good binocular, a dark-lantern, and a thermometer; and thus fortified, we proceeded at once up the long flights of stairs to the golden gallery, where we proposed to pass the night.

We had the privilege, however, of retiring to the interior of the dome as often as we wished; and on a small but convenient landing, some forty or fifty steps from the top, where there was just room for three people, very closely packed side by side, we spread our rugs, for the purpose of lying down when we felt inclined. The last gleams of daylight were still lingering in the northwestern sky when we first emerged from the small doorway opening on to the golden gallery; but even at that early period of the night, the sight which met our gaze below was one of those which dwell in the memory for a life-time. Thousands of lamps were gleaming like stars immediately below us, and spreading for miles around. London was literally mapped out in gleaming jets; the long lines of the streets, the Holborn Viaduct, the Thames Embankment, the course of the river, and the bridges, all showing with marvellous distinctness. The railway stations presented a remarkable appearance, forming with their multitudinous lamps bright constellations amid the hosts of lights below. The effect, too, was pleasingly diversified by the many bright red signal-lights which stood out in vivid contrast to the whiter clusters around. As the darkness deepened, we could discern the lights farther and farther away, until they could be traced even on the distant heights of Highgate, where they melted away to mingle at last with the stars, which by this time were gleaming from all parts of the heavens. It seemed as though we had been suddenly transported to some point in space, from which we could gaze upon the starry hosts both above and below us.

We were remarkably fortunate in being favored on this night of all others with a fine effect of aurora borealis. At about eleven o'clock, the northern sky brightened, and soon after some fine white streamers shot upwards towards the zenith, varied by those beautiful and mysteriously shifting crimson lights, which so enhance the beauty of these auroral displays, coming and going like blushes on the cheek of a brunette, if I may be allowed the simile, without, as Mr. Weller says, "verging on the poetical." Up to a late period of the night, in addition to the lamps of the streets, railways, and bridges, there were of course myriads of gleams from windows, skylights, and doorways spread over the vast masses of houses between the principal streets; but as midnight approached, these died out one by one, until, in the small hours of the morning, the only lights visible were those of the main thoroughfares and the railway stations, which now stood out from the

surrounding gloom with increased brilliancy. The dark interspaces in which, as the moon had set, not the faintest outline of a roof or chimney could be traced, presented a very solemn aspect. It seemed as if all human habitations had been blotted out, and nothing but a black void existed where so late the signs of activity and life shone out from far and near.

We had been very curious to know whether the street noises would entirely cease. I was hoping, indeed, that at some period of the night or morning there might be a cessation of all sounds, so that we might have enjoyed the solemn stillness from our novel and isolated position. In this, however, we were destined to be disappointed. There was never a single moment throughout the night when the sounds wholly ceased. Of course, when we first emerged into the gallery, the familiar deafening roar of the busy streets rose up to us with startling distinctness in the still evening air. Towards midnight, however, these had considerably diminished, and we thought, at any rate, that the traffic within the city proper would certainly cease after the latest trains had arrived and departed; but this was not the case. Towards two o'clock the *continuous* roar had almost entirely ceased, but the sounds from single cabs or carriages still disturbed the ear which was really longing for rest. The Hansoms were the chief enemies to repose. Throughout the whole night we could see their lamps flitting along like fire-flies amid the gloom, across a distant bridge, or along a neighboring street. Once or twice the sound even of these had almost died away, when a far-off railway whistle struck upon the ear, or a market wagon came lumbering along the roadway immediately beneath us in St. Paul's Churchyard. I had also anticipated an entire cessation of light and sound at the railway stations, but trains of one kind or another seemed to continue throughout the night, and the lights were not perceptibly diminished. The most prominent among the stations visible were Waterloo, Farringdon Street, Broad Street, and London Bridge. The huge roof of Cannon Street obscured the station lights, and obstructed also the lights on London Bridge. A notable exception to the gloom of the spaces between the streets was the light from the various printing-offices. Printing-House Square, the *Telegraph* Office, and many others, which we did not recognize, shone out vividly from the surrounding gloom; and long before daybreak, the puffs of steam issuing from their roofs told of the busy machines and the thousands of active hands laboring through the night to meet the demands of the multitudes who would pour forth at early morning with that insatiable appetite for news which is so marked a characteristic of the present generation.

One of the most curious effects was the sound of the various clocks; and as there were some twenty of them within hearing which persisted in striking the hours and quarters throughout the night, they certainly did their utmost to dispel the hope we had entertained of a period of comparative quiet. Some minor clocks in the immediate vicinity commenced several seconds before the real time, like dropping shots from skirmishers before a battle. These rapidly increased, until presently the deep boom of Big Ben rolled towards us on the still air; but almost before the ear had caught the sound, the full voice of St. Paul's answered the challenge, and sent forth its deafening tones, which in the dead of night seemed literally to shake the building. In these two all other sounds seemed for the time merged, but long after they had ceased, the "clamor and the clangor of the bells" was continued from many a steeple far and near.

One villainous little chime — out of charity, I forbear to mention its name — struck up with a harsh, dissonant tone, long after the others had all ceased, as if it were not satisfied to join in the general chorus, but must display its vain incompetence in the most prominent and irritating manner possible.

I had been hoping that my companions would feel the necessity of seeking some repose, so that I might for a time be left to my own solitary musings over the novelty

of my position at the dead of night. And so it happened. For about an hour I was left in undisturbed possession of the gallery, and sitting alone in one of the niches gazing on the scene below, many solemn thoughts of the present and the past of necessity filled my mind. Thoughts of the thousands sleeping below seeking oblivion from the throbs of pleasure and of pain that would recommence with fresh vitality on the morrow—thoughts of the anxious watchers by sick-beds longing eagerly for the dawn and the renewed life which comes with the morning light; or perhaps (as it needs must be in hundreds of homes beneath my very gaze) to look upon the face of death—of distant revels, prolonged through the night—of brains still busy by the midnight lamp—of the intrigues, the vice, and the squalid poverty of this vast city. Unconsciously, too, my mind drifted into the past, recalling the time when all London lay within a good bow-shot of the place where I sat, and Old St. Paul's stood with its square tower on this very spot, before the magnificent creation of immortal Wren had entered into his busy brain, or the hope (destined to be realized) of seeing his labor completed. Thoughts, too, of that fatal year came back, when a gazer, placed where I now was, might have looked upon miles of fire consuming a plague-stricken city, and with its seething, roaring tide licking up the old cathedral itself, as easily as the advancing flood consumes a child's mimic fortress; and as the bell again chimed the hour, I recalled the story of the sentry at distant Windsor, who heard the old clock strike thirteen, thus proving that he could not have been asleep on his post, and thereby saved his life.

At this point I was interrupted by the return of one of my friends from his nap on the landing, yawning dreadfully, and looking decidedly "seedy" in the dull light which was beginning to appear in the east. Snatching half an hour's sleep myself, I returned to the gallery, in anticipation of the effect which I hoped would prove the most interesting we had witnessed—namely, sunrise over the smokeless city, and the view of London to its farthest limits.

The morning light had considerably increased, creeping cool and gray over the house-tops, revealing their roofs and chimneys once more, and causing the innumerable churches around to stand out with startling distinctness. A curious effect might now be observed in the streets below still lit by the gas, and which by contrast with the cold light of morning on the innumerable house-tops, appeared of a deep orange color, or as if the streets had been strewn with red sand. Sounds of human life, too, began to increase. The red post-office vans were in full activity; the early coffee-stall-keepers were wending their way to the several stations; the wagons were increasing in numbers; and the pedestrians were beginning to throng the streets even at this early hour. The river presented a beautiful appearance. It was as calm as a mirror, and every bridge, boat, and barge was reflected in the most marvellous manner from the unruffled surface. Presently, the dim outline of the hills around Highgate began to loom through the mist, and I fondly imagined that my hopes of being able to see the country all round London were about to be realized.

Alas! man is doomed to disappointment!

The sun rose with unusual majesty and glory—the sky overhead was one mass of blue and gold; but uprising with the sun came a white and envious mist creeping onward from the east, shutting out with a dense veil every object beyond the radius of half a mile, and at once dispelling every hope of a panoramic view, before the smoke, which already began to curl up from many a chimney, should come to supersede, or mingle with the mist.

Uttering a groan over our disappointment, yet by no means regretting our novel undertaking, we descended from our lofty eminence, and, bag in hand, emerged from the cathedral, exciting, if the truth must be told, the suspicious glances of more than one early policeman, as we wended our way to the nearest Metropolitan station.

SPRINGING A MINE.

It was curious and pleasant, so certain of Mr. Merdock's clients held, to discern through his office windows—heavily barred to defeat the designs of the burglarious—a small patch of enclosed land, rich in rank grass, and shaded, little as it needed shade, for the neighboring houses hemmed it in on all sides, by an old, stunted, murky elm-tree. The land had originally pertained to a church that had long since vanished. Sometimes, after a ghostly-looking, solitary sheep, coming none knew from whence, or by whose authority, had been turned into the enclosure, and had cropped and munched away the long grass, faint outlines of recumbent tombstones could be traced whitening here and there the vegetation. Within living memory no interment had taken place there; and the inhabitants of the adjoining buildings took little heed of it now, except now and then to turn it to account as a dust-bin, a receptacle for broken glass and crockery, cinders, litter, refuse, and rubbish of all kinds.

Mr. Merdock's offices were on the ground-floor of a rambling old house in one of the tortuous, confined thoroughfares of Walbrook. His private room was at the back of the building, and thus obtained its feeble sort of rural outlook. He was a solicitor of sound repute, enjoying an excellent practice; a tall, lean, elderly man, with good features, worn very sharp by time and hard work at his calling. His tall, bald forehead had the look of old parchment, or of discolored ivory; his sallow face was deeply lined and very gaunt. Yet his aspect betrayed no trace of ill health or of premature decay. He was alert of movement; the fringe of hair at the back of his bald head was still a dense black; there were no threads of silver in the sharply-trimmed, crescent-shaped whiskers he wore on his high cheek-bones; although his lips were colorless, his teeth were sound and white, and his gray eyes twinkled piercingly beneath his heavy pent-house brows. He was, plainly, a wiry, spare man, who could still endure much wear and tear, and make a good fight with time.

Mr. Merdock sat at his desk—idly for the moment—glancing now at the green enclosure to be seen from his window, now at a tin box, one of a large pile of similar tin boxes, ranged against the wall opposite to him, now at the *Times* newspaper, spread out before him. With a meditative air he was rubbing the palm of his large, yellow, bony hand against his very blue chin, for his strong black beard opposed a stout resistance to the razor, let him ply it as persistently as he might. He paused to take noisily a huge pinch of snuff, and then passed a large scarlet and puce silk pocket-handkerchief across his face.

"Poor Delpratt!" he said, with a glance at the tin box. The legend **THE DELPRATT TRUST** was inscribed upon it in dim gold letters. "Dead!" He gazed from the window at the waving grass and the murky elm of the graveyard without. "Four days ago!" He laid his hand upon the newspaper. It contained among its advertisements of deaths the following brief notification:—

"On the 20th of November, at the Manor House, Lupton, Hants, EUSTACE VERE DELPRATT, aged fifty-seven."

Mr. Merdock shook his head mournfully, sighed, and then shrugged his shoulders, making an effort, as it seemed, to dismiss a distressing subject from his mind. Just then one of his clerks entered and handed him a card. He started as he read the name it bore. After a moment's hesitation he said, "You must show him in, Booth."

A young man entered, dressed in deep mourning.

"Mr. Ernest Delpratt?" Mr. Merdock was reading aloud the name on the card.

"You have forgotten me, I see, Mr. Merdock. But it is not surprising. We have not met for some years. I know that I am much changed in appearance. I was a mere boy then."

"Pray be seated."

He was now perhaps about thirty; wearing a thick, red-brown beard, and rather long hair falling negligently across his forehead. His natural pallor was no doubt increased

in effect by the black clothes he wore. But his complexion was of that deadly whiteness which knows little variation, and resists all influence of temperature, refusing to be bronzed by the sun, or reddened by exposure to the wind. It was late in the year, but the weather was unnaturally sultry. Still it had not brought any increase of color to his face; only the glisten of clamminess on the surface of his skin.

"You are aware, of course, of the sad occurrence that has brought me here?"

"I have only just read in the *Times* of Mr. Delpratt's death." Mr. Merdock's manner was reserved, even distant.

"You knew him intimately?"

"I can scarcely say so much as that. I saw him frequently at one time. But of late years we seldom met. I rarely quit London, he rarely visited it. Still I regarded him as a friend. I heard from him occasionally. He was kind enough always to address me in the most cordial terms. I have learnt of his death with extreme regret."

"But you were his professional adviser; you know more of his private affairs than any one?"

"That may be so," said Mr. Merdock, coldly.

"He executed a will, in your presence, some ten years ago?"

Mr. Merdock made no reply.

"I should explain," the young man went on, "that as his sole surviving relative" —

"Pardon me," Merdock interrupted, "legally speaking, the late Mr. Delpratt had no relatives."

"Perhaps so — but he always regarded and spoke of me as his cousin, or rather as his first cousin once removed. I therefore deemed it my duty to search for his will to ascertain if he had expressed in it any instructions in relation to his funeral. I hope that you see nothing objectionable in that?"

Mr. Merdock merely bowed. He avoided any statement of opinion on the subject.

"The will I found contained no instructions of the kind referred to. Further of its terms I need not speak just now; especially as, the document having been drawn by you, you are already acquainted with its contents."

"The only will of which I know anything," said Mr. Merdock, after a minute's deliberation, "was executed by the testator in my presence some ten years ago. The will was engrossed in duplicate — a course I am in the habit of recommending in such cases — as a matter of prudence and precaution. One copy is now in my iron safe. The other, the testator took into his own keeping. That is, I presume, the document to which you have been referring."

"No doubt."

"Let us be quite sure," said Mr. Merdock, still with his air of deliberation. He left the room. Presently he returned. "The will bore date the 18th of March, 1859."

"That is the will in question. It was found in Mr. Delpratt's desk."

"You found none of later date? No will or codicil?"

"No, though I made careful search. Some rough memoranda as to the disposal of his property I did find, but these were unsigned — mere notes of an informal character. Nothing in the nature of a will. You know of none?"

"I know of none."

There was a pause. Mr. Merdock took a pinch of snuff.

"Mr. Delpratt died rather suddenly — that is to say, he had been suffering, as all his household well knew, from disease of the heart of long standing. Still none looked for his illness terminating fatally at so early a date. His medical attendant visited him frequently of late. He was not present, however, when the sad event occurred. He is fully satisfied, however, as to the cause of death. He attributes it to aneurismal hypertrophy of the heart. I am not doctor enough to understand precisely his meaning."

The young man dabbed his white face with his handkerchief. He was much moved, and his voice trembled as he continued.

"I need hardly say that my cousin's death has been a

heavy blow to me. As you know, Mr. Merdock, in times past there were many differences between us — due to my folly, to my misconduct, I am now prepared fully to admit. But we had been reconciled. We were on intimate and affectionate terms. I regarded him as my benefactor, and was deeply grateful for all he had done for me. Most unfortunately I was absent from the house at the time of his death."

Mr. Merdock was silent, but he now seemed from under his beetling brows to eye his visitor with a new curiosity. His attention was attracted perhaps by the restlessness that marked the young man's manner. He moved uneasily in his chair, shifting his position constantly, and twisting his handkerchief into a string by the unconscious contortions of his hands.

"I had left the house early in the morning to attend the meet at some few miles distance from Lupton. It was late when I returned. My cousin had then been dead some hours. Coming up to London, to transact some business that could not be postponed, I resolved to call upon you, Mr. Merdock. In the first place, I have to request that you will attend the funeral, which is fixed for the 27th, at noon, and in the next place to beg that you will act on my behalf, as my legal adviser, in the new position that devolves upon me under the terms of Mr. Delpratt's will."

"I shall attend the funeral, of course," said the lawyer. "I have sincere respect for the memory of my late friend. I shall attend, if you please, in my character as professional adviser, during many years, of the deceased."

"A carriage shall meet the early train from town at Andover — the nearest station to Lupton Manor."

"Any business arrangements in regard to your own future position it may be well, perhaps, to defer until after the funeral."

"As you think best. Good morning, Mr. Merdock. I will only add a hope that you will dismiss any prejudice you may have formed against me in relation to my life in the past. I do assure you that I am a different man. I am not now as you once knew me. Good morning."

They shook hands and parted. Mr. Merdock resumed his desk, after carefully rubbing his fingers with his silk handkerchief. They had been left so cold and clammy by his visitor's grasp.

Apparently Mr. Merdock was not industriously inclined that day, or he was preoccupied; his attention was absorbed by the news of the death of his friend and client, Eustace Vere Delpratt. He found a difficulty in devoting himself to other matters. He sat idly in his chair, glancing now at the tin box, now at the first column of the *Times* newspaper, now at the graveyard outside his window. And at intervals he studied the card of Mr. Ernest Delpratt.

Later in the day the lawyer's room was abruptly entered by Mr. Pixley, the secretary of the Albatross Insurance Company, of which institution Mr. Merdock had been for many years the solicitor.

"I was passing, Merdock, so I thought I'd look in," said Mr. Pixley, an active, bustling gentleman, who always declined a chair, finding that he could talk with greater ease if permitted an erect posture, with space for free movement and gesticulation. "We're in for a heavy claim. The matter's not ripe for discussion, but it's worth mentioning. I don't say that it's suspicious as yet; but it's odd, and sooner or later, I take it, you'll have to look into it for us. Yet the parties are of great respectability; they always are, I notice, in cases of an unpleasant complexion. And it's odd, as I said. The life only dropped four days ago. Yet already it's been thought advisable to notify the fact to us, and the party most interested has called in person at the office. Now I consider that rather sharp work. What can be the reason of it? It's a policy of long standing — a heavy risk — we divided it of course with other offices, but still we stand to lose a large amount. The sum insured, with accumulated bonuses, makes a heavy total. Is it all fair? That's the question."

"That's the name of the gentleman who called upon you," said Mr. Merdock, and he handed the secretary Mr. Ernest Delpratt's card.

"The very man! You've seen him also? Upon my word he doesn't let the grass grow under his feet."

"He didn't come here about the insurance: but I happen to know a good deal about the case. The late Mr. Delpratt was a client of mine. It was through me the insurance was effected. He was the natural son of old Joshua Delpratt, who bequeathed to him absolutely the Lupton Manor estate—a property of considerable value in Hampshire. Joshua Delpratt was never married. His presumptive heir was his nephew, Delamere Delpratt, the father of Ernest. You follow me?"

"You're getting complicated. But at present, I understand."

"Delamere Delpratt was a scoundrel, and Joshua proclaimed his intention to leave all he possessed to Eustace, rather than to his nephew, Delamere, who had brought disgrace upon the family. To assist Delamere Eustace borrowed a large sum of money. This was in Joshua's lifetime, mind. Eustace could not of course charge the estates, which he was only to acquire under the will of a man who was still living, and who might at any time change his mind as to the disposal of his property. The only security Eustace could offer was his reversionary interest in a sum in the funds invested for the benefit of his mother, and the subject indeed of the Delpratt Trust, the deeds and papers of which are in that tin box beside you. Further, he could, as he did, insure his life heavily, lodge the policies, and bind himself to pay the premiums regularly. Of the money advanced Eustace never touched a half-penny. All was absorbed by Delamere. On coming into possession of the estates, Eustace paid off the loan, but thought it worth while to keep up the policies. He had especially in view the benefit of the legitimate members of the family. Of these the man you saw to-day"—

"I did not see him," interrupted Mr. Pixley. "I was engaged when he called. But I heard of his visit from the assistant-secretary, who had some conversation with him."

"Well, of these Ernest Delpratt is now the sole representative; for Delamere, his father, died of drink, many years ago, leaving no other issue. Eustace, my old friend and client, left no children. Here you have, briefly told, the story of the Delpratts."

"Then this Ernest is the last of the race?"

"The last of the race."

"His father, you say, was a scoundrel; and he?"

"Well, I'd rather defer my opinion. We mustn't be in a hurry. *He is*, clearly—and there he's wrong. Hurry, needless hurry—and hurry is generally needless—provokes distrust. The case must be looked into, but very quietly."

"In suspicious cases?"

"Mind, I don't say that this is suspicious as yet," interrupted Mr. Merdock.

"Let me continue. In suspicious cases what we have to inquire is, who is the person who benefits by the death of the insured? If wrong's been done, there must be an inducement, a motive for it. Find out that, and"—

"My dear Pixley, hadn't you better leave it all to me? Don't keep a dog and bark yourself. I'll attend to it. I'm going to the funeral on the 27th."

"You are? Then I've nothing more to say; only keep me informed of everything."

"Of everything. And mind you do the same towards me."

That night Mr. Merdock left London.

On the morning of the 27th of November a carriage from Lupton Manor was waiting at the Andover station to meet the early train from London. Mr. Merdock, however, stood on the platform of the station some time before the arrival of the train. He was dressed in deep black, and looked worn and anxious. Among the passengers brought down from town was Mr. Pixley. Mr. Merdock hastened towards him, and drew him aside.

"You got my letter, of course? Now be very careful, Pixley. Don't say a word more than you can help.

There's a carriage waiting to take us to Lupton, a pleasant drive over the Hampshire downs. The driver's been resting at the Andover Arms; he only drew up to the station when the train was in sight. He supposes that we both came down by the train. You're understood to be my clerk. You would come, and you must accept that position. But be very careful what you say. Not a word more now. You're from Lupton, coachman? To meet a gentleman from London? Quite right."

They entered the carriage, and were driven from the station.

"Pull up that window, Pixley. That fellow mustn't hear us. This is a delicate matter, and we must proceed very cautiously."

"Well? And what's been done?"

"I've not been idle, but, I'll own, I've but a poor case as yet. I can't get much beyond suspicion. I cannot arrive at proof. Still, I've set two or three at work, and something may come out at any moment. I couldn't appear actively in the matter myself, for many reasons. We must lull suspicion as much as possible. The criminal, if there is one—and, mind, I won't yet say that there is one—will then grow bolder, imprudent, perhaps, and then we have a chance."

"The funeral will proceed?"

"Not so loud. Yes. You know, or, perhaps, you don't know, what country coroners are. And we've scarcely a pretext for demanding an inquest. The doctor, a local practitioner, sticks to his aneurismal hypertrophy. What can we do in the face of his certificate? The servants have been got at, not by me—I did not dare go near the house—and questioned skilfully enough, without awakening their suspicions. Something has been gathered that may be of importance. A hint of physis bottles destroyed immediately after the death of Mr. Delpratt. But it's nothing like clear enough at present, and there may be nothing in it."

"But if the funeral?"

"The funeral doesn't matter. If we've any evidence to go upon, we can obtain from the Home Office an order for disinterment. Never mind about the funeral. Get that over quietly; it may be all the better for us."

"But the other doctor, who gave a hint to the office?"

"I've seen him, and it only comes to this—he suspects. He was dismissed from attendance upon the deceased three weeks ago; so, you know, he couldn't have seen poor Delpratt during his last fortnight of life. Still, he mentioned some facts that were worth noting. At the same time, you know, he may be charged with being actuated by professional jealousy—a doctor dismissed for incompetence; that's how it would be put to a jury."

"But what does he suspect?"

"Suspicious, mind, amount to nothing, unless you can support them with evidence of facts, and that we can't do at present. But he suspects—bend your head;" Mr. Merdock clutched his companion by the fore-arm, and whispered into his ear—"he suspects that the medicines were tampered with, and that death resulted from the administration of—poison—probably arsenic, in small but frequent doses. That could only have been done by some one in constant attendance upon the deceased."

"And we know that Ernest Delpratt had opportunities of that kind."

"Yes; that we know. He sat up some nights with the deceased, was with him, indeed, continually, except on the day of his death; then he was absent, out all day—hunting, he told me. He lied. I've ascertained that. He did go to the meet. But there was but a poor day's sport, a short run with a young fox, and a kill in Darrington Plantations, only a few miles from Lupton. He might have been home by two o'clock. But he stayed drinking in a little public-house on the Purham road. So, you see, he lied. That doesn't surprise me; he was always a liar, as his father was before him. It looks like administering the last fatal dose, and then keeping out of the way of the closing scene, to avoid suspicion. On the other hand, an innocent man might have put up at the public, and afterwards,

being ashamed of himself, have given a false account of his conduct for the sake of decency."

"He was on good terms with the deceased?"

"Yes. Not so good as he'd make out, but still on good terms. He'd been forgiven, and made welcome to the manor-house. Poor Delpratt, I take it, was trying to like him, and, on the whole, the young man had behaved pretty well of late. It had been different formerly. In truth, Ernest was as bad as Delamere had been. Dismissed from the army before he was twenty for disgraceful conduct—cheating at cards—then guilty of what's called, in plain terms, at the Old Bailey, forgery. But the thing was hushed up, and the young man was packed off to Australia. Poor Delpratt, always feeling acutely his own position, and doing his best to serve the legitimate members of the family, gave him up then as a bad job. But he probably softened towards him of late years, believed in his reform, and viewed him even affectionately."

"Who was with him at the time of his death?"

"No one. There we're weak. He had certainly heart disease of considerable standing—sufficient, perhaps, to account for his death. There's only this to add. He is known to have complained of the strange taste of his medicines, and of the great internal pain and burning thirst they provoked."

"After all, as you said yourself, Merdock, just now, it's but a poor case."

"I repeat it—a poor case."

"I don't see that we've any grounds for resisting payment of the policy."

"Perhaps not, as yet. But never rush at conclusions, Pixley. We've time before us, and many things may happen. And mind, in any case, I mean to spring a mine upon that young man such as he little dreams of. Eustace Delpratt was my friend. I don't forget that. Hush! We've arrived. Remember, you're my clerk."

The funeral was of a simple kind. It was chiefly remarkable, perhaps, for its paucity of mourners. But, as Mr. Merdock had explained, the late Mr. Delpratt had, legally speaking, no relatives. No "inheritable blood," to use the conveyancers' term, had flowed in his veins, and he had died childless.

Ernest Delpratt was the chief mourner. He was accompanied by certain members of his mother's family, thus indirectly connected with the deceased. A clergyman or two from neighboring parishes, who had been on friendly terms with Mr. Delpratt, and whose flocks had received aid from his benevolence; the doctor, and, of course, Mr. Merdock, were in attendance. The gentry of the district sent their carriages, and round the grave were grouped numerous tenants, farm-laborers, and poor folk resident upon Lupton Manor, who were moved to pay a last tribute of respect to its departed proprietor. He had been to them invariably kind and generous—had never been known to act harshly, or to speak ungently. They regretted his loss deeply and sincerely, the more especially that they seemed to view with some distrust the gentleman who was recognized on all sides as the future squire of Lupton Manor. Of Ernest Delpratt's position none entertained any doubt. It was thoroughly understood that to him the late Eustace Delpratt had bequeathed his entire possessions absolutely.

"Keep close to me, Pixley," Mr. Merdock whispered to his friend, after the funeral ceremony was concluded, and the mourners had returned to the manor-house. Then he added aloud, "I wish it to be fully known that I have attended here to-day as the friend for many years, and the professional adviser, of the late Eustace Vere Delpratt."

"That is quite understood," said Ernest Delpratt, rather impatiently. "It is now proposed that in that character you should read the will of the deceased." He placed upon the table a small packet, the seals of which had been broken.

"You wish me to do so?"

"Certainly. I wish all the usual forms to be observed on this melancholy occasion."

"Be it so, then. And you produce this document as the last will of the late Mr. Eustace Vere Delpratt?"

Only a small party was assembled in the spacious library of Lupton Manor. Ernest Delpratt moved anxiously from one to the other. He was very pale, he spoke in low, agitated tones, and his hands trembled exceedingly.

Mr. Merdock took his seat at the head of the table. He placed beside him a small black leather bag.

"The will you produce," he said, with a grave, business-like air, turning towards Ernest Delpratt, "bears date the 18th of March, 1859. It was drawn by me, and my name appears as that of one of the witnesses, attesting the due execution of the document by the testator. By this will the whole of Mr. Eustace Delpratt's estate, both real and personal, is bequeathed to you, and you are appointed his sole executor. You produce this as his last will and testament? You know of no other will or codicil executed by the deceased?"

"He executed no other will or codicil," said Ernest, in a low, faint voice.

"The deceased had, however, it seems, some little time since, contemplated making a new disposition of his property. He had drawn up a few notes and memoranda. He designed to make a handsome provision for Mr. Ernest Delpratt, but the residue of his estate he proposed to apply in a different way. But I need not go into that. Mr. Eustace Vere Delpratt did not survive to make a new will, and these brief writings of his are without legal value."

Mr. Merdock paused, and took a pinch of snuff. An intense quiet prevailed in the room. The quick breathing of Ernest was plainly audible. He brushed his hair from his glistening, deadly-white face. Then, as though perceiving how much his hand trembled, he withdrew it hurriedly, and thrust it out of sight under the table. The other persons present, though yet well aware that they were likely to benefit in no way by the deceased's disposition of his estate, seemed yet, in spite of themselves, curiously interested in the proceedings. They were impressed, perhaps, by the gravity and deliberation of Mr. Merdock's manner.

"I have now to state," he continued, raising his voice somewhat, "that practically, this document notwithstanding, the late Eustace Vere Delpratt died intestate."

There was a murmur of surprise. Ernest Delpratt rose from his seat, and raised his hand. He tried to speak, but his voice appeared to fail him.

"Three years after its execution, this will was revoked."

"By deed?" some one asked.

"No. By the adoption of another course, not less decisive. In fact, by marriage."

"It's a lie!" Ernest Delpratt screamed, hoarsely.

"The late Mr. Delpratt," the lawyer proceeded, calmly, "was married in January, 1862, at the chapel of the embassy, in Paris, to Hortense Leroux, a French actress. Legal proof of that marriage I have with me. Into the details of the matter I need hardly enter. I may state, however, that in early life Mr. Delpratt had met with severe disappointment. He had contemplated an alliance with a young lady, a member of one of the most distinguished families of this county. To that union the stain upon his birth was deemed by the lady's friends an insuperable objection. The engagement, if such it may be called, was therefore abruptly terminated. Mr. Delpratt was deeply afflicted. He determined never to marry. Some time afterwards he made this will, bequeathing his entire property to the only surviving legitimate member of his family—Mr. Ernest Delpratt. But he had reason at a later date to be much offended at the conduct of the man his generosity would have enriched. To the peculiar circumstances of the case I will not further allude. Mr. Ernest Delpratt left England, and was for nearly ten years absent in Australia. In the interval my late friend and client again turned his thoughts towards marriage. He resolved to find a wife among a class little likely to be affected by the circumstances of his origin. Chance threw him in the way of this Hortense Leroux. She is now dead; I will bring no charge against her, therefore. I will only say that she was in every way unworthy of her husband."

band, and that the marriage was a most unhappy one. The newly-wedded pair separated forever within a few weeks of their union. She was amply provided for, but survived only a few years, meeting her death under very painful circumstances. Her dress accidentally caught fire, and she was burnt to death upon the stage of the Lyons Theatre. Mr. Delpratt's marriage was kept a strict secret. It had been solemnized privately, and was known to very few. He never alluded to it. It was a distressing incident in his life, which he desired to forget. He placed the proofs of the marriage in my hands some years since. Of its validity there can be no question whatever."

"It's a trumped-up story," cried Ernest, with a livid face. "I'll go to law. I'll establish the will. It's monstrous to suppose that it could be revoked by such a marriage."

"I will simply refer you to the Act of the first Victoria, chapter twenty-six, section eighteen," said the lawyer. "But you will, of course, proceed as you are advised. Only you will distinctly understand that I decline to act on your behalf; that I am not, and that I never will accept the position of your legal adviser. I attended here, as I before stated, solely in my character of solicitor to my late friend, Mr. Delpratt. Gentlemen, I do not think I need trouble you with any further observations. This will is waste-paper. It was revoked by Mr. Delpratt's marriage. He was well aware of its revocation. He intended to revoke it. He had grave fault to find with Mr. Ernest Delpratt's conduct, and did not design to bequeath him Lupton Manor and his other possessions. Subsequently he was disposed, however, to make some provision for the young man. But his intentions in that respect were prevented by his death."

A servant entered and handed a note to Mr. Merdock.

The company rose, and prepared to quit a scene that had become strangely painful.

"And the property?" one asked.

"Mr. Delpratt dying intestate, and without legal heirs, his property goes to the Crown."

"It can't be—it shan't be," Ernest cried, wildly. "I'll not be swindled in this shameful way. I'll enforce my rights. I'll establish the will. At least the amount of the insurances shall be mine. The policies are in my possession. They were legally assigned to me. I can prove it. It has always been understood that they were intended for my benefit."

"In regard to one of those insurances I am at liberty to state that, acting upon my advice, the directors of the Albatross Office will refuse payment of the claim."

The lawyer looked the young man very steadily in the face.

"What next? What are you going to charge me with next? Refuse payment? How dare you? Why—do you think I poisoned the man?"

"We know you did!" said Mr. Merdock, quickly, in a low tone, as he struck his clenched hand sharply upon the table, and handed the note he had just received to Ernest Delpratt.

He clutched it tremblingly; read it with raging eyes. Then it fell from his shaking fingers, and fluttered on to the floor. He gave a strange, piteous moan; raised his hands, and pressed them against his head, as though to still some terribly acute pain.

"I'm ill," he murmured, faintly. "Let me get some fresh air. I shall be better presently—I shall"—and he staggered from the room.

Mr. Merdock found himself left alone with Mr. Pixley.

"I told you I should spring a mine upon that young man," said the lawyer, quietly. "I think I've been as good as my word."

"What was that note you handed him?"

"Read it."

Mr. Pixley took the paper from the floor and read: "E. D. bought arsenic of Gibbons, Chemist, Catherine Street, Salisbury, on the 17th and 29th October, and the 20th November."

"It's from a very careful fellow who's been helping me

to investigate this matter. I was in hopes I should have heard from him last night. However, the note came in time. Whether I did right to show it him I'm not sure. Perhaps not. But I felt a longing quite uncontrollable to crush the villain. It's wrong to be revengeful; it interferes with business arrangements. But I owed something to the memory of my poor friend. That villain felt the blow. How he winced!"

"He's certainly a villain, if there ever was one," remarked Mr. Pixley.

"And now I can tell you something more about him. You're fond of dwelling upon the motives that lead to crime, Pixley. At the same time I may tell you that you omit from your calculations the fact that much wickedness in this world is accomplished at a very cheap price, so to say—for very inadequate reasons. There was motive enough in this case, however—more than enough. Ernest Delpratt had of course discovered the will in his favor, never dreaming that it had been revoked, or of the manner of its revocation. But more than that. The man is a gambler, and deeply involved. He owes at least five thousand pounds. He is a defaulter upon the turf, and he has forged acceptances in the deceased's name. I have ascertained that. Bills are falling due at the Branch Bank at Andover, which he must meet, or prepare for exposure, if not arrest. So he determines upon the murder of his benefactor. Once the proprietor of Lupton Manor, all will go well with him, he thinks. But he was in too great a hurry. If he had only waited a little, a new will, under which he was largely to benefit, would have been executed. Something his crime would then have brought him. As it is, he gets nothing; he simply beggars himself. Murdering Mr. Delpratt, as he did, in fact, the murderer, to speak plainly, cuts his own throat!"

A strange noise was heard in the hall outside the library door. The servants, greatly excited, entered the room. It was some moments before they could relate intelligibly the tidings they brought.

The body of Ernest Delpratt had been discovered lying on the floor of one of the upper rooms of Lupton Manor House. His one hand clutched a razor, with which he had inflicted frightful wounds upon himself. He was quite dead.

It was the room in which Eustace Vere Delpratt had met his death by poison.

THE LAST SCENE OF THE JANISSARIES.

WHEN Mr. Mortimer Lightwood observed to Mr. Nicodemus Boffin that "Every man nowadays seems to be under a fatal spell, obliging him to mention the Rocky Mountains at least once in his life," he unwittingly enunciated a great psychological truth. There are certain places which, either from childish recollections or historical celebrity, haunt us like ghosts, and like them are to be laid only by pilgrimage and penance. I remember to have heard a quiet, respectable, well-to-do Londoner confess, with the timidity natural to an Englishman when betraying any tinge of imagination, that he found himself ceaselessly tormented by an abnormal longing to go and smoke a cigar at the source of the Nile. Albert Smith's famous tourist, on his own showing, undertook a journey to Palestine simply in order that, when told to "Go to Jericho," he might answer that he had already been there. In like manner, I myself have from my earliest childhood been troubled by an insane hankering after two historic scenes—the hill-top whence Napoleon cast his first and last glance upon Moscow, and the square at Constantinople where Sultan Mahmoud massacred the Janissaries. The first of these has formed the great "spectacle" of my flight southward from St. Petersburg; and I am now, at sunrise on a glorious July morning, steaming slowly into the Bosphorus on my way to the second.

In the changeless East the impress of the elder world still lives in all its fulness. To right and left as we shoot

into the channel from the lashing waves of the Black Sea, arise shadowy forests, and black broken rocks, and broad sweeps of smooth green turf, and all the marvellous panorama which Jason and his crew of buccaneers looked upon, when the "well-oared Argo" came gliding into the unknown sea, three thousand years ago. In the clearest and brightest weather, this famous gateway looks unutterably desolate, but the panorama beyond is a full atonement. Little flat-roofed houses, with white walls and green balconies, peeping at us like shy children from the shadow of their clustering trees; jutting rocks, walling in tiny bays of clear, sparkling water, over which the gilded caiques fit to and fro like fire-flies; ancient towers overhanging smooth curves of green hillside, and many-turreted palaces rising amid encircling vineyards, all pass before our eyes in one glorious diorama. And as we approach our destination, new beauties grow up on every side; Buyukderé, nestled in its little nook in the hollow of the curving shore; Therapia, with its little toy-houses planted like chessmen along the water's edge, and the English embassy standing boldly up in front; the "castles of Europe and Asia," gray with the grayness of four hundred years, scowling at each other across the glittering sea; till at length, rounding the last headland, we shoot into the Golden Horn, and lie-to opposite the Galata custom-house, in the glory of the early sunrise, with the glittering minarets of Stamboul, the straggling lanes and vast white barrack of Scutari, the green islets of Maltepé and Halki, and the broad sheen of the distant Sea of Marmora, all under our eyes at once.

But beneath all this wealth of beauty lurks an undercurrent of grim precaution, an eternal ambush of sleepless murder. Among the twining vineyards, athwart the dainty shrubberies, through the rich summer beauty of the fragrant woods, rise cold gray lines of solid masonry, from the embrasures of which the sullen eyes of countless cannon peer in hungry expectation. Along the whole length of the strait, from every available point, guns upon guns command the passage, sweeping every approach with a cross-fire in which no invader can live. This channel is the gateway of the East, and must be manned accordingly. Far away on the other side of the Black Sea, in Odessa, in Kherson, in Taganrog, in Nikolai-eff, sallow, beetle-browed men, in strange dresses, are launching gun-boats and plating iron-clads; and the Turk, mindful of this, has done his utmost to provide that, when the yellow-haired Giaours of the North shall come down upon Stamboul, they may meet a fitting welcome. There are nations whose whole historic life has been one long battle, and Turkey is one of these. Since the day when the warrior-Turk came rushing across the steppes of Central Asia in all the might of his untamed barbarism, sweeping before him the flying Avars, his whole history has been written in blood, first that of others, then his own. Wars of conquest in the Byzantine Empire, wars of vengeance against the Knights of Rhodes and Malta, religious wars with Austria and the Powers of Western Europe, wars of self-defence against rebellious vassals, and now, in the old age of Moslem dominion, a death-grapple with Russia, with an occasional Yemen insurrection or Albanian revolt to drain the little blood that is left. Poor Turkey! Well was it said of old, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Yet, even with these grim mementoes before my eyes, it is hard to force into the stately calmness of the Et Meidaun the maddening uproar and hurly-burly of that great day of vengeance. The last scene of the Janissaries tells no tales of its past. Man's ravage is transient as himself, and even the bloodiest of the world's numberless Akeldamas bear little trace of what they have witnessed. Who is there that, looking down in the silent moonlight from the summit of Mount Olivet, can recall in their fulness the multiplied tragedies of Jerusalem? Who can people the grand stillness of the citadel Mosque at Cairo with the fierce death-struggle of the slaughtered Mamelukes? Who can picture to himself, on the ground where they befell, Borodino, or Waterloo, or the last assault upon Sevastopol? I look round upon the broad, smooth pavement, the tapering minarets, the hoary obelisk of Theodosius, the brawny

porters basking in the sun, the swarthy fruit-sellers and half-naked water-carriers plying their trade, and am ready to wonder whether the whole story is not merely a splendid myth. Not so the old Greek merchant beside me, who saw with his own eyes every feature of the great tragedy, and remembers it only too well.

"What would you have, Kyrié Inglese?" (English lord). "If those fellows hadn't been killed, the life of any man in the city, even the Sultan himself, would not have been worth that dust that is blowing along the road. Talk of robbers! no robbers upon the earth were ever half as bad as the Janissaries. I myself, who speak to you, had a purse sent me by them one morning (when we go back to lunch, I'll show it you), with a pistol-bullet in one end and a demand for so many thousand piastres in the other; and I had to pay it, too, or they'd have shot me like a pigeon. Then there was poor Constantine Kanakari, my cousin (to whose soul may God be gracious!) — they took him — him, a respectable merchant, who had dealings with the Sultan himself — and made him sweep the street by the great Bazaar in open daylight; and because he was rather slow at it (as how should he not be?) they beat him with the flat of their swords! My curse upon them, the dogs and sons of dogs! I spit upon their graves, and on the graves of their fathers!"

And the old gentleman's bushy beard bristles with rage, as, warming with his subject, he winds up with a string of curses worthy of one of the tragedies of Sophocles.

"And what did the Sultan think of all this?" ask I.

"Judge of what he thought by what he *did*," answers my chaperon. "With his fleet blown to pieces at Navarino, and the Russians hovering upon the Danube, it was no light thing for him to slaughter thousands of his best men; for, to do them justice, they were brave soldiers — my curse upon them! But what was to be done? it was either their lives or the safety of Turkey — for they would never have rested till they had got the Sultan into war with all Europe. I can remember the time myself when men of all nations were found dead in the streets, hacked and mashed like sausage-meat; and when it was asked who had done it, the only answer was 'The Janissaries!' But when their time came, we did not forget what they had done!"

The fierce gleam of the old man's eye adds an ominous significance to his last words, and I begin to suspect that his share in the great tragedy was not wholly confined to the part of spectator.

"Well, hear me, my father — here comes a fellow selling lemonade, and there's a shady spot under the tree yonder; let us sit down there, and wash the dust out of our mouths, and you shall tell me all about it."

And the grim old tragedy, told on the very spot where it occurred, by an eye-witness of its hideous details, comes before me with all the overwhelming vividness of reality. On a quiet summer afternoon, a select body of men, chosen deputies of the terrible Janissary Guard, appear before Sultan Mahmoud, and peremptorily demand the concession of terms, the least extravagant of which is the instant declaration of war against "all the unbelievers of Western Europe." Very quietly and courteously does he receive them, that smooth, impenetrable man, who has already in his secret heart doomed them to die. Their demands, he says, are undoubtedly just, but they require consideration; let his brave Janissaries assemble on the following day in the Et Meidaun, and refresh themselves at his expense, while he prepares his answer. Next morning at sunrise, the famous guardsmen, in all their power and splendor, march gallantly into the square whence they are never to return. In the fatal confidence of overweening strength, they have left their muskets and bayonets in their barracks, and carry with them merely the long pistols and yataghans which never leave them; and for awhile they make merry in the anticipation of certain triumph, murmuring only at times that the promised answer of the Sultan tarries so long. Alas for them! the Sultan's answer is already prepared, and about to be given in language that none can mistake, from the mouths of innumerable cannon and the muzzles of forty thousand muskets. All

through the dim hours of early morning, the slayers have been preparing, with deadly speed and silence, for the work which they have to do. Every street is barricaded, every outlet commanded by powerful batteries; and behind the guns lie regiment upon regiment of armed infantry, and squadron upon squadron of ready sabres, and all the rabble of Constantinople, burning to revenge the long-continued insolence of the Life-guards. The wild beasts are trapped at last; but, in the pride of their unquestioned might, the doomed host still remain unconscious of danger, till a red glare and a thick cloud of smoke, blotting the clear morning sky, startle them from their fancied safety. Their barracks are on fire!

At that fatal signal, the work of death begins in earnest. To right and left, before and behind, the silent streets are one roar of cannon and one crackle of musketry, converging upon the living target that fills the square. At every glare and crash that breaks through the whirling smoke, a fresh chasm yawns in the serried column; death comes blindly, no one knows whence or how. Already, long swathes of dead lie like corn levelled by the hail, and their blood is running red over the smooth, white pavement; but all is not over yet. Blinded by smoke and fire, falling at every step, with sword and pistol against grape-shot and musketry, the doomed men rush fiercely on. Once reach the guns, and there shall be vengeance for all! And here at last (praise be to Allah!) appear, through the billowy smoke, red caps and blue uniforms; here is something that can *feel* — no longer senseless cannon-shot, but living flesh, which can be wounded and killed. Above all the awful din rises their yell of triumph, as they charge into the batteries, hewing right and left at everything which, in that blinding whirl of smoke, seems to wear the semblance of man. Down go the gunners like mown grass before the slash of the fatal yataghans; and the infantry who rush to support them fall man on man, beneath the swords of their old comrades, until the narrow streets are all one great shambles, from which the blood splashes up like rain upon the walls on either side. One struggle, and the entrapped tigers are free once more; but it is not to be. The man who devises this day's work is not one to leave his task half finished, and he has left no chance unprepared for. In the very crisis of the fray, just as the iron circle begins to yield, the dull roar of an advancing multitude is heard from behind; and through the smoke appear the green standard of the Prophet, and the white horse of Sultan Mahmoud, and Ibrahim Pasha, with forty thousand fresh troops, armed to the teeth, and burning for vengeance upon the hated Prætorians. Then all give way. The Janissaries, fighting to the last, are overwhelmed by numbers, shot, stabbed, hewn down, or flung into the sea, till the clear, smooth water of the Golden Horn is dyed purple from Seraglio Point to Galata Landing. For three days, the few fainting survivors of the once formidable brigade are hunted down like wolves through every lane of Constantinople; and the long debt of vengeance is paid with every accumulated horror which Eastern ferocity could devise.

"Some of them took refuge in houses," says my old cicerone, "and the mob, when they couldn't drive them out, just fired the houses over their heads. A few jumped into the sea, and tried to swim off; but the boatmen pushed after them, and knocked them on the head with boat-hooks; and those who made for the shore, the women chopped at their fingers with knives when they tried to catch hold. I who speak to you saw it!"

So perished the flower of the Turkish army; and doubtless certain keen-eyed statesmen beyond the frontier smiled in quiet satisfaction at the thought of how these stalwart swordsmen would be missed, when Count Dietrich and his gray-coated Russians came marching down upon Adrianople a year later. But, like many similar disasters, this great calamity was in truth only a blessing in disguise. There would seem to be a time in the history of every State when one tremendous blow alters its whole being, and severs, as it were, the new life from the old. With the outburst of the Revolution died ancient France; with

the fall of Sevastopol died ancient Russia; and so too (as if in them the old Turkish spirit had been personified) with the slaughter of the Janissaries died ancient Turkey, with all its fierce bravery and unreasoning destructiveness, its blind prejudices and grovelling superstition. Railways and telegraphs, daily papers and European discipline, are fast revolutionizing the men of Navarino and Adrianople; and it may be that, when the advance of civilization shall have done its work, the Osmanli will look upon the square of the Et Meidaun with the same feeling of thankfulness wherewith the Russian regards the crumbling ridges that girdle the wreck of Sevastopol.

HEREDITARY IMPROVEMENT.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

It is freely allowed by most authorities on heredity, that men are just as subject to its laws, both in body and mind, as are any other animals, but it is almost universally doubted, if not denied, that an establishment of this fact could ever be of large practical benefit to humanity. It is objected that, philosophize as you will, men and women will continue to marry as they have hitherto done, according to their personal likings; that any prospect of improving the race of man is absurd and chimerical, and that though inquiries into the laws of human heredity may be pursued for the satisfaction of a curious disposition, they can be of no real importance. In opposition to these objections, I maintain, in the present essay, that it is feasible to improve the race of man by a system which shall be perfectly in accordance with the moral sense of the present time. I shall first describe the condition, such as I believe it to be, of the existing race of man, and will afterwards propose a scheme for its improvement whose seeds would be planted almost without knowing it, and would slowly but steadily grow, until it had transformed the nation. If the ordinary doctrines of heredity in a broad sense be true, the scheme in question must, as it appears to me, begin to show vigorous life so soon as the mass of educated men shall have learnt to appreciate their truth. But if the doctrines be false, then all I build upon them is of course fallacious.

The bodily and mental condition of every man are, in part, the result of his own voluntary and bygone acts; but experience teaches us that they are also shaped by two other agencies, for neither of which he is responsible; the one, the constitutional peculiarities transmitted to him by inheritance, and the other, the various circumstances to which he has been perforce subjected, especially in early life. Now, in this essay I do not propose to allude to ordinary education, family and national tradition, and other similar moral agencies of high importance. I leave them for the present, to one side; the residue with which alone I am about to deal, may be concisely and sufficiently expressed by the words "race" and "nurture." It is to the consideration of the first of these that the following pages are chiefly devoted; but not entirely so, for I acknowledge that we cannot wholly disentangle their several effects. An improvement in the nurture of a race will eradicate inherited disease; consequently, it is beyond dispute that if our future population were reared under more favorable conditions than at present, both their health and that of their descendants would be greatly improved. There is nothing in what I am about to say that shall underrate the sterling value of nurture, including all kinds of sanitary improvements; nay, I wish to claim them as powerful auxiliaries to my cause; nevertheless, I look upon race as far more important than nurture. Race has a double effect: it creates better and more intelligent individuals, and these become more competent than their predecessors to make laws and customs, whose effects shall favorably react on their own health and on the nurture of their children. The merits and demerits of different races is strongly marked in colonies, where men begin a new life,

to a great degree detached from the influences under which they had been reared. Now we may watch a band of Englishmen, subjected to no regular authority, but attracted to some new gold-digging, and we shall see that law and order will be gradually evolved, and that the community will purify itself and become respectable, and this is true of hardly any other race of men. Constitutional stamina, strength, intelligence, and moral qualities cling to a breed, say of dogs, notwithstanding many generations of careless nurture; while careful nurture, unaided by selection, can do little more to an inferior breed than eradicate disease and make it good of its kind. Those who would assign more importance to nurture than I have done, must concede that the sanitary conditions under which the mass of the population will hereafter live, are never likely to be so favorable to health as those which are now enjoyed by our wealthy classes. The latter may make many mistakes in matters of health; but they have enormous residual advantages. They can command good food, spacious rooms, and change of air, which is more than equivalent to what the future achievements of sanitary science are likely to afford to the mass of the population. Yet how far are our wealthier classes from the secure possession of those high physical and mental qualities which are the birthright of a good race. Whoever has spent a winter at the health-resorts of the South of France, must have been appalled at witnessing the number of their fellow-countrymen who are afflicted with wretched constitutions, while that of the sickly children, narrow-chested men, and fragile, delicate women who remain at home, is utterly disproportionate to the sickly and misshapen contingent of the stock of any of our breeds of domestic animals.

I need not speak in detail of the many ways in which the forms of civilization, which have hitherto prevailed, tend to spoil a race, because they must, by this time, have become familiar to all who are interested in heredity; it is sufficient just to allude to two of the chief among those which are now in activity. The first is, the free power of bequeathing wealth, which interferes with the salutary action of natural selection, by preserving the wealthy, and by encouraging marriage on grounds quite independent of personal qualities; and the second is the centralizing tendency of our civilization, which attracts the abler men to towns, where the discouragement to marry is great, and where marriage is comparatively unproductive of descendants who reach adult life. In a paper just communicated to the Statistical Society, I have carefully analyzed and discussed the census returns of 1,000 families of factory operatives in Coventry, and of the same number of agricultural laborers in the neighboring small rural parishes of Warwickshire, and find that the former have little more than half as many adult grandchildren as the latter. They have fewer offspring, and of those few a smaller proportion reach adult life, while the two classes marry with about equal frequency and at about the same ages. The allurements and exigencies of a centralized civilization are therefore seriously prejudicial to the better class of the human stock, which is first attracted to the towns, and there destroyed; and a system of selection is created whose action is exactly adverse to the good of a race. Again, the ordinary struggle for existence under the bad sanitary conditions of our towns, seems to me to spoil, and not to improve, our breed. It selects those who are able to withstand zymotic diseases and impure and insufficient food, but such are not necessarily foremost in the qualities which make a nation great. On the contrary, it is the classes of a coarser organization who seem to be, on the whole, most favored under this principle of selection, and who survive to become the parents of the next generation. Visitors to Ireland after the potato famine generally remarked that the Irish type of face seemed to have become more prognathous, that is, more like the negro in the protrusion of the lower jaw; the interpretation of which was, that the men who survived the starvation and other deadly accidents of that horrible time, were more generally of a low and coarse organization. So again, in every malarious country, the traveller is pained by the sight of the miserable individuals

who inhabit it. These have the preëminent gift of being able to survive fever, and therefore, by the law of economy of structure, are apt to be deficient in every quality less useful to the exceptional circumstances of their life. The reports of the health of our factory towns disclose a terrible proportion of bad constitutions and invalidism among the operatives, as shown by intermitting pulse, curved spine, narrow chests, and other measurable effects; and at the same time we learn from the census that our population is steadily becoming more urban. Twenty years ago the rural element preponderated; ten years ago the urban became equal to it; and now the urban is in the majority. We have therefore much reason to bestir ourselves to resist the serious deterioration which threatens our race.

I have hitherto addressed myself to the purely physical qualities of mankind, on the importance of which it would have been difficult to have sufficiently insisted a few years ago, when there was a prevailing feeling that the mind was everything and the body nothing. But a reaction has set in, and it has become pretty generally recognized that unless the body be in sound order, we are not likely to get much healthy work or instinct out of it. A powerful brain is an excellent thing, but it requires for its proper maintenance a good pair of lungs, a vigorous heart, and especially a strong stomach, otherwise its outcome of thought is likely to be morbid. This being understood, I will proceed to the mental qualities of our race.

I have written much in my work on "Hereditary Genius" about the average intellect of modern civilized races being unequal to cope with the requirements of the mode of life which circumstances have latterly imposed upon them, and much more might be said on the same subject. The advance in means of communication has made large nations or federations a necessity, whose existence implies a vast number of complicated interests and nice adjustments, which require to be treated in a very intelligent manner, or will otherwise have to be brutally ordered by despotic power. We have latterly seen that the best statesmen of our day are little capable of expressing their meaning in intelligible language, so that political relations are apt to become embroiled by mere misunderstanding of what is intended to be conveyed. In no walk of civilized life do the intellects of men seem equal to what is required of them. It is true that Anglo-Saxons are quite competent to grapple with the every-day problems of small communities, but they have insufficient ability for the due performance of the more difficult duties of citizens of large nations. Consequently, the functions of men engaged in trades and professions of all kinds are adjusted to a dangerously low standard, and the political insight of the multitude goes little deeper than the surface, and is applied in few directions except those to which their guides have pointed. Great nations, instead of being highly organized bodies, are little more than aggregations of men severally intent on self-advancement, who must be cemented into a mass by blind feelings of gregariousness and reverence to mere rank, mere authority, and mere tradition, or they will assuredly fall asunder.

As regards the moral qualities, which are closely interwoven with the intellectual, we cannot but observe the considerable effect which the influence of many generations of civilized life has already exercised upon the race of man. It has already bred out of us many of the wild instincts of our savage forefathers, and has given us a stricter conscience and a larger power of self-control than, judging from the analogy of modern savages, they appear to have had. The possibility of eradicating instinctive wildness, and of introducing an instinctively affectionate disposition into any breed of animals, is clearly proved by what has been effected in dogs. The currish and wolfish nature of such as may be seen roaming at large in the streets of Eastern towns, has been largely suppressed in that of their tamed descendants, who, after many generations of selection and friendly treatment, have also acquired the curious innate love of man to which Mr. Darwin drew attention. All this gives hope for the future of our race, especially if "viculture" be possible, notwithstanding that our present

moral nature is as unfitted for a high-toned civilization as our intellectual nature is unfitted to deal with a complex one. It is curious to observe the great variety in the morals of the human race, such as have been delineated by Theophrastus, La Bruyère, and the phrenologists. It seems to me that natural selection has had no influence in securing dominance to the noblest of them, because in the various tactics of the individual battle for life, any one of these qualities in excess may be serviceable to its possessor. But the case would be very different in those higher forms of civilization, vainly tried as yet, of which the notion of personal property is not the foundation, but which are, in honest truth, republican and coöperative, the good of the community being literally a more vivid desire than that of self-aggrandizement, or any other motive whatever. This is a stage which the human race is undoubtedly destined sooner or later to reach, but which the deficient moral gifts of existing races render them incapable of attaining. It is the obvious course of intelligent men — and I venture to say it should be their religious duty — to advance in the direction whither Nature is determined they shall go; that is, towards the improvement of their race. Thither she will assuredly goad them with a ruthless arm if they hang back, and it is of no avail to kick against the pricks. We are exceedingly blind to the ultimate purposes for which we have come into life, and we know that no small part of the intentions by which we are most apt to be guided, are mere illusions. If, however, we look around at the course of nature, one authoritative fact becomes distinctly prominent, let us make of it what we may. It is, that the life of the individual is treated as of absolutely no importance, while the race is treated as everything, Nature being wholly careless of the former except as a contributor to the maintenance and evolution of the latter. Myriads of inchoate lives are produced in what, to our best judgment, seems a wasteful and reckless manner, in order that a few selected specimens may survive, and be the parents of the next generation. It is as though individual lives were of no more consideration than are the senseless chips which fall from the chisel of the artist who is elaborating some ideal form out of a rude block. We are naturally apt to think of ourselves and of those around us that, being not senseless chips, but living and suffering beings, we should be of primary importance, whereas it seems perfectly clear that our individual lives are little more than agents towards attaining some great and common end of evolution. We must loyally accept the facts as they are, and solace ourselves with such hypotheses as may seem most credible to us. For my part, I cling to the idea of a conscious solidarity in nature, and of its laborious advance under many restrictions, the Whole being conscious of us temporarily detached individuals, but we being very imperfectly and darkly conscious of the Whole. Be this as it may, it becomes our bounden duty to conform our steps to the paths which we recognize to be defined as those in which sooner or later we have to go. We must, therefore, try to render our individual aims subordinate to those which lead to the improvement of the race. The enthusiasm of humanity, strange as the doctrine may sound, has to be directed primarily to the future of our race, and only secondarily to the well-being of our contemporaries. The ants who, when their nest is disturbed, hurry away each with an uninteresting-looking egg, picked up at a hazard, not even in its own, but not the less precious to it, have their instincts curiously in accordance with the real requirements of Nature. So far as we can interpret her, we read in the clearest letters that our desire for the improvement of our race ought to rise to the force of a passion; and if others interpret Nature in the same way, we may expect that at some future time, perhaps not very remote, it may come to be looked upon as one of the chief religious obligations. It is no absurdity to expect, that it may hereafter be preached, that while helpfulness to the weak, and sympathy with the suffering, is the natural form of outpouring of a merciful and kindly heart, yet that the highest action of all is to provide a vigorous national life, and that one practical and effective way in which individuals of feeble constitution can show mercy to their kind is

by celibacy, lest they should bring beings into existence whose race is predoomed to destruction by the laws of nature. It may come to be avowed as a paramount duty, to anticipate the slow and stubborn processes of natural selection, by endeavoring to breed out feeble constitutions, and petty and ignoble instincts, and to breed in those which are vigorous and noble and social.

The precise problem I have in view is not only the restoration of the average worth of our race, debased as it has been from its "typical level" by those deleterious influences of modern civilization to which I have referred, but to raise it higher still. It has been depressed by those mischievous influences of artificial selection which I have named, and by many others besides. Cannot we, I ask — and I will try to answer the question in the affirmative — introduce other influences which shall counteract and overbear the former, and elevate the race above its typical level at least as much as the former had depressed it? I mean by the phrase "typical level" the average standard of the race, such as it would become in two or three generations, if left unpruned by artificial selection, and if reared under what might be accepted as fair conditions of nurture and a moderate amount of healthy, natural selection. It is to be recollected that individuals are not the offspring of their parents alone, but also of their ancestry to very remote degrees, and that although by a faulty system of civilization the average worth of a race may become depressed, it has nevertheless an inherent ancestral power of partly recovering from that depression, if a chance be given it of doing so. It has, on the one hand, the advantage of the civilized habits ingrained into its nature, and, on the other hand, it may rise above the abnormal state of depression to which the evil influences of the artificial selection of our modern civilization have temporarily reduced it.

In my work on "Hereditary Genius" I entered at considerable length upon the classification of men in different grades of natural ability, separated by equal intervals, and showed how we might estimate the proportionate numbers of men in each of them, by availing ourselves of a law whose traces are to be met with in all the variable phenomena of nature. For example, it will be found that we may divide any body of individuals into four equal groups, of which two shall consist of mediocrities, and the other two shall be alike but opposite, as an object floating in water is to its reflection, the one containing all the grades above mediocrity up to the highest, and the other all below mediocrity down to the lowest. I do not say that this law is strictly applicable to nations where many individuals are diseased in some definite manner, because the essence of the law is, that the general conditions should be of the same kind throughout. On the other hand, disease and health are for the most part due to little more than different grades of constitutional vigor and of sanitary conditions, and, so far, the nations will fall strictly within the range of the law, which I therefore employ as a useful approximation to the truth. My hope is, that the average standard of a civilized race might be raised to the average standard of the pick of them, as they now are, at the rate of one in every four. It will be clearly understood by those familiar with the law of deviation from an average, that the distribution of ability, in a race so improved, would be very different to that of the pick of the present race, though their average worth was the same. The improved race would have its broad equatorial belt of mediocrities, and its deviations upwards and downwards, narrowing to delicate cusps; but the vanishing-point of its baseness would not reach so low as at present, and that of its nobleness would reach higher. On the other hand, the pick of our present race would not be symmetrically arranged, but the worst of them would be the most numerous, and the form of the whole body, when classified, would be that of a cone resting on its base, whose sides curved upwards to a sharp point. I find it impossible to explain, without repeating what I have already written in "Hereditary Genius" the enormous advantages that would follow the elevation of our race through so moderate a range as that I have described. It chiefly consists in the sweeping away of a legion of inf-

fectives, and in introducing in very much greater proportions the number of men of independent and original thought. It is those men, who form the fine point of the upward cusp, who are the salt of the earth, and who make nations what they are; now the section of the cusp broadens as it descends, therefore if the whole affair be pushed upwards, so to speak, ever so little, the numbers of the men of the same absolute value become very largely increased.

I will endeavor to give an idea of the result of a selection at the rate of 1 in 4 of the inferior specimens of a civilized race, and will take my example from France, because the quality of the nation is well gauged by that of the annual body of youthful conscripts, who are carefully examined, and whose characteristics are minutely classified. It is better not to take too recent a year, as some persons believe the French race to have deteriorated of late, so I will refer to 1859, of which I happen to have the "Compte-rendu sur le Recrutement de l'Armée" in my library. Speaking in round numbers, a quarter of a million of conscripts were examined in that year, and no less than 30 per cent. of that number were rejected as unfit for the army. Six per cent. were too short, being under the puny regulation height of 5 feet 5 inches, and a large proportion of these — say one half, or 3 per cent. — must be considered as unfit citizens in other respects than being unfitted for the muscular work required in the army. Not many were incapacitated by accident, as by blindness or deafness resulting from injury or by rupture; but of these, again, only a small portion justly come under that head. I am assured that if a person has hereditary predisposition to deafness, slight accidents, such as a blow on the head, or a bad cold, which would be comparatively harmless to other people, will frequently affect and ruin his hearing; and the same is the case with the eyesight and every other function. In addition, we must recollect that many accidents are the result of stupidity and slowness. Of the injuries by the effects of which youths were unfitted for the army, I feel sure that less than half should be ascribed to pure accident, and that of the 30 per cent. who were rejected for all causes, not more than 3 per cent. should be allowed as coming under that head. Adding this to what we have already excepted out of those who were considered too short, there remain 24 per cent. who were diseased or crippled or puny. In round numbers, one-quarter of the French youths are naturally and hereditarily unfitted for active life.

I will now turn to the other end of the scale of ability, to see what the quarter of a nation is like who are picked out as the best, and I do not know a better example to cite than one which I recently witnessed with great interest; it was on board the St. Vincent training ship for seamen for the Royal Navy, which is stationed at Portsmouth. I was informed that out of every three or four applicants not more than one was, on the average, accepted, the applicants themselves being in some degree a selected class. The result was, that when I stood among the 750 boys who composed the crew, it was clear to me that they were decidedly superior to the mass of their countrymen. They showed their inborn superiority by the heartiness of their manner, their self-respect, their healthy looks, their muscular build, the interest they took in what was taught them, and the ease with which they learnt it. A single year's training turns them out accomplished seamen in a large number of particulars. I give in a footnote¹ the conditions

¹ Each boy must bring a proper certificate of character and declaration of age. The age of admission is between 15 and 16½. The agreement is to serve in the Navy up to the age of 28. No boys are received from reformatories or prisons, nor if they have been committed before a magistrate. The other requirements are:—

If their age is between	Their height without shoes must be at least	And their measurement round the chest must be at least
15 and 15½	4 feet 10½ inches	29 inches
15½ and 16	4 " 11½ "	29½ "
16 and 16½	5 " 1 inch	30 "

which they must fulfill to be qualified for admission; they seem to have been drawn up in an excellent spirit, and to produce most happy results. If the average English youth of the future could be raised by an improvement in our race to the average of those on board the St. Vincent, which is no preposterous hope, England would become far more noble and powerful than she now is. The general tone of feeling, in short, the "Mrs. Grundy" of the nation, would be elevated, the present army of ineffectives which clog progress would disappear, and the deviations of individual gifts towards genius would be no less wide or numerous than they now are; but by starting from a higher vantage-ground they would reach proportionately farther.

It is idle to lament the ill-condition of our race without bestirring ourselves to find a remedy, but it requires some audacity to publicly propose schemes, because the world at large is incredulous of the extent of the ill, while most of those who are more correctly informed feel little faith in the feasibility of remedying it. Nevertheless, the subject is one which the public ought to be accustomed to hear discussed without surprise or prejudice, and I trust that my own remarks will attract the attention of some few competent persons by whom they may be helpfully criticised. I will describe what I have to propose from the very beginning. It is entirely based on the assumption that the ordinary doctrines of heredity are, in a broad sense, perfectly true; also that the popular mind will gradually become impressed with a conviction of their truth, owing to the future writings and observations of many inquirers; and lastly, that we shall come to think it no hardheartedness to favor the perpetuation of the stronger, wiser, and more moral races, but shall conceive ourselves to be carrying out the obvious intentions of Nature, by making our social arrangements conducive to the improvement of their race.

There is a vast difference between an intellectual belief in any subject and a living belief which becomes ingrained, sometimes quite suddenly, into the character. I do not venture to ask that the doctrines of heredity shall be popularly accepted in the latter sense, in order that the seeds of my scheme should be planted, but I am satisfied if they shall come to be believed in with about the same degree of persuasion and as little fervor as are those, at the present time, of sanitary science. That is enough to enable the scheme to take root and to grow, but I cannot expect it to flourish until the popular belief shall have waxed several degrees warmer.

My object is to build up, by the mere process of extensive inquiry and publication of results, a sentiment of caste among those who are naturally gifted, and to procure for them, before the system has fairly taken root, such moderate social favor and preference, no more and no less, as would seem reasonable to those who were justly informed of the precise measure of their importance to the nation. I conclude that the natural result of these measures would be to bind them together by a variety of material and social interests, and to teach them faith in their future, while I trust to the sentiment of caste to secure that they shall intermarry among themselves about as strictly as is the custom of the nobility in Germany. My proposition certainly is not to begin by breaking up old feelings of social status, but to build up a caste *within* each of the groups into which rank, wealth, and pursuits already divide society, mankind being quite numerous enough to admit of this sub-classification. There are certain ingenious persons who examine the records of unclaimed dividends at the Bank of England, and search for the heirs of the original owners, and inform them (for a consideration) to their advantage. My object is to have the English race explored, and their now unknown wealth of hereditary gifts recorded,

They must be able to read and write fairly; be strong, healthy, well grown, active, and intelligent; free from all physical malformation; never have had fits, and must be able to pass a strict medical examination by the surgeons of the ship. Their teeth must be good, that they may be able to bite biscuit; at the same time, we must recollect that bad teeth are to some degree the sign of a bad constitution. The applicants come from various directions, and, though a majority of them do not know the regulations for admission, yet, as many of them do, and as all have to bring certificates of character, the applicants, on the average, must be considered to be in some slight degree a selected class.

and that those who possess such a patrimony should be told of it. I leave it to the natural impulses by which mankind are guided, to insure that such wealth should not continue to be neglected, any more than any other possession unexpectedly made known to them. Great fortunes are commonly observed to coalesce through marriage, and members of aristocracies seldom make alliances out of their order, except to gain wealth. Is it less to be expected that those who become aware that they are endowed with hereditary gifts, should abstain from squandering their patrimony by marrying out of their caste? I do not for a moment contemplate coercion as to whom any given person should marry; such an idea would be scouted nowadays almost as much as that of polygamy, or of infanticide. But it is quite conformable to the customs of this century to employ social considerations to effect what is desirable, and their efficacy in this case would be as great as is needful. The great majority are sure to yield to it, and it is a trifling matter, when we look to general results, if a small percentage refuse obedience. I also lay great stress on the encouragement of the gifted caste to marry early, and to live under healthy conditions, and this I consider would be effected in the manner I shall briefly explain.

The reader will probably find after I have concluded, that the questions chiefly to be discussed (it being understood that my primary suppositions are provisionally granted) are, first, whether the proposed means are adequate to create a caste whose sentiments shall have the character and strength assigned to them; and secondly, whether the existence of such a caste would or would not be intolerable to the country at large, at the time when it had become powerful, but by no means dominant.

I propose as the first step, and the time is nearly ripe for it, that some society should undertake three scientific services; the first, by means of a moderate number of influential local agencies, to institute *continuous* inquiries into the facts of human heredity; the second to be a centre of information on heredity for breeders of animals and plants; and the third to discuss and classify the facts that were collected. I look upon the continuity of the inquiry as very important, from the extreme difficulty I have experienced in ransacking bygone family details, even of recent date. Biographies and pedigrees require contemporaneous touching up, in order that they may be full and trustworthy, and that an adequate accumulation of hereditary facts may in time be formed.

All this is purely scientific work, to the performance of which no reasonable objection can possibly be made, and is intended to tell us in what degree and with what qualification the ordinary doctrines of heredity apply to man. Different persons may expect it to yield different results; that which I expect is, that these doctrines will be fully confirmed in a broad sense, and that an immense amount of supplemental and special information will be gathered. It is entirely on the supposition that these hopes will be verified, that all I have now to say is based. The proposed work is a large one, but not impracticable. Any family or any community could undertake the raw materials for itself, and therefore large districts, or even the entire nation, which is but a collection of such units, could equally do so. However, it would require much enthusiasm in the cause to carry it steadily on, and to discuss the results upon a sufficient scale, but it need not be isolated work. It would naturally fall in with an undertaking that would commend itself to many, of obtaining a more exact statistical insight into the condition of the nation than we now possess, by working very thoroughly a moderate number of typical districts, as samples of our enormous population. If inquirers existed, there are large numbers of statistical queries which might be most usefully answered. Among others, we want an exact stock-taking of our worth as a nation, not roughly clubbed together, rich and poor, in one large whole, but judiciously sorted, by persons who have local knowledge, into classes whose mode of life differs. We want to know all about their respective health and strength and constitutional vigor; to learn the amount of a day's work of men in different occupations; their intel-

lectual capacity, so far as it can be tested at schools; the dying out of certain classes of families, and the rise of others; sanitary questions; and many other allied facts, in order to give a correct idea of the present worth of our race, and means of comparison some years hence of our general progress or retrogression.

I will now suppose a few more years to have passed, during which time short biographies and pedigrees, illustrated by measurements and photographs, shall have been compiled, of perhaps a thousand or more individuals in each of the districts under investigation. Schoolmasters, ministers, medical men, employers of labor, and the resident gentry will be applied to, but no blind zeal should be evoked that might arouse prejudice and unreasonable opposition. The facts should be collected quietly, and with the *bonâ fide* object of obtaining scientific data. If the results prove to be such as I have reason to expect, then, but only then, will the conviction begin to establish itself in the popular mind, that the influence of heredity is one of extraordinary importance. I ask for no anticipatory action, but merely to inquire on a large scale, in a persistent manner, and to allow events to follow in their natural course, knowing full well that if observation broadly confirms the truth of the present doctrines of heredity, quite as many social influences as are necessary will become directed to obtain the desired end.

I trust that I have made my meaning clear thus far, to the effect that I propose no direct steps at first beyond simple inquiry, but that the mere process of carrying on the inquiries will have an incidental influence in creating common interests and mutual acquaintance and friendships among the gifted families in each class of society, such effects naturally resulting in frequent cases of intermarriage. Then I say, the offspring of these intermarriages will have some moderate claim to purity of blood, because their parents and many of their more distant relatives will be gifted above the average; also, the precise family history of each of them will have been preserved, and the foundation laid of a future "golden book" of natural nobility. Lastly, a mass of information bearing on human heredity will have been collected.

In the mean time (supposing the fundamental truth of all I maintain as regards the doctrine of heredity, and the probability that the improvement of the human race will be considered a duty) the scale on which inquiries are conducted will steadily grow. I should expect that all boys at school will not only be examined and classed, as at present, for their intellectual acquirements, but will be weighed and measured and appraised in respect of their natural gifts, physical and mental together, and that inquiries will, as a matter of course, be made into the genealogies of those among them who were hereditarily remarkable, so that all the most promising individuals in a large part of the kingdom would be registered, each in his own local centre. A vast deal of work would be, no doubt, thrown away in collecting materials about persons who afterwards proved not to be the parents of gifted children. Also many would be registered on grounds which our future knowledge will pronounce inadequate. But gradually, notwithstanding many mistakes at first, much ridicule and misunderstanding, and not a little blind hostility, people will confess that the scheme is very reasonable, and works well of its own accord. An immense deal of investigation and criticism will bear its proper fruit, and the cardinal rules for its successful procedure will become understood and laid down. Such, for example, as the physical, moral, and intellectual qualifications for entry on the register, and especially as to the increased importance of those which are not isolated, but common to many members of the same family. It will be necessary also to have a clear idea of the average order of gifts to aim for, in the race of the immediate future, bearing in mind that sudden and ambitious attempts are sure to lead to disappointment. And again, the degree of rigor of selection necessary among the parents to insure that their children should, on the average, inherit gifts of the order aimed at. Lastly, we should learn particulars concerning

specific types, how far they clash together or are mutually helpful.

Let us now suppose an intermediate stage to be reached, between that of mere investigation and that of an accepted system and practical action, and try to imagine what would occur. The society of which I have been speaking, or others like it, would continually watch the career of the persons whose names were on their register, and those who had aroused so much interest would feel themselves associates of a great guild. They would be accustomed to be treated with more respect and consideration than others whose parents were originally of the same social rank. It would be impertinent in any one to assume airs of patronage towards such people; on the contrary, the consideration shown them would naturally tend to encourage their self-respect and the feeling that they had a family name to support and to hand down to their descendants. Again, the society would be ever watchful and able to befriend them. For it would be no slight help to a man to state, on undoubted grounds, that not only is he what he appears, but that he has latent gifts as well; that he is likely to have a healthy life, and that his children are very likely indeed to prove better than those of other people; in short, that he and his family may be expected to turn out yet more creditably than those ignorant of his and his wife's hereditary gifts would imagine. This would make it more easy for him than for others to obtain a settled home and employment in early manhood, and to follow his natural instinct of marrying young. It is no new thing that associations should successfully watch and befriend every member of large communities, and in the present case the kindly interests sure to be evoked in dealing with really worthy and self-helpful people would be so great that I should expect charity of this kind to become exceedingly popular, and to occupy a large part of the leisure of many people. It is quite another thing to patronizing paupers, and doing what are commonly spoken of as "charitable" actions, which, however devoted they may be to a holy cause, have a notorious tendency to demoralize the recipient, and to increase the extent of the very evils which they are intended to cure.

The obvious question arises, Would not these selected people become intolerably priggish and supercilious? Also it will be said, that the democratic feeling is a growing one, and would be directly adverse to the establishment of such a favored and exceptional class. My answer is, that the individuals in question would not at first have so very much to be concealed about, and that, later on, their value would be generally recognized. They would be good all round, in physique and *morale*, rather than exceptionally brilliant, for many of the geniuses would not "pass" for physical qualities, and they would be kept in good order by the consciousness that any absurd airs on their part might be dangerous to them. The attitude of mind which I should expect to predominate, would be akin to that now held by and towards the possessors of ancestral property, of moderate value, dearly cherished, and having duties attached. Such a person would feel it a point of honor never to alienate the old place, and he is generally respected for his feeling and liked on his own account. So a man of good race would feel that marriage out of his caste would tarnish his blood, and his sentiments would be sympathized with by all. As regards the democratic feeling, its assertion of equality is deserving of the highest admiration so far as it demands equal consideration for the feelings of all, just in the same way as their rights are equally maintained by the law. But it goes farther than this, for it asserts that men are of equal value as social units, equally capable of voting, and the rest. This feeling is undeniably wrong and cannot last. I therefore do not hesitate in believing that if the persons on the register were obviously better and finer pieces of manhood in every respect than other men, democracy notwithstanding, their superiority would be recognized at just what it amounted to, without envy, but very possibly with some feeling of hostility on the part of beaten competitors.

Let us now, in our imagination, advance a couple of generations, and suppose a yet more distant time to have arrived, when societies shall have been sown broadcast over the land and have become firmly rooted, and when principles of selection shall have been well discussed and pretty generally established, and when, perhaps, one per cent. of the thirty millions of British people, that is, 300,000 individuals, old and young, and of both sexes, shall have their names inserted in the then annually published registers. By this time the selected race will have become a power, a considerable increase will have taken place in the number of families of really good breed, for there will be many boys and girls, themselves above mediocrity, whose parents, uncles on both sides, four grand-parents, several of their great-uncles and cousins, and all their eight great-grandparents, were persons considerably above the average in every respect that fits an individual to be a worthy citizen and a useful and agreeable member of society. I cannot doubt, that at this period a strong feeling of caste would be found developed in the rising generation, for such is the vanity of men, especially in youth, that it is one of the easiest tasks in the world to persuade them that they are in some way remarkable, and, in the supposed case, the persuasion would be well-nigh irresistible. A number of, perhaps, the best informed philosophers in the nation, who are experts in the matter, solemnly aver, after careful inquiry, that the individuals whose names are on the register are, in sober truth, the most valuable boys and girls, or men and women, to the nation. They may give them a diploma, which would virtually be a patent of natural nobility. They assure them that if they intermarry under certain limitations of type and sub-class, which have yet to be studied and framed, their children will be, on the whole, better in every respect than the children of other people—stronger, healthier, brighter, more honest, and more pleasant. They tell them that in addition to the old-established considerations of rank and wealth there is another and a higher one, namely, of purity of blood, and that it would be base to ally themselves with inferior breeds. In corroboration of these flattering words, the members of the gifted caste would continue to experience pleasing testimony of a practical kind, for there can be little doubt that one consequence of the continual writing and talking about noble races of men, during many years, would be to increase the appreciation of them. An entry on the register would then become as beneficial as it was a few years since to be born of a family able and willing to push forward their relatives in public life. Queen Elizabeth gave ready promotion to well-made men, and it is no unreasonable expectation that our future land-owners may feel great pride in being surrounded by a tenantry of magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood, mentally and physically, and that they would compete with one another to attract and locate in their neighborhood a population of registered families.

I will now suppose another not improbable alternative, namely, the result of some democratic hostility to the favored race. Well, it would gain in cohesion by persecution. If trade unionism chose to look on them as cuckoos in the national nest, they would be driven from the workshops, and be powerfully directed to coöperative pursuits. They would certainly have little inclination to inhabit towns where they were outnumbered and disfavored, and would naturally settle in coöperative associations in the country. In other words, the gifted race would be urged into companionship by the pressure of external circumstances, no less strongly than, as I have shown, they would be drawn together by their own mutual attraction, and would be perforce inhabitants of healthy rural districts, and not of unhealthy towns. All this, which is probable enough, would have an immense effect in strengthening the sentiment of caste, in developing the best points of their race, and in increasing its numbers. In these colonies, caste regulations would no doubt rise into existence, and gradually acquire the force almost of religious obligations, to maintain and increase the character of their race, by encouraging early marriage among their more gifted

descendants, and by discouraging it among the less gifted. The colonies would become more and more independent as the superiority of their members over the outside world became, in successive generations, more pronounced. Their members would be little likely to associate intimately with persons not of their caste, because they would succeed better by themselves than when other and less effective men were admitted into partnership. They would not only have peculiarly high personal gifts of intelligence and *morale* to carry out cooperative undertakings, but they would also have in many cases special advantages as well. If they wished to found a club for mutual relief in sickness, it would be foolish to allow strangers of a less healthy race to join with them. If it should be a building society, they by themselves would be able to enforce better sanitary regulations than if a body of less intelligent and energetic families were mixed up with them. Their social gatherings would tend to be exclusive, because their interests would be different, and often hostile, to those of other people, and their own society would be by far the more cultured and pleasant.

It will be understood that the colonies I am describing would be large enough for all the varied interests of life to find place for their exercise. They would be no mere retreats from a distasteful outside world, but energetic and capable to the higher degree.

The continued intermarriage of members of such colonies seems to me almost a certainty, and so does the happiness which would generally be diffused among them. Here, if anywhere, would a whole population learn to be industrious, like bees or ants, for public ends and not for individual gain. If such communities were established, it would be in them, rather than anywhere else, where those forms of new and higher civilization, which must hereafter overspread the earth, would be first evolved. If, however, they should be persecuted to an unreasonable extent, as so many able sects have already been, let them take ship and emigrate, and become the parents of a new state, with a glorious future.

All I have thus far spoken of would require no endowments, and yet how much could be effected by it! We may, however, expect that endowments commensurate with the greater items of national expenditure would ultimately be assigned to the maintenance and improvement of the best races of man. Our peers enjoy a gross annual income of some nine millions; and that of all other settled property, irrespective of merit, would amount to an enormous sum. It is very possible hereafter, at the time I have been anticipating, that the legislature, under the growing influence of the gifted caste (supposing other customs to remain as they are at present), would enforce some limitation to inheritance, in cases where the heirs were deficient in natural gifts. The fittest would then have a far better chance of survival than at present, and civilization, which is now recklessly destructive of high races, would, under more enlightened leadership, employ its force to maintain and improve them. The gifted families would be full of life and hope, and living under more intelligent and favorable sanitary conditions, would multiply rapidly, while the non-gifted would begin to decay out of the land, whenever they were brought face to face in competition with them, just in the same way as inferior races always disappear before superior ones. It is difficult to analyze the steps by which this invariable law has hitherto accomplished itself, and much more difficult is it to guess how it would be accomplished under the conditions here described, but I should expect it would be effected with little severity. I do not see why any insolence of caste should prevent the gifted class, when they had the power, from treating their compatriots with all kindness, so long as they maintained celibacy. But if these continued to procreate children, inferior in moral, intellectual, and physical qualities, it is easy to believe the time may come when such persons would be considered as enemies to the state, and to have forfeited all claims to kindness.

The objection is sure to be urged against my scheme, that its effects are too remote for men to care to trouble

themselves about it. The earlier results will be insignificant in number, and disappointing to the sanguine and ignorant, who may expect a high race to be evolved out of the present mongrel mass of mankind in a single generation. Of course this is absurd; there will be numerous and most annoying cases of reversion in the first and even in the second generation, but when the third generation of selected men has been reached, the race will begin to bear offspring of distinctly purer blood than in the first, and after five or six generations, reversion to an inferior type will be rare. But is not that too remote an event for us to care for? I reply that the current interests which the scheme would evoke are, as already explained, of a very attractive kind, and a sufficient reward for considerable exertion quite independently of anything else. Its effects would be ever present, clearly visible, of general importance, and of the highest interest, the number of experiments going on at the same time being an equivalent to the slowness with which their results became apparent. Also, it must be recollected that the laborers employed on the foundation of any edifice have a store of present pleasure in discounting, so to speak, its future development.

But even if the labor were wholly unremunerated by present pleasure, I should not despair, looking at the great works already accomplished under similar conditions. I will cite one example. The forests of Europe¹ extend over enormous tracts. In France, alone, they cover between eight and nine million acres, which equals a region 130 miles long by 100 broad. The chief timber tree in France is oak, and an ordinance which dates from 1669 contains a clause inserted by Colbert that "In none of the forests of the state shall oaks be felled until they are ripe, that is, are unable to prosper for more than thirty years longer." This regulation has been strictly attended to up to the present day, and in the mean time forest legislation has grown into an important duty of the state. The same has occurred in Germany, and the lead of these two countries has been followed by Italy, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and British India. To return to our oaks; the timber is of great value in France, not only for ship-building, but on account of the enormous quantity used for parquet floors and wine casks, while, on the other hand, countries which formerly supplied it in abundance, are now running short. In North Germany oaks are rarely permitted to attain a large size, being usually felled before they are 100 years of age, and the fine natural forests of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia are becoming exhausted; consequently the government of France strives to favor in every way the growth of fine oak timber, and postpones felling the trees until they are fully mature; that is, between the ages of 150 and 180 years.

Is not man worthy of more consideration than timber? If a nation readily consents to lay costly plans for results not to be attained until five generations of men shall have passed away, for a good supply of oak, could it not be persuaded to do at least as much for a good supply of man? Marvellous effects might be produced in five generations (or in 166 years, allowing three generations to a century). I believe, when the truth of heredity as respects man shall have become firmly established and clearly understood, that instead of a sluggish regard being shown towards a practical application of their knowledge, it is much more likely that a perfect enthusiasm for improving the race might develop itself among the educated classes.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

THE duties of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade are performed by a total force of under four hundred men. The Chief Officer testifies in his report for last year to the valuable assistance which he has received from the police as well as from the public. He draws attention to the dan-

¹ I take all the following facts from a very curious and interesting memoir by Mr. Sykes Gamble, Assistant Conservator of Forests in British India, published in the *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland*, 1872.

ger to which valuable property on both sides of the Thames is exposed during a considerable portion of every day, when it is cut off from a quick supply of water. This deficiency occurs regularly twice every day, and lasts each time about eight hours — namely, from two hours after high water on the ebb tide to two hours before high water on the flood. Thus during about sixteen out of every twenty-four hours waterside premises are liable to be placed in the utmost peril by any fire occurring in them or in their immediate neighborhood. Experience has shown that at certain parts of the banks a single line of hose cannot be got on shore in less than thirty minutes by forty skilled men working in full daylight. It is necessary to make a road over the mud by means of hurdles, matting, or other appliances, and, even after this has been done, the utmost caution is required to prevent the men falling over and being lost. It is impossible to save a man out of the mud unless he is seen at the moment of his fall, and the spot is marked before the mud closes over him. Among the dangers to which firemen are exposed must therefore be reckoned this, of being smothered in the mud which intervenes between the water of the river and the fire to which they desire to apply it. The remedy for this deplorable state of things would be to provide a sufficient number of "hards" over which the firemen could pass without the delay which occurs when they have to lay down a road for themselves. It would also be necessary to provide on the land side pipes of adequate size, with a constant supply of water. At present such pipes do not exist, and thus valuable premises, being as it were between land and water, enjoy during many hours of the day the advantages of neither. A floating fire-engine is very powerful where it can float, but its efficiency depends upon the condition of the tide. Owners of riverside property will do well to consider the danger to which they are thus exposed. The skill and courage of the Fire Brigade ought not to be neutralized by circumstances which are capable of removal.

It will probably have occurred to many persons that, considering the dangerous nature of gas, and the small caution with which it is used, the number of accidents arising from it is wonderfully small. We find from the report before us that the number of serious and slight fires in lodgings in the year 1872 was 161, of which 44 are attributed to candles, and only 4 to gas. Of 289 fires in private houses 71 were caused by candles, and only 17 by gas. Children playing with lucifers caused 9 fires in private houses, and lucifers ignited in other ways also caused 9 fires. Thus lucifers appear to be slightly more dangerous than gas. Defect or foulness of flues caused 53 fires. Smoking tobacco caused 5 fires, and intoxication only 1. It is certainly remarkable that so small a share of mischief should be ascribed to excess in drink. It has been often observed that drunken men take much better care of themselves and their property than might have been expected. They contrive to avoid falling either into ditches or under wheels, and it would almost seem that since the new Licensing Act the greatest danger to which they are liable is a policeman. In lodgings, where perhaps there is more disorder than in private houses, the number of fires attributed to intoxication is only 4. In houses kept by "victuallers," which doubtless means persons who sell drink, not a single fire is ascribed to excessive drinking. There are, however, a considerable number of fires of which the cause is stated to be unknown, and perhaps it may be fair to assume in some of these cases obliviousness produced by drink. But even after making a considerable addition on this account, it is surprising that what the *Alliance News* would call "barrel and bottle work" makes so small a figure in these returns. Smokers at any rate have much more to answer for than tipplers.

A few years ago Captain Shaw supplied to a Committee of the House of Commons some curious calculations as to the amount "spent" in various towns on fires. In Liverpool, he said, they spend £12 on each fire, and in Dublin they spend £20 while in London the cost amounted to £18. These figures were doubtless obtained by dividing the total

cost of a Fire Brigade in a year by the number of fires. It appeared by the same process of calculation that in Boston they spend £157 on a fire, in Baltimore £90, and in New Orleans £172. In New York formerly the Fire Brigade was altogether a voluntary force, if indeed it deserved to be called a force. "Their behavior," said Captain Shaw, "was, to say the least, disorderly. There was no management, and there were constant quarrels." Nothing was properly done, and the system became at last quite intolerable, and was abandoned. A paid system was then established, which followed slowly in the footsteps of the London Brigade. The reason why they had not advanced as fast as they intended was that they had been obliged to enrol in the paid brigade so many members of the old brigade. It was suggested that these American brigades did not touch small fires; but Captain Shaw answered that they made a great deal of show and turned out the engines at great expense. The principal number of Captain Shaw's men were at that time sailors taken either from the royal or mercantile navy. No men, he said, are so available as sailors, especially if they could be obtained young enough. The sailor has learned discipline, and is so strong and handy at climbing, and other quick work, that he can be made available for the general work in two or three months.

The earliest establishment by law of fire-engines in London was parochial, and dates from the year 1707. A few of the Insurance Companies had previously established engines of their own. The parish engines received rewards for attending at fires, but it was not necessary to have an effective engine in order to claim the reward, and the consequence was that the parish engines soon fell into great neglect. The beadies in charge of the engines were generally very old men, and they sent the engines out in charge of boys, and in some cases of women, and they took the rewards all the same. This being all that the law could do, the Insurance Companies tried to improve upon it by voluntary action. They tried for many years to amalgamate their forces, but there were great difficulties in the way. The chief objection was that any companies which refused to join would still have their own engines as an advertisement, and would make themselves very much known; whereas those companies who joined would lose the advantage of the advertisement afforded by their engines running about the streets. After a great deal of negotiation, the London fire-engine establishment was formed in the year 1833, and it lasted for thirty-three years. Immediately after the great fire in Tooley Street in 1862, the Insurance Companies began to reconsider a subject which had been frequently before them — namely, the responsibility of continuing to protect the whole of London at the expense of the insurers of London. It is wonderful that such a system should have endured so long. The Fire Brigade of the Insurance Companies was handed over to the Metropolitan Board of Works on January 1st, 1866. The chief station is at Watling Street, where it used to be. The most distant station in 1866 was three miles from the central station, but now there are stations at distances of six miles or more, and new stations are being continually added. The number of miles run by fire-engines in a year is upwards of seventeen thousand. There are few false alarms, whereas in some American cities there are many. There is still much to be done in the way of building stations, and in finding men to put into them.

London is spread over so much ground that it must be difficult to satisfy expectations which can hardly be called unreasonable. People naturally think that there ought to be a station near them, and efforts have been made in several districts to supplement the deficiencies of the regular Fire Brigade by a voluntary organization. There is not much danger of such an organization being converted to a political purpose as was done some years ago at New York. But perhaps it might have a tendency to become ornamental rather than useful. Captain Shaw, being questioned on this subject before the Committee of the House of Commons, spoke handsomely of the services of the volunteers, but gently complained of them for copying his men's hel-

met. It must have been difficult for Captain Shaw to preserve decorous respect for the Committee when a member of it asked him whether he did not think it would be an advantage to have a number of volunteers who would "take up the question" and stimulate his men to come forward in time. It is one thing to take up a question and another to do a fireman's work. The notion of a race between regulars and volunteers for priority of arrival is slightly ludicrous. The Fire Brigade owes much of its efficiency to exact discipline, and a competition between it and another force, excelling rather in zeal than order, would probably go far to neutralize the utility of both. There must clearly be a commander of the army which engages the fiery enemy, and we suppose that the volunteers would hardly expect him to be chosen from among themselves. There are places beyond the sphere of action of the Fire Brigade, but yet almost forming part of London, where we believe the services of volunteers have proved highly valuable. In the country, of course, everybody lends a hand with or without a head to guide it. Graduates of Cambridge may remember a time when that town and neighborhood were remarkable for numerous fires, and an excursion to a blazing farm-yard became one of the regular amusements of the winter term. In a country town the custom is, or was, to enter the houses supposed to be in danger and remove the property to any other houses at a safe distance. When leisure came for the reclamation of this property, some pieces, perhaps, might prove to have gone irreclaimably astray. In London, if you pause near the scene of a fire, a policeman moves you on. In the country, if you do not hasten to give assistance, you are thought to want both courage and humanity. Between town and country lie the districts where volunteers supply more or less the place, and sometimes usurp the uniform, of the Fire Brigade. When Captain Shaw gave his evidence, both the strength and the cost of the force which he commands were less than half of that which works excellently in Paris. Probably this proportion has been maintained, although the growth of London calls for more firemen every year. Skilled officers and well-trained men produce astonishing results. They cannot, of course, prevent fires breaking out, but they can and do arrest their progress. Dryden decorously assumed that the personal intervention of King Charles II. helped to stay the progress of the Great Fire of London. But nowadays both Court and city would prefer Captain Shaw to any other leader, however illustrious. It is a comfort to reflect that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is one of the institutions of the country which nobody abuses at home, and every competent observer from abroad must admire. It owes its origin, as we have shown, to a voluntary association of Insurance Offices, and it is one of the most remarkable monuments of the capacity for organization of Englishmen not employed or impeded by Government.

THE NEW PRETENDER.

We cannot profess to have felt any great degree of interest in the ceremonials which for the past week have been transacting themselves in a more or less dignified manner at Chiselmhurst, and which have occupied so unnecessary a space in the London journals. The lying-in-state seems to us to have been a mistake, the assumption on behalf of the dead of an imaginary position, and to have been marred, as it was sure to be, by the obtrusive vulgarity of English sight-seers, who shoved and pushed and tore each other's clothes, and crushed girls and broke the arms of women, in their wild efforts to assist at a spectacle which ought to have been left to Frenchmen alone, and Frenchmen to whom it was at once melancholy and solemn. That the courtiers and friends and partisans of Napoleon should have wished for a last opportunity of seeing their master's features, and paying respect to his memory, was natural or praiseworthy, but mere sight-seers should have stayed away or been rigorously discouraged. The funeral was better

conducted, but should have been more private, while the gathering of the Bonapartes is a family affair almost beyond comment in political journals. The clan has done nothing except inherit a name from the founder's father, the Corsican advocate, and is in itself no more entitled to notice than the family of Bernadotte, of which no one has ever heard. Only two of them all are princes in the proper sense, — that is, men within the line of succession to a crown, actual or possible, — and only one of them seems to us to appeal in any distinct way to the imagination. There is something striking and peculiar, as well as melancholy, about the position of the lad who is now, while still under seventeen, the representative of Napoleon I., though not his descendant, and the head of the Bonaparte family. He is the youngest of the ten or twelve pretenders now existing in Europe, he pretends to the greatest position, and unless he is singularly self-controlled and able, he will be the most completely ruined by the pretension. Of the fourteen thrones of Europe, thrones, that is, in either actual or potential existence, seven may be said to be exempt from the annoyance of personal pretensions even casually recognized. The Romanoffs, in spite of their strange family history, have no formidable cadet branch, and are not menaced by any individual of any other line. Since the death of the Cardinal of York, the last Catholic Stuart, no pretender of any sort has made out a claim to the British throne. The Hapsburgs are alone in their Empire, and have never had among them an Orleans branch. The Hohenzollerns built their own throne, and their direct line has never been broken, and their title to Prussia as it was in 1860 is not attacked even in theory. The House of Orange has no personal foe, and the Belgian title is disputed by a state — Holland — rather than by any individual. No one except Victor Emmanuel pretends to be King of Italy, and no one puts forward a claim to be the heir of Denmark. Among the separate countries, indeed, only two can be said to be seriously attacked, and of these only one has a claim to be regarded as of the first rank. There are pretenders enough to bits of kingdoms, "illegally," or "violently," or "irregularly" turned into provinces; but their pretensions are scarcely now claims to thrones, and are only put forward in occasional protestations. Francis of Bourbon claims Naples, and the Duke of Cumberland maintains his right to Hanover, and the Duke of Augustenburg says the "sea-surrounded" duchies should have passed from Frederick of Denmark to him, and Don Miguel de Braganza claims Portugal, and a shadowy personage who emerges every five years or so alleges disconsolately, but quietly, that he ought to be King of Sweden. Oddly enough, his chance is, among minor pretenders, perhaps the best; for if the line of Bernadotte failed, and Scandinavia shrank from the terrible dangers the proclamation of a republic would entail upon her children, the Swedes might think it dignified to summon a representative of the national House of Vasa. But the only active pretenders to great crowns, the only men whose chances of reaching thrones are at once considerable enough to affect European politics, and are denied, are the heirs of the houses which have reigned in Spain and France. Carlos de Bourbon is actually fighting through agents for the "legitimate" sovereignty of Spain, and might, were his party to develop a great general within the regular army, or were a man of genius to win the tiara, attain his ambition for a time. The Prince of the Asturias, the eldest son of Queen Isabella, though quiescent and little known, is of all men alive perhaps the one who has the best chance of dying King of Spain, being the one whom the Spanish army, if it has a preference, favors most. The Comte de Chambord might have been declared King of France in 1870, and annually claims the throne; the quiet Comte de Paris is his heir, as well as that of Louis Philippe; while the Prince Imperial represents a race but just unseated, and a party but three years ago possessed of power apparently unassailed. So near is he to a throne, so strong is his party in his own eyes, and so deep is the influence of training, that it would be vain to expect him not to "pretend," and what a life does that

necessity for the pretender involve! He is driven by a sort of fate to be either a conspirator or a failure. No position tends to spoil the character like that of a pretender. An heir can become a political personage like the Crown Prince, or lead society like the Prince of Wales, or be himself merely, like the Prince of Orange, waiting until his turn arrive in passive security; but a pretender, and especially a pretender claiming like the Napoleons, through the popular will as well as heirship, must always be dreaming, always unsatisfied, always feeling that every career but conspiracy is utterly insipid. He occupies in a world-wide suit the position of Richard Carstone in "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*," the claimant who is only waiting a decision which never comes, in order to be rich. The prize is so immense, so visible, and yet so distant, that the mental strain towards it must of itself interrupt or embitter education. Learning will not bring it, or exertion, or even capacity of itself. No man can say that any acquirement would help Napoleon IV. to his throne, yet what interest can any study, or pursuit, or even habit have for him, unless it seems to lead him there? An accident, an event, a surge of popular emotion, and he may mount the first of European thrones, attain a position before which every other must in his eyes seem poor, and till he attains it, life will be insipid. His duty must seem to himself preparation, and yet the uncertainty, an uncertainty he cannot but recognize, must make the preparation tedious or unreal. The success of a pretender is the rarest of events; indeed, Louis Napoleon's is almost the only instance in modern history except Charles Stuart's, for Gustavus Vasa did not "pretend," and Louis XVIII. was restored by foreign arms: and the temptation must be either towards the career of our own Charles Edward, that of a restless adventurer who, hoping for a throne, remained without cultivation, and when his hope died out found only in wine the means of keeping alive; or the career of the ex-Emperor, the silent, audacious plotter, mastered by a fixed idea. The Prince Imperial—it seems he declines the higher titular dignity, remaining prince till France shall summon him—may have the strength to avoid either course, to cultivate himself in patience until France repents, as the Comte de Paris has done, or live his life in quiet expectation, as the Comte de Provence did: but that is not the course his blood will induce, or his special position encourage him to pursue. His theory is not that of divine right, but of preferential claim to a popular election which must be rendered more possible by a search for popularity. He is surrounded, too, by men very different from either the Legitimists or the Orleanists, by adventurers, some of them, no doubt, respectable in their persistent fidelity, but many of them mere conspirators, and all of them feverishly anxious to regain the high social position from which they have been cast down. They were aristocrats while the empire lasted, and they have not, like their rivals, the bald-headed dukes who mutter sarcasms on M. Thiers, their pedigrees and their estates on which to fall back for consolation. Every interest will unite with every prejudice to induce them to spur their chief into premature activity, and he must be a strong man if under their pressure, and that of his memories, and that of his family tradition, he can keep his soul in patience until his hour arrives. Whether he has that strength, or any other, time alone can show. He has the presence pretenders are apt to lack, and inherits a manner better than his father's; but he is but a lad as yet, and though Woolwich speaks favorably of his powers, there is no proof he possesses the capacity to reign. His function in life is to wait, and in history waiting for a throne has seldom improved the mind. The Stuart who waited and won came back without a conscience. The Stuart who waited and lost acquired nothing but a manner. Of all the Bourbons, the two who alone have waited and won returned unimproved, or rather unaltered by exile, while the Bonaparte who waited and succeeded had conspiracy so stamped into his character that he conspired upon a throne. The easiest thing for a pretender is to be Charles Edward, a lively young gentleman of bright parts, high claims, a grand manner, and little else, and that is the temptation

which the Prince Imperial has most strenuously to avoid. For a Napoleon to build up a third time a throne in France, would be a chance realizing gamblers' wildest dreams.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "GRAND DICTIONNAIRE DE CUISINE."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS was a *belle fourchette* as well as an indefatigable writer, and therefore it is not astonishing that he should have kept a promise often made, and have written a cookery book ere his busy brain quite gave way. That his work was not brought out sooner was owing to a variety of accidents, and to the fact that M. Vuillemot was charged with its correction. M. Vuillemot kept "*La Tête Noire*" at St. Cloud, which was destroyed during the siege of Paris. He has since then run up a temporary hotel, and even invented a new soup, which he calls after his own name, so that his time has been much occupied, and he must be excused. The preface of the work, in the shape of a letter from the author to M. Jules Janin, is alive with gastronomical anecdotes, from the creation of the first man, who must have been nourished by a cow! the eating of the apple, Esau selling his birthright, the feast of Balazar, and the orgies of the Roman Emperors, down to the latest suppers at the *Café Anglais* and the *Maison Dorée* before the German war. The end of this sparkling letter is tinged with sadness; the writer has lost his appetite and his fortune, and after working for fifteen years at the rate of three volumes a month, he finds his imagination enervated, his head racked with pain, and, if without debts, he is completely without money, and sadly in want of repose and amusement. It was under these circumstances that he wrote his dictionary in a small village on the rude coast of Brittany, and had still spirits enough to string together a variety of amusing anecdotes, to a few of which we will refer.

Béquet was an incorrigible *viveur* as well as a wit, and one day his father, bitterly reproaching him with his vices, said that they would soon bring him to the grave. "I am thirty years older than you are," he added, "and you will die before me." "Of a truth, sir," answered the son, "you have always disagreeable things to say to me." On the day his father died, Béquet went as usual to dine at the *Café de Paris*, and asked the waiter if *bordeaux* was mourning.

Napoleon, he says, who, like Byron, was always haunted with the idea that he would get too stout, was irregular in his repasts, did not feed well, and too fast. "Far from enriching *le répertoire gastronomique*, we only owe to his victories one dish—*le poulet Marengo*!" This is all that remains of Napoleon to the epicure. Of Talleyrand the author speaks with greater respect, telling us that when eighty years of age, he passed an hour every morning with his chef, discussing the dishes for dinner, which was his only meal, as in the morning before going to work he never took anything but two or three cups of camomile tea. His dinners at the Foreign Office, we are assured, have become "classic," and will be eternally imitated. Dumas had no great opinion of Brillat-Savarin, who was attached to two or three vulgar dishes. He was a large eater, and spoke but little and with difficulty; he had a heavy air, resembled a curé; "after dinner his digestion absorbed him, and I have seen him go to sleep," wrote the chef Carême.

There is a pleasant story about M. de Cussy and Louis XVIII. M. de Cussy had served Napoleon both before and after Elba, but on the return of the Bourbons, M. de Lauriston managed to get him named subprefect. The King, however, knowing that M. de Cussy had been prefect of the palace to Napoleon, refused at first to sign the appointment, and only changed his mind on learning that the *gourmet* in question had discovered the mixture of strawberries, cream, and champagne. All difficulties were then removed, and his Majesty with his royal hand wrote *accordée*. It is some consolation to be assured after this that "*L'estomac ni l'esprit de M. de Cussy n'ont jamais*

brouché." With Louis XVIII. the reign of gastronomy was also restored, and Alexandre Dumas gives in detail the bill of fare of the first dinner set before the King at Compiègne. There were four soups, four removes of fish, four fish, thirty-two entrées, four *grosses pièces d'entremets*, four dishes of roast, thirty-two *entremets*, with sweets and dessert. We are also informed that Louis XVIII. had a gentleman specially charged to taste the fruit intended for the Royal table, and that this post was filled by the librarian of the Institute! — M. Petit Radel.

In the body of the work not only are explanations given for the preparation of every known dish, but we find definitions, explanations, and biographies. A long account, for example, is given of the celebrated cook Carême; and under Carême, too, Catholics are told how they may get through Lent without much mortification. Some of the explanations concerning English liquors and dishes, though not correct, are amusing, and therefore suggestive. For example, ale, we are assured, means *tout*, because it can replace all other drinks; "taken in reasonable doses, it is refreshing." There are many funny reflections over the *Bifteck à l'Anglaise*, which was born in France after the campaign of 1815, and was introduced with a certain dread and slyly into the French cuisine. "However," adds Dumas, "as we are an eclectic people without prejudices we held out our plates, and accorded to the beefsteak the right of citizenship." Under the head of "Welch rabbit" (*lapin gallois*) (*sic*) we have a fair description of how cheese should be toasted on bread, and a little farther on the author discourses about White-Bait, which he tasted at "Greenisch," and which he says is called *yanchette* in Italy, *pointin* at Nice, and *poisson blanc* at Bordeaux.

To show how few things have escaped the observation of the writer, we may remark that he tells us even how wild animals should be dressed, even to the panther; but we are warned against the eagle, whose flesh it was forbidden to the Jews to taste. There is an instructive article about absinthe, in which we are told that this plant, which, if it inspired the pen of Alfred de Musset, carried him to an early grave, gives that pleasant flavor for which *pré-salé* mutton is famous. But for forty years the liquor distilled from it has played sad havoc among soldiers and poets of the Bohemian class. Alexandre Dumas lived just long enough to see a terrible rise in the price of oysters. He says that the Greeks said, "The gods disappear," but lately a cry has been heard, "Oysters are disappearing." There is certainly no connection between a mollusc living at the bottom of the sea enveloped in his shell and eternally, attached to a rock, and the inhabitants of the venerable Olympus. Well! the famous cry of Bossuet, that famous cry of eloquence, "*Madame se meurt! madame est morte!*" did not produce a more terrible impression than this gastronomic voice in distress which shouted, "Oysters are disappearing, and have risen from 60 centimes to 1 franc 30 centimes a dozen." The sensation was profound, etc.

This huge dictionary — the last work of the popular novelist, dramatist, and boon companion — winds up with a series of *menus* for various sized dinner parties and various seasons. Of the real value of the work one may have some doubts. If no Spaniard could read Don Quixote without laughing, it may also be doubted whether any cook could take up Alexandre Dumas' dictionary without getting absorbed in its pages and keeping his master waiting for his dinner, while chuckling over the escapades of Romieu or the gastronomic adventures and disquisitions of the author.

BYRON AND HIS WORSHIPPERS.

A CURIOUS controversy has recently sprung up in the *Times* as to the accuracy of a well-known line in "Childe Harold." More than fifty years have elapsed since the publication of the last canto of that poem, and during that time many thousands of readers must have learnt by heart the

address to the ocean, and many hundreds at least have been shocked by the ungrammatical substitution of "lay" for "lie." It is rather odd, therefore, that the reading should now be undergoing a discussion as animated as though the flaw had just been discovered in Mr. Tennyson's last poem. It is yet more surprising to find that there are still many persons who, not content with admiring the magnificent vigor of Byron's poetry, insist upon believing that it is absolutely free from faults. One class of enthusiasts holds that "lay," being obviously a vulgarism, cannot have been written by Byron. The various readings which have been suggested are so obviously feeble, however, that this mode of escaping the difficulty does not deserve any serious notice. Mr. Murray's statement as to the authority of the MS. is conclusive; and none of the verbs which can be substituted for "lay" have any merit beyond that of being intransitive. Another class admits that Byron made a mistake, but regards it as wrong to dwell upon it. One of these gentlemen quotes a phrase from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:" —

"But hold!" exclaims a friend, "here's some neglect;
This — that — and t'other line seem incorrect."
What then? The self-same blunder Pope has got;
And careless Dryden — "Aye, but Pye has not."
Indeed! — 'tis granted, faith! but what care I?
Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

This is all very well; but it does not meet the case. Neither Pope nor Dryden, as far as we can remember, though we cannot pledge ourselves to maintain the negative, has made this particular blunder. Pope, indeed, not unfrequently falls into grammatical errors from an excessive love of compression: and it may be — for upon that subject we must admit our entire ignorance — that Pye does not. But then there is no necessity for "erring with Pope" because you do not "shine with Pye." The argument would be effective only as against critics who should maintain that Byron was inferior to Pye because he had fallen into blunders from which Pye is free; and nobody, as far as we know, has said anything so silly. Whatever may be Byron's merits, they surely should not blind us to his faults. He can't have faults! replies a still more enthusiastic writer. Byron is by far the greatest of English poets since Milton; and therefore we should humbly submit to any vulgarism or grammatical solecism of which he may be guilty. Byron must be regarded as an infallible being who is "super grammaticam." As the captain of a ship "makes it" twelve o'clock, so Byron's language must be taken not as recognizing, but as constituting, the law. We do not know, indeed, whether this privilege is limited to Byron himself, or whether a usage once consecrated by him is supposed to become henceforward part of the language. The extreme of fanaticism would be reached by the admirer who should continue piously to commit the same blunder as the god of his idolatry. If everybody who misplaced words could take refuge under the plea of Byron-worship, the sect would be painfully numerous. It is to be hoped, however, that the admirers of popular authors will show their enthusiasm in some other way than by barbarously mutilating their mother tongue. Precedents can be quoted from widely read books for nearly every pestilent misuse of language which is current amongst us. To take an obvious instance, Dickens did much towards hopelessly confounding the prevalent confusion between "mutual" and "common," when, in spite of protest, he insisted upon giving to his novel the title of "Our Mutual Friend." There is always a tendency towards degeneration through the inability of the careless and ignorant to recognize the finer distinctions between nearly synonymous words, and persons who are capable of better things should do their best to resist any authority, however venerable, under cover of which attempts are made to obliterate shades of meaning. A wilful blindness to the errors of Byron, even if it does not involve the condonation of similar errors in inferior writers, is to be condemned in the interests of poetry as well as in the interest of the language itself. A poet is an artist in words; and popular readers are not aware how greatly the charm

of the most exquisite poetry depends upon a fine sense of proprieties of language which they consider as finical and pedantic. The misuse of a single word may destroy the charm of a passage as decidedly as a false note in music. It is the fly in the pot of ointment which poisons the sweetness of the sentiment; the little rift within the lute which introduces a jarring note, even when we are scarcely conscious of the cause of our annoyance. To what, for example, is owing the enduring charm of such an exquisite lyric as Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may," or of Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George"? The sentiment in each of these poems is not only commonplace, but is delightful because commonplace. The beauty of them depends upon the expression in the simplest language of thoughts which are familiar to everybody. But of course it is not enough to express common thoughts in simple language, or Tate and Brady, to say nothing of Dr. Watts, would be great poets. The quality needed is an exquisite sense of propriety in the use of words, which is amongst the rarest of endowments; and which, where it exists, gives a charm, as unspeakable as it is impossible of analysis, to the utterance of a truism which in less skilful hands would strike us as trite and wearisome. To maintain a high standard of excellence in poetical workmanship is therefore the main service which criticism can render to poets; and more harm would be done by encouraging laxity in such matters than even by a grudging recognition of the merits which make us unwilling to admit the existence of faults.

The controversy, therefore, may be summed up very briefly. Byron has clearly injured a fine passage by a gross vulgarity, and it is a thousand pities that it cannot be excised. But it can neither be excised nor overlooked by a critic who is faithful to his duty, and we should not consent to sacrifice the language to the interests of a Byron or even of a Shakespeare. It is rather curious to discover that Byron should still have disciples ready to propose such a sacrifice. It might have been supposed that the Byron fever was over. No writer of anything like equal power ever committed so many poetical sins for the sake of temporary popularity, and Byron committed them with his eyes open. We need not dispute the statement that he is the greatest of our poets since Milton. Our judgment will probably depend upon the relative importance which we attribute to different poetical endowments. Nothing in Byron appeals to our deepest moral sentiments so forcibly as some of Wordsworth's odes and sonnets; nor is he ever so purely and ethereally poetical as Shelley in his loftier moods; but if sheer strength of human passion, finding expression in language of corresponding vigor, gives a man a title to the highest place in poetry, it must be admitted that Byron can put forward a very powerful claim in spite of all his affectations and his brutalities.

We are never in favor, however, of arranging poets in order of merit as young gentlemen are being arranged just now in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. We know of no satisfactory scale which will enable us to say, for example, that "Childe Harold" deserves 1,000 marks, and "The Excursion" 999 or 1,001. But, considering how conspicuously Byron's poetry is a mixture of strength and weakness, of ennobling and debasing passions, and how, even in his loftiest passages there is perceptible a false note of affectation, we should have thought that the day of indiscriminating admiration ought to be over. In the very passage, for example, which has provoked this dispute, the use of the word "lay" is by no means the worst fault. The sense of the eternal and unchangeable character of the ocean is, indeed, given with admirable power, though we might raise objections to one or two phrases. But when Byron gives a misanthropical turn to a reflection which is rather melancholy than terrible, he immediately becomes strained and unnatural. It is not a true antithesis to say that the ocean despises the vile strength which man wields for earth's destruction. Man cannot destroy the earth any more than he can destroy the sea; and the sea, so far from being a master who can, whenever it pleases, send him

howling and shivering to his gods in its playful spray, is in fact a very trustworthy servant. We feel that the poet is wilfully dwelling upon the destructive agency of the ocean, and wilfully turning away from its great advantages in a commercial point of view. The power of man is shown as much in shipbuilding as in building towns; and the ocean would not have been able to "mar the spoils of Trafalgar" if it had not been helped by the English cannon. It is not necessary that a poetical argument should be bound to logical forms; but in proportion as it is palpably distorted for rhetorical purposes it necessarily loses its effect. The same sense of incongruity pursues us throughout Byron's poetry, and makes us feel that it is not the utterance of the deepest emotions of humanity, but of sentiments distorted and perverted by the irregular passions of a nature stained by more than the average allowance of corruption.

Excessive idolatry of popular writers is indeed a common failing at the present day, and in one sense it may suggest some excuse for an exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry. As a rule, the living idols are those who receive the most unmixed incense. There are two or three authors at the present day whose merits are undeniably great, and who may very possibly deserve most that is said of them even by indiscriminating worshippers. At the same time, no reputation is quite safe till it has survived the generation in which it arose and the school by which it was fostered. We may safely say that Pope was a great writer, because admiration for much of his work has remained in spite of his dethronement from poetical supremacy. But the all-swallowing devotion to modern writers is not only rash, in so far as it is premature, but it is almost certainly wrong in many points, because it insists upon overlooking the defects of its idols. We may say with considerable confidence that certain writers have obtained such a position that whatever they write is certain to be received with a chorus of adulation. There may be an undercurrent of disapproval gradually accumulating, and calculated, it may be, to produce an exaggerated explosion whenever it becomes safe to give it a vent. But at present any hint that there are spots upon certain suns is received as a proof of the mean jealousy of the observer, and he is summarily ordered to hold his tongue. Poor Byron suffered in his day from excessive adulation and the recoil from adulation.

By this time we might have hoped that a calmer judgment would have succeeded. It seems, however, that the zeal for his honor burns as brightly as ever in some bosoms, and one reason is that his fame is felt to provide a convenient counterpoise to the fame of the idols who are now most fashionable. To praise Byron is by implication to accuse certain modern writers of defects from which Byron was comparatively free. In fact, our modern school of poets is weak precisely where Byron was strong. With all his affectations and his weaknesses, he did not fall into the errors of namby-pambyism; and he at least made a protest — an exaggerated and a brutal, but still a very effective, protest — against the adoration of mere prettiness, which is so fatal a defect of our most recent school of art. "There are chords in the human heart," said poor Mr. Guppy; and we may add that there are passions, though we frequently try to ignore the fact. Some of our poets seem to write for the benefit of young ladies, and to be ambitious chiefly to lie upon drawing-room tables; others seek to please small literary coteries, and lisp with affected simplicity in archaic costumes; and some who boast of shocking the proprieties only succeed in being indecent without showing the masculine vigor which alone can be a partial excuse for neglect of conventional decorum. Byron is the last of our poets who, with all his faults, can be said to have written for grown-up men, and to have made passion, instead of refined speculation, the motive power of his poetry. Perhaps it is natural that, when looking back to his writings from more sickly and academical performances, his merits should be unconsciously over-estimated. But, for all that, the sacred rules of truth forbid us to sanction the use of "lay" for "lie," whatever the ingenuity of the excuses put forward in its favor.

BOOK-SHELVES.

BOOK-SHELVES are to a library what the bony skeleton is to the bodily frame; they give it shape, organization, and, in a certain sense, life. Nothing is more hideous than a heap of books to a lover of books. It is one of the most compact exhibitions of chaos one can see — a perfect nightmare of disorder. And books, even if arranged with some regard to classification, on the floor present a painful and vexatious spectacle. If at all numerous they block up the room, and their position, horizontal instead of vertical, afflicts the mind as something incongruous and against nature. One's relative position to great authors seems reversed. Accustomed to look up to them in more senses than one, we now have to stoop to read only their titles (that is if they have not tumbled down on their sides, as books will insist on doing when on the floor), and this unusual effort involves much physical discomfort to all but the very young and slim, who as a rule do not set great store by books. To the stout and middle-aged such protracted stooping is not only disagreeable but dangerous, producing blood to the head, dizziness, and, if long continued, a sense of suffocation. But further stooping down to get at a great poet or philosopher implies a condescension which sensitive minds dislike. The great spirits whose choicest thoughts we preserve in books are entitled to a material as well as moral elevation — a high place in our houses as well as in our esteem. We take down our favorite author, and although we speak of taking him up also, that is only because he has been recently before taken down from his appointed post of honor on the book-shelf. In a word, books on the floor have all the appearance of exiles, and the nobler ones remind one even of banished monarchs, so forlorn is their condition. Mr. Carlyle, alluding to Dr. Johnson's humble circumstances at one period of his life, describes a room in which there was but one chair, and that had but three legs, and Mr. Carlyle suggests that Johnson's guests sat upon folios. We feel nearly sure that Mr. Carlyle would like to recall that remark if he could. To have allowed such an indecorum implies a callousness of nature in Johnson which he never showed in the deeper concerns of life, and which, if it could really be proved against him, would go far towards outweighing his kind treatment of his fellow-creatures when they really wanted help. The idea of letting a casual visitor sit upon Plato or Shakespeare, or even upon Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary (although the four noble folios of the third Dutch edition would make a comfortable seat enough) is so coarse that a really good man like Dr. Johnson never could have entertained it. And if his straitened circumstances forced him to keep his folios on the floor for a season, we trust that he kept them from dishonor.

Lord Bacon speaks of a man who marries and has children as one who has given hostages to Fortune. The image is much more applicable to the man who frequents book-shops and collects in time a large and costly library. The largest family and the most incompetent wife are manageable, portable, and quite inconsiderable matters compared to a large and precious collection of books. Children and wives can mostly walk about more or less, in and out of a house, and into a carriage or train. And if they get wet and damp they can dry themselves, and they will not let the most jolting conveyance damage their backs — in all which particulars they differ from books. It is strange that Lord Bacon should not have given weight to these considerations. Perhaps the fact that his books were a comfort to him, and his wife was very much the reverse, accounts for his overlooking them. And men were more stationary in those days, and did not so often have to contemplate the removal of a houseful of books. In these locomotive times the feat has to be accomplished not unfrequently; and a trial it is to a man's nerve, endurance, and stock of resignation.

It is on these occasions of removal, bad enough under any circumstances, that the whole value of book-shelves is revealed to us. Their silent, unobtrusive service, which

we take for the most part without thought, is apt to make us ungratefully forget that without them we might have books but we could not have a library. The breaking up of a library is the taking to pieces of an organized thing. It is dissection, almost vivisection. The library as library for the time being ceases to exist, and in place of it we have nothing but heaps, bundles, or boxes full of books. The ordered and disciplined array of a well-bound literary army has been exchanged for confusion, disorder, and almost mutiny. The picked corps in Russia and Morocco, the inferior forces in calf, have all been broken up; their compact and serried ranks, regular and imposing as the spears of a Macedonian phalanx, are dissolved into a demoralized and crestfallen mob of scattered volumes, a rout, a *saute qui peut*, of the biblical host. The owner of the host sits amid ruins, more pensive than Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, for he has two reflections which the great consul had not: he is most likely the cause of the ruin himself, having brought it about by change of residence; secondly, he knows that he will have to reëdify the building which has been destroyed, to evolve a new cosmos out of the chaos before him, and he must be very buoyant or very inexperienced if he is not depressed. But before we come to the reconstruction of a library, its packing and transport deserve a few words. We never get a fair idea of the physical bulk of books till we take them from their shelves and begin to pack them up; we then also realize their enormous weight. How are they to be transferred when their number and the distance they have to go are both considerable? Carpenters can no doubt make packing-cases; but this is not only somewhat costly, but the article supplied is generally needlessly bulky and heavy, and the cases after the removal are at once useless and intolerable lumber. The trade, which very likely knows the best thing to be done, uses discharged tea-chests, and perhaps there is nothing better attainable. The tea-chest has much to recommend it as a means for carrying books. It is made of very thin but very tough wood, such as no native carpenter could turn out. On the other hand, it is apt to present vicious nails which lacerate backs and bindings, and inflict ghastly wounds on margins and leaver, and it generally lacks a cover, which has to be supplied of brittle and flimsy deal. Still the demand for old tea-chests proves that up to the present time they have no rival in the transport of books, and sometimes it is difficult to procure them.

But painful as may be the dismantling of a library, it is nothing to its reconstruction. When books in large numbers have arrived at their new home, we realize the task before us of putting them up. We may have brought book-cases from the old house, but ten to one they will not fit the new rooms. And if by a miracle they do, in what "admired disorder" are our treasures presented to us! Folios and pocket editions side by side, quartos and octavos in adulterous and forbidden conjunction. However, they must be got out and up somehow, or the house is not habitable, and then you are made aware of the tyranny of possession which books can display. That Plautus, which you put on shelf B merely because he was an octavo and you happened to have come upon a run of octavos and you must find a lodging for him somewhere, has no right to be there where he is. He is cheek by jowl with Kant and Hegel, and you vow he must find another place among the Latin classics or the dramatists, if you classify by subjects. Yet unless you are one of those overpoweringly energetic people who never put off anything, the chances are he will maintain his position against you for a long while. You can easily pull him out, doubtless, but where is he to go to? Your classical shelf is chokeful; and as for the dramatic shelf, Dyce's Shakespeare and recent curiosity about the Spanish drama have made it hopeless to seek a refuge there. Another trial awaits the bibliophile who has yielded to the too tempting attractions of small Pickerings, Didots, or even of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne. These gems of typography are the vermin of libraries. The tiny, imponderable tomes easily escape the discipline which their heavier colleagues submit to. On any ordinary shelf

they are lost. And then where is one to put them? The natural impulse is to send them up to the upper shelves, to the attics of the book mansion. We cannot have them on the convenient level where books in daily use are lodged. And yet up aloft there, they are out of sight, and their minute beauties are wasted and disfigured by dust and cobwebs. Perhaps the best plan is to have them, like any other curiosities, in a cabinet or on the table, if the latter can be kept free from new publications.

A RIDE IN QUEENSLAND.

I HAD been about a fortnight in Brisbane; had seen all that was to be seen in that rising, but still embryo city; had dined with the governor, assisted at a Masonic banquet, attended a fancy ball—no trifle, by the way, in tropical Australia; made small excursions into the neighboring country; imbibed sundry sherry cobbler at "Mason's," the leading hotel; had visited the Supreme Court during a trial, and heard some decidedly hard swearing there; sat in the stranger's gallery of the Legislative Assembly, and been duly edified by its display of senatorial wisdom; had, in fact, done all that was to be done, and was beginning to find my enforced idleness irksome, and my time hang heavily on my hands. Queen Street, the Regent Street of Brisbane, had no further charms for me. I knew its dusty length by heart; its haphazard *mélange* of brick and boarding, of plate-glass and canvas; the wild independence of its architecture, and the heterogeneous collection of articles exposed for sale in shop windows, had no more novelty for me. I was sick of such sight-seeing, weary of having nothing to do, and impatiently waiting the transaction of some business which would render necessary a journey "up the country," to view a sheep station in which I was about to take a share.

In this mood I strolled out one morning into the Botanical Gardens with my after-breakfast cigar. These gardens occupy a pleasant site on the banks of the river, are laid out with some taste, and offer a convincing proof to the newcomer of the great adaptabilities of the country to the requirements of plants and trees of various climes. The growths of many lands may here be seen side by side; the plum, the pear, the peach, the grape, the Guava, the custard apple (heavenly fruit!) the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, the pine-apple, the tea, the coffee, the cacao plant, cotton, sugar-cane, arrowroot, and tobacco, flourish in no unfriendly rivalry, and indicate what may, and doubtless one day will, be done in this country when time, labor, and capital have developed its resources.

After wandering some little time through this Australian paradise, getting up a sort of flirting acquaintance with two of his Excellency's pet kangaroos, and watching lazily a little steamer puffing her noisy way up the river to Ipswich (what a quaint, yet touching habit, we English have of naming our new homes after the old ones far away!), the Queensland sun began to come out pretty strongly, and I sought shelter from his rays in a magnificent grove of bamboos which occupies the centre of the gardens. Here lighting a fresh cigar to keep off the mosquitoes, and listening to the drowsy hum of insect life, the musical groaning of the bamboos as they bent before the breeze, and the sounds of distant labor from the town, I was enjoying the *dolce far niente* to my heart's content, when quick footsteps rapidly approaching roused me from a sort of semi-reverie. I looked up, and saw my friend M——, the Colonial Treasurer.

M——, a cabinet minister, and member of the Colonial Parliament, was a representative man in more senses than one. A type of many Australian colonists, twenty years ago he had landed at Sydney, a raw youth with his fortune to make. Now, a man of property and standing, leasing land equal in extent to a third of an English county, numbering his flocks and herds by thousands, possessing a capital country-house within a few miles of Brisbane, the husband of a charming wife, and father of a promising

family. Still young, he could well look back on his past life with pride, and forward with hope, but alas, —

The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft agley.

Within a few months of our merry greetings in these gardens, the Angel of Death smote poor M——, almost in his wife's arms, and bore him from his earthly treasure, to that undiscovered country we must all one day visit.

But on this occasion there was no shadow of what was to come; my friend drew near with a bright eye and a springy step: "What are you doing, and what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," I replied, "for I have nothing to do. I am waiting for a letter, and on receiving it, shall probably start up the country."

"Why wait for this letter? Come with me, and see something of the bush. Parliament is up — the council has just had its last sitting for the season. I make the round of my stations in a day or two. Come up to Riverstown to-morrow. Sleep at my house, and we will start the next day. Bring your wife with you, and leave her to mourn with mine till we return."

The offer chimed in with my humor; I packed up my "swag," *Anglice*, valise, that evening, and next morning, shipping wife and horse on board the Ipswich steamer, left Brisbane for my friend's house.

Merrily we paddled off from the wharf, and rounding the grassy bluff on which stands the governor's house, the white marble of its walls gleaming brightly out of a verdant background, quickly left it and the city behind us: the town passed, the picturesque banks of the stream were thickly dotted with the country-houses of the more prosperous of the townfolk, vineyards stretched along the slopes and gardens, gay with brightest flowers, and the vivid green of the graceful banana decked either shore; to those succeeded the cottages and clearings of the settlers, and many were our stoppages as their boats came alongside with passengers or cargo; but these soon became scarcer and more scarce, till at last the primeval forest cast its shadows over the narrowing stream, and the lonely cabin of some colonizing pioneer broke, but at distant intervals, the silence and the solitude.

About half-way on our journey, we halted to coal. Here the mineral crops out from both banks, the seam being cut by the river. The miners tunnel inwards from the water, and both coaling and mining is cheap and easy. Our stock of fuel replenished, we push on, and soon pass a "boiling down" establishment, at this time not at work; but small mountains of whitened bones, and an odor perhaps best undescribed, testified most emphatically to the hecatombs of beef and mutton which had there been converted into tallow. From here to our destination was not far. The whistle blew a shrill scream of warning, we steamed up a long reach, rounded a bend, and my friend's place was before us. We pulled up beside a rough pier, where he and his family awaited us, and landed to a hearty welcome.

"Settling in Queensland must be an extremely pleasant and profitable speculation," was my thought as we passed from the river bank up the park-like slope that lay before M——'s house, and my eye took in the many forms of substantial comfort which he had gathered around him.

The building stood in grounds of some three hundred acres, from which the thick undergrowth, or "scrub," had been almost entirely cleared away, only leaving here and there an occasional thicket; the heavy timber was also in course of being greatly thinned out, but sufficient trees were left to give beauty to the landscape and the necessary shade. On the left, as we proceeded to the house, was a large garden well stocked with fruit, flowers, and vegetables; to the right was a cotton-field of considerable proportions, but this had been planted, as I afterwards discovered, more in deference to the "cotton cry" than from any real design of practised cultivation of the plant. M—— was a squatter, *pure et simple*, one of the numerous class who believe in nothing but wool as a paying industrial product in Australia. And so the poor cotton plants were

left to flourish at their own sweet will, to bear witness, by the rank luxuriansness of their growth, to the fitness of the soil and climate for them, while their snowy pods burst unheeded and ungathered; and the fitful breezes blew the feathered seeds to fall and germinate as fate might please. In the rear of the house were the farm-yard and buildings, populous and noisy with poultry, turkeys, geese, and pigs; beyond this, again, a paddock, in which a few sleek cattle, horses, and sheep were grazing, or clustering in the shade.

M——, not content with being the architect of his own fortune, had designed his house, and decidedly had been more successful than many amateur builders. The edifice proper occupied three sides of a hollow square. Entering under the broad verandah which girded it, we passed through a passage, with a spacious drawing-room and dining-room on either side, into a large and lofty hall, lighted from above, into which opened the various other apartments of the ground floor; a broad staircase, or rather ladder, of polished wood led to the upper story and the bedrooms, entrance to which was given by a railed gallery extending all round the house. The hall, panelled in dark cedar, was a delightful feature of the building, and from the height of the roof, and the numerous doors that surrounded it, cool even in the hottest day. It was the common room of the family. Here also were held the balls, parties, and private theatricals, in which M—— delighted. Here, too, was the justice room upon occasion; and here the master of the household, mindful of the Giver of his good things, collected his family and retainers for weekly prayer. Leaving the hall by another door, we entered a large yard with a splendid young Moreton Bay pine in the centre; beyond it a row of stables and offices formed the rear face of the square, and completed the plan of an admirable dwelling.

After wandering about, and admiring the grounds, the garden, the pigs, the sheep, the poultry, the cattle, and the horses, with which last my own steed had not scraped acquaintance, we returned to the house, and, dinner over, wiled away the time with music, singing, and the like, till the hour of retiring, which, after the ladies had left us, we delayed a little over a chatty pipe and glass, but still parted betimes to regain strength for our next day's ride.

The dawn had broken brightly next day, when I awoke. I arose, and drawing the curtains of my window, looked out. The morning was fresh, and almost cold; the dew-drops glistened on the lawn; a thick fog shrouded the river, which, however, the rays of the sun were rapidly dispersing. The "laughing jackass" was making the woods echo with his quaint note, the cockatoos were screaming from a field hard by, whole flocks of dainty little parquets were skimming hither and thither along the grass, and pert magpies hopped about jerkily after their manner, whistling melodiously while picking up the early but unfortunate worm. We were soon gathered round the cheerful breakfast table, the gentlemen in travelling order, i. e., boots and breeches, as to the nether man; and about noon, after parting from our respective Ariadnes, started on our first day's stage. The party consisted of M——, his brother, who was also his superintendent, and the present writer.

About two miles from Riverstown our route took us through Ipawich, a neat and thriving town; its former name was "Limestone," given it by the convicts in the penal times, and carrying out the promise of its original appellation. The houses are mostly built of that material, offering a striking contrast to the wooden shanties almost universally met with. We were soon beyond the town, proceeding along a broad but rough "corduroy" road, formed of trees laid transversely side by side and gravelled. The traffic from the up-country settlements and stations is great; the soil through which the road passes for the most part is of a tenacious clay, that when flooded—which it is very often—is heavy to a degree, so that without this rough and ready causeway, carts and wagons would be bogged beyond redemption. Evidences of the disastrous floods, to which the colony is too frequently subject, were on every hand in the shape of collections of straw and

drift-wood, lodged in the forks of trees some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, with now and then the carcass of some luckless sheep, rotting and bleaching to a skeleton, in their midst. The railway, however, which these go-ahead denizens of a colony fifteen years old were already hard at work on, was soon to give a practicable road at all seasons, when the "corduroy" arrangement would sink into oblivion, and great were the speculations of the Colonial Treasurer and his brother as to the influence of this work on the fortunes of their adopted country.

Our first incident of travel was an encounter with a hapless "new chum" who was in great grief; he had evidently just arrived in the colony, and was resplendent in an emigrant's kit imported directly from Piccadilly. His gaiters were a brilliant yellow; his knickerbockers and Norfolk shirt still showed the creases of their folds, and his pith helmet was fresh from the shop in the Opera Colonnade. He had a led horse, which bore a pair of saddle-bags, a waterproof bed, and an elaborate canteen that glistened in the newness of its tinnery. In this guise the plucky and independent Briton was on his way to his friends, with the vaguest idea as to where to find them, but having dismounted to drink at a stream which crossed the track, his packhorse had broken away, and would not suffer himself to be caught, while the beast he bestrode showed an equal disinclination to be mounted; each time the foot neared the stirrup, the brute would edge off to the right; and as the horse was tall and his owner short, the struggle was sufficiently ludicrous; we played the part of the good Samaritan so far as to help him to the back of his steed, when he started after his saddle-bags, which were now rapidly disappearing in the direction we had left.

The Colonial Treasurer, soon after this little episode, cantered off to inspect the railway works, and we followed his lead. We found the embankments progressing satisfactorily, and following their course for some little time, pulled up at a wayside inn to bait our horses and to lunch. The proprietor of this hostelry and his family were in a state of some excitement. It appeared that the evening before, a party of navvies had visited him on a drinking bout; these gentry, having succeeded in getting excessively drunk, left for their camp, but when half way there, feeling an accession of thirst, decided to quench it in more brandy. On returning to the inn they found its doors closed, their host in bed and disinclined to open them; whereupon they incontinently broke in doors and windows, helped themselves, and finally retired without paying either for the damage or their drink. The language of the despoiled landlord was more expressive than elegant, but he was in some measure appeased by an assurance from the minister, that a body of police should be immediately distributed along the line, who, if unable to enforce payment for what had been done, would prevent like depredations for the future.

The day was on the wane when we left this for our night's resting-place, and we pushed on briskly. The hills of the "Little Liverpool" range lay before us, and we reached their summit as the day was declining; from whence the eye ranged over a vast expanse of sombre foliage, to where the great dividing range loomed in the dim distance. Beneath us was the smiling valley, and the hamlet where we were to pass the night. A stream like a silver thread, wound along the plain, which was dotted with sheep and cattle. Presently the sun fell behind the sea of dusky green, the night grew rapidly dark, the stars came out in all their southern brilliance, and the light of Laidley shone a bright welcome as we rode up to the inn, and dismounted at its door. Here were other wayfarers, and our party at dinner was almost large. "Sublime tobacco," and a glass or two of brandy and water, crowned the repast, and after some talk on sheep, horses, the markets, and such like colonial topics, each man sought his bed.

Next morning we were early in the saddle, with a long day's ride before us. The swampy grounds of the lower country had disappeared with the increased elevation; but our route was still through fine open forest, chiefly of

the iron bark tree, with intervening patches of cypress, pine, and casuarina scrub, the shelter of wild herds, and the haunt of innumerable kangaroos and wallabies, whose tracks were thick across the sandy road. Occasionally we crossed a brook finding its way down from the hills, or wound along a shadowy ravine where the tree fern and the "bottle" tree grew in great abundance. The monotony of lonely travel would now and then be broken by a train of bullock drays, laden with wool from some up-country station, here plodding their weary way along, there halting in some picturesque encampment: these trains are commonly four or five months on the road. Or we would overtake a party of emigrants bound for the interior, with ruddy faces still unbrowned by the Australian sun; their wives and children occupying the solitary cart, pushed high up on a heap of pots and pans and blankets, and gazing with wide-mouthed wonder at the novelties of their new home: or a couple of stock drivers, brown and thin, in search of stray cattle, would greet us as they passed; their stock-whips long as a lasso, which, when cracked, sounded like rifle shots through the woods.

Sometimes we left the ordinary road for the telegraph track, a broad path some eighty feet wide, which cuts its way, straight as an arrow or a Roman road, through every obstacle, and, therefore, not always practicable for travellers.

Our noonday halt was at a place rejoicing in the name of "Bigg's Camp;" so called from having been the rendezvous of one of the earlier squatters and explorers before driving his herds over the Liverpool Range, at whose feet it lies. Here there were now a snug homestead and country inn, green, grassy meadows, and a limpid brook; altogether, one of the prettiest places I had yet seen in the country. Here, too, I discovered that my new English saddle had galled my horse's back. A word of caution to any intending emigrant who may chance to read these pages: Take nothing in the shape of saddlery; let no artificer in pigskin, however crafty, tempt you; you will find his wares a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; in short, all equipments may be dispensed with, and may be got better and cheaper in the country. The only articles with which a man need provide himself are boots, large, roomy boots; all else is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. I speak from experience, *experte crede*.

Having doctored up my saddle and my horse's back as well as possible, we commenced the ascent of the Liverpool Range, by a road which is certainly as steep as man or beast could desire. While passing up the lower part of the slope, my unsophisticated eye was struck by the sight of numberless trunks of trees, that lay on each side of the road. It looked as if some terrible tornado had sometime passed that way, tearing up everything in its course. On inquiry, however, these turned out to be nothing more than discarded drags. The ingenious wagoner from the table-land above fells a tree, and fastens it to the tail of his dray before starting down hill, and thus prevents the chance of dray or team getting on a little too fast, and tumbling over the cliffs; at the foot of the hill the men cast off this primitive contrivance, which they are compelled to remove to a certain distance from the road, and the accumulations of years have formed an enormous *abatis*, whose proportions are always increasing.

Gradually, and with painful effort, we ascended, the eye sweeping over ravines and valleys, and the wooded landscape, the view changing with every turn, till at last, after many a halt, we scaled the height, and stood on the table-land. Here, two thousand feet above the sea, we breathed a fresher and a cooler air, and our jaded horses stepped out with a brisker pace. A ride of three or four miles through an open forest, and beneath finer trees than we had yet seen, and we emerged on the grazing ground *par excellence* of the colony, if not of Australia, the Darling Downs.

Noble plains, stretching as far and farther than the eye can reach, covered knee high with luxuriant grass and herbage, gay with bright patches of red or yellow flowers and the scarlet vetch, while here and there, in shady clumps, the weeping myall with its laburnum-like blossom,

the feathery acacia, and the brickalow with its leaves of silvery green, break the monotony of the vast expanse, and give a park-like character to the scene.

These magnificent pastures are the squatter's *beau idéal*. Here many a man, from the rising ground on which his station stands, can see a hundred thousand sheep feeding around him, all his own. The lucky explorers and bold hearts who first sat down with their herds on these then untrodden lands are now the magnates of Australia; from this verdant and abounding carpeting sprung the marble palaces of Sydney, where Dr. Dunmore Lang's quondam "breechless Highlander," and many others of equal humble origin, now live at home at ease.

Do not, gentle reader, imagine from this that it is easy to go and do likewise. No: those chances are past. A station on the Darling Downs is not to be had now except at a price whose amount alone would place the man able to give it far above the necessity of labor.

But our journey was now near over. Our way lay across these splendid downs to Eastbrook, the residence of a wealthy squatter and owner of the land over which, in the purple light of evening, we now rode past flocks slowly feeding their way to the evening folds, each with their listless shepherd and his dog behind. Our tired horses began to sniff the stable, and broke into a willing canter. Soon Eastbrook head station and its outbuildings came in sight, and speedily beneath its hospitable roof we were enjoying well-earned rest after our two day's ride.

A NEW PLAY BY M. DUMAS.

PARIS, January 17.

M. DUMAS' new piece, the "Femme de Claude," was played for the first time at the Gymnase last night — and, thanks to the ever-progressing talent of Mlle. Desclée, it is likely enough to run for a hundred nights. It has a somewhat curious history, without a knowledge of which it would be impossible to catch the drift of the author, and not altogether easy thoroughly to comprehend his work.

Some months back, as your readers will doubtless recollect, a M. Dubourg stabbed his wife to death in a room in the Latin quarter, her paramour saving his own life by a precipitate flight on to the roof. An unfeeling jury actually condemned M. Dubourg, who was shown on his trial to have lain in wait for his own dishonor, and to have shamefully neglected his erring wife, to five years' imprisonment. M. Henri d'Ideville, the clever author of the "Journal of a Diplomatist," took occasion to remark in the *Soir*, that it would perhaps have been as well if M. Dubourg had abstained from murdering his wife. This brought M. Dumas into the field. The son of the author of the "Three Musketeers" prides himself on his knowledge of the female sex in particular, and the duties of mankind in general. So the spirit moved him to publish a pamphlet, under the strange title of "L'Homme-Femme," in which he laid it down that when a woman is peculiarly vicious and incorrigible, it is the husband's duty to rid the world of such a creature — in other words, to kill her. "Tue-la," was the advice given by M. Dumas to husbands afflicted with erring spouses. Although "L'Homme-Femme," like everything else M. Dumas writes, had a large circulation, few people were convinced by it, and wife murder did not increase in any notable proportion in Paris. Hence the "Femme de Claude" which is specially designed to show how necessary, right, and fitting it is to kill one's wife occasionally.

Claude (M. Landrol) is an inventor; he has, when the play commences, just succeeded in designing a cannon of such tremendous power and destructive force as to render it irresistible; he determines to devote his invention, not to his own profit, but to the defence and aggrandizement of his country. But, like most inventors, Claude is not over blessed with money. Having spent great part of his fortune in experiments in cannon founding, he finds himself obliged to sell his house and home to carry on his experiments. A notary, M. Daniel, presents himself and

talks of buying the property. "But why sell it all," he suddenly exclaims; "I will advance you any money you may require on condition you will associate me in the profits of your enterprise." This, however, Claude steadily refuses to do. He does not regard his invention as a stepping-stone to fortune, but as a means to restore his fallen country to the rank she once held in Europe. "But you are making war more horrible than ever," objects the man of law. "Not so," retorts Claude, repeating, unconsciously of course, a speech of Sir William Armstrong on the beach at Shoeburyness years ago, "I am rendering war impossible." This sentiment delighted the audience greatly, and the house rang with applause. But what pleased the spectators much more was when Claude went on to say that there was no fear of his all-powerful invention being abused in the hands of France, "For France never makes unjust wars!"

Finding Claude himself inflexible, and quite determined not to sell his terrible invention, the wily M. Daniel addresses himself to the wife of Claude (Mlle. Desclée), who has just returned from a mysterious journey. To her the pretended notary makes a clean breast of it. "I really represent a powerful association, which has determined to buy up all inventions from which profit can be derived. What will you sell me your husband's secret for?" Césarine — such is the wife's name — begins by declaring that she will tell her husband, but the cunning agent reduces her very quickly to silence by proving that he is acquainted with her past life, which does not bear looking into. "I do not care for that," shrieks the guilty woman; "and he has forgiven me." "No, nonsense, madame," replies the agent, "what your husband does not know is that you fled from here lately with a paramour, under pretext of a journey to see a relative; that paramour took two hundred thousand francs away with him. You have that money: where is M. Richard, your lover? Say a word, and I will tell your husband, and he or I will hand you over to the Public Prosecutor as a murderess." Césarine is now thoroughly frightened; she tacitly consents to betray her husband's secret, and the sham notary leaves her. Left alone, Césarine the guilty says, "Well, I must commit yet one more crime, and then I will be good forever after." On which edifying remark the curtain falls, and the first act comes to an end.

In the second act, a charming young Jewess, Rebecca (Mlle. Pierson), quite composedly informs Claude that she loves him, and that she hopes to marry him in the next world. Whilst Mlle. Rebecca is listening to Claude's protestations of love in a future world, Claude's wife is listening to his pupil M. Antonin's ardent professions of love in this.

As might naturally be expected, there is after this a scene between Claude and his wife, in which the latter vainly attempts to regain her lost place in his affections. All in vain. Claude tells her brutally that he has no love left for such as she, and excites her to defy him. "Ah!" screams the jealous, erring wife, "I am to perish, I see; but have a care, I will not fall alone." This scene was acted by Mlle. Desclée in a manner which brought down the house, and so loud and long was the applause that it was some minutes before the play continued. Claude is careless of his wife's threats "Do what you like to me," he says, "but take care how you harm the innocent. If you do that, and add fresh misfortunes to those you have already caused, I will kill you." With these words the curtain falls on the close of the second act.

The beginning of the third act shows Claude in his study by moonlight, praying. He asks, in language which would have caused the play to be hissed from the stage in England, whether he had better kill his wife or not? Before he has made up his mind on this subject, the treacherous notary enters. He wishes Claude good-by, and, as if the author feared he had been too pious in the person of his hero just before, is made to deliver a speech so crudely cynical and so abominably blasphemous that the audience showed their disapprobation by loud murmurs. Although warned of his danger by a servant, Claude leaves the house

to see his *bien aimée* Rebecca safe to the station. In the absence of her husband, Césarine endeavors to persuade his pupil to betray the secret of the invention. At the last moment the wretched Antonin's better feelings prevail, and he endeavors to wrest the precious papers from Césarine's grasp. She resists him, however, and flings them out of window to the false notary, who has promised her a million francs for them. Just then Claude enters; he catches up a musket, the invention of Antonin, and shows its efficacy by blowing out Césarine's brains. Turning to Antonin, he then coolly remarks across the dead body of his erring wife, "Now come and work," and the "Femme de Claude" is at an end.

There was loud applause when the curtain fell, but for whom it was meant was soon shown when M. Landrol, who acted the part of Claude with great cleverness, came forward to announce the author's name. Cries, repeated again and again from pit to gallery, were at once raised of "Desclée! Desclée!" and for five minutes the unfortunate M. Landrol was unable to make himself heard. At length the storm subsided, and M. Landrol said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the play we have had the honor of acting before you to-night is by" — "Mlle. Aimée Desclée!" screamed a "Titu" from the gallery, and the house seemed to consider the joke a good one. When at length M. Landrol pronounced M. Dumas' name, it was very coldly received. Then Mlle. Desclée was led on, and the audience gave the actress the reception she so richly merited.

I, for one, and I know that this opinion was that of not a few of my neighbors, am convinced that but for the efforts and the talent of M. Landrol and Mlle. Desclée, the piece would have been a failure. Mlle. Desclée alone is a host in herself, and her acting would save a much worse play than the "Femme de Claude."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A NATIONAL subscription has been opened at Venice for a monument to Napoleon III.

GEORGE ELIOT has received £8,000 for "Middlemarch," the highest sum ever paid to a lady for a work of fiction.

In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (January 11) Berthold Auerbach begins an elaborate and rather enthusiastic appreciation of Gustav Freytag's last romance, "Ingo und Ingraban," parts of which he considers to be nothing less than Homeric.

MR. W. R. S. RALSTON, of the British Museum, author of "The Songs of the Russian People," and translator of Krilof's "Fables," has been elected a corresponding member of the ethnographical section of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia.

THE now much-spoken-of Count Schouvaloff enjoys great authority at St. Petersburg, as may be seen from the name given to him in Court circles — *L'homme tout puissant*. He has been often designated as the future successor of Prince Gortschakoff, and is said to have been essentially instrumental in bringing about the late meeting of the three Emperors.

SINCE the French domestics have rebelled against wearing caps, their young mistresses have adopted them; the latest and most piquante specimen of this head-gear is "the Princess," a small edition of the Normandy peasant's cap, made of clear white muslin, with a narrow lace border and colored ribbon, or black velvet band and bow.

MR. JOHN MILLER, one of London's old booksellers, is just dead. Mr. Miller (who had been a bookseller well nigh forty years) was in his earlier days occasionally a publisher, and under his imprint Mr. R. H. Horne's famous Farthing Epic, "Orion," was issued to the public. He was on intimate terms with Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, Thomas Hood, John Britton, and other "men of the time." Barry Cornwall, himself almost the remaining link of a brilliant circle, gracefully befriended him years ago in a period of great domestic affliction.

ONE of the most amusing of Voltaire's blunders as an historian and a maker of compliments was that of apologizing to the Austrian chancellor Ulfeldt for not having, in the "Siècle de Louis XIV." praised him for the gallant defence of Barcelona by his father some fifty years before. The letter in which Vol-

taire makes the mistake is not known, but it accompanied the copy of his work which was sent to Ulfeldt, with two others, for presentation to Maria Theresa and the Emperor Francis, and his answer to the chancellor's acknowledgment and correction has just been discovered by Alfred V. Arneth in the imperial archives at Vienna, and published for the first time in the *Vienna Abendpost*.

A WRITER in the *Figaro*, perfectly familiar with the English language, and anxious to make the fact known, has just given us one of those fearfully and wonderfully made paragraphs which so astonish the English and American residents of Paris. As this item is not translatable, and as it is a literary curiosity of the first water, we feel bound to give it in the original: "Avez-vous remarqué la dépêche Américaine qui annonce que *M. Stock* a été reconnu coupable du meurtre de *M. Fish*? C'est peut-être vrai. Mais quelle drôle de rencontre!—*Stock-fish* est un mot anglais qui signifie *morue*. Que voulez-vous qu'il *fish* contre trois? Qu'il *morât*." Such is fame. Mr. Stokes would be content to die if he knew that he had assassinated Fisk, only to be handed down in history in this manner. The *XIX. Siècle* also has a writer very strong in English. "Ce *girs drinkers* Edgard Poe" is one of his quotations, he meaning to say, probably, "the gin-drinker Edgard Poe."

THE *London Court Journal*, which is very Napoleonic indeed, has several columns of gossip apropos of the late Emperor, from which we copy the following: "It is noted as a strange coincidence that Napoleon III. died at Chiselhurst at 10.45 A. M., which was precisely the hour when the great clock of the Tuilleries stopped after the palace was set fire to by the Commune.—M. Carpaux made for the Prince Imperial a wonderfully truthful drawing of the Emperor as he lay in his coffin, and has also been commissioned to execute a bust from the mask taken by Signor Brucciani.—The last words pronounced by the Emperor, in his dying moments, were addressed to his old and faithful friend, Dr. Conneau. They were: 'Étiez-vous à Sedan?' (Were you at Sedan?) Subsequently the Empress held his hand in hers, and gently kissed it; the Emperor smiled, and his lips moved, as if returning his wife's embrace, but he never uttered another word after that last thought—'Sedan!'—The following is the manner in which the news of his father's death was broken to the Prince Imperial: When the Prince arrived, he exclaimed, in alighting from the carriage, 'My father!' Count Davilliers grasped his hand, saying, 'Monseigneur, you must have courage; the Emperor is very ill!' At that moment the Prince perceived the Catholic priest of Chiselhurst, who looked painfully concerned. Manning himself against his first effect of sorrow, 'Tell me the truth,' he cried; 'I have strength to support it.' At length the Empress came out in tears, and clasping him in her arms, was able to say, 'Louis, my poor boy! I have only you left.' The Prince rushed into his father's room, and there, throwing himself on his knees, recited aloud the Lord's Prayer. This act of devotion ended, he cried out with a feeling of the deepest affliction, 'I cannot, I cannot look!' and immediately hurried to his own room. It was there only, after having heard the distressing narrative of Baron Corvisart and Dr. Conneau, that his nerves became relaxed, and he was able to shed an abundance of tears."

THE *Buenos Ayres Standard*, in an article relating to the wreck of the Royal Mail Steamer *Tacora*, says: "It has been a subject of surprise to many that Captain Stewart, who is considered one of the most experienced and careful sailors in the Pacific Company's service, should have been so convinced that he was several miles from land just before the *Tacora* ran on Cape St. Mary. There is, however, an extraordinary revelation by Mr. James Oliver, of Fray Bentos, which goes far towards explaining the cause of the wreck of the steamer in question. Mr. Oliver states that in the year 1848 the schooner *Miltiades*, of Monte Video, was fishing for seals between Lobos Island and Castillos. On the evening in question, about four o'clock, it fell quite calm, with no current either up or down, the vessel lying in nineteen fathoms of water, and about five miles from the shore. 'At eight P. M.,' says Mr. Oliver, 'on going on deck, the moon being nearly full, and a bright moonlight night, I thought we were much nearer the shore, and on heaving the lead, I found the same depth of water. I soon, however, perceived that, although there was no current, the vessel was drifting towards the shore about a mile an hour. Calling my comrades, I succeeded, by means of oars, in turning the bow of the vessel again seawards, but several times it swerved again round towards land. I was unwilling to cast anchor in such deep water, and kept the lead going while the vessel drifted towards the shore; till, luckily, a light breeze sprang up from the land,

and carried us out to sea. If it had been a dark night, we should probably have been driven ashore in another hour, perfectly ignorant of our danger of the mysterious power that wafted us without any current landmark. The occurrence impressed me so much that, on my return to Monte Video, I reported it to the Topographic Board, but no notice was paid to it. Subsequently, in 1857, Mr. W. Hammeth, who had been on the topographic committee, informed me that magnetic stones were found in the Sierra de Animas, running northward from Monte Video; and this at once appeared to me an explanation of the mystery. In 1866 I wrote to the British Admiral on the station on this subject, but perhaps my letter did not reach him. In later times I wrote to Professor Agassiz, but with no better success. Now that the *Tacora* wreck revives interest in this question, I think it right to give the above statement of facts, which I leave scientific men to decide upon."

SPEAKING of the death of John Hannay, at Barcelona, where he was British consul, the *Athenæum* says: "A period of little more than four years has elapsed since his nomination to that appointment. His unexpected demise will be matter for regret among a wide circle of friends in England, as well as in his native land, Scotland. He had made his mark in the literature of his time as novelist, as critic, and as journalist. He was born in 1827, at Dumfries. In 1840, being then just thirteen years of age, he entered the Royal Navy as a first-class volunteer. For five years together he was afloat as a midshipman. In the autumn of 1845, however, he doffed his uniform, and within a year or two afterwards, while yet under age, had adopted literature as his profession. Writing fluently, and with a good deal of vigor and dash, he contributed to many very different periodicals, grave and gay, from *Punch* to the *Quarterly*. A salt-water flavor, not unnaturally, first of all characterized his effusions, and in some measure, no doubt, helped them into popularity. His novel of 'Singleton Fontenoy' was published in 1850. It was followed, in 1853, by 'Sketches in Ultra-Marine.' During the last-mentioned year, he delivered in London a course of lectures 'On Satire and Satirists.' Another novel by him was published in 1857, entitled 'Eustace Conyers,' a work which had the honor of being translated into German. It was in the May of 1857, at the general election which then took place, that Mr. Hannay did, for the only time in his life, what his father, David Hannay, had twice done previously—that is, contested the Dumfries burghs. He appeared before the constituency as a Conservative candidate, and was defeated, almost as a matter of course, by the old member, Mr. W. Ewart, who, since the 1st of July, 1841, had held his ground there uninterruptedly. In 1860, James Hannay removed from London to Edinburgh, having just been nominated to the editorship of the *Courant*. That position he occupied four years, resigning it in 1864. During the year following his acceptance of it, namely, in 1861, he collected together and published separately his contributions to the *Quarterly*. In 1866 appeared his 'Course of English Literature.' In 1867 he wrote his 'Three Hundred Years of a Norman House,' a family record of the Barons of Gourelay during three centuries. Two other smaller works of his, later on, made their appearance. One was a sort of miscellaneous gathering of contributions which had already appeared in the periodicals, and was called 'Characters and Criticisms.' The other was a little volume of personal recollections of one of the dearest of his friends, its title being, 'Studies on Thackeray.' Upon the 13th of July, 1868, Mr. Hannay was gazetted as her Majesty's consul at Barcelona. The appointment, to the regret of his London friends, carried him away from all his former surroundings. That regret is now only completed by the pang with which his old literary associates hear of his premature decease."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

[No. 9.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

VII. (continued.)

ON this very day, Alexandra had had a long talk with Leschnieff about Roudine. At first Leschnieff tried to maintain a stolid silence, but she was determined to get some definite information from him.

"I see," she said, "you still dislike Roudine as much as ever. Until to-day I have refrained from asking you; but now, you must have made up your mind as to whether there is any change in him, and I should like to know why he does not please you."

"Very well," answered Leschnieff, with his usual calmness, "if you are really so impatient; but remember, you must not get angry" —

"Well, well; begin, begin."

"And you must let me go on till I have finished."

"Of course; do begin."

"I will tell you," began Leschnieff, slowly sinking into an easy-chair. "It is true that I told you I did not like Roudine. He is an intelligent man."

"That can't be denied."

"He is a remarkably intelligent man, in spite of his shallowness" —

"That is easily said."

"In spite of his shallowness," repeated Leschnieff. "But that is not the point; we all have more or less of that. I don't reproach him for having a tyrannical nature, for his idleness, nor because his knowledge is scrappy" —

Alexandra clasped her hands.

"Roudine's knowledge scrappy!" she exclaimed.

"Scrappy," repeated Leschnieff in the same tone. "He likes to live at others' expense, to be always playing a part, — to humbug people, in a word. All that is in the nature of things. But a worse thing is, that he is as cold as ice."

"He cold!" interrupted Alexandra.

"Yes, cold as ice; he knows it, and is always trying to simulate passion. It is bad," continued Leschnieff, gradually growing excited, "because the part he is playing is very dangerous; not for him, for he risks neither his fortune nor his life, — but for others who risk their souls."

"Of whom are you talking? I don't understand you," said Alexandra Paulovna.

"I charge him with a lack of honesty. He is an intelligent man, and must know the value of his words; and yet he utters them as if they came from the bottom of his heart. He is eloquent — I don't deny that; but he has not

the eloquence of a Russian. Besides, if one excuses fine talking in a young man, is it not a shame for a man of Roudine's age to take pleasure in the sound of his own voice? It is shameful to be playing such a comedy."

"It seems to me, Michael Michaelovitch, that for those who are listening to him it makes very little difference whether he is playing a part or not."

"I beg your pardon, Alexandra Paulovna, there is a very great difference. One person will utter a word and I am thrilled by it; some one else will say the same thing or something even more eloquent, and I don't even prick up my ears. What is the reason of that?"

"You won't prick up your ears, but how about other people?" asked Alexandra.

"Possibly," answered Leschnieff, "although my ears are long, you mean. But the fact is, that Roudine's words are merely words, and they will never become deeds; but that does not prevent his words from troubling and destroying the happiness of a young heart."

"But of whom are you speaking, Michael Michaelovitch?"

Leschnieff hesitated.

"You want to know whom I mean? Natalie Alexievna."

For a moment Alexandra was confused, but in a moment she began to smile.

"Dear me!" she said, "what singular ideas you have! Natalie is a mere child, and then besides, isn't her mother there?"

"Daria is more than anything an egoist, who only lives for herself. Besides, she has such perfect confidence in the education she gives her children, that it would never enter her head to be anxious about her daughter. How could she? One sign, a majestic glance, and all would set itself straight again. That's what this woman thinks, who imagines herself a Mæcenas, a remarkable person, and Heaven knows what else; and who really is nothing but a silly woman of the world. Natalie is no child, you may be sure; she reflects more frequently and profoundly over all sorts of matters than you and I together. And such a sincere and warm-hearted character must run against this actor, this frivolous fellow! But that is the way of the world."

"Frivolous! Do you call him frivolous?"

"Of course. But I ask you frankly, Alexandra Paulovna, what sort of a position does he have at Daria Michaelovna's? To be the idol, the oracle of the house, to busy himself with all the petty household details, to listen to all the miserable gossip and chatter — is that worthy of a man?"

Alexandra looked at Leschnieff with amazement.

"I hardly recognize you, Michael Michaelovitch," she

said. "Your face is on fire, you are excited. I am sure that behind all this there is some secret which you are keeping hidden."

"Exactly. I ought to have expected such a suspicion. Tell a woman anything honestly and without reserve, and she will have no peace until she has cooked up some petty and foreign motive that explains why you expressed yourself in just that way and no other."

Alexandra Paulovna began to be annoyed.

"Bravo, Mr. Leschnieff! you treat women almost as well as Mr. Pigasoff himself; still, with all respect, however keen your eyes may be, I find it hard to believe that in so short a time you have been able to see through so many things, and to get so complete a knowledge of people. I think you are mistaken. According to you, Roudine is a sort of Tartuffe?"

"Not even as much as that. Tartuffe knew at least what he wanted to do, while our friend, with all his intelligence" —

Leschnieff stopped.

"What were you going to say? Finish your sentence, you unjust, harsh man."

Leschnieff arose.

"Listen to me, Alexandra Paulovna," he began; "it is you who are unjust, not I. You are angry at my harsh judgment of Roudine, but I have a right to judge him harshly. Perhaps, too, I have acquired this right at rather a high price. I know him well; I once lived with him a long time. You will remember I promised to tell you some time about our life at Moscow. Apparently, I must do it now. But will you have the patience to hear me to the end?"

"Go on, go on!"

Leschnieff began to walk slowly up and down the room; from time to time he stopped and bowed his head.

"Perhaps you know," he began, "that I was left an orphan very young, and that at sixteen I knew no other authority than my own. I lived with an aunt of mine at Moscow, and did whatever I pleased. I was a tolerably empty-headed, conceited young fellow, and I liked to make myself heard. When I entered the university I acted like a genuine student, and soon found myself implicated in a very disagreeable affair. I won't describe it; it is not worth while. It is enough to say that I had to lie about it, and in a very unpleasant way. The whole story came out, and I was overwhelmed with shame. I lost my head and cried like a child. This incident took place at the rooms of one of my acquaintances, and in the presence of a great number of my comrades. They all made fun of me, with the exception of one, who, please observe, had been severer than the others so long as I had been obstinate and had refused to confess my lie. I don't know whether he had pity on me, but he took my arm and led me away to his room."

"That was Roudine?" asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"No, it was not Roudine; it was a man — he is now dead — a rather remarkable man. His name was Pokorsky. I can't describe him in a few words, and if I begin to talk about him I shall not be able to speak of anything else. He had a pure, lofty character, and an intellect such as I have not seen since. Pokorsky lived in a little, low room in an old, wooden house. He was very poor, and supported himself as well as he could by giving lessons. He could not

even afford to give his visitors a cup of tea of an evening; and his only sofa was so worn out by long use that it looked not unlike a boat. But in spite of the lack of comforts, he always had a great many visitors. Every one liked him; he charmed every one. You can't imagine how pleasant it was to visit him in his little room. It was then that I made Roudine's acquaintance. He had already left his prince."

"What was there so remarkable about Pokorsky?"

"How can I tell you? Poetry and truth, they drew every one to him. With his clear, broad mind he was as amiable and amusing as a child. I can still hear his joyous laugh, and besides, 'He glowed for what was good as quietly and steadily as the lamp before the images of the saints,' as a half-mad poet, one of our set, but a very good fellow, said about him."

"And how did he talk?" again asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"He talked well when the inspiration seized him, but not surpassingly so. Even then Roudine was twenty times as eloquent as he."

Leschnieff stopped and folded his arms, then he went on.

"Pokorsky and Roudine were not at all alike. Roudine had much more brilliancy and show, an easier flow of words, and, if you wish it, more enthusiasm. He seemed to have more talent than Pokorsky, but, in fact, in comparison with him, he was a very poor fellow. Roudine would talk admirably about the first idea that came into his head, and he argued with wonderful brilliancy, but his ideas never came from his own head; he took them from everybody, and particularly from Pokorsky. Judging from appearances, Pokorsky was phlegmatic, unenergetic, even weak. He was fond of women, he never refused a glass of wine, but he would never have taken an insult from any one. Roudine appeared full of fire, boldness, and life, but at bottom he was cold and almost a coward, so long as his self-love was not touched; if it were, he'd have gone through fire and water. He was always trying to rule others; he overcame them with his high-sounding phrases about universal principles and ideas, and he really exercised a great influence on very many of us. It is true, that no one liked him; I was perhaps the only one who had drawn closely to him. His yoke was endured — but all bowed willingly before Pokorsky. Roudine never lost an opportunity to discuss and argue with any one. He had not read a great deal, yet much more than Pokorsky and the rest of us, and besides, he had a methodical mind and an excellent memory; and all this never failed of its influence on young men. They must have results, conclusions, even if they be inaccurate. A thoroughly conscientious man is of no weight in their eyes. Try to tell young men that you cannot impart them perfect truth, because you have not found it yourself — they won't listen to you. But it is just as hard to deceive them. It is absolutely necessary in order to convince them, that you should be half convinced yourself. Hence Roudine had such influence on us all. I just told you he had not read a great deal; but he had some knowledge of philosophical books, and a sort of mind which enabled him to get the general meaning of what he read. He seized the main idea of the subject, and then abandoned himself to its clear and methodical development, which he would present

with great skill, inventing arguments as he went along. To tell the truth, I ought to say that we were a set of very young, half-educated boys. Philosophy, art, science, life itself, were for us mere words, vague though attractive ideas. We had no suspicion of there being any general connection between these ideas, or any common universal law; nothing of the sort ever occurred to us, although we were continually discussing these subjects and struggling to get some light. When we were listening to Roudine it seemed to us that for the first time we had found it, this universal connection; we thought that now the curtain was going to rise before us. To be sure, he gave it to us all at second hand—but what difference did that make? We had a regular order in everything we knew; all that had been fragmentary, combined suddenly, took its place, and grew up before us like a vast edifice; everywhere was light; from all sides streamed the breath of life. Nothing remained incomprehensible or accidental. For us in all creation there appeared only reasonable beauty and necessity. To everything was imparted a meaning, both clear and mysterious. Every separate phenomenon of life seemed an accord in a vast concert, and we, filled with the holy awe caused by a profound veneration, compared ourselves to living receptacles of eternal truth. We thought ourselves instruments designed for some great work. Does it not seem ridiculous?"

"Not at all," answered Alexandra slowly. "Why should you think so? I don't perfectly understand you, but it doesn't seem ridiculous."

"Since that time," continued Leschnieff, "we have had a chance to grow wiser; all that must seem to us now like foolishness. I repeat it, we owed a great deal then to Roudine. Pokorsky was much his superior, without doubt; at times, too, he used to animate us with his fire and force, but then again he felt averse to exertion and was silent. He was a nervous, delicate man; if he had unfolded his wings—where would they not have taken him? Straight to the deepest blue of the heavens. But in Roudine, this handsome, brilliant young man, there was a great deal that was petty; he liked to gossip; he liked to have a hand in everything; to have his say and explain everything. His unceasing activity never knew repose. I speak of him as I knew him then. He has unfortunately not altered a bit. There is no change in his opinions—at thirty-five! It is not every one who can say that."

"Sit down," said Alexandra Paulovna, "you need not walk up and down the room as if you were a pendulum."

"I like it better," answered Leschnieff. "No sooner had I become acquainted with Pokorsky and his friends, than I felt myself born again. I grew calm, I asked questions, I studied, I was happy, and I felt a sort of reverence, as if I had entered into a sanctuary. In fact, when I recall our meetings—yes, there was something grand, something really touching about them. Imagine about five or six young men sitting together, only one candle lighting them, they drinking wretched tea and eating some stale cake; but look at our faces, listen to our talk! In every one's face there is enthusiasm, and our cheeks are aglow, our heart is beating, we are talking of God, of truth, of the future, of humanity, of poetry,—at times a good deal of nonsense and crudity, but what is the harm? Pokorsky is sitting there with his legs under his chair, resting his pale cheek

on his hands, but how his eyes are sparkling! Roudine is in the middle of the room; he talks admirably, like the young Demosthenes on the sea-shore. Subotine, the long-haired poet, from time to time ejaculates broken sentences, as if he were dreaming. Scheller, the son of a German clergyman, who was forty years old, and who, thanks to his eternal unbroken silence, passes for a very profound thinker, is now more solemnly silent than ever. The jolly Schitow himself, the Aristophanes of the company, grows still and only smiles; two or three novices are listening in a sort of ecstasy—and the night passes with its flight unnoticed. Then the gray dawn appears, and we separate joyous, sober,—for we never thought then of wine,—with a certain lassitude, but with contented hearts. I remember it well, how all aglow with excitement I walked through the deserted streets, and even gazed up at the stars with a certain confidence, as if they had come nearer, and we could understand them better. Ah! that was a happy time, and I cannot believe it was wholly wasted. No, it was not wholly lost, not even for those who have sunk into the dreariest monotony of life. Occasionally I have met one of our old companions. You would have thought he had become a brute; but you only needed to pronounce Pokorsky's name, and every trace of noble feeling left within him was aroused. It was like uncorking a flask of perfume which one had found forgotten in some dark, obscure corner."

Leschnieff was silent; his pale face was flushed.

"But why, when, did you quarrel with Roudine?" asked Alexandra Paulovna, looking at him intently.

"I did not quarrel with him; I parted from him finally when I had learned to know him in foreign parts. I might have separated from him at Moscow, because even there he treated me badly."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. I have always been—how shall I express myself?—it does not match my appearance—I have always been very much inclined to fall in love."

"You?"

"Yes, I. That is strange, is it not? But it is true, nevertheless. Well, I was interested at that time in a very charming young girl—why do you look at me so? I could tell you something which would surprise you much more."

"What is it? you make me curious."

"Simply this. During this time at Moscow, I used to have a rendezvous at night—with whom do you suppose?—with a young linden-tree at the end of the garden. When I embraced its slender trunk it seemed to me that I clasped the universe; my heart swelled within me and quivered as if all nature had penetrated into it. Yes, that is what I was. Do you imagine possibly that I didn't write verses at that period? You would be very much mistaken. I composed a whole play in imitation of Byron's 'Manfred.' Among the characters was a ghost; from his heart streamed blood, but not, of course, his own blood, but that of all humanity. Yes, but don't be astonished. I have changed a great deal, have I not? But I began to tell you my romance. I made the acquaintance of a young woman"—

"And you gave up your visits to the linden?" asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"I gave them up. That young woman was very good-natured, which did not prevent her being very pretty."

Her eyes were bright and limpid, her voice as clear as a bell."

"You give me a life-like description," said Alexandra with a fine smile.

"You are a harsh critic," answered Leschnieff. "Well, this girl used to live with her old father — but I won't go into tiresome details. I must repeat, however, that she was really as kind a creature as you can imagine; she was sure to fill the cup to the brim, if I asked for only half a cup of tea. Three days after our first meeting, I was madly in love with her, and at the end of a week I could not help confiding the whole story to Roudine. Young lovers can never keep their feelings to themselves. At that time I was very much under his influence, and this influence, I must confess, was in many ways beneficial. He was the first person who ever paid me any attention; he gave me a sort of polish. I was passionately devoted to Pokorsky, but I felt a certain timidity before the purity of his soul. I was more intimate with Roudine. When he heard about my love, he became indescribably enthusiastic, he congratulated me, fell on my neck, and even began to make long speeches to me to show the importance of my new condition. I was all attention — you know, too, how he talks. His words made a very great impression on me. I suddenly conceived a very high opinion of myself, adopted a very serious air, and gave up laughing. I remember I even began to walk pompously, as if I were balancing a vessel full of some precious liquid which I feared to spill. I was very happy, and all the more so because I met with no rebuffs. Roudine wanted to make the girl's acquaintance; perhaps I even insisted on introducing him."

"Ah! I see what you have against him," interrupted Alexandra Paulovna. "Roudine cut you out, and you cannot forgive him for it. I would be willing to bet I've hit it."

"And you would lose your bet, Alexandra Paulovna. You are wrong. Roudine did not cut me out, nor did he try to, and yet he ruined my happiness; though now, looking at it in cold blood, I feel very grateful to him. But then it almost drove me out of my head. Roudine did not mean to do me an ill turn — on the contrary. But following his wretched habit of dissecting every phenomenon of his own life and that of others, and pinning them with some phrase, as one pins butterflies in a case, he began to explain to us the nature of our feelings, to define our relations to one another, our conduct, to oblige us to take account of our impressions and thoughts, and, passing from praise to blame, he even went so far — can you believe it? — as to enter into correspondence with us. In a word, he managed to throw us into perfect confusion. Then I could hardly have married the girl, so much common sense at any rate was left in me; yet we might have passed a few happy months like Paul and Virginia. But there came misunderstandings and complications of every sort. The end of it all was, that one fine day Roudine imagined it was his solemn duty, as friend, to inform the father of what was going on, and he did."

"Is it possible?" cried Alexandra Paulovna.

"Yes, and observe, it was with my consent. That is the strangest part of it. I well remember the perfect chaos in which I was plunged. Everything was turning and chang-

ing as in a magic-lantern; black seemed white and white black; falsehood truth, and whim duty. I blush to-day when I think of it. Roudine was not dismayed — why should he have been? — he soared above these misunderstandings and complications like a swallow over a lake."

"And so that is the way you parted from the girl?" asked Alexandra Paulovna, naively bending her head a trifle, and raising her eyebrows.

"I parted from her; it was a very bad, offensive, tactless, uselessly public parting; I wept, she wept, and the deuce knows how it was. A gordian knot held us. I ought to have cut it boldly, but that would have been painful. But then it all settled itself in the best possible way. She has since married an excellent man, and is perfectly happy."

"Now confess you have never been able to forgive Roudine," said Alexandra.

"You are mistaken," answered Leschnieff. "I cried like a child when he left the country. But to tell the truth, the germ of my present opinion was already lying in my mind. When I next met him I was older, and Roudine appeared to me in his true colors."

"How was it you found him out?"

"That is what I've been telling you this last hour. But enough about him. Perhaps it will all come out right yet. I only wanted to convince you that if I judged him harshly, it was because I knew him well. As for Natalie Alexievna — why waste one's words? But consider your brother."

"My brother, and why?"

"Just observe him. Don't you notice anything?"

Alexandra lowered her eyes.

"You are right," she said; "my brother — he's been another man for some time; but do you think" —

"Hush! I think I hear him coming," whispered Leschnieff. "Believe me, Natalie is no child, although she lacks experience. You will see she will surprise us all yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't rely on her calm appearance. Don't you know those are just the girls who drown themselves, who take poison, and all that? Her passions are strong, and her character too."

"Really, you are rising into lyric poetry. To such a calm-blooded person as you, I probably seem like a volcano."

"Oh no, you are no volcano," answered Leschnieff, smiling; "and as for character, thank Heaven, you haven't any."

"What new impertinence is that?"

"Really, that impertinence is a very great compliment."

Volinzoff entered the room casting suspicious glances at his sister and Leschnieff. Within a few weeks he had grown thin. Alexandra and Leschnieff tried to talk to him, but he only answered their jests with a smile. He seemed like a "melancholy hare," as Pigasoff said in speaking of him one evening. Volinzoff felt that Natalie was slipping from him, and it seemed to him that at the same time the earth was falling away from beneath his feet.

(To be continued.)

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE 25th of February, 1830, was a great day in literary and artistic Paris. Victor Hugo's play of "Hernani" was going to be performed, for the first time, on the classic boards of the Théâtre Français. Classic and romantic were at last to grapple upon the actual arena of stage representation. It was to be a hand to hand struggle between the champions of the old poetry and the champions of the new. The combat had long been preparing; at other points of the field of art and literature it had long been actually joined. Young Frenchmen, whose years dated with those of the century, and others younger still and more audacious, had vigorously applied and defended new and libertine canons alike in painting and poetry.

In painting, the years between 1820 and 1825 had seen the efforts of Géricault, with his "Raft of the Medusa," of Delacroix, with his "Dante and Virgil in Hell," and his "Massacre of Chios," to carry out and improve the bold example which the classic Gros, in pictures like his "Victims of the Plague at Jaffa," had set once, but had afterwards shrunk back from and renounced. The same years had seen a great popularity growing round the English painter Bonington, who lived in Paris, and delighted its more irreverent spirits with bright and living landscapes inspired by nothing but nature, with vividly colored and costumed pieces of familiar history, illustrations of Walter Scott, or the like—all of them things as unofficial and as unclassical as possible. Two new impulses had thus been put in evidence, in opposition to what was official and classical, to the cold and labored studio style of the Empire, its colorless and passionless canons of the antique and the sublime. What Géricault and Delacroix had represented was in the main a native impulse, a reaction of the French spirit against its own austere and artificial legislation, a claim made by it to range at large among past or contemporary sources for subjects passionate, agitated, familiar, beautiful, or horrible, and to combine all means for representing them vividly and naturally, so as to strike at once the eye and the imagination. What Bonington had represented was the impulse of a foreign example coming in aid of this native impulse. He had imported into France a spirit of free nature, familiarity, and vivid color, from England, where the spirit already existed.

In literature, although the romantic movement had to encounter traditions much more venerable than in painting, and to overthrow a legislation much more firmly established, inasmuch as it dated not from the time of David, but from the time of Boileau, the issue of the encounter was destined to be only so much the more decisive and brilliant. As in the case of painting, so in the case of poetry, the movement comprised two main elements. Here also it proceeded from two main impulses—impulses which turned quickly into principles. There was the primary impulse, and anon principle, of a native reaction against the classical theories—the periwig theories, as in those days they got to be called—of artificial restriction, of dignity, of the unities, of pompous choice and observance in form, diction, and vocabulary, of solemn and circumspect artistic formality. There was the secondary impulse, and anon principle, of following foreign fashions, of taking example by other countries where the barriers which had shut out art from nature, and divorced the sublime from the grotesque, and cramped the imagination in its exercise, had either been not so strong as in France, or else had been earlier broken down. It is true that these new elements in French literature, the element of reaction and the element of imitation, were not without other elements that foreran and prepared the ground for them. Rousseau had, in literature, been the first forerunner of the romantic movement more than a half a century before, with his love of nature and genius for the description of nature, with his brooding melancholy and yearning self-tenderness, and his genius for the expression of those. Bernardin de St. Pierre had been in some sort the literary successor of

Rousseau, especially as regards the love of nature and the gift for her description; and it was he who introduced into the succession the sentiment of distant and primeval nature. Chateaubriand was, in another sort, the literary successor of Bernardin de St. Pierre. Chateaubriand expressed a still more intimate and powerful sentiment of nature, and in connection with a nature more strikingly distant, virgin, and primeval still. He possessed a still more attractive sense of self, and a more complete rhetoric of the private emotional sensibilities. And Chateaubriand in his turn augmented the succession with a new element, in the shape of a passion, partly real and partly affected, for the Catholic Church, and through the Catholic Church for the ideas and arts of the Middle Age. He was the first to bring back into something like repute the name of Gothic, which had been invented by the age of Louis XIV. as a badge of reproach for the genius and literature of all ages between that of Augustus Cæsar and itself. So that the love of nature, of reverie, and of the past, which constitutes a good half of the romantic spirit, was already launched upon the literature of France. And while Chateaubriand was thus preparing the romantic movement in creative literature, Stendhal, not a poet or lover of poetry, but a spirit bound by none of the fetters of tradition, was doing something to prepare it in criticism. Then Lamartine, the earliest of the French poets of this century, began by putting into lofty and eloquent, but not completely correct verse, all the class of sentiments which Chateaubriand had just put into his impassioned prose. But neither the new movement, nor its natural enemies, had at first become fully conscious of what it meant. Some time passed before it stood defiant and declared, as a movement of rebellion and emancipation. Gothic had not yet become for the young generation the one word of honor, nor periwig the one word of reproach.

Meanwhile Victor Hugo, following after Lamartine, had written volumes of odes and ballads, showing a lyric power of astonishing range and versatility in so young an author. By one of the most remarkable outbreaks of genius which history records, other young poets appear almost from day to day. Instinctively they do not hold by the old rules of poetry, nor follow the accepted models. To reverie, nature, and the past, they add passion, familiarity, and the grotesque, the love of which constitutes another half of the romantic spirit. They introduce Gothic or fantastic subjects; they use pedestrian language, every-day words, and familiar images; scandal and disgrace! they even go back, for forms of rhythm and examples of style, to the licentious and exploded versifiers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They justify their irregular flights by a reference to the poets of the Pleiad, as Ronsard and his satellite rhymesters, Joachim du Bellay and the rest, had called themselves in the sixteenth century. They quote the precedent of all those writers, from Villon down to Théophile Viaud, who had been supposed put out of fashion forever by the correct maxims of Malherbe and Balzac, and following these, of the great Boileau. The new poets flouted the great Boileau as a pedagogue of Parnassus, the young blasphemers! and would have it that true French poetry, so far from beginning with him, had died with him, and was destined to be revived in no other hands than their own. The old French poetry and romance,—the poetry and romance of Gothic nations, such as England and Germany,—that was all they would hear of. Shakespeare and Goethe; Byron and Scott; Hamlet, Romeo, Werther, Faust, Harold, Quentin Durward; these, and such as these, were the names they talked of alongside of the national names of Ronsard and Rabelais. Soon the defenders of French tradition, of propriety and the unities, took arms; soon the critics arose in their orthodoxy, and tried to extinguish the young band. Then the fight grew fast and furious. "Savages!" cried the old school; "Mummies!" retorted the new. The animosity on one side, the ardor and brotherly enthusiasm on the other, were such as have hardly ever been known in any literary debate. The debates for and against the Lake school in England had been nothing to it—*as indeed the Lake*

school had not had occasion to conceive their cause so comprehensively, or in so fiery and proselytizing a spirit. All which, in the development of English literature, took place at several dates before and after the beginning of the century, and among isolated or even opposed groups, was in France concentrated into one mighty and simultaneous effort. It was as if the antiquarian spirit of Chatterton, the spirit which published the "Percy Ballads," the spirit of Wordsworth's "Prefaces," the spirit of Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," the spirit of Keats, both in his instinct for real antiquity and his contempt for false, the mediæval spirit of Scott, the spirit of Byron's poetry and of Bowles's arguments against Byron at once, the spirit of "Lara" and of the "Idiot Boy" together, the spirit of the Satanic school and the spirit of the Natural school—it was as if all these, the separate and often antagonistic phases or moments of literary innovation in England, had been, in this latter-day France, concentrated and reconciled. To these came also the spirit of "Goetz von Berlichingen," and of Lessing in his "Dramatic Letters." All this was rolled together into a consistent and passionate body of doctrine; the body of doctrine was applied and enforced by talents of a temper not to be gainsaid; at the contact of opposition, it exploded with all the uproar and fire of a great and concerted reformation. Alfred de Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, were in early days some of the most devoted and distinguished members of the new school of poetry. But Victor Hugo stood as its hero for the outside enthusiast; he was the idol of the youth of Paris, which at that moment occupied itself with nothing but art and poetry. It was he who had consecrated the "hymen of the sublime and the grotesque," in the words of a youthful admirer, using a classic phrase for a romantic fact. It was he who had thrust the new principles forward against opposition, to the point of bringing them to the test of the stage. In his famous preface to his first play of "Cromwell," he had exposed the principles of a renovated and romantic drama with a penetration and comprehensiveness which proved him as great a master of prose analysis as of poetical composition. "Cromwell" was not an acting play; but now he had written "Hernani": he had prepared for the stage a subject of Spanish romance; and it was going to be actually performed in spite of all opposition. It behooved young France to make sure of a triumph for "Hernani," or at any rate to make sure that it should not be hooted down by the cabals and intolerance of the periwig party. Victor Hugo was not going to employ the author's ordinary resource of a paid *claque*, or body of professional applauders: he was going to rely for the support of his play against the Philistine, the orthodox, the grocer, and the cit, upon a corps of volunteers to be brought to the field by enthusiasm, and not by hire. Accordingly, parcels of tickets were distributed by the friends of the poet to safe and chosen spirits among students of law, medicine, and art, artists' pupils, and all the youth who had kindled with the romantic enthusiasm. Every one knows the description of that famous afternoon: the dismay of the polite and respectable portions of the audience when they assembled and found pit and galleries, and every corner where a venal opposition might be supposed to lurk, in the possession of an army of the brigand and Bohemian youth. The felt hats, the flowing hair and unshorn faces, the vagaries of velvet and rainbow color in their costume, declared these for the sacred band of romanticism. Their lyric ardor—for they had been penned there since two in the afternoon, and their stock of sausages and chocolate sticks had long since come to an end—was exasperated to the utmost pitch by hunger and impatience.

Conspicuous among the band was one tall and handsome young man, with a pale face and well-cut features, who had an unusual profusion of hair about his shoulders, and wore a pair of light green trousers with black velvet stripes, a coat with immense velvet facings, and an overcoat of light gray lined with green satin. But all these, and the figure of the wearer together, were eclipsed by one particular item of his splendor; one garment the most

mirific, phosphoric, phantasmagoric, and meteoric (the adjectives are the wearer's own, as he remembers it through the mists of forty years—and he is still dissatisfied with his vocabulary), that ever flamed upon the person of a human creature; one waistcoat, cut from a sheet of fiery scarlet satin into the form of a Milan corset or a Valois doublet, and emitting that night a radiance so dazzling and so supernatural that the companies of the enemy were aghast, and saw in it a signal comet of convulsion. The wearer of the waistcoat was M. Théophile Gautier, then an artist's pupil of eighteen, and the author of the phrase about the hymen of the sublime and the grotesque. Both by his reputation and his person, M. Théophile Gautier presently became one of the best known figures in the modern world of Paris. But the renown of the red waistcoat hung about him, and assumed proportions more than historical. It became the mystic type and legendary banner of all that which had been known as the second phase in the history of the romantic movement in France. One of the last things written by Gautier before his death was a paper in which he professed to set in its true light this particular history of the red waistcoat. "CY FINIT LA LEGENDE DU GILET ROUGE," he wrote on the fifth of last May, at the close of one of a series of feuilletons in the *Bien Public*, designed to constitute a general history of the romantic movement. But the life of the wearer himself was about to be as a tale that is told; he died on the 23d of October, and the series was left unfinished.

For English readers who pick up their French literature ignorantly and by the way, Gautier was chiefly known as a writer of popular books of travel, or again of short stories, or critical feuilletons on painting and the drama in the newspapers. Scarcely any one who reads any French literature at all but will have come across, whether at railway bookstalls in vacation or otherwise, one of the volumes of travellers' descriptions, such as "Tra Los Montes,"—the earliest of them all,—such as the "Voyage en Russie," the "Italic," the "Quand on Voyage," and the rest; or again, one of the volumes of short stories, such as that called "Romans et Contes," or "La Peau de Tigre." And if he has been a reader at all awake to the qualities and subtleties of literature, he will have perceived that he had to do with a writer of no common genius for description and narrative. He will not fail to have been struck, in the travels, with the surprising range and richness of Gautier's vocabulary, with the vivacity of his observation, the brilliant and picturesque color of his descriptive writing, or what we by a bad phrase call word-painting, the facile transitions of his manner from lyric energy to playfulness, the quality of the playfulness itself, in which the large buffoonery of Rabelais, and the fantastic sharpness and glittering *imprévu* of Heine, seem to be infused with a new tincture of the slang of the Paris boulevards. In the stories, he will have observed the writer's clear and symmetrical arrangement of what he has to tell, his elastic power in passages both of humor and tenderness, his limpid narrative which flows with equal ease in the channels of mystical and obscure imagination, and in those of daily observation and pleasantries. But behind the Gautier of the travels, the tales, and the criticisms, there was another and more significant Gautier, who was but slightly known to the English reader. Even for the general French reader, the more significant man in him was almost put out of sight by the more commonplace. Or, as M. Sainte-Beuve says of him, writing in 1863, "Gautier the critic, Gautier the writer of the charming newspaper articles you read every day, does Gautier the poet wrong;" or again, "there is one Gautier, the customary and handy one; and another Gautier whom only the initiated properly know and relish."

The artistic and literary epoch to which Gautier by his first appearance belonged, and on which, for the sake of a clear idea concerning the early surroundings of his genius we have dwelt perhaps too long, was certainly one of the most brilliant, if with a brilliancy that has soon burnt down, that the world has known. Since, then, the handy and

customary Gautier is by common consent one of the most charming writers of his brilliant age, and by the consent of the initiated one of the most significant also, a few pages will not be wasted upon the consideration of his literary career and character.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, on the 31st of August, 1811. He was brought by his family early to Paris. Gautier the father was a good Latinist, and Gautier the son showed himself a forward student at the Collège Charlemagne. It is recorded of him that the authors whom he cared most about as a student were not the authors of the classical age of Roman literature — not the Augustan cycle, but the pre-classical writers down to Catullus, and the post-classical writers after Lucan. That is a taste revealing already an appetite for the unusual and the super-refined, for peculiar literary flavors, those of a period of early passion, energy, and sympathy on the one hand, and a period of late ingenuity and elaborated rhetoric on the other. Next came an enthusiasm for the early French writers, Rabelais, Brantôme, and the "Gothic" poets. At the same time, while still a mere boy, and undecided as to his vocation, Gautier became a student of art as well as of letters, and put himself in the atelier of a painter of the school of Prud'hon named Rioult, living hard by the Collège Charlemagne. Here he begun by painting a few classical pictures, and even writing a few classical poems. But the ideas that were in the air, the ideas of art's liberation and of the romantics, came to gain entire possession of him, according to the bent both of his studies and his natural bias. In all the army of studio pupils, *rapins*, — and the studios were the great forcing ground of the new ideas, — there was then no more fervent young romantic than he. He writes letters in familiar heroic verse to his friends, showing which way the wind blows, and in their new liberty of style, and their violation of the old rules of metrical movement and pause, forming a close and natural parallel to the Epistles of Keats. "Stop," says Gautier to his friend — "stop, and let us have a pleasant talk by the fireside: " —

Nous causerons de quelque jeune fille,
Dont la lèvre sourit, dont la pruneille brille,
Et que nous avons vue, en promenant un jour,
Passer devant nos yeux comme un ange d'amour;
De nos auteurs chéris, Victor et Sainte-Beuve,
Aigles audacieux, qui d'une route neuve
Et d'obstacles semée ont tenté les hasards,
Malgré les coups de bec de mille geais criards;
Et d'Alfred de Vigny, qui d'une main savante
Dessina de Cinq-Mars la figure vivante;
Et d'Alfred de Musset et d'Antoni Descamps;
Et d'eux tous dont la voix chante de nouveaux chants;
Des vieux qu'un siècle ingrat en s'avancant oublie,
Guillaume de Lorris, dont l'œuvre inaccomplie,
Poétique héritage, aux mains de Clopinel
Après la mort passa, monument éternel
De la langue au berceau; Pierre Vidal, trouvère
Dont le luth tour à tour gracieux et sévère,
Sous les plafonds ornés de nobles panonceaux,
Dans leurs fêtes charmaient les comtes provençaux;
Peyrols l'aventurier, qui rime en Palestine
Quelque amoureux tenson qu'à sa belle il destine;
Le bon Alain Chartier, Rutebeuf le conteur,
Sire Gaise-Bruley, Habert le traducteur,
Maître Clément Marot, madame Marguerite,
De ses jolis dizains la muse favorite;
Villon, et Rabelais, cet Homère moqueur,
Dont le sarcasme, aigu comme un poignard, au cœur
De chaque vice plonge, et des foudres du Pape
N'ayant cure, l'atteint sous la pourpre et la chape;
Car nous aimons tous deux les tours hardis et forts
Mais naïfs cependant et placés sans efforts,
L'originalité, la puissance comique
Qu'on trouve en ces bouquins à couverture antique,
Dont la marge a jauni sous les doigts studieux
De vingt commentateurs, nos patients aïeux.
Quand nous aurons assez causé littérature,
Nous changerons de texte et parlerons peinture.

There is a mirror of the entire school and its preoccupations — a pretty girl seen in the street; the cherished

poets, Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, clearing their way, like the eagles they are, despite the clamor and mobbing of the jays; Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and all the fellowship of those who sing new songs; and then the reinstated generation of the Gothics; the troubadours of Provence; the fathers of French romance; Margaret of Navarre and her poet Clément Marot; Villon; Rabelais; the simplicity and vigorous vein of all these early masters. Or else, if one is tired of literature, the talk shall run upon painting. The intimate connection of literature and painting in this school, the fellowship and unanimity of ideas between the men of letters and the artists, was one of the things most peculiar to it. Hence, in part, came that development of a vocabulary newly rich, technical, and full, that felicitous trick of the *mot propre* in all kinds of description, which was one of its just boasts. Théophile Gautier was not alone in hanging balanced, as he did for a time, between the two professions. In the group, or *petit cénacle*, as they called themselves, of young talents who formed the *Jeune France* of 1830-1833, there were poets, painters, architects, sculptors, and engravers, or men whose vocations floated between all of these; and the follower of one art understood and was enthusiastic about the principles and methods of every other. This particular group formed itself immediately after the "Hernani" days, and at a time when certain of the original champions of the romantic cause were falling off from it, or going other ways of their own. Sainte-Beuve was one of these; and records the alarm produced in the minds of some of the earlier comrades of Victor Hugo by the ferocious aspect and astounding demeanor of this new band of his admirers. They were not as the members of the earlier *cénacle*, to which he himself had belonged. There used to be strange doings at the rooms of the "Impasse du Doyenné," and at the suppers at the "Petit Moulin Rouge." The former was a meeting-place of the Society, as well as the home where Gautier lived with his friends Arsène Houssaye and Rogier. Gautier himself has twice sketched the portraits of the group — once at the time, and again with amused retrospection in the unfinished series of articles of which we have spoken. He has told of their watchwords, their fashions, their eccentricities, their determination to be Byronic and rebellious, and to look it, their libations of cheap wine out of the skull of a drummer killed at Moscow. The principal figures beside himself were Gérard de Nerval, the translator of Goethe, and Pétrus Borel, the poet of the "Rhapsodies," the two friends through whom the young champion of the red waistcoat had been introduced, a few months after that celebrated appearance, to the person of the hero of his adoration. Then there was the designer and engraver Célestin Nanteuil, the sculptor Jean du Seigneur, calling himself Jehan du Seigneur, out of love for archaic fashions; young writers whose names were Théophile Dondey and Auguste Maquet, but who by anagram, and out of admiration for the genius of Great Britain, dubbed themselves respectively Philothée O'Neddy and Augustus Mac-Keat; and others whom it is too long to name; all living in a forcing-house seven times heated of artistic enthusiasms, an atmosphere of the ideas and passions which both mature and exhaust those who live in them early. The precocity of the talents of this circle was astonishing. The leaders of the new poetry were none of them older than the century; the members of the *petit cénacle* were many of them ten years younger. They were poets who at twenty had mastered all the difficulties of the French language as a vehicle for poetry; had enriched the language to an incalculable extent out of its ancient stores; and had poured upon French literature a profusion of pieces as finished, as rich in movement and metre, as varied, as picturesque, as lyric, as the old poetry of the days before the pedagogic canons. They were at the same time spirits who, before twenty, had gone the whole round of ideals, illusions, passions, sensations, experiences. The fever of the modern world burned in them at its hottest. Beneath what was boyish in their extravagances of outward bearing, and the manner in which they affronted the Philistine and placarded their artistic enthusiasms, there

resided the premature exhaustion coming from the accumulation of sensations too rapid and too intense. It is a perpetual research of sensations. Horror and the grotesque, in all sorts of terrible or unwholesome forms, take their place among the artistic cravings and artistic indulgences, alongside of beauty and romance. There is absolutely no restraint and no shame, one would almost say no choice, in the pursuit of poignant experiences; there is only the sovereign rule of expressing your experiences, when you have caught them, in the most finished and subtlest forms of art you can. Art for art, and nothing but art, that is the instinctive law of the school. They despise and scoff at politics as an occupation totally second-rate, bourgeois, or, what is the last epithet of depreciation, *garde nationale*. They know nothing of social interests, nothing of utilitarian ideas, nothing of "progress," nothing of the multitude; they care only to stimulate, to develop, and to express their own powers of acutely imagining, enjoying, or shuddering. Shuddering—for Victor Hugo, in his romances of "Bug-Jargal" and "Han d'Islande," had early added the shudder, the sensations of the monstrous, the agonized, and the grotesque, in their extreme degree, to the scale of feelings to be addressed by modern French literature. So had modern French painting begun with horror, in the "Massacre of Chios," and the "Raft of the Medusa."

This fondness for horror, alongside of an equal enthusiasm for beauty, is one of the strangest things in the art and literature of the epoch. The *crapauderies* of Victor Hugo—that was the word invented for them by Gautier long before the famous episode of the toad in the "Legend of the Ages" had been thought of—the *crapauderies* of Victor Hugo always seem to be dependent, more or less, on a social sentiment, a desire of exciting compassion or indignation by the display of suffering, a desire of extending, like Rembrandt, the circle of imaginative sympathies so as to include the hideous, the squalid, and the despised. But Gautier, and some of his followers still more, while they put social sentiment utterly away from them, are perfectly ready to dwell on toads, wounds, and carrion; nay, dwell on them with evident delight. It is, literally, that one sensation seems to them as good as another, provided only, as we have said, it is poignant, intense, and rare. Gautier himself, in some of his poems and tales, expresses the sentiment of innocence, of maiden grace and purity, just as well as if he had never dwelt on things hideous and impure at all.

But we must not let ourselves go to the criticism of a whole epoch, school, or set; though it is not easy to avoid that when the special figure with whom we have to do is so much identified, when we first meet him, with a particular school and set. Théophile Gautier comes before us, then, as a youthful worshipper of Victor Hugo (and that worship he never lost) and as feeling his own independent way towards artistic expression. His first volume of verses is published when he is nineteen, in the "Hernani" year, with the epigraph, "Oh, si je puis un jour!" He is already complete master of poetical form; and seems determined to give himself up to the exclusive pursuit of that art. Two of the principal currents in his genius, the current which leads him to the simple and delighted contemplation of external natural beauty, and another current which leads him to brood on physical corruption, the things of the sepulchre and the charnel-house, are already expressed in this volume of early verse.

Sur la bruyère arrosée
De rosée;
Sur le buisson d'églantier;
Sur les ombreuses futaies;
Sur les haies
Croissant au bord du sentier.

Sur la modeste et petite
Marguerite,
Qui penche son front rêvant;
Sur le seigle, verte houle
Que déroule
Le caprice ailé du vent;

Sur les prés, sur la colline
Qui s'incline
Vers le champ bariolé
De pittoresques guirlandes;
Sur les landes,
Sur le grand orme isolé,

La demoiselle se berce;
Et s'il perce
Dans la brume, au bord du ciel,
Un rayon qui scintille,
Elle brille
Comme un regard d'Ariel.

Traversant près des charmillles,
Les familles
Des bourdonnants moucheronas,
Elle se mêle à leur ronde
Vagabonde,
Et comme eux décrit des ronds.

Bientôt elle vole et joue
Sous la roue
Du jet d'eau qui, s'élançant
Dans les airs, retombe, roule
Et s'écoule
En un ruisseau bruisant.

Plus rapide que la brise,
Elle frise
Dans son vol capricieux,
L'eau transparente où se mire
Et s'admire
Le saule au front soucieux;

Où, s'entr'ouvrant blancs et jaunes,
Près des aunes,
Les deux nénuphars en fleurs,
Au gré du flot qui gazouille
Et les mouille,
Étalent leurs deux couleurs;

Où se baigne le nuage;
Où voyage
Le ciel d'été souriant;
Où le soleil plonge, tremble,
Et ressemble
Au beau soleil d'Orient.

Et quant la grise hirondelle
Au près d'elle
Passe, et ride à plis d'azur
Dans sa chasse circulaire,
L'onde claire,
Elle s'enfuit d'un vol sûr.

Bois qui chantent, fraîches plaines
D'odeurs pleines,
Lacs de moire, côteaux bleus,
Ciel où le nuage passe,
Large espace,
Monts aux rochers anguleux;

Voilà l'immense domaine
Où promène
Ses caprices, fleur des airs,
La demoiselle nacrée,
Diaprée
De reflets roses et verts.

Dans son étroite famille,
Quelle fille
N'a pas vingt fois souhaité,
Rêveuse, d'être comme elle
Demoiselle,
Demoiselle en liberté?

Than this fresh, this sunny and dancing little lyric of the demoiselle—the dragon fly—there can be no better example of the sort of thing the new school had done, in reviving the nimble and intricate measures of the old lyric poets of the Pleiads, in animating and giving color to French verse with a vocabulary of new range, lightness, precision, vivid pictorial and descriptive exactness. In those sweet stanzas, and in plenty of others in this first book

and afterwards, there is nothing of hobgoblinry, corruption, or the charnel-house, there is only the healthiest out-door feeling. But in the next edition of the poems, published in 1883, the grim or diabolic element announces itself more distinctly. The principal piece of the volume is an allegory, in a spirit of Teutonic devilry and French gallantry combined; a tale of witchcraft and nightmare, of which the descriptions are vivid enough to make your blood alternately boil and freeze. Its moral has to do with the nothingness of pleasure, and how love turns to ashes, and beauty to a skeleton in the embrace; but it is not the moral, it is the execution, not the allegory, but the pictures alternately terrible and voluptuous, which lay most hold upon the reader.

These volumes of poetry did not win for their young writer any great popularity; not, for instance, anything like the popularity which Alfred de Musset was winning for himself at the same moment. Gautier remained as yet unknown, or nearly unknown, outside the circle of his immediate comrades of the Rue du Doyenné. And these must have been the years of his fullest and most troubled inward life. We have spoken of the extraordinary precocity of the men of this generation, of the range of emotions many of them had gone through, of the ideals they had exhausted, of the experiences, inward or outward, they had sucked dry, as well as of the prodigious artistic resources of which they had made themselves the masters, almost before the full age of manhood. At twenty-five, Théophile Gautier, ceasing to express himself exclusively by poetry, published a prose romance, which the inner circle of his admirers, those whom M. Sainte-Beuve would understand by the "initiated," regard as the capital expression of his genius. Now this prose romance, in its machinery and images, being so unshamed and profligate as to be according to English ideas utterly intolerable, and scarcely tolerable even according to French ideas, and yet being too important to be passed over, we can only try in a few sentences to say what is the mood of mind to which it gives expression. It is the expression, then, of a mind intensely in love with beauty, possessed with the intimate and ideal passion of beauty above all other passions, and feeling ill at ease in the society among which it exists. D'Albert, the hero, is as full of unsatisfied longings as any René or Werther. When any one of his longings does get realized, he is horrified by the little pleasure which the realization brings him. He is haunted by the desire of loving; he tries to love; but he is so made that what he can alone really love must be ideal beauty, that is, in his sense, physical beauty ideally perfect. His passion for things physically beautiful has completely thrust out all moral distinctions as to himself or others; they have no room in his nature. They baffle and escape him as much as if he had been a pagan in pagan times. And yet he cannot get altogether rid of the centuries since paganism, and of what they have brought; he is enough of a modern to be disturbed by the sense of his own corruption, his depravation from the moral point of view, and cannot understand how it can have grown upon him. Amid the flux and nothingness of life and all things, he carries about in his own consciousness this one inalterable and insatiable craving after beauty. These are the two sentiments which possess him and in which he really lives — the sentiment of atomic flux and instability in the world, as Heraclitus held it, and the sentiment of beauty and its worship as those were known in Plato's time. To be himself the perfection of beauty, or if not that, as next best, to embrace and possess whatever is that perfection, during the brief moments while perfection lasts, is the one thing that can give him peace. He is a soul born out of its time; he ought to have been born in the antique age of Greece; then he would have been face to face with beauty, and might have possessed it. Now, he hunts it up and down, dreams after it, tries to satisfy himself with that which he thinks resembles it, but is perpetually disappointed. In his pursuit of his ideal, he flings himself into many enjoyments, and catches hold of many semblances, whereby his life looks from the outside like that of any vulgar voluptuary; but

in his heart he is never cheated; in his inmost self is always miserable and always hungry after something else.

There is no doubt that all that is the expression of a perfectly sincere passion of the human spirit in a certain phase, and that it is expressed here with extraordinary eloquence, subtlety, and intensity. There is as little doubt, we should say, that the human spirit made for that phase of passion is made also to forget the ideal of its longing, and by degrees to content itself with the semblances. It has begun by confounding the worship of beauty with the claim to possess it. Might not one say: "The beauty in people or things that is good for any one in life is a relative and terrene thing, dependent on a hundred associations and accidents in the case of each individual, and necessarily very different from that beauty in people and things which may be the just ideal and good for every one to worship in imagination and to admire in art. The mind which has found out the particular human or natural beauty that suits it best in life will endeavor to live in possession of that beauty, and at peace with its neighbors, who shall also live each in possession, so far as may be, of the beauty which is individually best for them. And each and all may so take their part in admiration of the supreme ideals of human and natural beauty, in so far as art and the imagination shall have been able to realize them. The mind, on the other hand, which will put up with nothing but the supreme ideal for its own individual share, and wants its own self to embrace and be possessed of and identified in life with the things which are only realized by art at its perfection and imagination at its highest — that mind is certainly in danger. It is in danger of snatching at semblances until it satiates itself with them, and forgets the ideal. That is, it is in danger of falling complacently into the snares of vulgar voluptuousness, vulgar magnificence, vulgar ostentation. The 'marble, purple, and gold' of its dreams, the absolute 'form, color, and light' which it has craved to possess for its own, are apt to fade in the luxurious realities of the Second Empire. The inconceivable goddess of its search is apt to disappear in one or many of the courtesans of the Quartier Bréda."

And now we have said it. The dreaming D'Albert is apt to become the enjoying Fortunio. Dreams of that complexion stand half way between the misanthropic reveries of the beginning of the century, between Werther, Childe Harold, and René, and the practical luxuries and pomps, the millionaire riot and sensual dazzle, of its middle period. They contain a mystical or metaphysical element by which they belong to the time before them, the element of discontent and vast uneasy spiritual hunger. They also contain a material and positive element, the element of voluptuous living and love of splendor, by which they belong to the time after them. For a brief moment, and in a constitution of strong original sensibility to impressions of beauty and art, the two elements may combine, and the possessor of the constitution may feel himself a Heraclitus by his sense of earth's vanity and instability, and a Plato by his passion for ideal beauty. But that combination itself will be an unstable one. The element of uneasy hunger will be elbowed out by the element of experimental enjoyment. That material and positive element is the one which, in point of fact, presently gains the upper hand in Gautier's writing. Even within three years he writes the story of "Fortunio," which reads like a prophecy of the Second Empire. And when the Second Empire comes, he is ready to be its poet as well as its prophet. This, however, holds at least as much by his theory of art for art, and of the sequestration from politics and practical life which the artist owes to himself, as it holds by his love of practical pomp and splendor. That the artist has not to meddle with politics, still less to care about his species at large — that he is the enemy rather than the friend of "civilization and progress" — of thus much Gautier is sure from the beginning. He regards the fates of nations and societies as things preordained by a higher power, with which it is no use for individuals to meddle. The business of a rational individual is to enjoy himself, and let all that take care of itself. In one of his

early metrical letters to a friend embarking in politics, he writes, in his easy style: "Don't let the thunder of the Gracchi issue from lips moulded for elegiac songs; leave that work to the rampant orator who tells a group of dirty villains from his stump how he has saved Rome from ruin. Rome will save herself her own way, never fear; her destiny is written, and you and I can make no difference. Who can put a spoke in the wheel of Fate? Let the car of state reel axle-deep in mud, or crush its way through the herd of human cattle as it can; you and I will always be able to find some mossy pathway in the shade, rising gently to a hill apart, a hill whence we can look abroad upon an azure distance, and watch the sails fluttering beneath the breeze."

He presently expressed the same theories, in a much more splenetic and petulant form, in the preface to his prose romance; and, many years later, in a form of more reassured and mature conviction, in his memoir of Baudelaire. He acknowledges that they may be the theories of a decadence; but well and good; let the decadence go on if it must; but do not let the artist try to stop it; let him only do his work of arresting and embodying all the choicest impressions which he can cull during the spell of life which is given him. If he lives in an artificial and over-refined age, an age of stimulants and of research, his art will arrest and embody those qualities, and will be quite right to do so. But he will be quite wrong if he either cares for or believes in the improvement of his age; he will be ridiculous if he entertains any views of philanthropy or utility. Evidently there is a great difference here again between Victor Hugo and his admirer. Victor Hugo, by believing in the improvement of his age, and trying to have a hand in it, got banished. Gautier, and those who thought with him about the proper indifference of the artist to these things, stopped in Paris and created a school of poetry under the Second Empire. If there are in Victor Hugo's poetry elements of sounder vitality, higher strength and range, if it breathes a larger atmosphere and will speak more stirringly to a greater number of generations, than the poetry of Gautier and his disciples, that may count for the views of those who hold that the art which is also politics and humanity is a stronger art than that which is art and nothing else.

To resume: from this date prose laid hold upon Gautier, and he could make of poetry no more than an incidental occupation henceforward. That brilliant and facile style, that pliant humor and large gayety, that faultlessness of descriptive art, could not fail to be swept up into the all-compelling current of journalism. In the preface to his romance, the young author had been very hard on journalism and its consequences. The reading of newspapers, he had said, interfered with the growth of true artists and true men of learning. Newspapers were the death of books, as artillery had been the death of individual prowess. Newspapers stripped everything of its freshness. They made it impossible to have the first of anything all to yourself. They spoiled the surprise of the theatre by telling you beforehand how the play was going to end. They robbed you of the pleasure of private gossip, scandal, and tittle-tattle, and docked your drawing-room privilege of being a week before the rest of the world in forging a false piece of news or carrying a true one. They deafened you despite yourself with ready-made judgments, and set you against things you would have naturally liked. Because of them, instead of hearing each native and individual ass speak according to his folly, you heard nowadays nothing but second-hand odds and ends of newspaper wisdom. You got mercilessly stuffed with intelligence just three hours old, and knew all the while that every baby in arms was as well up as yourself. Your taste got deadened and depraved, and you became a dramdrinker in reading. Within a few months of this tirade, the current had caught him. Balzac was just starting his *Chronique de Paris*, and summoned the young author of "Mlle. de Maupin" to join his staff. This was the origin of a friendship of Gautier for Balzac which only ended with Balzac's death. Gautier was at all times both a loyal admirer of genius, and a

warm and unselfish friend; and he has written nothing more worthy of his name than the short memoir of Balzac which was published soon after the death of the great novelist. For the *Chronique de Paris*, Gautier wrote several novelettes, and among them "La Morte Amoureuse," one of his choicest and most perfectly executed stories of the ghoul or vampire cycle. In a poem published in the year 1838, he shows that these and kindred ideas, ideas of death and the dead alive, of the charnel-house and the worm, are still haunting him. In a mind which cannot get rid of the Christian centuries and the thoughts of death, perhaps the ghoul and vampire ideas are the natural counterpart of his own ideas, the predominating and fascinating ideas of physical perfection and enjoyment which we have seen in him. That poem was called "La Comédie de la Mort, and is generally pointed" to as his masterpiece in poetry. The poet goes to a cemetery on the *Jour des Morts*; he is full of unquiet hauntings and questionings; he overhears a dialogue between a corpse and the worm; it is the meeting place of life and corruption; it is like Juliet's famous vision of how it will be with her in the charnel-house among the bones. He goes home, and presently the shades of some mighty dead appear to be questioned by him. Raphael appears, and tells him of the nothingness of art; Faust, and tells him of the nothingness of knowledge; Don Juan, of the nothingness of love; Napoleon, of the nothingness of empire. And so he turns, none the wiser, to the pleasure of the hour. That is almost the last appearance in his writings of the hungry, the melancholy, the embittered, or insatiate spirit. He deals afterwards both with vampire subjects, and with subjects that are supernatural and ghostly in the modern spiritualistic sense; but he deals with them by way of imagination and description; not any longer by way of speculation or metaphysic brooding. The "Comedy of Death" is a fine poem, especially rich in images after the author's manner; but, after granting the undeniable dignity of its general conception, not perhaps rich enough in thoughts of a substance to sustain the images. Meanwhile its author was still failing to make a great reputation as a poet. He was making his reputation as a writer of prose tales and criticisms. He was engaged as a contributor by Nestor Roqueplan as well as by Balzac. And then, in 1837, began his connection with the *Presse*, of which Emile de Girardin was the editor, and one of the most brilliant contributors was his wife — the beautiful Delphine Gay, at that moment hovering between her first character of Corinna and Patriot Muse, and her latter one of social and satiric essayist. Upon the *Presse* Gautier worked for seventeen years; passing in 1855 to the staff of the *Moniteur*.

He began with articles on Delacroix's frescoes at the Chamber of Deputies. His tastes in art were tolerably eclectic, and his criticism consisted much rather in sympathetically describing and realizing the aspect of a picture than in judging or classifying it. Delacroix, as the recognized king of the romantics in fine art, of course commanded his official suffrages. But his natural sympathies inclined much more towards Ingres and abstract form. The romantic movement had had half its attraction for him as a road to real antiquity and to Greece. Ingres seemed to realize his old Greek dreams; and it is Ingres whom he by and by speaks of, whenever the chance presents itself, with the most of real enthusiasm. The only form of art with which he could by no means sympathize, and of which, in spite of his habit in latter years of speaking well of everybody, he could hardly bring himself to speak with toleration, was that of Courbet and the realists. He cared not a jot for their political and social theories; his idea of art was something beautiful and better than nature; he could not stand an art which seemed to him wantonly to disguise nature for the worse. His criticisms on art and schools of art have been collected into various volumes, but not with any approach to completeness. There is also a series of six volumes, published at Brussels, of dramatic and operatic criticisms, collected from the prodigious results of his journalistic industry in that de-

partment; and these, though not volumes to be read through, are full of interest, and of examples of high criticism conveyed with the facile familiarity of the master.

That, however, is the every-day Gautier, with whom we have promised not to occupy ourselves — as indeed there is not space to occupy ourselves with him if we would. His every-day work was, however, his principal occupation henceforward. He lived a joyous life, in the company of artists, actresses, men of letters — the fascinating Bohemia of Paris in its most fascinating moment. In the company, it should also be said that he lived, of cats, dogs, ponies, and white rats; for he was a great lover and penetrating observer of animals. They play a part in almost all his tales, and are treated with a kind of humorous and genial tenderness which they have hardly received from any other writer. One of the most delightful of his lighter books is called "*Ma Ménagerie Intime*," and describes the succession and the fortunes and characters of his own four-foot favorites. In 1840 a new turn is given to his life, and a new exercise found for his style, in the first of his journeys abroad. From the day of that tour in Spain, he becomes a sworn traveller, and is ready to quit the boulevards and the fireside whenever he can get the chance. He goes to Algeria, and comes back in triumph, one of two survivors out of five amateurs that had followed the campaign of Marshal Bugeaud in 1845. "He came back to Paris," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "in an Arab dress, with a fez on his head, a burnoose round him, and a lioness cub between his knees on the top of the diligence. He looked like a lion himself; tanned and tawny, with flashing eyes. I see him now, as he looked at that fortunate hour of his life, in all the strength and pride of his second youth, in the fulness and opulence of manhood; breathing in life with full lungs, full chest, and wearing a piece of I know not what rich purple upon that ample dilated bosom." M. Sainte-Beuve is seldom so lyrical. It seems, then, that Théophile Gautier, in his thirty-fifth year, has gone near to realize in his own person the ideal of his dreams at twenty-four. In his writings, also, D'Albert is dead; Fortunio only survives. Prosperity, the positive and practical enjoyments and splendors of the time, occupy them nearly alone. Or if he deals with things melancholy and sepulchral, it is, as we have said, with his imagination only, and for the communication of the artistic *frisson*. Then comes the political revolution of 1848-49, which ruins, but does not interest him. He occupies himself with writing a new volume, the most finished and exquisite example of even his finished and exquisite art in literary execution. The book of "*Enamels and Cameos*" is like its name. It does not present us with any particularly new or illuminating thoughts, but with a succession of artistic fancies and images the most subtly and perfectly reduced into words. The opening stanzas are as good as any. The poet takes that idea of the flux and change of terrene things, which we have sometimes encountered in his writings under a less material aspect, and plays with it in this delicate fashion, by way of explaining the secret affinities of spirit with spirit: —

In the gable of an ancient temple, against the azure of the Athenian sky, two blocks of marble have once dreamed their white dreams side by side. Two sister pearls have talked an unknown language to each other as they lay whelmed ages long beneath the waves. Two roses that bloomed in a garden of Granada, when Boabdil was king, have whispered to one another as they bowed in the fountain spray. Two white doves, white with pink feet, have roosted in one nest together among the cupolas of Venice, on an evening of May. Marble, pearl, rose, and dove, all one day dissolve, all disappear. The pearl melts, the marble crashes down, the flower withers, the bird flies away. They are resolved, and all their particles go back into the great crucible, and join the universal substance made up of forms in fusion. By slow metamorphoses, they refashion themselves each under a new likeness; white marble is renewed in white flesh, red roses in red lips. The doves coo again within the hearts of young lovers; the pearls reappear where the teeth of a maiden smile and shine. Hence those sympathies, hence the compulsive sweetness, whereby souls are made aware and know each other for sisters. Obedient to the sum-

mons of a scent, a ray, a color, atom is drawn to atom as the bee to the flower. The heart remembers bygone dreams of the temple front on the ocean floor, or flower talk beside the crystal fountain, or billings and flutterings among the domes with their gilded balls; and the faithful atoms find one another out and love again. Forgotten Love wakes up, there is a vague new birth of the past; the flower inhales and knows its own sweetness on the ripe lip.

Both in sentiment and execution this little masterpiece reminds one in some degree of Heine, but not in such a way as to discredit its own originality. The time of the "*Émaux et Camées*" was also the time of Gautier's first acquaintance with Baudelaire, the foremost of the group of young poets who revered him as their master, as the *parfait magicien des lettres françaises*, and carried out with absolute completeness his maxims of art for art, and the indifference of social and political concerns. This is not the place to attempt any estimate of Baudelaire's genius; only to point again to the memoir of him by Gautier, which heads the first volume of his collected works, as containing at once the analysis and the defence of the school, and as a complete exhibition, by a master who has the right to speak, of what the arts of the modern world are bound, according to that school, to come to. The piece may stand beside the author's memoir of Balzac and his slightest notice of Heine (prefixed to the French edition of the "*Reisebilder*") as the best example of his vein in the sympathetic criticism of contemporary literature and men of letters.

Under the Empire Gautier was loyal and perfectly contented. His romance ideals had run more and more on the pomps and splendors of ancient empires in their decadence, on pictures and displays of luxury and opulent gorgeousness. All that he now saw realized and was able to embrace under the Second Empire. Whatever there was of vulgar and voluptuous in the predilections of his genius, the new *régime* answered to. And so, he became the feuilletonist of the *Moniteur*. The productions of criticisms, romances, and travels, went on apace. For he had kept up his passion of travel and gone to Italy, to Russia, to Constantinople and Greece, always bringing back his genial and picturesque account of scenes, inhabitants, and works of art. Ephemeral work left him hardly any time for permanent work. In 1863 he was at last got into a corner by a publisher, and made to produce a romance that had actually been advertised five-and-twenty years before. "*Le Capitaine Fracasse*" is in some senses the most remarkable of his longer works. The writer has put himself back into the current of romantic feeling at the moment of its first enthusiasm, and written a historical tale, or rather a tale of manners, of the reign of Louis XIII., with an astonishing exuberance of power, humor, and spirit. His early studies seem as if they had been fermenting in his mind ever since, and he exhibits a perfect command and fluency in the use of the language of that age. It is not, properly speaking, an artistically constructed story; inasmuch as everything happens *à souhait* in the simplest way. As in the tales of one's childhood, the hero turns out unexpectedly a marvellous and unrivalled fencer, the heroine turns out by surprise the daughter of a great noble, everything goes by magic, exactly as one would have it. But the spirit and the color, the infinite picturesqueness, the energy, the eloquence, the quaintness and buoyant rillery — in virtue of all these it is a work of genius if any story ever was.

There is nothing very important of Gautier's production to record after that. And if there were, we have not pretended to have made any approach to a complete record of what he produced, even in his more serious and intimate vein. We have passed over his admirable volume of retrospective criticisms, published in 1844, and called "*Les Grotesques*." That contains a sympathetic and brilliant account — not, it is said, at all times absolutely accurate — of a miscellaneous handful of those French writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who had been the gods of the young romantics fifteen years before. We have passed over the "*Romance of the Mummy*," and the

later spiritualistic novel called "Spirite." We have only tried to give a fragmentary idea of Gautier, as in his life a personage passing out of the conflicts of the romantic movement, in which he had been a leader, into a career of robust and radiant physical life and eager enjoyment, of many friendships and the unbounded homage of the young; as in letters a poet and prose lyricist, who, having helped to revive the past, and to liberate the muses of his country, and having early acquired a consummate power in the new style which he and his compeers had created, gave a perfect expression early in his career to some of the most singular phases of modern imaginative passion, and later to some of the most striking phenomena of modern practical luxury and research of sensation; as a narrator the easiest and most vivid, and as a critical and descriptive writer, the most lively, the most genial and gay, the richest in his coloring, and most pliant in his appreciations, of any in an age of eminent narrators, critics, and describers.

DE MORTUIS.

AN old controversy springs up afresh at the death of every remarkable man upon whose merits there has been any considerable divergence of opinion. Each side has a commonplace to allege in defence of its own view. We should not speak evil of the dead, urges one party; and the other replies that we should speak the truth of every one, dead or alive. Undoubtedly this last doctrine has an apparent advantage in point of sincerity and honesty. Is there not something offensive about the sudden change of sentiment which follows the death of such a man as the late Emperor of the French? When people who have been denouncing him whilst alive as a tyrant, a traitor, and a corrupter of society, suddenly affect a generosity which no longer costs them anything, and grow sentimental over the coffin of the man whom they used to revile, is not such generosity more insulting than continued animosity? The tears of enemies are not a proof that they have ceased to be enemies, but merely that they have ceased to be afraid. They were libellous before as they are now hypocritical. The friends of the deceased are excusable if they reject such posthumous praises with something like disgust. Flattery of the dead is merely satire in disguise, for every good word implies that the dead man must have had some exceedingly bad qualities which prevented even his better qualities from being recognized during his lifetime. The rule, therefore, should be, according to some persons, that death ought to make no difference. When a murderer is hanged, he is not converted into a saint. Death places a man beyond the reach of our hostility; but whatever lessons should be drawn from his career are precisely the same before and after it has reached its conclusion. The only difference, therefore, should be that we need no longer stimulate hostility. The judgment may be delivered without the passion which was pardonable during the heat of conflict; but the judgment itself should not be in any way altered. We can afford, it should be said, to regard your wickedness without active indignation now that it can lead to no fresh crimes; but what was wicked remains wicked to the end of time.

So far, indeed, there cannot be much dispute; but such reflections are not decisive of the controversy. There is, in fact, an obvious alternative. The maxim of speaking no evil of the dead may be interpreted to mean that we should hold our tongues if we have nothing good to say. Or, if absolute silence be impossible, we may, without concealing our unfavorable opinions, prefer rather to dwell upon that side of a man's character which has been least objectionable. Why, in fact, should we think it incumbent upon us to sum up the good and bad qualities of our neighbors as soon as they have left us? We are altogether too anxious to effect an accurate classification of men's characters, and to place them distinctly amongst the sheep or the goats. Innumerable historical controversies are carried on as to the inscrutable question whether somebody long dead

should have a black or a white mark placed against his name. Why place either? How are we ever to say distinctly whether Cromwell or Mary Queen of Scots belonged to the saints or the sinners? Is not that rather a question for schoolboys than for grown-up men? A favorite motion in debating societies used to be that the character of so-and-so is deserving of admiration; but, as we grow older, we discover that our opinion of human beings is not to be packed into any such summary formula. We learn by experience the infinite complexity of human impulses, and the impossibility of fairly unravelling all the complicated skein of motive that goes to determine our own actions, to say nothing of the actions of other people. Who are we that we should profess to penetrate the bosoms of our neighbors, and by some spiritual calculus to sum up precisely the value of the good and the bad ingredients? By sufficient care we can arrive at some kind of knowledge of what people actually did; we may be able to decide what was Cromwell's system in Ireland, and whether Mary did or did not blow up her husband with gunpowder. In a rough way we may infer something as to the qualities by which such actions were prompted. It would be difficult, for example, to approve unequivocally of a lady who should be demonstrated to be a murderess and an adulteress. Yet even in such a case it is not easy to say how much allowance should be made for a vast variety of perplexing circumstances, for temptations which we have not experienced, and for motives which at best we can very imperfectly analyze. Still less is it easy to say how many good qualities may remain unextinguished side by side with great vices, and unable to restrain their possessors from grievous crimes. Here and there is a man who is nearly all bad, and another who is nearly all good. But in the infinite majority of cases the problem is so complex as to evade our feeble powers of analysis. As a rule, it is better to decline an impracticable task. Even amongst our own friends whom we see daily, and whose conduct may be tested in an infinite variety of ways, we are generally bewildered if we attempt to place them irrevocably in some mental pigeon-hole; and we are constantly making new discoveries which show how little we could have predicted their action under some fresh combination of circumstances. Why then endeavor to pronounce confidently about people at a far greater distance from us, of whose character we can judge only by remote inferences from uncertain evidence? We can in some degree trace out the consequences which have flowed from particular courses of conduct. We can see how the work done by one man has fallen to pieces with his death, and how the work done by another continues to bear fruit to remote generations. So far we may infer that he labored on behalf of a sound or an unsound principle; and we may be grateful to him or pity him accordingly. But it is quite another thing to infer that the man who fought for a good cause was actuated by unselfish motives and a clear perception of the truths involved; or that the man who fought for a bad cause must therefore have had a corrupt heart and a muddled understanding. There are good and able men and there are bad and vicious men on all sides, or the world would be a great deal worse off than it is; for, as a rule, no side has a monopoly of the truth; and it is to be feared that, if good causes were supported only by men of correspondingly good character, they would have a very small minority of defenders. As a rule, in fact, the condemnation of some conspicuous actor means that we are opposed to his party. A Protestant argues that Mary must have committed murder because her theology was wrong; and a Roman Catholic that Cromwell must have been a hypocrite because he did not believe in the Pope. The calmness with which people set down every conspicuous adversary of their own opinions as wicked, though admitting in general terms that virtue is not confined to their own party, shows how valueless are most judgments of character. The circumstance which is most distinctly irrelevant is that which has practically by far the greatest influence on the verdicts which we pronounce. The tendency is curiously illustrated in Mr. Carlyle's writings. Regard-

ing history as the record of the achievements of a few giants surrounded by a vast multitude of dwarfs, he always attributes to his heroes a distinct consciousness of all the results that flowed from their actions, and infers that their motives were correspondingly excellent. Yet surely it is a very rash assumption that because Frederick, for example, conferred great benefits upon Germany, therefore the advantage to Germany, and not the advantage to his own private interests, was his guiding principle. The truth would seem to be very different. When any great political change is useful to the mass of mankind, it is generally the plain interest of some distinguished leader to place himself at the head of the resulting movement; and it generally follows that we are quite unable to say whether selfish ambition or a wider patriotism determined his actions. Did men like Cromwell and Napoleon seize the government because they thought that the national interest required it, or because they wished to be rulers? They could probably not have answered the question themselves, and it is rash to give any decided answer for them.

The inference would seem to be that we should be much more cautious than we generally are in expressing an opinion about men's characters, whether dead or alive. We can very safely leave the question in other hands, and rather confine ourselves to the results of a man's actions than attempt the investigation of the hidden sources from which they flowed. In short, it is a sufficient reason for not speaking evil of the dead that we are for the most part in great ignorance whether or not he deserved it. The rule, it is true, applies equally during a man's life; but it is chiefly on occasion of his death that we are tempted to place ourselves in the judgment seat, and sum up, as though we had all the evidence before us. It would be more becoming at such a time to feel the depth of our own incapacity. Imputations of evil motive are so far excusable during a man's lifetime that they may force him to give an account of himself, and keep up a due sense of responsibility. It is extremely desirable that a man should be compelled to make the purity of his motives as plain as possible; and the greatest pressure we can put upon him arises from the free criticism of his antagonists. When he is dead, that reason passes comparatively out of sight; he is no longer responsible to any human tribunal; and we may fairly recognize the impossibility of making any exhaustive summary of his motives. The feeling which leads us to attempt such a task is indeed natural enough, and requires some sort of satisfaction. The death of a great man is the closing scene of a striking drama. If his career has any coherency and completeness about it, it teaches some lessons, though it may leave us in utter darkness as to the actor's own qualities. Why, it may be asked, should we be more affected by the death of the Emperor than by the innumerable tragedies that are being acted all round us? Thousands of other people are dying in torture in hospitals and in hovels to whom we are more closely related. Many of them, it may be, have led far purer and nobler lives than any minister or emperor in the world. No gleam of secure happiness may ever have brightened their existence; whereas the Emperor, however melancholy may have been his last days, had some twenty years of exuberant prosperity. Is it not unphilosophical to be more affected by the death of the single conspicuous person than by the death of the thousands of fellow-creatures whose sufferings have been quite as poignant, and, it may be, less merited? The answer is plainly that it is not a question of philosophy. If we endeavored to distribute our sympathy in accurate proportion to the mass of suffering, we should, according to the common illustration, be more moved by the destruction of a million of men in China than by the slaughter of half-a-dozen passengers in an English railway accident. Fortunately, however, for our peace of mind, we do not deal out our sympathy after this fashion. The effect upon the imagination is the measure of our feeling. A single death in our immediate neighborhood affects us more deeply than any number of deaths in a remote country, not merely for selfish reasons, but because we can realize the details with incomparably greater distinctness.

On the same principle we are influenced by the death of any distinguished person. We do not go through a statistical calculation as to the exact amount of suffering produced; but we are moved as we are moved by a tragedy. It is a question of poetry, not of reasoning. An incident which forms part of history moves us, not merely by its own intrinsic importance, but by all the associations which it brings up. The death of an old woman in the next street may sadden us if we happen to know her, and may suggest some reflections on sanitary reform. The death of a man who has played a conspicuous part on the stage of European politics carries the mind backwards and forwards through a long series of the most important events. The man's own personal interest sinks out of notice in comparison with all the reflections suggested by his share in a great historical process. And therefore personal dislike is out of place, because it vulgarizes the sentiments suggested. Mere antipathy to the individual sounds paltry and pitiful in presence of thoughts as to the interests of nations and of mankind at large. The mind should be raised to a region where all personal dislikes seem infinitely petty and contemptible. The tone of feeling most in harmony with such reflections should be too solemn to admit of the intrusion of our little antipathies. We should be rather disposed to feel how imperfect are the judgments which we pass upon each other, and to regard censorious verdicts as something profane in the presence of loftier interests. Truth, of course, should not be sacrificed; nor should we speak with affected kindness of one of whom we really disapprove. But the expression of mere party or personal feelings is out of place at such solemn moments. They may be right or wrong; but they jar upon us like a false note in music, at a time when our minds should be attuned to a deeper strain of emotion.

PARLIAMENTARY PHRASES, DESIGNATIONS, QUIPS, AND ODDITIES.

THE dull and prosy debates of the two Houses of Parliament are occasionally enlivened by flashes of wit, oddities of sentiment, saucy little personalities, queer comparisons, and bits of real eloquence, which are always welcome to noble lords and honorable gentlemen when tired with the long speeches which they inflict one on another. In reading the curious volume recently prepared by Mr. G. H. Jennings and Mr. W. S. Johnstone,¹ we have jotted down a few of these epigrammatic bits, which make collectively a museum of pleasant things.

Some among the many parliaments which England has had during past centuries have become known under droll designations; while others have had sarcastic names given to them by individual members. In the time of Henry III. a parliament obtained the name of the *Mad Parliament*—*Insanum Parliamentum*. The "*Parliament de la Bond*," under Edward II., was so called because the barons who were hostile to the court party wore colored bands upon their sleeves for distinction. The "*Wonderful Parliament*" was the one which in the time of Richard II. impeached and condemned the king's ministers as traitors. The "*Lack-learning Parliament*," or *Parliamentum Indoctum*, summoned in 1408, was thus called because it had no learned lawyer in it. The "*Parliamentum Diabolical*" supported the Queen's party in the stormy times of Henry VI. The "*Long Parliament*," its division into "*Pride's Purge*" and the "*Rump*," and its supersession by "*Barebones Parliament*," are well known to readers of the Commonwealth history. The "*Senate of Lilliput*" was a name which Dr. Johnson gave to the two Houses of Parliament in reports of the speeches for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, written at a time when reporters had to guard sedulously against direct mention of names.

Sometimes one House has received a designation, or been made the subject of a witticism or saying, without

¹ *A Book of Parliamentary Anecdotes, compiled from Authentic Sources.* 1872.

involving the other. "Setting their House in order," has been used more than once by reforming Commons, as a menace or warning to the Lords; but it had its origin in a bit of sarcasm during the time of Charles II. "Our masters at Westminster" was a name which Pepys gave to the House of Commons, exciting thereby great merriment among the courtiers. "The Lords in a Balloon" was a popular newspaper phrase three or four years ago, owing to a humorous poke which Mr. Gladstone gave them in the course of a party speech. Mr. O'Connell once called the House of Commons "Six hundred and fifty-eight scoundrels;" but this gem of eloquence was not uttered in the House.

The designations and quips thrown by one party at another are, however, much more numerous and pungent than any that have been exchanged between one House and the other. The "Whigs caught bathing:" Mr. Disraeli, nearly thirty years ago, said of Robert Peel: "The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes; he has left them in the full enjoyment of their liberal position, and is himself a strict conservator of their garments." "Fortuitous concurrence of atoms:" Lord Palmerston, in 1857, gave this whimsical designation to a temporary combination of Disraelites and Gladstonites which forced on a dissolution. "All the talents:" Canning made merciless fun of the Whigs at one time with this phrase, on account of their claim to superior wisdom and abilities. "His (or Her) Majesty's Opposition" has often been used good-humoredly as a designation for the party out of office; it was first employed by Hobhouse, and was at once accepted by Canning and Tierney. "Tailors and Turncoats:" when the Tories split into two sections concerning Catholic Emancipation, a petition was presented to the House of Lords against the bill by the Company of Tailors at Glasgow; Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst said in a sort of stage-whisper: "What! do tailors trouble themselves with such measures? to which Lord Eldon replied: "My noble and learned friend might have been aware that tailors cannot like *turncoats*!" "Pocket majority:" an opprobrium often thrown by each party at the other in borough-mongering times, when the success of a minister often depended on the number of borough votes which his land-owning supporters could command. "The thing called a minister" was the coarse designation hurled at Lord North during a hot debate; he dryly replied that he certainly was a thing: "but when the honorable member speaks of me as 'that thing called a minister,' he calls me that thing which he himself wishes most to be, and therefore I take it as a compliment." The "wooden oracle of the Treasury" was the impudent name given by Flood to one of the ministers in the Irish House of Commons, before the Union; the minister had referred Flood to a subordinate official for an answer to a question, whereon Flood said: "Formerly, the oak of Dodona uttered its own oracles, but the wooden oracle of our Treasury is compelled to give its responses by deputy."

It must be admitted that flinging nicknames and bits of sarcasm at individual members of "the party opposite" is both easier and more tempting than the vague generalities which would apply (if at all) to an entire party. The "young man from the country" was Mr. Bernal Osborne's name for Mr. Milner Gibson, in a speech in which the slow-going of a once fast coach was commented on. The same facetious member spoke of Lord Palmerston as "*facile princeps*," the liveliest if not the youngest on the Treasury bench; and added: "His cabinet is a museum of curiosities. There, sir, are to be found some birds of rare and noble plumage, both alive and stuffed. But, unfortunately, there is a difficulty in keeping up the breed. For those Whig birds have been very barren, and were obliged to take a cross with the famous Peelite breed." "Prosperity Robinson," "Æolus Canning," and "Pink-nosed Liverpool," were nicknames devised by Cobbett, but not (it may be presumed) used by him in the House. One particular member is known as "Single-speech Hamilton," and is as invariably referred to by that designation as if it were his baptismal name; he made one, and only one,

good speech in parliament, during the early part of the reign of George III. The "Stormy Petrel of debate" was a name once given to Mr. Bernal Osborne, in allusion to the times and circumstances which he selected for his best sallies. "Tear'em" was a designation which Mr. Roebuck received as a consequence of a characteristic speech made in reference to supposed hostile designs of France against England: "It may be said that those who stand in my position ought not to say anything that excites national animosity; and I respond to that sentiment. But, sir, the farmer who goes to sleep, having placed the watch-dog Tear'em over his rick-yard, hears that watch-dog bark. He, in the anger of a half-somnolence, says: 'I wish Tear'em would be quiet;' and bawls out of the window: 'Down, Tear'em.' Tear'em does go down; the farmer goes to sleep, and is awakened by the flashing in at his windows of the light of his ricks on fire. I am Tear'em; I tell you to beware." "Boot-jack Robinson" was Sir Thomas Robinson, a man of no mark or skill, who, during a crisis in the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, was made Home Secretary, and ministerial leader of the House of Commons. "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us!" said Pitt to Fox. "The duke might as well send his boot-jack to lead us!" The "judicious bottle-holder" was Lord Palmerston, who, in relation to the difficulty of managing certain diplomatic matters which occupied his attention, said: "A great deal of good generalship and judgment was required, and during the pending struggle a good deal of judicious bottle-holding was obliged to be brought into play." Lord Palmerston was also a "three-decker:" Mr. Canning wished his colleagues would make good telling speeches more frequently than they did; and said once, *sotto voce*, in the House: "What would I give to get that three-decker, Palmerston, to bear down upon them!" The "*Civis Romanus sum*" was for a long time applied to the same noble statesman, on account of the closing sentence of the longest and best speech he ever made: "As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." In the days before Reform, the sobriquet of "Chicken Taylor" was given to Mr. M. A. Taylor, and long stuck to him; he contended against a great lawyer in the House, and then apologized that he, "as he might phrase it, a chicken in the law, should venture on a fight with the cock of Westminster Hall." Lord Castlereagh had a "curry-comb" idea associated with his name at one time, consequent on a sarcastic remark connected with his participation in the Congress of Vienna: "It is delightful to see how completely the curry-comb of the House of Commons has taken off all the gilding and lackering which he brought from the Congress." The "Derby Dilly" was O'Connell's sobriquet for the late Earl of Derby, who, when Lord Stanley, had a very small number of personal adherents, in reference to an exciting electioneering contest:—

Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides.

Mr. Bright's joke about the "Derby Minstrels" applied to the same statesman and his party, when in office. After comparing them with the Christy Minstrels, he went on (with a jocularity which was all the more welcome because rather rare): "The Derby Minstrels pretend to be Liberal and white; but the fact is, if you come nearer and examine them closely, you will find them to be just as black and curly as the Tories have ever been. I do not know, and do not pretend to say, which of them it is that plays the banjo, and which the bones." "Ditto to Mr. Burke" was one Mr. Conger, who was elected with the great statesman to represent Bristol at a general election. Utterly bewildered how to thank the electors, after a magnificent speech from Burke, he judiciously compressed his own speech into these few words: "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke, ditto to Mr. Burke!" "Finality Peel" and "Finality Russell" were names thrown at two statesmen who, one on

one occasion, and the other some years afterwards, wished that a particular Reform measure should be regarded as final — not to be disturbed by further agitation. Mr. Bright's "Scotch terrier" simile applied to two honorable members who, as he termed it, "formed a party of themselves." He hoped they would get on well together, but was perplexed by one difficulty: "This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which the tail."

Sometimes a complimentary designation or allusion remains long attached to a particular member, having none of the sting of sarcastic attack. "We are all proud of him," said Sir Robert Peel of Lord Palmerston, after contending in debate against him, and stating that he would vote against the noble lord in an approaching division. The "Rupert of debate" was an appellation given to the late Earl of Derby by Mr. Lytton Bulwer (afterwards Sir Bulwer Lytton, and now Lord Lytton) in his "New Timon": —

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of debate.

The "man of unadorned eloquence" was Mr. Cobden, whose advocacy of the repeal of the corn-laws was characterized by Sir Robert Peel as "eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned." A "host in himself" was a compliment paid to Lord John Russell by the Duke of Wellington, a man very little prone to deal in compliments. Another statesman one day said to him: "What an array there is in the house of Commons against Russell — Peel, Stanley, Graham, etc." "Lord John," replied the Duke, "is a host in himself."

The sayings and witticisms of Lords and Commons, not exactly sobriquets or similes for individuals, have been numerous and varied. Most readers will call to mind some, at any rate, of these flights of ready wit, condensed epitomes of matured experience, suggestive forms of expression. "Every man has his price" was Sir Robert Walpole's mode of expressing his belief that bribery and corruption were almost universal; although his biographer states that the charge was brought, not against all politicians, but against those who made very warm protestations of patriotism. "Airing his vocabulary" was Curran's description of a dull speech made by a dull member. The "Begum speech" was the best speech ever made by Sheridan, and one of the best ever heard in the House of Commons: it related to the grievances of a begum, or native princess of India, and was the subject of long study and preparation by him. The "dagger scene" was enacted by Burke. A dagger had been sent from France to Birmingham by the Revolutionists, with an order for a large number to be made like it; Burke, having obtained possession of it for a time, drew it from under a cloak, threw it down on the floor of the House of Commons in a somewhat theatrical way, and exhorted his countrymen to "keep French principles from our heads, and French daggers from our hearts;" but it was admitted on all hands that he a little overacted this scene. Lord Chesterfield claimed to have "bled for his country;" for a brother peer, who had dabbled a little in surgery, one day bled him for a feverish headache; the titled amateur, gratified at his own success, voted as his patient requested in a party division in the House of Lords. Making "the crown not worth wearing," was the terse description by Chatham of the probable effect of a particular measure. "If the ministers persevere in misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing." "Sowing dragons' teeth" had reference to the later and declining years of the Irish parliament; the English government proposed to heap new taxes on Ireland, and caused a violent commotion in consequence of the proposal; Mr. Burgh, in the Irish House of Commons, said: "England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men." "All government a compromise," has been derided as a mean and

tricky apothegm by extreme politicians; but Burke had thought out his subject well when he said: "All government — indeed every common benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act — is founded on compromise and barter: we balance inconveniences, we give and take." "The people, our sovereign:" it was strange to hear so democratic a toast as this proposed by the Duke of Norfolk at a Whig dinner, at the very time when the French democrats were infusing alarm and dread into the English mind: it cost him the lord-lieutenancy of the West Riding. "Hammer it into them" was Fox's mode of impressing his meaning on the attention of the House, by speeches full of repetitions; but it is believed that he thus claimed credit for a defect which he could not help. "A memory for jokes, and imagination for facts," was a sarcastic hit at the mental characteristics of Mr. Dundas by Sheridan; the wit had jotted this down in his note-book long before, as a capital hit which he would use on any favorable occasion. "A minute-gun speech" was the name given to a speech made by Lord Bute, on account of its pace being so very slow and solemn; and the joke was made more pungent by a remark that "it might be considered as announcing the funeral of his ministry." "Where law ends, tyranny begins," and "stabbing the constitution," we owe to Chatham; "the wisdom of our ancestors," to Sir William Grant; and "Pluto's tears" to Burke, in allusion to "tears shed by noble lords, not for dying laws, but for their expiring places." One of the finest things said by Wilberforce had relation to Pitt's firmness in resisting the spread of French Jacobinism in England: "He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed."

Nor has the present century been scant of those bits of oratory which crystallize into sayings. "The schoolmaster is abroad" was Brougham's description of the growing desire for popular education. "The ignorant impatience of taxation," and "men turning their backs upon themselves," are assigned to Lord Castlereagh; "stemming the tide of democracy," to the late Earl of Derby; and "the Queen's government must be supported," to the Duke of Wellington, who used this argument to induce one of his party to vote for a government measure which both of them disliked. Peel's celebrated question, "What is a pound?" arose during a debate on finance matters. "Restore the Heptarchy" appeared to Canning about as practicable as to reform the parliament. The "leap in the dark" was the name which the late Earl of Derby candidly gave to his own Reform Bill in the House of Lords in 1867. "Upsetting the coach" was the same earl's mode of characterizing Lord John Russell's proceeding in regard to the fall of the Grey ministry. "You shall hear me!" said Mr. Disraeli to the House of Commons, thirty-five years ago, when the young member was received with derisive laughter; or rather, his words were: "I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will listen to me" — a prediction certainly fulfilled in later years. Mr. Disraeli's "historical conscience" was appealed to by him, to justify an opinion expressed in early life, but abandoned at a later period of his career. The same statesman's "looming in the future" referred to a prospective though unannounced adjustment and reduction of taxation. It was he, too, who claimed to have been "educating his party" to the appreciation of measures not before palatable to them. "The bray of Exeter Hall," a somewhat overdone skit at a religious party, lost Macaulay his seat at Edinburgh; "the happy dispatch," was Mr. Bernal Osborne's; the "Cave of Adullam," Mr. Bright's; the taxed motto for the lucifer matches, *Ex luce lucellum*, Mr. Lowe's; while "the three branches of the upas tree" belong to Mr. Gladstone.

THE EXECUTIONS AT SATORY.

THE executions that took place the other day at Satory are again announced as positively the last, and this time we trust the announcement may prove true. In its treatment of the Communist prisoners, it seems to us the French Government has sinned as much against sound policy as

against humanity. We shall hardly be suspected of sympathy with the excesses of the Commune, or of feeling any sickly sentimentality on the score of capital punishment. We protested against the indiscriminate vengeance wreaked on the panic-stricken crowds they found running hither and thither in the streets of Paris when the troops made their entry from Versailles; but we should have had little or nothing to say had the government made sweeping examples immediately afterwards of criminals fairly tried and condemned. The government, however, has chosen to proceed very differently, and to court animadversions it can scarcely be indifferent to. More than nineteen months had elapsed between the entry of the army of Versailles and the morning when these three criminals were roused from their sleep to be carried straight to the place of execution. It is true that all three were aware they lay under sentence of death, and that such an announcement was possible any morning. But with all three the bitterness of death must have passed; time had persuaded them, and surely not without reason, that the sentence of death had been commuted. When Decamp heard the news he gave himself up to uncontrollable fury; he filled the prison with horrible blasphemies: he vehemently rejected all religious assistance, and he left this world mad with passion and with his heart boiling over with malignant feeling. Yet perhaps of the three, Decamp had the least reason for indignation; in his case the misery of suspense does not appear to have been prolonged as much as in those of the others. Fenouillat had been sentenced to death six months before; while as for Benot, he must have passed through a tremendous series of sensations. In the spring of last year he was placed on trial with some thirty others for complicity in the assassination of the gendarmes in the Rue Haxo. We chanced to be present at the sittings of that court-martial, and shall never forget the terrible deliberation with which the proceedings dragged on. Day after day and week after week those miserable men were brought up for a few hours, which were frittered away by judges unaccustomed to take evidence, and constantly retiring for consultation. It was believed among the prisoners and their counsel, plausibly enough, that this extreme deliberation augured a leaning to mercy. As the event proved, they were under a delusion. As some of the government organs triumphantly remarked at the time, in spirit if not in so many words, the prisoners lost nothing by waiting, and that particular court closed its slow proceedings by an unusually sanguinary sentence. The strain imposed on the minds of the prisoners by an ordeal so trying was painfully illustrated in the case of Ramon, who had been governor under the Commune of the prison of La Roquette. When tried before for the murder of the Archbishop, Ramon had impressed the spectators by a show of resolution amounting to audacity. On that occasion he had escaped with transportation for life, and when he was arraigned a second time he foresaw his doom. When called on to speak he fairly broke down, and his convulsive sobs, his pinched and drawn features — showing how utterly shattered were nerve and spirit — persuaded the spectators that, whatever his offences had been, they were being expiated if suffering was expiation. The unhappy Benot must have suffered in like manner, although his sufferings were longer. He was sentenced to death with Ramon. His sentence was subsequently commuted. Tried again a second time, he was capitally condemned. For months he too lay in his prison, until his hopes of life had slowly changed to conviction. Then one morning they tell him that his last hour is come. While such things are possible, it is idle to say that the criminal code of France no longer tolerates torture. Mental anguish may be infinitely keener than physical torment, and the human mind, with its irrepressible elasticity, may be made to suffer as much and to endure pain longer than flesh and blood. Capital punishment is a terrible necessity; but the inexorable strength of the law owes some consideration to the criminal. If his doom is decided, it is the duty of the authorities to let him understand at once that he has nothing more to hope for in this world. The greater his crimes, the more imperative the necessity that he should have as

quiet a time as may be for thought and repentance. But in France a condemned murderer is denied the prisoner's last miserable refuge and medicine — the deep sleep that gives him temporary oblivion and recruits him to support his bitter reflections on the past, and the doubt, despondency, or despair with which he looks forward to the future. Each night he lies down may or may not be his last. It may be the idea of M. Thiers' government that political crimes should incur cumulative penalties, inasmuch as they are directed against each member of society. So it would seem at least; for the suspense which is measured by days with ordinary murderers was prolonged for months — almost for years — in the case of these Communists. It would appear that the Conservative Republic had recurred for its precedents of punishment to the worst days of the Terror, and we may refer those who care to appreciate the agonies we do not venture to describe to Muller's magnificent picture at the Luxembourg. There you may see the various passions of suspense, agitation, rage, and despair depicted on the faces of the motley crowd of "aristocrats" as the greffier reads out the names for the tumbrels of the morning, while the jailer sits and looks on, unconcernedly filling his pipe. It is true that there was one horror wanting at the Conciergerie which added the sharpest poignancy to the announcements at Satory — we mean the dramatic element of surprise. No one in the common chamber at the Conciergerie believed himself safe, although he hoped he might possibly escape for the day. The false security was absolute at Satory, and the cold-blooded conduct of the authorities is distinctly responsible for the agitation of all the three.

If the French government seems guilty of cruelty more cold-blooded than was ever charged to the Commune when the Commune was abusing its precarious power, at least one important extenuating circumstance may be conceded to it. It may have shown itself culpably supine and indifferent — it may have abandoned itself to the spirit of *laissezaller* when embarrassed by the difficulties of an abnormal situation; but it is difficult not to acquit it of the aggravated guilt of perpetuating cruelty with deliberate political intention. For nothing can be more obviously impolitic or short-sighted than these delays. Nor can we conceive either argument or sophistry by which they could be justified, setting humanity aside altogether. M. Thiers' mission was to restore tranquillity at home, and rehabilitate France in the eyes of Europe. His was a government of compromise and conciliation — so much so that some of its members had to bear the imputation of having implicated themselves in the cause of the Commune. He had to punish a savage insurrection, it is true, and an unfortunate necessity it was. But the indiscriminate slaughter which followed the taking of Paris should have served him in one way — it might have justified greater leniency afterwards, than would otherwise have been possible. There should have been little difficulty in identifying the most conspicuous criminals in an insurrection which had lasted for months. The most active might have been singled out for trial; and when some had been executed, and when a certain number of the rank and file had been shipped for New Caledonia, policy would have brushed justice aside and urged a general amnesty. Hot blood might have simmered for some time; mutual grievances and injuries might never have been altogether forgiven or forgotten. But even virulent Communists must to a certain extent have accepted the consequences of unsuccessful insurrection, without cherishing inveterate resentment for severities they would have accepted as fortune of war. As it is, the criminals have become objects of pity to those who condemned them most severely; the tardy executions of Satory blur the recollection of the murders of La Roquette. If even foreigners are moved with indignation, what must be the state of mind among the Communists themselves, and their sympathizers and allies among the extreme Radicals? They have had a terrible lesson, which is not over; they are silenced in the press and on the platform in presence of the state of siege. But it is not difficult to surmise what they are thinking, or to predict what they might do were they

ever again to have the upper hand. It is to be hoped that "Order" may be able to hold its own; and, it must be confessed, its friends have given themselves every inducement to defend it strenuously, for the "Terror" which would follow upon anarchy might be terrible indeed.

THE FORMS OF WATER.

MIST AND RAIN.

WITHOUT air to breathe when brought into the world, we could only continue to live a few seconds; but without water, we could not even come to life; we could not be organized, nor grow up to the point at which breathing becomes necessity. Water we are, and to water we return, quite as much as dust we are, and to dust return. Water is, therefore, even a more primary and indispensable element of our existence than air, if it were possible to make a comparison between two absolute indispensabilities.

We know air in one form only. It is more or less dense or rare; more or less devoid of color, according to its slight or considerable depth; more or less laden with foreign substances, as smoke, dust, invisible vapor, visible fogs; more or less perceptible to our senses, through its variations of heat or cold, unfelt calm, or destructive and irresistible motion. But it is always the same light, transparent, elastic fluid, and it defies us to change it into anything else. If we decompose air into the elements of which it is a mixture, they still remain, like itself, aeriform, gaseous, or air-like.

Water, on the contrary (besides being compounded of elements which, unlike itself, are never either liquid or solid), puts on more dissimilar shapes than were ever attributed to the fabled Proteus. A fall in temperature of only half a degree will change the yielding liquid into a rigid solid. Nor are its diverse forms cosmopolitan in their assumption and appearance. Not everybody has the privilege of beholding them.

Millions of our fellow-creatures live and die without ever having seen hail, snow, or ice. Millions more never gaze on a glacier during their whole allowance of threescore years and ten. If, by good luck, they catch sight of one, it impresses them with a new sensation, and, if they be not "duller than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf," inspires them with new ideas.

There are whole tribes and nations of men to whom the ocean is a thing unknown. Dwellers on extensive alluvial plains have to take their notions of a water-fall from a lock or a mill weir. The great American fresh-water lakes — their aspect, phenomena, fish, and birds — are separated from us by a hemisphere.

There are regions where the form which water takes when we witness its balloon performances, in the shape of a passing cloud, is a marvel and a rarity. One of Captain Marryat's sailors joyously hails the black squall he meets in the Channel because it is "no more of your d——d blue skies." Rain is most partially and unequally distributed. There is a spot near Bangor, in Wales, where it rains more or less every day in the year. Another, in Borrowdale competes with its rainfall. At Perpignan, chief town of the Oriental Pyrenees, France, it rains so seldom that when the phenomenon does occur little boys and girls call each other out to see it, and catch the drops on their inquisitive tongues.

In the Pampas there occur long droughts which, Mr. Darwin was told, are almost periodical, the interval being about fifteen years. Note here that Mr. G. J. Symons calls attention to the periodicity of wet seasons in the United Kingdom. A few years since any one who expressed belief in the periodicity of meteorological phenomena received more criticism than credit. Not being much afraid of satire, in 1865 he pointed out the fact that, of the fifty years between 1815 and 1864 the wettest were '36, '41, '48, '52, and '60, and that, out of these, three were equidistant, giving what looked like a twelve-year period. Now that

such speculations are more favorably received, it may be permissible to state that '72 is just twelve years after '60, and that while this is written it is raining steadily, with plenty of inundations in plenty of quarters.

In contrast with this, during the "gran seco" in the Pampas, between the years 1827 and '30, the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed. The brooks were dried up, all the small rivers became highly saline, causing the death of vast numbers of animals. The whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. In fact, such quantities of dust were blown about that, in that open country, the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates. Disputes arose in consequence. Multitudes of birds and wild and domestic animals perished for want of food and water. The deer came into a courtyard to a well which a man had been obliged to dig to supply his own family with water.

More than this, there are localities, as in the Great Desert, where it never rains at all; also within the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, where the deposition of water on the earth occurs only in the shape of snow (and that the very finest) and frozen vapor, or minute particles of ice floating in the air. Neither does it hail there, hail being frozen rain.

Water has even an invisible state, in which it increases the clearness of the atmosphere. Amongst the traditional signs of rain are:—

Along the stream the swallows fly,
The distant hills are looking grey.

There is no better example of invisible water than that given by Doctor Tyndall. At every puff of a railway locomotive, a cloud is projected into the air. Watch it sharply; you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention, and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud? It is the steam or vapor of water from the boiler. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water-dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a cloud.

And not only is it called, but it is a cloud. On a chain of mountains you often see a bit of cloud fastened, like a flag, to the summit of every peak, while the intervals between them remain perfectly clear. The fact is so familiar as to have given rise to popular names. The Wrekin has his nightcap, the Table Mountain his table-cloth. Doctor Tyndall figures and describes the cloud-banner of the Aiguille du Dru. I have seen a cloud-flag hang to Mont Ventoux for hours and days together, apparently unaltered and unmoved. But its fixity is only apparent. When the streamer of cloud drawn out from an Alpine peak is many hundred yards in length, we wonder at its obstinate persistence in spite of a high wind which may be blowing all the while. But in reality its substance is ever changing. The invisible vapor, forced up the mountain-side, is chilled and condensed into fog at the top. The banner, which is incessantly dissolved at the further end, is incessantly renewed at its points of contact with the peak. In consequence of this equalization of consumption and supply, the cloud appears as changeless as the mountain to which it clings. "When the red evening sun," writes Doctor Tyndall, "shines upon these cloud-streamers, they resemble vast torches with their flames blown through the air."

Air, at a certain temperature, can hold only a certain quantity of invisible watery vapor. That is, the quantity of moisture contained by air when saturated with it, is constant and fixed for every degree of temperature. The drier the air, and the hotter the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can thus be dissolved in it. Consequently, the invisible water-vapor in air becomes visible when a lowering of temperature, or an increase of moisture, brings it to the point of saturation. What we call a

cloud, therefore, is water-vapor which the air cannot absorb when it is saturated, and which differs from the vapor already absorbed by passing into the state which Doctor Tyndall calls water-dust, consisting, according to recent investigations, of minute vesicles or bladders. By watching a small cloud which hangs low in the air, we may often make a good guess at the weather. If it grows smaller, melts away, and is dissolved in the air, we may expect a dry day, or at least a few dry hours. If it grows heavier, and amplifies its proportions, we may take our umbrella under our arm, with the likelihood of having to hold it overhead.

This change of water from the gaseous to the molecular state can take place at any altitude. When it occurs at the ground level, we call it fog; but there is no essential difference between a cloud and a fog. While traversing clouds in a balloon, no resistance is felt; the air is simply more or less opaque, chilly, and moist, exactly as happens on the ground, according to the nature of the fog or mist. The same with clouds encountered on mountains. But although there is no essential difference between clouds and fogs, there really is one of fact or circumstance. A fog is the produce of a place or locality in which water-vapor passes from the invisible to the visible state; a cloud is a free individual object, an unattached grouping of vapors into forms so determinate that clouds are classified according to their shapes. The one is fixed, local, and uniform, the other is movable, and of variable aspect.

Examined with a magnifying glass, fog is composed of tiny bodies which are found to consist of water obeying the laws of universal gravitation. The water-molecules are little balls, like shot or melted lead fallen from a height, or mercury spilt on a mahogany table. Whether those spherules are hollow or not is a question on which meteorologists are not agreed. Halley, with apparent reason, maintained that they are. The deadening of sound by fog confirms the idea. Gas bubbles in water have the same effect. Probably, in mists, the vesicles are mingled with a considerable quantity of minute droplets of water.

Take a cup full of any dark-colored liquid, as, for example, coffee. Heat it, and set it in the sunshine. If the air is calm a vapor rises and soon disappears. With a magnifying lens globules are seen to rise. The smallest rapidly cross the field of the lens; the others fall back on the surface of the liquid. De Saussure declares that the little vesicles which mount are so completely different from those which fall back again that it is impossible to doubt that the former are hollow.

Their behavior with light confirms the opinion. Everybody has remarked the iridescent hues that gleam on the surface of soap bubbles. In order that those colors should appear, it is optically necessary that the film containing the bubble of air should be excessively thin. Kratzenstein examined with a magnifying glass, in sunshine, the vesicles that steamed up from the surface of hot water, and saw on their surface colored rings exactly like those on soap bubbles; and not only was he convinced respecting their structure, but he was able to calculate the thickness of their envelope.

De Saussure and Kratzenstein tried to measure with the microscope the diameter of the vesicles composing visible water-vapor; but hot-water steam can hardly be expected to give the same results as natural fog. Kaemtz made numerous measurements on mists in Central Germany and Switzerland. He found that in winter, when the air is very moist, the diameter of the vesicles is twice as great as in summer, when the air is dry. But in the course of the same month the diameter varies. The average diameter of mist vesicles may be taken at one-fiftieth part of a millimetre. The length of a millimetre is three hundredth parts of an English inch. Their minimum diameter occurs in very fine weather; when rain threatens, it increases; and immediately before a downfall it is very unequal in the same cloud, probably in consequence of the mixture of hollow vesicles with full droplets.

When we behold a cloud resolve itself into rain and pour out thousands of gallons of water, we marvel that

such an enormous weight of fluid should be capable of suspension in the atmosphere. The cause consists simply in its extreme divisibility. The fiftieth part of three hundredth parts of an English inch is smallness beyond our clear conception; and this is not the minimum, but the average size of the particles of water-dust. Currents of warm air ascending from the earth's surface are quite sufficient to keep such tiny atoms afloat. They hang together in groups and masses in consequence of their mutual attraction; for attractive influences are the only obvious explanation of the very distinct forms and clearly defined outlines which clouds exhibit.

Thick fogs are sometimes odorous, by impregnation with diverse exhalations pervading the lower strata of the atmosphere. In Belgium and the north of Europe, they not unfrequently smell of turf. In Paris, during the chilly fogs of October, 1871, especially in the evening of the 14th, a most disagreeable taint of petroleum was painfully perceptible.

The forms of clouds are infinitely diversified, from the flat thick mist which carpets the meadow to the bright white flakes which hover in the heights of the firmament. The convenience of some sort of classification, for literary and scientific purposes, led the meteorologist Howard to give names to the principal types, which have been generally adopted. Our commonest fair-weather cloud is the cumulus, accumulated masses of white vapor, Ossa piled on Pelion, Mont Blanc on the top of Chimborazo, sometimes with cauliflower heads, called by French sailors "bales of cotton," with a horizontal and level base. Cumuli are par excellence the clouds which afford free scope to the imagination. They offer promontories on which angels might alight; they are snowy Alps, dolomite mountain ranges, concentrated glaciers, wintry pine forests, dragons, camels, flying chariots with demons hidden within. Ossian owes something to the cumulus cloud; which also varies into the cumulo-stratus, a hybrid between the pure vapor alp and the stratus proper, the long, horizontal, parallel banks of mist stretching across the sky, and doubtless the self-same famous cloud that was once thought "very like a whale."

The cloud which gives long-continued rain, the nimbus, which, in fact, is the fountain and source of wet seasons, covers the whole sky with an enormous dull-gray winding sheet. Its slightly undulated lower surface gives out an incessant showery drip; its heaving and irregular upper surface is invisible except to balloonists who have emerged aloft after passing through its thousands of feet of thickness. When it comes creeping over the firmament, adieu to all hope of the afternoon walk. Picnics may be put off till that day week, and smart clothing consigned to the wardrobe. The nimbus is the world's wet blanket.

All clouds are formed of watery vesicles more or less small, and more or less crowded. But clouds are not confined to the atmospheric regions, whose temperature is above the freezing point. They also float in glacial altitudes where the vesicular water is congealed into minute filaments of ice. Such clouds, composed of ice or snow, give rise to the optical phenomena of halos, parhelia, and the like. Their height above the earth is very considerable. When a balloon has reached its greatest elevation, it does not seem even to approach those clouds, whilst a moderate ascent carries the aeronaut far above the cumulus and its fellow children of the mist. Mr. Glaisher, at an elevation of some forty thousand feet, saw them hanging, inaccessible, overhead. Such a cloud is called a cirrus, a curl, a lock of frizzled hair, which approximately describes its shape. Country people know them as "mares' tails." By combination or transition, they form the cirro-cumulus and the cirro-stratus. But in fact all the varieties of cloud may be separated into two grand categories; the cumulus, formed of liquid vesicles, and the cirrus, consisting of frozen particles.

When a cloud is about to resolve itself into rain, it acquires increased density, grows darker, and (except in the case of hail or a squall) spreads over an extensive area. The water detached from it would fall vertically, if the at-

mosphere were calm and the drops sufficiently heavy; but two causes, the wind and the lightness of the new-born drops, make them fall obliquely as a sort of train hanging from the cloud, which sails in advance. The production of rain mostly occurs when one layer of cloud overlies another; and it is the upper cloud which determines the precipitation of water from the lower one. Numerous observers have remarked that when two masses of air saturated or nearly so with moisture, but of different temperatures, meet, a downfall of rain is the consequence. Nor is there any limit to the rainfall, so long as a current of cold cloud from one direction, say northeast, passes over another current of warm saturated cloud arriving continuously from an opposite direction, say southwest.

The formation of rain from impalpable molecules, the moderate altitude at which it takes shape and consistency, the gradual increase of its volume as it descends, and consequently the slight force, and the inconsiderable masses, with which it strikes the surface of the earth, are so many proofs of the wise arrangements with which a benevolent Providence has surrounded us "in this wonderful system of things that we call Nature." Rains, even when excessive and long-continued, do little injury to the face of a land, while they fill reservoirs, natural and artificial, sweeten and soften the atmosphere, thoroughly cleanse and sweep away impurities from large assemblages of human dwellings, consolidate and fill up swamps, and gradually raise lowlands to a higher level. Inundations even are not unmixed evils, as the valley of the lower Nile can testify.

What if it had been otherwise! If rain came bodily from the upper regions, to dash on the ground with accelerated velocity, or in sheets, if only one or two inches thick, or in masses, cataracts, or water-spouts! All these cases we can easily imagine, and shudder at the catastrophes they would inevitably produce. We can fancy them the more readily because there occur occasional deviations from the normal order of things sufficient to make us thankful that they should be the exception and not the rule.

Rain is of necessity the primeval form of actual water. In its liquid state water probably first appeared on earth, in the midst of incessant explosions and long-rolling thunder, as rain, perhaps scalding hot, whether condensed from steam or the result of the combination of its constituent gases, to be immediately repelled, in the shape of vapor, from the heated surface of such ground as there was then. We have the prints of early rain-drops petrified in sandstone, but they could not have been the earliest, or anything like it, because sand is a product of the mechanical action of waves or water-courses. At first rivers could not be. The rains that fell would be reëvaporated before they could combine into a stream of any size.

Not only is rain unequally distributed, but the inequality varies on the very same spot; that is, climates change. The amount of vapor condensed into rain or snow is liable to increase or diminution. When Doctor Tyndall visited the Mer de Glace last June, after an absence of twelve years, it exhibited in a striking degree that excess of consumption over supply which, if continued, will eventually reduce the Swiss glaciers to the mere spectres of their former selves. When he first saw the Mer de Glace, its ice-cliffs towered over Les Mottets, and an arm of the Arveiron, issuing from the cliffs, plunged as a powerful cascade down the rocks. The ice has now shrunk far behind them. The ice-vault of the Arveiron has dwindled considerably. The ice-cascade of the Géant has suffered much from the general waste. Its crevasses are still wild, but the ice-cliffs and séracs of former days are to-day but poorly represented. The great Aletsch and its neighbors exhibit similar evidences of diminution.

In the north of Chili, we learn from Mr. Darwin, old and deserted houses are numerous. Traces of Indian habitations have been discovered in many parts where the land is now unfit for any kind of cultivation. On the Andes there are many buildings at heights so great as almost to border on the perpetual snow, where the land produces absolutely nothing, and, what is still more extraordinary,

where there is no water. Nevertheless, from the appearance of the houses, the Indians must have used them as their places of residence. Some supply of water near them must, therefore, formerly have existed. If at the present time two or three showers of rain were to fall annually, instead of one, as now is the case, during two or three years, a small rill of water would probably be formed in that great valley. And then, by irrigation (which was formerly so well understood by the Indians), the soil would easily be rendered sufficiently productive to support a few families.

It is some comfort, after a long-continued spell of wet, to know from this instance that an excessive rainfall is less incompatible with human welfare than excessive drought.

LORD LYTTON AS LITTÉRATEUR.

"*Dæ mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is a good-natured, if not very sound rule, but we seem just at present to be pushing good nature rather far. It may be wise to be kindly to a man's memory; it is absurd because he is dead to alter a deliberate estimate of his literary works. We have nothing to say against Lord Lytton himself, whose character and history will hardly be understood till the memoirs of this generation have been published; but we are not going to admit, just because he is dead, that a mighty genius has passed away from among men. That he was a hard worker, as careful a student as rich men ever are, and a man of unusually wide and varied knowledge, — which, however, was seldom thorough, — may be readily admitted; as also that he possessed unusual power of making a transcendental political speech; but all these things do not make up genius, the mysterious something which every one describes and no one defines, and which in our judgment was wanting to Lord Lytton. He was one of the cleverest men who ever lived, who thought he must have genius because he knew so many things that other men did not know, and could do so many things other men could not do, and went about ever after with a torch in his hand hunting to discover where his genius lay. In every department he tried he achieved a measure of success, all the more consoling because he thought it greater than it really was, but in none did he achieve a complete or lasting triumph. He wrote plays, and two or three of his plays are so good that they keep possession of the stage; but their goodness is cleverness only, the cleverness of keen, though shallow social observation. It is this, coupled with a genuine admiration for scenic situation, an admiration constantly apparent in his novels, which makes his plays seem strong, but he has not added a character to the store of English characters, or a phrase to the English wealth of racy colloquialisms. It is with the greatest difficulty that ordinary men recall even the names of his personages, and we doubt if a sentence uttered by any one of them can be found to have worked its way into the language. The situations are striking, the dialogues often happy, the sentiments sometimes elevated, though more apt to be inflated; but it is all ordinary work, clever writing, which will not live as, to quote a precise analogy, the best of Sheridan's comedies will live. Sheridan, himself only a genius in his humor, had in virtue of that humor just the power, which Bulwer lacked, of appealing to universal human nature. You can act the "School for Scandal" before any audience, and they will miss nothing except perhaps the true meaning of Mrs. Candor, lost in a corrupt stage tradition; but try to act "Money" in the New Cut. Lord Lytton wrote history, descriptive history, but his "Athens," a book full of rare and curious information, as enjoyable as an old piece of fantastic china, may be said to be absolutely forgotten. He wrote poetry, much of it very nice indeed; but with one decided exception, not a line of it lives in the thoughts and imagination of men. There is fancy often in the "Lost Tales of Miletus," and in one passage depicting the misery of deathlessness there is power, — power due mainly to the author's lifelong con-

sideration of the effect that mysterious position would have upon the mind, — but only the political sketches in "The New Timon" are alive. Those, we admit, have high merit, such high merit that we are half tempted to recall our statement that Lord Lytton had not genius. We are not quite sure even in our own minds that had Lord Lytton recognized his own capacities in this direction, and cultivated them sedulously, had he observed men for their sake, and cured himself in order to perfect them of his love for wordiness, he might not, as a satirist, have rivalled Dryden. The sketch of Lord Derby so often quoted is only clever, giving the popular, not the true impression of the man; but that of Lord John Russell has insight. When we have all said our say about him, we shall only have said: —

"But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John;"

and, —

"Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, though so oft misspent."

Lord Lytton's satire lacks fire, but it is at all events real, and is devoid of that sense of strain which pervades all his other work, and made him write in prose sentiments or apothegms full of capital letters, and either nonsense or platitudes dressed up in drawing-room Carlylese, and in poetry such tumid and unreal stuff as the songs in "Rienzi" or "The Last Days of Pompeii."

All the observations we have made apply in a still stronger degree to the vast mass of novels given by Lord Lytton to the world. They all display the results of vast and varied reading. They are all full of a certain thin pictorial charm derived mainly from that reading. They are made tolerable by social sketches, some of which, like the little kit-cat of Pelham's mother, the account of Audley Egerton the statesman in "My Novel," the picture of the lady who kept a salon in the aristocratic quarter of a country town in "A Strange Story," and the description of Sir Sydney Beadesert and Lord Castleton in "The Caxtons," display a subdued satiric power which, if cultivated, might have indefinitely increased Lord Lytton's rank in English literature. What, for example, can be better in its way than this passage describing the rich boy peer, the Marquis of Castleton. It is a little long, but as it is by far the most complete illustration of our view, we venture to give it entire: —

"Conversation succeeded, by galvanic jerks and spasmodic starts — a conversation that Lord Castleton contrived to tug so completely out of poor Sir Sedley's ordinary course of small and polished small-talk, that that charming personage, accustomed, as he well deserved, to be Coryphæus at his own table, was completely silenced. With his light reading, his rich stores of anecdote, his good-humored knowledge of the drawing-room world, he had scarce a word that would fit into the great, rough, serious matters which Lord Castleton threw upon the table, as he nibbled his toast. Nothing but the most grave and practical subjects of human interest seemed to attract this future leader of mankind. The fact is that Lord Castleton had been taught everything that relates to *property* (a knowledge which embraces a very wide circumference). It had been said to him, 'You will be an immense proprietor; knowledge is essential to your self-preservation. You will be puzzled, bubbled, ridiculed, duped every day of your life, if you do not make yourself acquainted with all by which property is assailed or defended, impoverished or increased. You have a vast stake in the country — you must learn all the interests of Europe — nay, of the civilized world — for those interests react on the country, and the interests of the country are of the greatest possible consequence to the interests of the Marquis of Castleton.' Thus the state of the Papacy — the growth of Dissent — the proper mode of dealing with the general spirit of Democracy, which was the epidemic of European monarchies — the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population — corn laws, currency, and the laws that regulate wages — a criticism on the leading speakers of the House of Commons, with some discursive observations on the importance of fattening cattle — the introduction of flax into Ireland — emigration — the condition of the poor — the doctrines of Mr. Owen — the pathology of pota-

toes; the connection between potatoes, pauperism, and patriotism; these, and such like stupendous subjects for reflection — all branching more or less intricately from the single idea of the Castleton property — the young lord discussed and disposed of in half-a-dozen prim, poised sentences — evincing, I must say in justice, no inconsiderable information, and a mighty solemn turn of mind. The oddity was, that the subjects so selected and treated should not come rather from some young barrister, or mature political economist, than from so gorgeous a lily of the field. Of a man less elevated in rank one would certainly have said — 'Cleverish, but a prig;' but there really was something so respectable in a personage born to such fortunes, and having nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine, voluntarily taking such pains with himself, and condescending to identify his own interests — the interests of the Castleton property — with the concerns of his lesser fellow-mortals, that one felt the young marquis had in him the stuff to become a very considerable man."

Men who never saw that kind of person in their lives feel that sketch to be literally correct, and it is but one of many scattered throughout Lord Lytton's social novels. But he never remained long in this vein, — in which he might have rivalled Mr. Disraeli, — and in the veins he more affected he seems to us, we confess, poor. Boys admire the situations in the "Last Days of Pompeii," and men may recognize its knowledge; but compare it with "Romola," or even "Hypatia," and how vast is the intellectual interval. The finest character, Nydia, the blind girl, is essentially and intolerably modern, while the majority of the personages are mere lay figures, without originality, force, or interest for the reader, except so far as he is interested in sensational, though quasi-historic scenes, and in antiquarian research. And this is by far the best of Lord Lytton's historic novels. "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," is a failure, in spite of a certain melancholy grandeur in the central figure, for we do not recognize the mighty difference between life in the Middle Ages and life now; "Harold" is admitted to be dull, and is that most intolerable of all things, an imitation saga without unconsciousness; and the "Last of the Barons" would, but for Edward IV., be a tiresome romance in very stilted English. Edward IV. is really well done, as well done as Scott's failures, e. g., Margaret of Anjou, in "Anne of Geierstein," and is, we imagine, historically nearer the truth than the account in most histories, but as a work of art, compare it with Scott's Louis XI. or any of Dumas' sketches of any member of the House of Valois, especially Charles IX. At best we cannot say that it would be quite unworthy James. As to the criminal novels, one of them, "Lucretia," has considerable power, for Gabriel Varney is a literal reproduction of a Mr. Wainwright, a great criminal, whom Lord Lytton knew and understood; but "Paul Clifford" is — in all reverence be it spoken — sentimental rubbish, infinitely inferior as a work of art to the Macheath of the "Beggars' Opera." "Pelham" is an admirable social novel while Pelham is on the stage, and an insufferable melodrama when he is off it; and although the modern novels, "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and the rest, are lively, they are deformed by direct and poor imitations of Sterne, for which Lord Lytton had not the requisite humor, and rarely rise above ordinary novelist's work. Let any one who doubts this think what Thackeray would have made of Roland Caxton, or George Eliot of Squire Hazledean, or even Henry Kingsley of Vivian, and he will see in an instant the difference between work inspired by genius and work directed by mere cleverness and knowledge. The best of the whole is "The Caxtons" — though in "What Will He Do with It?" we recognize great merit in the figure of Jasper Losely, the modern bandit, — and in "The Caxtons," what is the character of Pisistratus? We defy any human being even to form an opinion, unless it be this, — that he is a much dressed-up edition of Nicholas Nickleby, who is a lay figure.

There remains a group of novels by Lord Lytton upon which a separate judgment must be passed, that group of which the idea is to describe a man released by Rosicrucian knowledge from the ordinary conditions of humanity. To Lord Lytton the composition of "Zanoni" and "A

"Strange Story" was, we suspect, a labor of love, a work into which he threw the whole power he possessed, power reinforced by wide reading, and by what appears to us an instinctive appreciation of Oriental thought. He recurred to the subject again and again at different periods of his life, and in his first sketch of "A Strange Story," published in *Blackwood*, and in our judgment incomparably the best piece of work he ever did in his life, he formulated his theory of magic. He held, as the Hindoo dreamers have always held, that it was possible by continued exertion so to intensify the will as to give it supernatural power over the wills and thoughts of other men, and even bring under it, or into relation with it, beings exempted from mortal conditions. This theory, if he had fairly worked it out, would have made his two Rosicrucian studies remarkable works of art; but he was unequal to the task, and both in "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story" not only brings in a Rosicrucian machinery in the way of drugs of the stupidest and least imaginative kind, but constantly violates his own theory by inconsistent assumptions, as, for instance, making Zanoni prophesy, and giving to Margrave preposterous intolerance of pain. Nevertheless, in spite of all, "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story" are remarkable books, full of weird fancies and poetic dreams, which one would enjoy deeply, but that they are crossed or, as it were, shot by so many wilful absurdities, such as the anti-climax of Margrave's history, where a supernatural scene, worked up with the greatest and most evident strain, ends in the apparition of a gigantic Foot. Lord Lytton did not see that this was grotesque, any more than he saw the absurdity of his apothegms; and in that incapacity of humor, of perceiving the incongruities of things, lay, we believe, the ultimate secret of his failure. For he has failed. He has produced a vast mass of work with many merits in parts of it, but he never realized his own ideal of his own literary power.

LOLA. AN IDYL.

THE house was one of the nest-like sort, low-roofed, thatched, with latticed windows buried in greenery, with a dove-cote on the gable, and rustic porch and veranda. It stood in a forest country, and, with its garden, orchard, and scraps of velvety pasturage, was surrounded on many sides by trees climbing on heights, trees dipping and courtesying in hollows, trees wading into the river where the red-sided cattle loved to drink, trees lying in soft heaps against the silver-grays of cloudland with a mysterious blue mist behind their boles.

The morning glitter was on everything as the master of the house, going out with his dog, stopped and spoke over the low garden wall to his wife, who, with hands in her apron pockets, was standing gazing attentively at her bee-hives.

"Let Fan have the satin for this time, but she must try to do with less. Our living is too expensive."

"I have just been thinking of where we can economize," replied the wife, in an irritated tone. "We are too many in the house for one thing. It is time that girl Lola was earning her bread."

"Humph!" said the husband; "I think she earns it already. She saves you a nursery governess."

"I can teach the children myself," was the reply; "and their sisters must learn to help. Lola gets nothing from us but food and shelter. It would be only fair to let her go into the world."

"She's a shy thing, and is better where she is. Besides, what would become of Granny's children?"

The husband and wife had walked slowly from the bee-hives to the house, and stood under a lattice window, which lay open.

"Talking of Granny," said the husband, "how long is Gray going to stay at Roselands? He's a good deal here, isn't he?"

"He's very pleasant company."

"And our girls are attractive."

"Nonsense! How little you know of your own children! I have brought up my girls to have their feelings under prudent control. There is no mistake about his footing in this family."

"Well, I'm glad you're all so prudent, for he'd be the better of a good wife. He's a good fellow, and a clever fellow, though poor as Job."

The porch swallowed the mistress of the house, and the master went off whistling; and then a face leaned forward and looked out of the lattice window, pale, but with a sort of underglow, giving a warm charm to its dimpled softness, with darkness and depth about the eyes, and brightness about the hair which the sunshine now illuminated with a genius for love in every curve of it, and a sort of golden light wavering across the steady eyes and grave though happy mouth.

"Thank God, I am not a young lady!" murmured Lola, taking her fingers out of her ears, where she had placed them all too late. "What would they think if they knew what he said to me yesterday?"

She rose up quivering at the recollection, nearly touching the slant roof with her head in her pride. The room was dark, and scarcely large enough to hold Lola and a glass of flowers and some woodcuts framed with plaited twigs on the dimly-lighted walls.

"He'd be the better of a good wife," said Lola, echoing the words that had come up to her through the ivy, "but he's poor as Job, and so the fine ladies leave him to me. I wonder what it would be like, being a good wife to a man as poor as Job. There would be a good deal of scrubbing and rubbing, I dare say; but I'm ready for it if I'm wanted. Thank Heaven I am not delicate!" feeling her firm pliant wrists with her clasping fingers. "I'd as soon cook the dinner as do worsted work any day. It's well I have no elegant tastes; making common things look pretty is the finest I have. I have rather a good appetite" (ruefully), "but then I could live on bread and milk. I can cook; I can wash; and I can make clothes. The smallest, tiniest cottage, an easy-chair and a plain one; wine for him, milk for me; an evening lamp, bookcase, garden, good-humor, plenty of flowers" —

Lola's thoughts wandered away, and lost themselves in the delights of the home she was sketching. She shook herself out of her dream with a low laugh of undoubting happiness. "Chicks will be waiting — Granny will scold!" She adjusted her white calico dress, plucked a crimson rose that was hanging over the sash, and fixed it, with artistic fingers, in her bosom, smoothed a wilful ripple out of her shining hair, took a sun-burned straw hat from a peg on the wall, and went out of the small chamber, and out of the house.

Granny's house was handsomer than that nest-like one in which Lola lived on sufferance. Granny was not rich, but she liked to keep up a certain old-fashioned grandeur. Indeed, none of these people in this forest country considered themselves as people who were certainly poor. Granny must have trips to London, and two horses in her carriage, and her son, who lived in the nest-house, would have been very well off only that Fan must have her satin dress, and he his hunters. Lola was the richest of them all, with her little lodging for nothing under the ivy, and her slender wage for teaching two small orphan cousins, whom Granny had taken to herself. Lola was the only one amongst them who knew how to enjoy her life.

Lola's way lay through a green lane, across fields, over the river on a rustic bridge, and then plunged into a wood, through a blue tunnel hollowed among leaves, where the path was moist and brown with dew. Then she entered Roselands, which deserved its name, and went into the house with the perfume of thousands of roses hanging about her. Granny was a wilful old lady, who loved lilac ribbons in her cap, and old china in her cabinets, and who could scold and pet little people, and sometimes big people too. She was somewhat severe upon grown-up young folks, unless they happened to get sick, when she became an angel. Arthur Gray was an invalid when she first made his acquaintance, and people said this was why she took such a

fancy to him. He was a son of a distant connection of the family, dropped by chance into their lives — clever, poor, and with no friends. The ladies, hearing he was scientific, had at first stood a little in awe of him, with an idea that science is uncomfortable; but Gray had been presented to Granny by the most famous scientific man in London. We do not say that Granny would not have been kind to him if she had picked him up in the gutter, yet the great man had his weight when he did choose to step into the scale of the young man's chances of finding favor among his kinsfolk.

Granny was sitting in her dainty antique drawing-room at the head of a table drawn up in a cool corner under the shade of green blinds, her work-basket before her, her children on either side with open books, and Arthur Gray at the foot of the table, pencil in hand. He was now no longer an invalid, and was supposed to be pluming his wings for some wonderful flight in the regions of scientific discovery. By the sidelong looks of awe which Granny was casting towards him over the rims of her spectacles, she evidently thought he was at this moment deep in some abstruse calculation; but he was only scribbling faces in his pocket-book. He had a broad, square brow, and troubled eyes, and a mouth which betrayed a character resolute and tender. He was a man who had a great future before him — of hard toil, heartache, and fame.

Lola was late. Granny pointed to the timepiece, and the lessons began. Lola's voice was low in asking the questions, and the children's tones were shrill in giving the answers. Granny rapped with her knitting-needle on the table when things were not going so as to please her. Arthur Gray remained for the study, and his study was Lola's face. Lola's voice grew lower, and Granny's raps fell fast upon the board. Arthur Gray suddenly got up, and left the room.

He walked out on a terrace, and paced up and down. Life was at this moment a tangled skein to him. He wanted to have for his own that sweet woman in-doors who was teaching the children, yet how was he to have her without blighting his career? Marriage meant poverty, struggling, uncongenial drudgery, and Arthur had had enough of it from childhood up. Genius was stirring within him; opportunity, at this moment, lay invitingly before him. He held in his hand a letter which invited him to join a scientific expedition to the other side of the world. A few months ago such an offer would have been hailed as the realization of his sweetest dreams. But now there was Lola. Success, power, fame, all to be swept away by a woman's hand. Only this morning, as he sat scribbling at the table, he had declared to himself that the thing was monstrous, that it could not be; but Lola had walked into the room, and he had felt at once that it would be easier to walk hand in hand with her instantly into the valley of death, than to set out on any sunny path to fortune, leaving her behind.

He was nowhere to be seen when Lola and the children came out of Granny's house, and ran off towards the woods. The children from the next house met them with dinner in their bags; for this was to be an out-door holiday, while the elders of both families dined with a neighboring magnate of the land. The children were wild with glee, Lola less wild than was usual on such occasions. The children tried to light a fire to roast their chestnuts, but failed, and Lola lay in the grass, her hat tilted over her mouth and eyes, and listened to the happy humming of the insects. The children cheered suddenly, the breeze blew Lola's hat aside, and here was Arthur Gray coming to join them.

This was like one of the old primeval days when the Garden of Eden bloomed, and before sorrow came into the world. Gray made a great fire, and screened it with thick boughs, so that the sun could not put it out. The children shrieked with delight, the chestnuts hissed and spluttered, the thrushes sang, the quail away in the meadows below sent up a satisfied comment on the state of things, and the lilies flapped their golden wings wantonly down in the river. The purple distance that girded the forest world

looked as inviting as the beautiful future which young eyes see in dreams. The sunshine reddened on the boles of the trees, and on two faces that leaned towards each other often across the heads of the children. Dinner was eaten in the grass, with dock-leaves for dishes, and Arthur Gray told stories to the children about wonderful places and things which are to be found on this moving globe; showed them glittering caves in the heart of the earth, deserts with a fierce sun brooding over their blighted flats, and a flying camel carrying dark-faced men and women out of reach of a burning death; and, again, regions where the stars glitter big above mountains of ice, and the white bears wander from block to block of snow in the lonely seas. The children listened with bated breath. Had Mr. Gray seen these places? Should he ever see them? No, he thought not; he should never see them now. Yet that letter from the band of explorers burned unanswered against his heart.

Twilight came, and the little forest party went home for schoolroom tea. As they walked through the tunnel of leaves the children ran on before to have the kettle boiling, and Lola and Gray walked through the purple hollow, alone together. They did not speak much, but walked close together, hand in hand, slowly, and with full hearts. Arthur thought of nothing but that Lola's hand was in his; Lola thought of nothing but that he had taken that hand, and it could help him. As they turned from the shade into the open space lighted by a last glaring reflection from the vanished sun, a gorgeous troop of moving clouds was sailing along the horizon, purple and crimson-edged, upon a sea of gold. They had taken a shape like the pleasure-galley of some ancient Eastern queen, and floated solemnly, as if to music not heard on earth. Something like this was suggested to Lola's mind as the lovers stood still to look, but Arthur saw only the expedition, sailing away without him to shores unknown. For now he had made up his mind indeed. Let them go, said Arthur Gray; he would have Lola for his wife.

Next day, when the young governess went to Roselands to give the lessons, Arthur was already on his way to London to explain to his exploring friends that he could not join their party. He would arrange some matters of business, and return to the forest country and ask Lola to be his wife. He thought he knew well what she would answer. There was only one woman in the world who would venture to share his poverty, but she was the only woman he wanted, for she was Lola. When the girl arrived at Granny's house she found the old lady walking up and down the path with a gold-headed stick and a large parasol, and a face of much unusual perturbation.

"I have given the children a holiday, and they are making hay in the meadow," said Granny to Lola. "I am going to have a talk with you. I have got at last," she continued, "what I have long been seeking for you, a situation in Paris, where you may see a little of the world, and improve yourself in French. For a girl who has to earn her bread such improvements are desirable, and you cannot go on expensive trips, as your cousins can. I have a letter here from the gentleman who engages you. He will wait for you till to-morrow, when you must join him."

Lola's cheeks had become white. She reflected for a few moments, and then raised her eyes gravely to the old lady's face saying, —

"I cannot go."

"Now, Lola, listen to me. You are only a connection of this family. I have always treated you as if you were my grandchild, and if I could have done more for you I should have been glad, but I am too poor."

"I should not have accepted more," said Lola.

"Don't be pert, miss, with your should nots and cannots. I have some questions to ask of you. Arthur Gray has gone to London. Do you know what his business is?"

"No," said Lola.

"Is it possible that he has asked you to marry him?"

"No."

"But he has done just the same, and you expect that he will ask you when he comes back?"

"Yes," said Lola.

"And you won't go away to earn your bread because you are waiting to be a mill-stone round a poor man's neck? You are resolved to wreck completely all the hopes he had cherished before he met you?"

A dreadful look had come into the young girl's eyes; she put her hand dizzily to her head.

"You silly child, don't you see that he is a poor man; no one could be poorer except yourself. If he were an ordinary man this ought to deter you, for he would have to toil in a way you know little about to give you bread to eat. He is not a common man, but with a great career before him, that is, if you, a chit of a girl, do not step in to spoil it. He is too generous to tell you this perhaps, but I have no scruple in hurting you when it ought to be done."

"Tell me about his career," said Lola.

"The great person who introduced me to him in London," continued Granny, "said to me, 'This will be a distinguished man in a few years hence, if he only regains his health, and keeps himself free of encumbrances. I shall keep an eye on his career and push him onward if I can.' Gray talked to me about it during our journey down here; told me all his hopes while I was petting and taking care of him. I said, 'You must beware of a foolish marriage.' 'The worst thing that could happen to me,' was his answer. 'I hope you have nothing dangerous down in your country?' I remembered only my grand-daughters, and that they were a great deal too sensible to take any interest in him. I never thought of you at all, child; yet here you are doing the mischief, being neither wise for your own interests, nor generous in looking to his. You have ruined him so completely that he is gone to refuse an offer which would have given him fame and fortune had you not been in the way."

"What is that offer?" asked Lola.

"An expedition is sailing next week to the North Pole, or somewhere thereabouts. What they are going to do I am not sure about; but they are scientific men, and they have induced Arthur Gray to be of their party. A few short weeks ago he would have looked upon any one who had prevented his accepting this as an enemy. Now he goes to London to refuse it, in order that he may pin himself to drudgery and obscurity for life; that he may live in repining over what you have selfishly forced upon him, he being far too generous to disappoint you."

Lola did not answer a word, but stood with her face turned away, looking into the forest; then slowly turned away and began walking like a sleep-walker towards an opening in the trees. Granny looked after her angrily, too full of Arthur's wrongs to have any pity for the girl whom she counted his enemy. "An obstinate monkey," she said to herself, wrathfully, and muttered her way back to the house, while Lola spent two long hours alone in the forest. Only the trees, and the river, and the singing grass saw her struggle; when she came back to Granny her face looked gray and old. "I will join the gentleman to-night," she said, "and go to Paris with him."

Now that Granny was triumphant, a new feeling of pity came into her heart. But she knew she had done her duty, and that Lola was behaving well. She patted the girl on the shoulder, and sent her home to pack up her things, and made vague promises in her own mind that something good must certainly be done for Lola.

When Gray came back from London, there was no Lola in the forest country, and Granny explained to him how prudently the girl had acted.

"You could not expect of her that she would not seize a good offer when it presented itself," she said. "It is very well for men when women are found with a little common sense. She will have advantages in Paris, and will make a good marriage. Lola is a wise girl, and as for you, you will get over it."

"Certainly," said Arthur: "he would not interfere with any woman's prospects."

And then he also went alone into the forest, and complained that the world had never seen a faithful woman. The grass sighed again, and a smile curled the edges of

the leaves of the trees, but not a thing hinted to him of Lola's sacrifice. That night he was again in London, and the next day he sailed with the expedition. As he looked over the ship's side, ambitious hopes rose in his heart, and subdued the pain that would have lingered still. The sea-foam gathered over the past of a few months. The sun of the old world set brilliantly upon what lay behind him; a summer dream, blue mists, dancing trees, sunny idleness, children's voices, and a woman's face framed in the purple shadow among leaves.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. BUCKLE.

EDINBURGH, January, 1878.

I READ with great interest the sketch of the life of Buckle, in *The Athenæum* of the 21st ult., and I quite sympathize with your feelings of disappointment at the want of personal traits of character and specimens of his remarkable conversational powers, so conspicuous by their absence in Miss Taylor's biographical notice of that eminent writer, prefixed to his miscellaneous works recently published. It so happened that I and two companions ascended the Nile at the same time, — not, indeed, in the same boat; but we left Cairo about the same date, and, on various occasions, stopped at the same places, where I had various opportunities of meeting Buckle and making his acquaintance. I afterwards met him at Cairo, when our Nile voyage was over; subsequently at Suez, when he was on his way to Mount Sinai and Petra; and, lastly, I spent several days with him at Jerusalem, shortly before his departure on the fatal ride through Syria, to the fatigues of which his strength proved unequal, and to the effects of which he shortly after succumbed at Damascus. I regret exceedingly to be obliged to confess that I profited much less than I might have done by the opportunities thus presented to me of preserving specimens of that wonderful capacity for talk with which he was gifted. Buckle had been, indeed, a *Helluo Librorum*; but he was much more: his reading had, as shown by the lengthy list of references prefixed to his "History of Civilization in England," been, in truth, enormous; but these almost innumerable books had not only been read, but they had been fully digested in his mind, and the valuable products, stored by his wonderful memory, were ready for immediate use whenever wanted. He was extremely fond of talk, and I have no hesitation in saying he was the best talker I ever met. I never longed but when in his company for my countryman Boszzy's somewhat questionable talent of reporting private conversation. He was, however, not merely a good talker, he was an excellent listener as well. He even liked a little modest contradiction, as serving to bring out his own dialectic skill to greater effect. If, indeed, he saw symptoms of conceit or of impudent dogmatism on the part of an opponent, he was down upon him like a sledge-hammer; and I have often pitied a poor wretch who had to submit to be pounded to pieces by him, though I must say the victim generally richly deserved it. He had, besides, another admirable trait of a good conversationist, — he never prosed, and woe betide him who became prosy in his company. In a single lucid sentence or two he took up the threads of the arguments over which the proser was drivelling, and completely shut him up, by clearly explaining to the company what there seemed no prospect of his being able, in any reasonable time, to make clear himself.

We left Cairo, in the dahabeah Fortunata, on the 23d of November, 1861; but it was not until the 29th that Mr. Buckle's boat, a large iron dahabeah, formerly the property of Abdallah Pasha, came up and passed us. As she passed us, running before the strong Etesian wind, we saw an elderly-looking gentleman, clothed in clerical black, and two boys, on deck. The elder of the party was engaged in playing backgammon with one of the youngsters; and, in ignorance of who the occupants of the boat might be, we naturally set them down as a tutor and his two pupils.

The iron boat kept in company with us for some days,

but we did not come into direct contact with her occupants, and, indeed, only learned from two English clergymen, who were the tenants of another dahabeah, also in company with us, on the 2d of December, that she carried Mr. Buckle. For some days we had fine northerly breezes, and we made rapid progress. Shortly after passing Girgeh we came to a Mussulman saint, sitting very nearly *in puris naturalibus*, beside a fire on the river bank, where, it was alleged, he had sat, without ever entering a house, for fifteen years. It is the custom for all the boats ascending the river to stop and pay a visit to this holy man, and bestow some *baksheesh* upon him. The iron boat was a short way ahead, and we were all curiosity to see what Mr. Buckle would do. He never shifted his course for a moment, and paid his contributions to Sheik Selim with a flowing sheet. Anything else he would doubtless have considered as yielding too much to that clerical influence he so much deprecated.

It was not till we reached Esneh, where we remained a day, that I actually made Mr. Buckle's acquaintance. It was on board the Canopus, the dahabeah of the two clergymen, that I was introduced to him. I found him smoking Latakia out of a large red clay pipe, with an extremely long cherry stalk, which he had found on board the boat, and which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy. Though he smoked continuously during our interview, he was by no means solely occupied by that recreation, for he talked nearly as continuously. A good deal of the time during which we were on board the Canopus together he spent in maintaining that a constitutional country like England was never so well governed as when the sovereign was either a *débauché* or an imbecile. In proof of this rather paradoxical position he instanced the reigns of Henry the Third and Charles the Second, to which we owe our *Habeas Corpus* Act, and one he still more admired, *de non comburendo Hereticos*; and those of George the Second and George the Third, as the reigns in which we had made the greatest progress. With the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt and other absolute monarchs it was quite different, for they, if energetic men, could do what they liked with the resources of the countries they governed, and thus leave to posterity such wonderful monuments of their magnificence as we had recently been admiring on the banks of the Nile.

Subsequently, during the same visit to the Canopus, some reference being made to modern spiritualism, Mr. Buckle graphically narrated his experiences during a *séance* at which he had been present shortly before leaving London. This *séance* took place in the house, he said, of a cabinet minister, who, he was quite satisfied, would not have lent himself to any collusive trickery to facilitate the proceedings of the mediums. The chief of these was Mr. Home, and various marvellous phenomena were produced, more particularly the floating a large circular drawing-room table in mid-air. These manifestations Mr. Buckle was unable to explain on any known physical laws. "But," he added, "while I cannot admit there is anything supernatural about them, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force well worthy of scientific investigation." He afterwards mentioned that Mr. Home called on him shortly after this *séance*, and told him that he was anxious that he, a man well known in the literary world, and recognized as no grantor of propositions he had not duly examined for himself, would take up the subject of spiritualism, and, after sufficiently testing the reality of its phenomena, — in doing which Mr. Home offered every assistance in his power, — announce to the world to what conclusion he had come. Mr. Home volunteered that whenever Mr. Buckle wished it, he would readily come to his house, and perform his experiments there, so that there might be no suspicion of apparatus or collusion being employed to deceive him. In conclusion, Mr. Buckle told us he was so pleased with Mr. Home, that he was quite willing to agree to his proposal, but that the second volume of his book being then nearly ready for the press, his time had been so occupied with it that he was quite unable to take the subject of spiritualism up before

his health broke down, and he was compelled to leave England. But he was resolved to investigate it on his return home, — a return which, alas! never took place.

The next occasion on which I came in contact with Mr. Buckle was a few days afterwards, in the island of Elephantine, where we found him surrounded by a crowd of women and children purchasing at enormous prices questionable scarabæi and other antiques. So far from appearing narrow, as he has been accused of being, he seemed to me rather too lavish. Indeed, he paid 3,000 piastres for common country boat, in an unclean and dilapidated condition, to take him from Mocatta to the second cataract. His own dahabeah, being iron, could not be taken up the first cataract without great risk of damage, which, had it occurred, could not be repaired so far up the river. All the resources of Assouan were put in requisition by the governor, to whom Mr. Buckle had a letter, but not an incl of glass could be found, and the faulty windows had to be pasted up with old newspapers which he had brought with him.

While lying at Assouan, waiting for the ascent of the first cataract, we called on Mr. Buckle on board his iron boat. We found her large and comfortable, as she ought to have been, considering that he paid £80 a month, in addition to having all the trouble and expense of shifting into another at the cataract. Our two neighbors from the Canopus joined us, and we had a long and interesting talk on literary matters, of which the only reminiscences I have preserved are the following: Mr. Buckle remarked that he thought Mr. Froude's estimate of Henry the Eighth was very near the truth. He was undoubtedly a popular monarch, and much respected by the nation, notwithstanding his Bluebeard tendencies. Talking of Mr. Kingsley's "Hypatia," he said we owed much to the schools of Alexandria. It was there, he said, that the eclectic philosophy was first taught which has culminated in that of Cousin in France and Sir William Hamilton in Scotland. These schools were at their best when the philosophers were driven from Athens by the closing of the schools there by Justinian. Buckle incidentally mentioned that burning for witchcraft was only abolished in England in 1737, and that shortly before that date a man had been sentenced to this horrible death in Smithfield.

Like many other studious men, Buckle was a great tea-drinker. He told us that only one lady he knew could make tea properly, and that he had taught her. Even she sometimes committed a mistake, and spoilt a brewing by not sufficiently seasoning the spoon with which she put the tea into the pot. Mr. Buckle expressed a wish that I would accompany him through the desert to Sinai, and, if possible, to Petra. As circumstances put it out of my power to take so long a journey, I was obliged reluctantly to decline this very tempting offer.

Except seeing Buckle start from Mocatta in his new boat, — and shabby, tattered, and dirty she looked, — came no more in contact with him during our further ascent of the river. We, indeed, met his boat on her descent from the second cataract on the 3d of January, 1862, and exchanged salutes with her, as is the rule of the river; but I had no opportunity of converse with her occupant till I called on him at Ramleh, near Cairo, where he was living on board, making preparations for his journey through the desert. I was much amused with his costume. He still wore the old swallow-tailed black coat I had seen him with previously; but instead of the decorous white shirt which had always previously formed part of his dress he now wore a flannel shirt of Rob Roy tartan, that is black and red check. This garment he seemed very proud of, and told us it was one of a parcel he had ordered from England, flannel shirts having been recommended to him as the only convenient wear in the desert. His measure had not been very accurately given, and the long gaudy sleeves of his shirt protruded ever so far over his wrists, and beyond those of his clerical-looking coat. Buckle was at this time a singularly old-looking man for his years. Extremely bald, and very much bent, he would have easily passed for nigh threescore, while he was in

reality twenty years younger. Among the Nile travellers of that year he always went by the appellation of "Old Buckle," when in reality he was a juvenile when compared with many of us. He was much interested in a saddle with a back to it he was getting constructed in Cairo for the camel he was to ride through the desert. Subsequently, I earned, it proved a failure, and that he had to ride a lonkey most of the way, the rough motion of the camel being too fatiguing for his weak frame. I think I only saw Mr. Buckle once in Cairo during the several weeks I remained there. He continued to live on board his boat at Kamleh, with no companions but the two boys, until his preparations for the desert were complete.

On the 4th of March I again met Buckle at Suez, which place he had reached by rail from Cairo, to meet his bagoman and camels on their way to Sinai. After the *table-d'hôte* dinner of that day at the Peninsula, and Oriental Hotel, we had a long discussion on the subject of the different races of men being originally distinct or all derived from one stock. Buckle seemed to lean strongly to the latter view of the question; and when the opposite was rather too strongly maintained by a gentleman present, I could not but admire the able and effective manner in which Mr. Buckle, in a few pithy sentences, closed a discussion likely to become disagreeable. "*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbis*" was, indeed, on every occasion the rule he adopted in the employment of his dialectic skill. Next day I saw Mr. Buckle start by boat for the Wells of Moses, some miles down the Red Sea, where his camels were waiting for him *en route* for Mount Sinai.

On the 12th of April Mr. Buckle arrived at Jerusalem, having visited Petra on his way from Mount Sinai. He put up at the hotel where I was residing, and as he always dined at the *table-d'hôte*, I had many opportunities of conversation with him, but I regret to find, on referring to my journal, that I have kept but very few records of them. On the 14th, I accompanied him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and assisted him in buying a number of rosaries, made of the fruit of the Doum palm, crosses, seals, paper-knives, and such like articles, made from the wood of Mount Olivet, offered for sale in the square before the church; in all of which he showed more interest than I should have anticipated. Next day at dinner he said he had received a letter, I think from Thackeray himself, intimating his resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill*, and that he proposed devoting himself to writing a life of Queen Anne. On Good Friday, Buckle came in too late for dinner, and had in consequence, his food served cold, at which he was very wroth. To judge from the gusto with which he talked of the many capital dinners he had eaten in London, I think he had a good deal of the *gourmet* in his tastes. He was not a great eater, but he was rather fastidious in what he ate. He told me he never got a first class-dinner at a married man's house, the only unfavorable remark on matrimony I recollect hearing him make. He talked also a great deal about ciphers, saying that no cipher had ever been invented which two men then in London, Wheatstone and De Morgan, could not find out.

On the 19th of April I went with him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the so-called miracle of the descent of fire from heaven into the tomb of our Saviour, where the Greek patriarch is shut up alone. As usual, there was a great crowd of Greek pilgrims crushing and rowding the floor of the church in a very unpleasant way. Through the American Consul, I got Buckle a place where he could see at his ease without being hustled about. After we came out, I asked him what he thought of it. "A great deal," said he; "pious frauds have been considered allowable in all ages of the Church." I had a long talk with him after dinner on Christianity: he said he believed the New Testament, after eliminating the supernatural; that he considered Jesus Christ the greatest teacher and civilizer of mankind that ever lived; and he even admitted that there was that in his teaching which it was difficult, indeed, impossible, to account for without believing him to be divinely inspired. In reply to a question who he placed next as a civilizer of mankind he answered

without hesitation, "William Shakspeare." He afterwards said he had never known but one real atheist, and that he was a cabinet minister.

On the 21st, I left Jerusalem for Jaffa, and before doing so, parted regretfully with poor Buckle, who was himself just starting for Jericho and the Dead Sea. His last words to me were, that his health being now reestablished, he was anxious to get home to finish his work on Civilization, which he anticipated he could not complete, according to the plan he had laid down in his own mind, in less than sixteen volumes. In a week or two afterwards he lay dead at Damascus.

J. A. LONGMORE.

FOREIGN NOTES.

ENGLAND likes the American sleeping cars and is adopting them on her principal railways.

Two English sisters named Pratt have just put up their shingles as dentists in Berlin. They draw.

THE ex-Empress of the French is about to leave Camden Place, but will continue to reside in England.

M. DURAL, the Paris gentleman who attempted to commit suicide, is now out of danger — of doing it again.

FROM Florence is announced the death of Pietro Giannone, the well-known patriot and poet, at the age of eighty-six.

SIGNOR DE ROSSI, the illustrious Roman antiquary, has commenced the publication of a notable work on the Christian mosaics of Rome.

THEY want to cut down Queen Victoria's income to the sum paid to the President of the United States, thus reducing her to abject poverty.

HIS late Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., has been added to Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-works. Such is life — or, rather, such is death.

A SCENE in "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or" — a fairy piece at the Paris Gaîté — is greatly applauded; all the characters engaged are dressed in imitation of musical instruments.

THE *Gazzetta d'Italia*, the official journal of the Kingdom of Italy, gravely announces that the Emperor of the French was attended in his last moments by the English priest "Goddam."

MR. JOHN RUSKIN, M. A., LL. D., Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, has been re-elected to the office of Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, without opposition.

A SUCCESSFUL evasion of the Prussian order forbidding the display of the tricolor was recently made at Strasbourg by three young ladies who walked around the streets, one dressed in red, another in white, and the third in blue.

THE *Court Journal* says — and in this instance it probably imports its wit from "the States" — that Professor Agassiz having stated that Niagara would run dry in about nineteen centuries, the hackmen at the Falls immediately raised their fares.

SARDOU is hard at work shifting the scene of his play from America to England, as he well knows that however much the French Government dreads hurting the feelings of "Uncle Sam," it cares very little for the susceptibilities of "John Bull."

IT has been decided to destroy all the plates of Turner's engravings, which have lately been rescued from destruction, and are to be sold next March in London. Thus intending purchasers will feel that they are buying what no one will be able to buy again.

THE *Saturday Review* says: "The new and neat household edition of the poems of Whittier, the Quaker poet, politician, and philanthropist, does credit to the publishers, and can be recommended, as at once cheap and good, to the author's English admirers."

A BATCH of salmon eggs, collected from fish in various waters throughout England, will shortly be despatched from the London Docks to the Australian rivers, the "salmonization" of which has been attempted on various occasions, but as yet without any apparent result.

A MONUMENT to Chopin is about to be erected in Warsaw, his natal city. The committee in Vienna are raising funds for the statue to Beethoven for the Austrian capital.

A FRENCHMAN, named Odile Martin, has invented an apparatus called an epinette, by which over four hundred chickens can be fed in an hour, and fattened in three weeks for the market. The birds are most prized by connoisseurs, and are known in the markets as *Poulets de Phœnix*.

"IN order that every possible respect should be paid to the family of Napoleon III., the Registrar-General deputed Dr. Farr to go to Chiselhurst and record the death of the late Emperor." If this hadn't been attended to, the ex-Emperor would probably have come to life again and made trouble.

THE shooting-galleries in Paris have multiplied rapidly of late, and all are well patronized. The invariable target is a Prussian soldier with a chimney clock clasped to his bosom. That is rather safe practice. Some time ago the desire to shoot the Prussian soldier was attended by disagreeable consequences.

THE lady to whom M. Rochefort was married under such tragic circumstances a couple of months ago, just before she received the last sacrament of the Church, has recovered her health, and is now able to walk about Versailles. The good effects of marriage are worthy of making a note of by all invalids.

THE Emperor of Germany lately granted an audience to Jenny Husch and Anna Schepeler, two ladies interested in the emancipation of women, and is reported to have been favorable to their wishes. Females, it is understood, will shortly be eligible to act as clerks in the post and telegraph offices of the empire.

THE sale of the late Marshal Vaillant's library occurred last month at the rooms in the Hotel Drouot, Paris. The collection comprised a number of historical works, some of which formerly belonged to Napoleon I., and contained notes in the great Emperor's handwriting; also a number of rare maps. The prices paid were high.

PARIS possesses a living microscope in the shape of a little *gamin* living at Clichy, who can discover animalcules in water when they are completely invisible to the naked eye of others. To show that there is no deception, he draws what he professes to see, and on a microscope being applied to the water, the correctness of his drawings is thoroughly proved.

THE *Court Journal* of January 18 says: The Hotel Drouot was this week crowded by the rich and artistic to inspect the collection of pictures and works of art belonging to the late Théophile Gautier, about to be offered for sale. The collection is most interesting, and no doubt will realize a large sum of money. There are rare pictures by the best artists of the day.

THIS may be called a decade of excavations, and it would be strange if the site of Troy, or the spot which is believed to be such, were not explored. Dr. H. Schliemann began to dig there about a year ago, and his results promise to be considerable. In September last he came on what appeared to be the original surface of the ground. At about forty-five feet below the present level, there were found the ruins of a house which had been burnt, together with the skeleton of a woman, and her ornaments of gold, the bones of a child, and a vast number of tiles.

NEVER was there in Paris such an outcry against luxury, never were so many attempts made to inculcate in ladies' minds the propriety of simple dressing, as since the period of the Commune. Any one who strolls along the Boulevards may see in the window of a *magasin de nouveautés* dresses of black tulle, embroidered by hand, which cost, when made, \$240 each, which are liable to tear in trying them on, and which a fashionable lady, even if they did not tear, could not wear on more than two occasions without losing her character as a woman of fashion.

An auction of an unusual kind took place the other day in London. The whole of the magical apparatus, wardrobes, curiosities, and "properties" of Professor Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," were disposed of by public auction, the sale attracting a large gathering of the members of the theatrical "profession" in Liverpool. The articles offered included the entire paraphernalia of a magician, amongst the lots being magic fans, card and cigar cases, cabinets, chairs, tables, lanterns, muskets, etc. The bidding was very spirited, and some of the lots fetched very large prices.

THE invasion of France by the Germans has had a curious influence on the flora of the former country. A large number

of foreign plants, chiefly from the South of Europe, the seeds of which were brought by the invading army along with forage and by other means, have sprung up in the neighborhood of Paris, and established themselves either temporarily or permanently. Two French botanists have published a "*Florula Obsidionalis*," or flora of the two sieges, including 190 species hitherto unknown to the district. Nearly the whole of them belong to families of plants employed for forage or other commissariat purposes.

A CURIOUS discovery has just been made by a Paris *amateur* though there is some doubt as to the benefit which either humanity or the crustaceous fish operated upon will derive from it. M. Chantran has long been engaged in studying the natural history and physiology of the crawfish, and from a paper just read out before the Academy of Sciences it seems that this careful observer has found out that when young crawfish are deprived of their eyes, new ones will grow in the interval between the shedding of two shells, and this in a perfectly normal fashion. But when adults are operated upon, the regeneration of the eye is slower and more irregular, and not only is the organ generally deformed, but two eyes often take the place of one.

SPEAKING of Bulwer, the *Athenæum* says that the following inscription, hitherto unpublished, is emblazoned round the banquetting hall of his old ancestral home of Knebworth. The words are these:—

Read the Rude of this Old Roof Tree.
Here be trust fast. Opinion free.
Nighly Eight Hand. Christian knee.
Worth in all. Wilt in some.
Laughter open. Slander dumb.
Death where rooted friendships grow,
Safe as Altar even to Joe.
And the sparks that upwards go
When the heart's flame dies below,
At thy say in them may be,
Fear no winter, Old Roof Tree.

THE Japanese Ambassadors, who are travelling through Europe in order to study the refined civilization of modern society, were present lately at the Paris Opera at the performance of "Robert le Diable." During the interval which precedes the ballet they were taken behind the scenes, where they were enabled to make a close investigation of European civilization, and to observe what goes on behind the curtain. There they found themselves amid a crowd of ladies and girls, with cheeks painted with pink, arms and shoulders with white, the corners of the eyes and the eyebrows with black, the lips and ears with carmine, the hair with yellow, with feet imprisoned in instruments of torture of white satin, their bodies covered with a silken web and a morsel of gauze, and their arms, necks, and heads with copper ornaments and artificial gems. All these ladies, who hold that all Orientals must be possessors of incalculable wealth, offered their smiles as gracefully as their painted faces would permit. The Japanese withdrew, filled with admiration at the marvels they had been permitted to witness.

PERHAPS M. Alexandre Dumas may derive some slight consolation for the equivocal reception afforded to "La Femme de Claude" in the recent decision of the Court of Appeal, which has had to consider some very conflicting evidence about the rent of an apartment at Neuilly. Some years ago he made the acquaintance of a family residing close to him in that favorite Parisian suburb, and, in return for some little kindness which they showed him during an illness, assisted them in the payment of their rent while they were in difficulties. So ready, in fact, was he with his purse, that the proprietor came to look upon him as the actual tenant, and when M. Dumas' friends sub-let their apartment to Catullus Mendès, the son-in-law of Théophile Gautier, he still continued to act as intermediary between the latter and the landlord. At the beginning of the war M. Mendès left, and the apartment has remained vacant ever since. The landlord sued M. Dumas for the amount due until the expiration of the original tenant's term in March of last year, declaring that, as all the payments and receipts had been made in his name, he was responsible. There was also some complaint made that during M. Mendès' occupation the walls had been defaced with Chinese inscriptions, which turned out to be quotations from Confucius. In the end, M. Alexandre Dumas was let off scot-free, while M. Mendès had to pay a quarter's rent, with which sum, no doubt, the Chinese inscriptions can be got rid of.

It is pleasant to know that all the adulterated food is not in America. We find this sardonic paragraph in a London journal: "We seem to be gradually accumulating a stock of information with regard to what are euphemistically known as

'trade secrets' which cannot fail to be of much service in applying the Adulteration of Food Act. The latest secret which has oozed out relates to the composition of coffee—a beverage with whose simple ingredients its drinkers already supposed themselves to be familiar. It was believed that 'warranted pure' coffee consisted of coffee and chicory mixed in relative proportions varying with the taste, prudence, or moral sense of the dealer. It now appears that its composition is somewhat more complex than was imagined, and that the chicory itself is not an ultimate element. The Inland Revenue Board are 'surprised to find' that there is a trade in adulterated chicory. A chicory-roaster has been taxed with mixing scorched rye with the article which he sells to the chicory dealers, and has admitted the soft impeachment. He has, moreover, 'no doubt' that the dealers to whom he sells it mix it with coffee, and then sell the mixture to the public under the latter name. No doubt these revelations materially increase our knowledge of the composition of this article of food, but it would be eminently unscientific to infer that we are even now fully acquainted with its ingredients. It yet remains to be seen whether the scorched rye is itself pure, or whether we only await a further confession from a 'rye-scorcher' that he also adulterates the article in which he deals."

M. MAXIME DU CAMP, who is now continuing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his interesting studies of Parisian life, devotes his last article to the Mont de Piété. This institution met with the severest trial recorded in its history, as might have been expected, during the siege of Paris. Thus, while at the end of July, 1870, its reserve capital amounted to 8,000,000*fr.*, in February, 1871, there only remained of this sum 62,000*fr.* The Mont de Piété, on the point of bankruptcy, was saved by a loan of 3,000,000*fr.* advanced by the savings banks. M. Maxime Du Camp visited the magazines in which the articles deposited at the Mont de Piété are stowed away, and among them found some veritable curiosities. One of the strangest of the strange things pledged was the bronze leg of a statue which the sculptor had obviously not been able to finish. An umbrella was shown which had been forty-seven years in pledge, the original mortgagor or his descendants having paid interest for forty-seven years on the sum originally advanced. This costly umbrella found its match in a white calico curtain which had been pledged in June, 1823, and, after costing 35 francs in annual interest, was sold the other day for 5 francs. In opposition to the received belief on the subject, very few workmen, it seems, are benefited or injured by the Mont de Piété. Thus, when the English relief committee, after the siege of Paris, sent 20,000*fr.* for the redemption of workmen's tools, it appeared that there were very few workmen's tools to redeem. The sum transmitted was at first thought ridiculously small, but it was more than enough. Only 2,333 tools had been pledged, for amounts which, all together, came only to 16,000*fr.*

"MYTHS and Myth-Makers," says the *Saturday Review*, is the title of a modest treatise of very unpretending dimensions, in which the "solar theory," as it is called, is explained in popular terms, and the alleged origin of the favorite legends of Aryan nations in celestial and meteorological phenomena set forth so simply that it can hardly fail to make an impression upon the minds of those who come fresh to the subject. The interpretation of some of the wildest and most weird traditions of German and Scandinavian folk-lore by reference to elemental phenomena, and to the phrases under which these have been personified, gives novelty and consistency to the solar explanation of classic mythology and mediæval legend. That the lightning is the mystic plant, rod, or serpent, which opens subterranean caves and admits the favorite hero to appropriate buried treasures—Ali Baba's *sesame*, and the original of the divining rod—is an ingenious and plausible offshoot of the general principle of elemental mythopoeisis; while in the case of the superstitions attaching to rats and mice, of which several are quoted, the author shows himself capable of seeking a sound interpretation outside the ordinary limits of his theory. Perhaps the weakest part of his book is that which relates to the werewolf superstition; for while he repeats the well-known explanation how the Greek "light-born" Apollo and his mythic relatives came, by a mere etymological blunder, to be figured as wolves, and the "bright" stars as "bears," he fails to find any relation between these and the parallel superstitions of Northern Europe, where no etymological confusion can explain the transformation of men and women into wild beasts, and especially into wolves. But altogether the book is a very readable popular treatise on an interesting subject, and the writer does not endanger his theory, so much as some of his predecessors have done, by forcing it into places which it cannot possibly fit, and

using it to unlock mysteries of which it clearly does not supply the appropriate key.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that there seems to be no good reason why the late Mr. Horace Greeley should not continue to conduct the *New York Tribune*. A "spirit message" from that gentleman, delivered "through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant," is published by the *Banner of Light*, and shows that Mr. Greeley has lost none of that facility of expression which distinguished him when in the flesh. Mr. Greeley begins by saying, "It isn't done; it's just begun," alluding, no doubt, to his life and not to the "spirit message." The medium here by way of civility remarks, "I am happy to have you reach us so soon after your departure." Mr. Greeley replies, "I am happy to come so soon; I've never departed." "Have you not?" inquires the medium. "Oh, no," rejoins Mr. Greeley, "only from the body that I had used too roughly. I am here to-day to thank my friends for their kind efforts in my behalf in many directions. I am here also to say to those who have faith in these things—and some of my friends have, and if they please can make powerful use of what I am about to give—that I desire that my last will, made when I was not strictly sane, should be rendered null and void, and that a former one, made in '71, should be the will—my last will made as a sane man, in which justice, I think, expresses itself." Mr. Greeley then goes on to make some caustic remarks respecting "some of his spiritually inclined friends," who appear to be making themselves disagreeable to him by their narrow-mindedness in his present state. He apologizes for mentioning them in terms of disapproval; but, he adds, "I am used to speaking the truth, post-mortem or otherwise." He is not, however, without hope of being able to effect great improvements both in this world and the next. "I am," he observes, "in school, and able to learn, and ready and willing to learn, and will never be satisfied until I have a sufficiency of this light to enable me to know what is necessary for me to do towards earth and towards those dwelling in the spirit land, and for myself. Good day." He then winds up with the expression of a hope that the fire of Boston may prove to be a great blessing—a hope which is probably shared by the insurance offices, but as yet has hardly been realized.

M. PAUL FÉVAL's novel, "*La Rue de Jérusalem*" has given rise to a somewhat peculiar trial, which has just terminated to his advantage. In this work he depicts the exploits of a corporation of thieves known by the title of "*Les Habits Noirs*," and composed of young men of good family, who commit their crimes with a tact and delicacy which conciliates even their victims. They discover that there lives in the department of the Orne a widow lady of immense wealth called "*La Goret*," who is of very miserly habits; so much so, that she mutilates her son so as to avoid having to find a substitute for him in the army, but who is firmly convinced that Louis XVII. is still alive. M. Féval describes her as being a woman of humble origin, who had married a man whose fortune she had concealed as long as possible, and, when the fact of her wealth became known through some measure taken by the Minister of Finance, as building a large country house in her native department and still exercising the closest economy. The novel goes on to describe the steps taken by the band of "*Les Habits Noirs*" to circumvent Madame La Goret, who is finally made to die of a stroke of apoplexy, brought on by sheer joy when the swindler, who represents himself as the eldest son of Louis XVII., promises to marry her and so make her Queen of France. This book created a great scandal in Normandy, for it so happened that M. Féval had portrayed, unintentionally no doubt, a widow lady, Mme. Goupil, who inhabits the same village as "*La Goret*" of the novel, who possesses the same fortune, has also a son exempt from military service, and is reputed to be very parsimonious. The resemblance was so marked that Mme. Goupil's family applied to the court for the suppression of those passages in M. Féval's work which seem to refer to her, upon the ground that inasmuch as they contain a modicum of truth, the other and more injurious passages will also be believed by readers. In spite, however, of Maître Lachaud's eloquent arguments that the author must have based his character of "*La Goret*" upon what he had picked up in the neighborhood of La Ferté-Macé concerning Madame Goupil, the Court of Appeal has refused to disturb the judgment of the civil tribunal, which decided that she had no ground of complaint, and that M. Féval had not intended to caricature her.

"It is curious," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to observe how much greater has been the excitement in this country on the occasion of the death of the late Emperor of the French than that created by the death of Napoleon I. at St. Helena in 1821. It is true that when the news of his death on the 5th of May arrived in England on the 4th of July following, public attention was much taken up with the discussion of the question as to the legal right

of Queen Caroline to participate in the ceremony of the coronation, but considering all things, it seems surprising nowadays that more 'sensation' was not caused by the news from St. Helena. The *Times* gave a leading article on the subject on the 5th of July, winding up with the observation, 'Bonaparte's son still lives, it is true; but how far he may ever become an object of interest with any great party of the French nation is a point on which we will not speculate.' The particulars, however, of his funeral and lying in state are very meagre, the latter ceremony being described in an extract from a letter dated H. M. S. Vigo, published by the *Hampshire Telegraph*. 'Bonaparte,' says the writer, 'was taken ill on the 17th of March last. He immediately gave himself up, refusing medicines, would not for some time permit the medical department to see him, grew melancholy, lost his appetite, and frequently said he was certain he should die, which event took place on Saturday evening, the 5th of May, about ten minutes before six, just at the setting of the sun. It has occurred to us as worthy of note, that a comet of great size appeared a fortnight before his decease. Yesterday afternoon we saw him lying in state, in his full uniform, with the crucifix on his breast; his priest stood at the foot of his couch, weeping, in deep mourning; at the head stood General Bertrand and Count Montholon, similarly employed; but what particularly claimed our sympathy was the appearance of Mme. Bertrand, who was in the adjoining room, weeping bitterly, and whose converse discovered the strength of her attachment, and her deep regret for the deceased.'

BARON BLIXEN-FINECKE, who died last month at Baden-Baden, was one of the most eminent Danish statesmen of the day. He was educated in Germany, and studied at the same university as Prince Bismarck, who showed a great liking for his fellow-student. In 1851 he married the Princess Augusta, sister of the present Queen of Denmark, and in 1856 he proceeded to Paris, where he was introduced to the Emperor Napoleon, and became the friend of MM. Walewski, Morney, and Mocquard. Though at first a Conservative and a decided opponent of the "Scandinavian idea," he soon changed his opinions, and joined the Radical Scandinavian party in the Rigsdag. On the 2d of December, 1859, he entered the Rottwit Ministry, at the express desire of Frederick VII., with whom he was a great favorite, as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister *ad interim* for Sleswick. He did not, however, hold office long; Rotwitt died in the following year, and Baron Blixen-Finecke declined to form a new Ministry. When Prince Bismarck was made Minister-President in Prussia in 1862, an article appeared in Baron Blixen-Finecke's organ describing his future policy, and predicting with extraordinary accuracy the events which led up to the Austro-Prussian war. This article, which is supposed to have been written by Baron Blixen-Finecke himself, provoked extraordinary interest, and he was violently attacked in consequence by the Prussian press. Prince Bismarck, however, had so high an opinion of the Baron's abilities, that shortly before the death of Frederick VII., he made overtures to him with the object of securing his intervention in the Sleswick-Holstein question; but the negotiation failed, owing to the Baron's refusal to keep it secret. Shortly after, his health began to give way, and during the rest of his life he held entirely aloof from politics.

A GOLDEN WAIF.

"*Pili te habeo.*"

SKIMMING a book from Mudie sent,
Deep lore, poetic fancy blent,
Or else — *qu'importe ?* — for pleasure meant,
What found I there ?
The "old, old tale" at which we yawn :
Lovers adown a forest lawn,
And, 'mongst their woes so subtly drawn —
A woman's hair !

Yes ! there it shone — a thread of gold,
Long, silky ; like the future, rolled
In many a tangled mystic fold.
I held it still,
And marvelled how the sunlights played
Where its ambrosial love-curves strayed,
Or lingered round its rich soft shade
Kissing their fill.

'Twas thus the Sun-god erst would come
To Rhodes, of beauteous nymphs the home,

Gleam 'mongst their rose-wreathed hair and roam
In golden state.
Such corn-hued tresses well had graced
Ceres, depending to her waist,
What time through Enna's mead she paced
Disconsolate.

But this — some modern maiden shed
From clustering curls the glossy thread,
While these fictitious woes she read
With generous glow ;
Hoping some day, though careless ease
Be hers now 'neath th' ancestral trees,
These honeyed griefs which sadly please
She too might know.

Who was she ? Would this hair could tell !
A curate's wife ? A London belle ?
Her name ? Is't Bertha, Lucy, Nell ?
Vainly we ask ;
Dropped it when waking dreams began ?
Or touched ungently with her fan
As, husband going afield, she ran
To fill his flask ?

Haply she read and mused at night,
Disinct, dishevelled, a fair sight ;
A mouse squeaked sudden ! In a fright
She closed the book
Upon this waif ; then trembling crept
To bed, and (just a little!) wept
At Love's mishaps, or till she slept,
In terror shook.

Nay, 'tis so precious and so fair,
I rather deem one smoothed her hair
With touch as light as summer air —
Her cheeks aflame ;
Or else she nestled to his heart,
Caught for a moment's space apart,
Before he sought the world's great mart,
Then out it came !

With the grim Dean we cynics say,
"Only a woman's hair." Yet, stay —
Some one would next his bosom lay
This ruddy twine ;
Drawn by its strength o'er land and sea,
From other women fancy-free,
Even one poor thread would treasured be
In his heart's shrine.

"'Tis yellow pigment in small cells,
That's all," prosaic Science tells,
Yet Fancy loves her toy and swells
Its praise on high ;
'Twould serve Mab's chariot for a trace,
It might have curled round Helen's face,
Added to Rosamond fresh grace
In days gone by.

'Tis but a hair — let Fairy-land
Vie with Romance's magic wand,
Let Poesy with Fable band —
Vain, vain their strife !
Though Chloe's locks in amber shine,
And Lalage's all golden twine —
Dearer I deem one tress of thine,
My fair-haired wife !

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS. — Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if neglected, often works upon the lungs.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 10.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

VIII.

THE next day was Sunday, and Natalie did not get up till rather late. The previous evening she had been very silent; she had felt ashamed of her tears, and had slept badly. She sat down half dressed at her little piano, occasionally striking a few chords, but very softly, in order not to awaken Miss Boncourt; or again, resting her brow on the cool keys, she gave herself up to reverie, not thinking so much of Roudine himself as of certain words he had uttered. Occasionally Volinzoff's image would occur to her. She knew that he loved her, but she drove the thought from her mind at once. She felt strangely agitated. She dressed hastily, went down-stairs to bid her mother good-morning, and then availed herself of the opportunity to stroll alone in the garden.

It was a warm, clear, sunny day, although from time to time brief showers fell from the low, misty clouds which were floating slowly across the sky, without obscuring the sun. Large, glistening drops on which the sun was shining would fall like diamonds with a pattering sound; the grass, which had just bent before the breeze, was quiet, as if to breathe the dampness exhaled from the ground; the wet leaves rustled on the trees; the birds went on singing without interruption, and it was a pleasure to listen to their joyous twitter through all the cool patter of the rain and the soft murmur of the breeze as the shower passed over. Little whirls of dust appeared in the road which seemed spotted by the rain-drops. But the cloud is over, a light wind has arisen, the grass is aglow with gold and emerald, bowing again before the breeze. . . . The leaves are joined together by the rain. It is lighter in the summer-house. . . . A rich perfume arises everywhere.

The sky was nearly clear when Natalie went into the garden. Everywhere was freshness and calmness, that gentle, happy calm which calls up in the heart of man a soft, mysterious, sympathetic languor, and vague desires.

As Natalie was walking beneath a row of silver poplars along the side of the lake, she suddenly saw Roudine appear before her as if he had sprung up from beneath the ground. She was confused. He fastened his eyes upon her and said, —

"You are alone?"

"Yes, I am alone," answered Natalie; "I only came out for a moment to enjoy the fresh air. . . . I must go back."

"I will go with you."

And he walked along by her side.

"You seem out of spirits," he said after a short pause.

"I? . . . I was just going to say the same thing to you. You are rather melancholy, it seems to me."

"It's very possible. . . . I am so sometimes. But it's more pardonable in me than in you."

"Why so? Do you think I have nothing to make me sad?"

"At your age one ought to enjoy life."

Natalie walked on a few steps in silence.

"Dimitri Nicolaitch!" she began.

"What is it?"

"Do you remember . . . the comparison you made yesterday . . . it was . . . about the oak?"

"Yes, I remember it. But why this question?"

Natalie glanced at him askance.

"Why did you . . . what did you mean by that comparison?"

Roudine bowed his head and gazed into the distance.

"Natalie Alexievna," he began, with his usual restrained expression, so full of meaning, which always made his hearers imagine that he was telling them only the tenth part of what burdened his soul, "Natalie Alexievna, you must have noticed that I speak very little about my past life. There are certain chords which I never touch. My heart . . . who cares to know what it has undergone? To make such things known I have always regarded as frivolity. But with you I am sincere; you inspire me with confidence . . . I have no wish to conceal from you that I too have loved and suffered like every one else. . . . When and how? it's not worth while to speak of that; it is enough to say that my heart has known great joys and great sorrows."

Roudine was silent for an instant.

"What I said to you yesterday," he continued, "may be applied to me in my present situation, up to a certain point. But, again, there is no need of speaking of that. This side of life has disappeared forever for me. It only remains for me now to let myself be carried from one station to another over the hot, dusty highway of life, in some wretched carriage. . . . When I shall reach my destination . . . whether I shall reach it at all — Heaven alone knows. . . . Let us rather talk about you."

"It is not possible, Dimitri Nicolaitch," interrupted Natalie, "that you expect nothing more from life!"

"Oh no! I expect a great deal; but not for myself. . . . I shall never give up my activity, my delight in working; but I have renounced all hope of enjoyment. My hopes, my visions, have nothing in common with my own happiness. Love" — at this word he shrugged his shoulders — "love is not for me; I am unworthy of it; a woman who loves has

a right to claim that the man she has chosen should be wholly hers; but I can no longer give myself up wholly, and then, to please is the privilege of youth, and I am too old. How can I turn girls' heads? May I only keep my own on my shoulders!"

"I understand," answered Natalie, "that any one who is striving for a lofty aim should not think about himself; but why should not a woman be capable of appreciating such men? It seems to me, on the contrary, that they turn away very quickly from the egoist. According to you, all young people are egoists; they are thinking only of themselves, even when they love. Believe me, a woman not only has the power of understanding a sacrifice, she also knows how to sacrifice herself."

Natalie's cheeks were slightly colored, and her eyes were glistening. Before she had known Roudine, she never could have uttered so long and passionate a speech.

"You have more than once heard my opinions on the province of women," answered Roudine, with an indulgent smile. "You know I think that only Joan of Arc could have saved France. . . . but that is not the question. I wanted to speak about you. You stand on the threshold of life. . . . It is pleasant to speak about your future, and it may not be without profit. . . . Listen to me: I am your friend, you know; I take as keen an interest in you, as if I were a relative. . . . Hence I hope you will not consider my question impertinent. Tell me, has your heart always been completely calm?"

Natalie colored deeply, and made no answer. Roudine stood still, and she also.

"Are you offended?" he asked.

"No, but I did not in the least expect" . . .

"Besides," he continued, "you don't need to answer me. I know your secret."

Natalie glanced at him with an air of terror.

"Yes, . . . yes; I know who it is that pleases you — and, I must say — you could not make a better choice. He is an excellent man; he will be able to appreciate you; life has not injured him — his soul is simple — he will make you happy."

"Of whom are you speaking, Dimitri Nicolaitch?"

"Don't you know? Of Volinzoff, of course. What! Can I be wrong?"

Natalie turned a little away from Roudine. She had lost all self-command.

"Doesn't he love you? But see, he is always looking at you, he follows with his eyes every motion you make. And then can love hide itself? And don't you like him? So far as I have been able to see, he is agreeable to your mother. . . . Your choice" . . .

"Dimitri Nicolaitch!" interrupted Natalie, in her confusion pointing at a neighboring bush, "really, it is painful for me to talk on this subject, but I assure you you are mistaken."

"I am mistaken!" repeated Roudine. "Oh, I do not think so. . . . To be sure, it is only a short time since I made your acquaintance, but I know you very well. What is the meaning of this change which I see in you, see in you very clearly? Are you the same being I met here six weeks ago? No, Natalie Alexievna, your heart is not tranquil."

"That may be," answered Natalie, in a hardly audible voice, "but still you are mistaken."

"How so?" asked Roudine.

"Leave me, don't ask me" . . . said Natalie, walking rapidly towards the house.

She was alarmed at the feeling which had suddenly awakened within her.

Roudine hastened after her and stopped her.

"Natalie Alexievna!" he said, "our conversation cannot end in this way; it is of too much importance for me. . . . How am I to understand you?"

"Leave me," repeated Natalie.

"Natalie, for the love of God!"

Roudine's face expressed the keenest emotion. He had grown pale.

"You understand everything, you ought to understand me," said Natalie, as she withdrew her hand and walked away without looking around.

"Only one word," cried Roudine. She stopped, but did not turn round.

"You asked me what I meant by that comparison yesterday. Hear me. I do not wish to deceive you. I was speaking of myself, of my past life, and of you."

"What? of me?"

"Yes, of you; I repeat it; I do not wish to deceive you. . . . Now you know of what feeling, of what new feeling I was speaking. . . . Before to-day I have never ventured" . . .

Natalie quickly covered her face with her hands and ran towards the house. She was so agitated at the unexpected issue of her conversation that she did not notice Volinzoff, past whom she had run. He stood motionless, with his back against a tree. A quarter of an hour before, he had arrived at Daria's, had met her in the parlor, said a word or two, and then he had gone out to find Natalie. Guided by the instinct peculiar to lovers, he had gone straight to the garden, where he came upon Roudine and Natalie at the very moment that she withdrew her hand from his. All grew dark before his eyes. Gazing after Natalie he left the tree, and advanced a few steps, without knowing whither he was going. Roudine saw him, and went up to him. They looked at one another steadily, bowed, and separated in silence.

"This is not the end," they both thought.

Volinzoff walked on to the end of the garden. A feeling of stolid despair had taken possession of him. A heavy load lay on his heart, and then suddenly a hot wrath made the blood boil in his veins. The rain began to fall again. Roudine had gone to his room. Neither was he calm; his thoughts were all in a whirl. What man would not be perturbed at the unexpected, confiding surrender of a pure, noble soul?

At table nothing went smoothly. Natalie was very pale; she could hardly sit up, and she did not raise her eyes. Volinzoff sat by her side, as usual, and forced himself to speak to her every now and then. It happened that Pigasoff was present, and he talked more than all the rest. He undertook to prove, among other things, that it was possible to classify men, like dogs, as long-eared men, and short-eared men. "Men," he said, "have short ears, either from their birth, or by their own fault. In both cases they are to be pitied, for they never succeed in anything — they lack self-confidence. But the long-eared man is fortunate. He may be a worse man or a weaker man than the short-

eared one, but he has confidence in himself; he has only to put up his ears — and all admire him. As for me," he added with a sigh, "I belong to the short-eared class, and the worst of it is, I clipped my own ears."

"By all that," interrupted Roudine indifferently, "you mean what La Rochefoucauld said a long time ago: 'Have confidence in yourself, and others will believe in you.' I don't see the necessity of lugging in the ears."

"Let everybody" — retorted Volinzoff curtly, with an angry glance — "let everybody express himself as he pleases. We were talking of despotism. . . . In my opinion there's no more odious despotism than that of so-called intelligent people. Away with them all!"

This outburst of Volinzoff's astonished every one; no one said a word. Roudine glanced at him, but unable to meet his rival's eyes, he looked away with a forced smile and said nothing.

"Oh, oh! so you too have short ears!" said Pigasoff to himself. Natalie trembled from fear. Daria Michaelovna gazed for a long time with astonishment at Volinzoff, and was the first one to resume talking. She began to tell about a remarkable dog that belonged to her friend, the minister, N. N.

Volinzoff went off soon after dinner. In taking leave of Natalie he could not help saying, —

"Why are you so confused, as if you had committed some crime? You cannot be conscious of any wrong to any one."

Natalie had not understood him, and merely followed him with her eyes. Roudine went up to her before tea, and leaning over the table as if he were reading a newspaper, he whispered to her: —

"It is all like a dream, is it not? I must see you alone . . . if only for an instant." He turned towards Miss Boncourt. "Here is the paper you were looking for;" then he turned again to Natalie and added, "Try to be near the terrace at about ten o'clock, in the lilac arbor. I will await you."

Pigasoff was the hero of the evening. Roudine had abandoned the field. He made Daria Michaelovna laugh a great deal; in the first place he told her about one of his neighbors who had grown so effeminate by being tied for thirty years to his wife's apron-string, that one day, when stepping over a puddle, he, Pigasoff, had seen him put his hands behind him and lift up his coat-tails as women do their skirts. After that he fell upon another man who had been first a freemason, then a misanthrope, and at last was trying to become a banker.

But Daria was especially amused when Pigasoff began to talk about love, and to assure her that women had sighed for him, and an ardent German woman had called him "her delicious little Africanus." Daria laughed, yet Pigasoff was telling the truth; he had really a right to boast of his successes. He declared that there was nothing easier than to make any woman you pleased fall in love with you; one only needed to tell her ten days in succession that paradise was on her lips, bliss in her eyes, and that other women were ugly creatures in comparison with her, and on the eleventh day she would say to herself that paradise was on her lips, bliss in her eyes, and she would fall in love with the man who had detected such charming traits in her. In this world anything may happen; perhaps Pigasoff was right. Who knows?

At half past nine Roudine was in the arbor. The stars were just appearing in the pale, distant depths of the sky; the glow of the sunset still lingered in the west, — on that side the horizon was still clearly marked. The half-moon gleamed like gold against the dark interlacing branches of the birches. The other trees stood like vast giants; the sky, visible through the net-work of their leaves, glistened like myriads of eyes, or else they melted together in a sombre mass. Not a leaf was moving; the long branches of lilac and the acacias stretched forth into the fragrant air as if they were listening to some unheard voice. The house stood dark, the long, lit-up windows shone like red spots against the dark background. The evening was calm and silent; it seemed as if a restrained, passionate sigh were breathing mysteriously in the stillness.

Roudine stood with folded arms, listening with the utmost eagerness. His heart was beating violently, and he involuntarily held his breath. At last he thought he heard light, hasty steps and — Natalie entered the arbor.

Roudine hastened towards her, and raised her hands. They were cold as ice.

"Natalie Alexievna!" he said with emotion, "I wanted to see you. . . . I could not wait till to-morrow. I must tell you what I myself did not suspect, did not imagine before this morning. I love you!"

Natalie's hands trembled gently within his own.

"I love you!" he repeated; "I don't know how I could have been blind so long . . . that I could not have suspected for so long that I loved you . . . and you? Natalie . . . answer me — and you?"

Natalie could hardly breathe.

"You see I came here," she said at last.

"Tell me, do you love me?"

"I think . . . yes" . . . she whispered.

Roudine pressed her hands more warmly and tried to draw her towards him.

"Leave me — I am afraid — I think some one is listening to us. . . . For God's sake, be prudent. Volinzoff suspects something."

"He may. You noticed I did not answer him to-day. . . . Ah, Natalie, how happy I am! Now nothing can separate us!"

Natalie raised her eyes till they met his.

"Leave me," she murmured, "it is time for me to go back."

"One moment."

"No, leave, leave me" . . .

"Are you afraid of me?"

"No; but I ought not to stay."

"Tell me again, just once" . . .

"You say you are happy?" asked Natalie.

"Yes, I am the happiest man in the world. Can you doubt it?"

Natalie had raised her head. Her pale face, so young, so noble, so agitated, was fair to see in the dim light which streamed from the pale sky into the mysterious gloom of the arbor.

"Hear me, then," she said, "I will be your wife."

"Oh, heaven!" cried Roudine.

But Natalie had already fled. Roudine stood a moment, and then slowly left the arbor. The moon shone full upon his face; a smile was on his lips.

"I am happy," he murmured to himself. "Yes, I am happy," he repeated, as if he were trying to convince himself of it.

He straightened himself, tossed back his hair, and walked on swinging his arms joyfully.

But meanwhile the branches in the lilac bower were pushed apart, and Pandalewski appeared. He looked around cautiously, shook his head, pressed his lips together and said meaningfully, "Oh ho! so that's the way the matters stand! I must tell Daria." And he disappeared.

(To be continued.)

LA ROQUETTE, 24TH MAY, 1871.

It would have been difficult to have imagined a scene more suggestive of gayety and pleasure and light-hearted *insouciance*, than that which surrounded me on a certain afternoon in last September, as I drove through the crowded streets of beautiful Paris.

There was a deep blue sky, stainless and serene, with glorious sunshine flooding the broad Boulevards, glittering on the golden dome of the Invalides, and transmuting the sparkling Seine into a river of light. As yet untinted by autumn, the luxuriant trees in the now open garden hid the scorched windows of the Tuileries, and gathered beneath their shade many a merry group, who had assembled to hear the bands of music stationed there, — thousands more strolling in the Champs Élysées enjoyed the manifold amusements offered to them on every side, as if life had not a care or a regret, while the crowds in the streets seemed to have no weightier occupation than to admire the treasures of art and luxury displayed behind the flashing plate glass of the shop windows. It was hard to believe that this was the city which, but a year and a half before, had been steeped in blood and wrapped in flame, or these the people who had passed through the wasting horrors of the siege and the darker terrors of the Commune; yet through the midst of this gay and pleasant scene, I was hastening on to that which may be considered as the representative centre of all the woes that marked France's *année douloureuse*, the ghastly spot where her bleeding, tortured capital endured the very heart-pang of her long agony. One could but imagine that her strange, light-hearted children had altogether forgotten what that building was, which I soon saw rising up grim and menacing before me, or remembered it only with the uneasy shame of wounded vanity which made them seek to ignore and repudiate the terrible past.

Some indication of this feeling there was in the look and bearing of our coachman, when the gentleman who accompanied me gave him the order to drive us to our destination: there was no alert response, polite and smiling after the manner of Frenchmen, but in silence he stared straight before him, with so impassable a look that my friend imagined that he had not understood his direction.

"Did you hear where I wished you to go?" he asked.

"I heard you well enough," the man answered; and while we still waited, uncertain if he really comprehended, he muttered with a dark frown, "You told me to go to La Roquette;" and then did not speak another word throughout the whole long distance to and fro.

The prison of La Roquette is divided by the street of the same name into two distinct portions: that on the left, leading from the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise, is entirely given up to the "*jeunes détenus*," great numbers of whom are incarcerated there; while the part on the other side, at the gate of which we alighted, bears the sinister name of the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

It has, in truth, always been the receptacle of those condemned to death, and criminals are guillotined in the open space in front of the great entrance, — Troppman, who murdered the family at Pantin, having been the last to undergo the sentence; but it is also the place of punishment

for those who are convicted of the gravest crimes, even if they have escaped the extreme penalty.

It is not now by any means an easy matter to obtain leave to visit the *Dépôt des Condamnés*. The event which has forever branded the name of La Roquette with infamy, has so powerful an influence in a thousand different ways on the passions of the people, that it is with great reluctance the authorities ever allow the fatal recollection of the 24th of May, 1871, to be aroused by visitors to the scene of that day's terrible tragedy. An order of admission can only be given by the Minister of the Interior, but at the request of one of the foreign ambassadors I obtained one, which, however, though asked in my name, was made out in his, so that he was obliged to accompany me himself to the prison. Notwithstanding that we were furnished with this important-looking official document, my friend felt somewhat doubtful whether I should succeed in my object, which was to visit the scenes of the last sufferings of the Archbishop of Paris — for unless the officers of the jail discovered my purpose of their own accord, he did not see how it would be possible for us to allude in the presence of Frenchmen to that which must always be so bitter and shameful a memory for France.

The coachman stopped at some little distance from the gate, and we did not ask him to draw nearer, but walked on to the *conciergerie* which divided the outer from the inner entrance. The porter looked at our order of admission in grim silence, and opening a side door in his own lodge, he pointed across a large courtyard paved with stone, and told us we should find Monsieur le Directeur at the door of the prison itself, which was placed at the end of it.

A flight of steps led to a wide portico, and there in the shade sat a tall, stout man talking to several of the officials who were standing round him. One of them at once named him as the Director. He, too, read the order in silence, and then, rising, asked us to follow him. We passed through a room apparently intended for the use of the *gardiens* or turnkeys, beyond which was a passage leading into the interior of the building, but separated from it by a huge door in which was a *guichet*. Here an official stood, who appeared to be only second in importance to the Director himself, for he showed him the order, and then said, pointing to my companion —

"You will take Son Excellence wherever he wishes to go through the prison, but Madame, you are aware, cannot be allowed to see the convicts."

"It was precisely to accompany the lady that I came," said my friend; "can she not visit some part of the prison at least?"

"What is it she wishes to see?" asked the Director abruptly — which question produced the unusual sight of a diplomatist at fault. Son Excellence hesitated, smiled benignly, and looked at me.

"I do not in the least care to see the prisoners," I said.

"What, then?" said the Director.

"If, perhaps," said my companion, in a very insinuating tone, "the cell where the Archbishop?" —

The Director interrupted him: "I understand — that is possible. If Madame will wait in the *gardiens'* room while you visit the prisoners, we will see what can be done when you return."

Son Excellence had not the smallest desire to see the prisoners, but expressed the highest satisfaction in the prospect, and departed with the head *gardien* while I went back into the turnkeys' room with one of the officials, who brought forward the only easy-chair the place contained for my accommodation. He was a middle-aged man, with keen black eyes, and a rather fine face. He remarked civilly, as I sat down, that he was sorry on my account that ladies were not allowed to visit the prisoners.

"What harm are we supposed to do them?" I asked.

"You would not hurt them," he said, with a smile, "but the convicts here are the very lowest of criminals, and they are so utterly brutish, that they could not be trusted to conduct themselves properly in your presence. *Tenez*," he added, "you can judge for yourself;" and opening the *guichet* in the door, he made me a sign to look through it.

I did so, and saw a large open court-yard with a fountain in the middle, where at least a hundred convicts were passing their brief time of recreation; and I must own that I never in my life before saw such an assemblage of villainous looking men, whose whole appearance indicated that they belonged to the lowest type of humanity. Unaware as they were that they were being observed, the men's gestures and language were so revolting that I hurried away at once, and the turnkey closed the *guichet* and followed me back into the room.

He seemed well disposed to converse, and I asked him if he had been at La Roquette during the siege.

"Through the whole of it," he answered, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And during the Commune also?"

He turned round and said quickly, "*Madame est Française?*"

"No, I am English; but I am *Française de cœur* — you understand?"

"Perfectly," he answered, nodding his head. "Well, then, Madame, I was indeed here during the Commune, and I remained — yes, I remained till" —

"Until the end?" I said.

"Till seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May," he answered, turning vehemently towards me; "and then, when I saw them loading their rifles to shoot that good, that defenceless old man, I could bear it no longer — *je me suis sauvé*. I fled out of La Roquette at the risk of my life. If they had caught me, they would have shot me too; but I was within these walls all the time Monseigneur was here. I saw how they treated him and the unfortunate men who were with him. I could not help him, of course — *mais c'était infame!* I never thought to the last they would kill him, but when I did actually hear the order given — ah! it was too much!" The turnkey said all this with the greatest rapidity, as if with a sense of relief in telling what he had felt; but just at that moment the Director came into the room, whereupon in an instant my friend was standing up erect, with his back to me, looking as if he were not aware that I was present at all, whilst a quick glance towards me, as he turned away, showed me that he wished me to look equally unconscious of his vicinity. The Director glanced round, and then went out again, apparently having had no other purpose but to see what I was doing. As soon as he had gone well out of sight and hearing, the turnkey came back, and, standing before me, began to pour out a history of all he had done and said during that fatal week of May, with a vehemence of voice and gesture which no words can reproduce. I asked him when he returned to La Roquette after his flight, and he answered, not till the Sunday following the Wednesday on which the Archbishop was murdered; not till all was over, and the Versailles in full possession of the city, with all its prisons and palaces. In the interval he had gone to Montmartre, and had witnessed the last desperate resistance of the Communists there, and afterwards in the cemetery of the Père la Chaise.

"It was like hell upon earth," he said, "as the shot and shell rained down upon the people whose frenzy of excitement made them court death in the streets. They were *broyés*, Madame, and men and women alike used the last energies of life, even as they expired, in hurling back destruction on their foes — their foes! who were children of France like themselves, their countrymen, their brothers!" As he spoke, the very vigor and earnestness of his description made it impossible to note all he said, but at the moment he brought before my eyes such a picture of the horrors of the Commune, as I could not even have imagined before.

"May Paris never know such a time again!" I said.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, "*La France est malade*, ill with a chronic malady; and, like a sick person, she requires to be bled from time to time, every twenty years or so, but they bleed her at the heart, they bleed Paris, and she will require it again — *Dieu veuille* that I do not live to see it!"

He was all quivering with excitement as he spoke — but suddenly he subsided into his official stiffness and compos-

ure when he saw the head *gardien* appear along with my friend. They had come to take me to that portion of the prison which had been inhabited by Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in death, and which, it seemed, was under the exclusive care of this superior officer. He was a tall, gray-haired old man, with a thoughtful, rather melancholy expression of face; and a few words which he casually dropped as he led the way, showed me that it would depend entirely on his will how much or how little we saw, and also that to him the murdered Archbishop had been an object of the deepest veneration and respect.

During my rather lengthened stay in Paris I had become aware that amid the chaos of conflicting ideas which makes up the sum of public opinion at the present juncture, the one subject on which popular feeling differs most widely is the fate of Monseigneur Darboy. There is a deeply-rooted impression amongst the lower classes that the Archbishop concealed immense stores of provisions during the whole of the siege, on purpose that the poor might be starved. It is hardly necessary to say how utterly false is this accusation against a charitable and gentle old man; but the assertion has been repeatedly made to myself, by persons of humble station, with a vehemence which brooked no contradiction, and its almost universal acceptance amongst them is perfectly well known: the obvious inference drawn by them is, that his dreadful death is a just and right retribution; while on the other hand, all the more respectable classes who adhere to the Church believe, that living, he was a true father to his people, and in death a martyr and a saint.

I soon saw that the head *gardien* was one of these last, and that any reluctance he might feel in showing us the scenes of the massacre, would be from the fear that these "*lieux saints*," as he called them, might be profaned by indifferent or hostile spectators. It was not difficult, therefore, to satisfy him completely on this score as regarded ourselves; and in answer to my petition that he would not exclude me from any part of the prison connected with the terrible tragedy, he turned towards me and said emphatically, "Madame, to you I will gladly show everything without the smallest reserve, for I see that you will respect the memory of the holy dead; you shall go over every inch of ground where Monseigneur trod, from the moment he entered the prison till he departed from this world altogether; and I will tell you every circumstance of the forty-eight hours he passed within those walls:" and he did so, with a minuteness of detail which, joined to the sight of the actual localities, made me almost feel as if I had myself followed the steps of the victims and their murderers, even to the end. The *gardien* took us first into a room on the ground-floor, where, he said, ordinary criminals condemned to the guillotine made their "*toilette de mort*," interpreting the ghastly term by saying that their hair had to be cut, and their upper clothes removed, and he instanced Troppman as the last who had been so "dressed" in this room; but when I asked if Monseigneur had been brought here, he shook his head, and said they gave him no time for preparation of any kind. Then we went up a wide stone staircase, at the top of which was an immense dormitory for the prisoners at present under sentence. The beds were placed close together, with arrangements for a complete system of surveillance, by means of *guichets* in the partitions which divided them from the officers' rooms.

"I wish you to look at these beds," said the *gardien*, "used by the worst *canaille* of Paris, that you may note the difference when you see what was provided for Monseigneur."

They were excellent beds, far more comfortable than those given to our prisoners in England — consisting of a high spring mattress over which was one of flock, with good sheets, blankets, and pillows; they were perfectly clean, and the *gardien* said the linen was constantly changed.

"The convicts are better lodged than our soldiers," he added, "but now, Madame, will you pass into this corridor? It was here that Monseigneur was brought at once on his arrival from the prison of Mazas on the 22d of May, 1871."

The near approach of the army of Versailles on the evening of that day had decided the authorities of the Commune to proceed to the murder of the hostages, and the whole number, most of whom were priests, were conveyed for that purpose from the Mazas, where they had been confined for some weeks, to the Dépôt des Condamnés.

Although the entire period of their imprisonment had been spent under the same roof, the hostages had never met till the moment when, on this evening, they were thrust in parties of twenty and thirty into the great open wagons belonging to the Lyons Railway, which had been brought to convey them to La Roquette, and in which they were exposed to the full view of the crowd. Some of them belonged to the same religious house — that of the Jesuits, Rue de Sèvres; many had been friends, and to all at least the Archbishop was known: but although they pressed each other's hands with mournful significance, it is said that no word was spoken amongst them during their course through the insurgent quarters of the Faubourg St. Antoine and La Bastille, where the frenzied populace followed them with the coarsest insults and menaces, excepting once, when one of the priests bent forward to the Archbishop, and pointing to the crowd said, "*Hélas! Monseigneur, voilà donc votre peuple!*"

Night had fallen when they arrived at La Roquette, and a brigadier carrying a lantern conducted them into the part of the prison where we now stood. It was a wide corridor, with long rows of cells on either side, and on the left hand a space in the centre was left vacant to admit of a window giving light to the whole; at the end was a corkscrew stair leading down to the outer court. The prisoners were immediately thrust into the cells, one by one, and left there for the night in pitch darkness, so that they did not know till next morning what sort of a place they were in.

"This was the cell occupied by Monseigneur on that night," said the *gardien*; and he opened the first door to the right and told me to go in. There was literally scarcely room for more than one person in the small narrow den into which I entered, and it contained nothing whatever but one wretched little bed, infinitely less comfortable in every way than those we had seen in the large dormitory. "But," I was told, "none who ever entered here had need of furniture, or would be likely to find rest on even the most luxurious couch, for those only passed this threshold who knew that the executioner was awaiting them, and that their grave was already dug."

This cell was separated from the one next to it by a partition, which divided in two the small window that gave light to both. The *gardien* told me to go up close to that part of the window which was in the Archbishop's cell, and, going into the next himself, he showed me that it was possible for the prisoners respectively occupying them to converse together, and even to touch each other's hands — as there was a space of a few inches left between the end of the partition and the panes of glass. The *gardien* then told me that Monsieur Bonjean, President de la Cour de Cassation, had been imprisoned in the second, and when it was discovered that Monseigneur and he were holding communication together, the Archbishop was at once removed to a place of stricter confinement, which should be shown to me at the other end of the corridor. He remained four-and-twenty hours in the cell where I stood — from the evening of the 22d to that of the 23d. On the morning of this latter day the prisoners had been allowed to go down for half an hour into what is called the "*premier chemin de ronde*" — that is, the first of two narrow stone-paved court-yards which surround La Roquette on three sides, and are separated from each other and from the outer world by very high walls. The Archbishop, however, felt too weak and ill to avail himself of the permission, and spent the greater part of the day lying in a half fainting state on his miserable bed. In addition to his other sufferings, he was starving of hunger, for the Commune had been driven back by the army of Versailles into the eleventh arrondissement, where alone therefore they

were in power; and the supply of food being very scanty, the hostages were, of course, the last for whom they cared to provide. One of the Jesuit priests, Père Olivaint, who, four days later, was massacred in the terrible carnage of the Rue Haxo, had, however, secretly brought into the prison a little food, which had been conveyed to him by his friends while imprisoned at Mazas.

During the brief time of recreation, he was able to obtain access to the Archbishop, and, kneeling on the ground beside him, he fed him with a small piece of cake and a tablet of chocolate; and this was all the nourishment the poor old man received during the forty-eight hours he passed at La Roquette. Père Olivaint comforted him also with the promise of the highest consolation he could have in the hour of death, as he knew that he would have it in his power to give him the holy Viaticum at the last supreme moment. Four portions of the reserved Sacrament had been conveyed to the priest, when in Mazas, in a little common card-box, which I saw at the Jesuits' house in the Rue de Sèvres, where it is preserved as a precious relic, and this he had succeeded in bringing concealed on his breast to La Roquette.

It had been intended that this day, the 23d, should witness the murder of the hostages, and the order was, in fact, given for the immediate execution of the whole of the prisoners who had been brought in the evening before; but the Director, shrinking in horror from the task, succeeded in evading it, at least for a time, by pretending that there was an informality in the order. This day passed over, therefore, leaving them all still alive, but without the smallest hope of ultimate rescue.

In the course of the afternoon the Archbishop's intercourse with Monsieur Bonjean having been discovered, he was moved into cell No. 23, which we now went on to see. On our way towards it, the *gardien* took us down a side passage, and, opening a door, introduced us into a gallery, which we found formed part of the chapel, and was the place from which the prisoners of this corridor heard mass. Just opposite to us, on the same side with the High Altar, was a sort of balcony, inclosed by boards painted black and white, and surmounted by a cross, in which the *gardien* told us criminals condemned to death were placed to hear the mass offered for them just before their execution.

"Was the Archbishop allowed to come here for any service?" I asked.

"Monseigneur! no, indeed! to perform any religious duty was the last thing they would have allowed him to do. He was never out of his cell but once, and that was on the morning of the day he died. I will show you afterwards where he went then. *Voilà notre brave aumônier*," continued the *gardien*, pointing to an old priest who was sitting at a table in the body of the church, with two of the convicts seated beside him; "he is such a kind friend to all those wretches, but, unfortunately, he was at Mazas when Monseigneur was here."

He now took us back to the Archbishop's last abode. The door of cell No. 23, unlike those of all the others, which stood open, was not only closed, but heavily barred and bolted.

"This cell," said the *gardien*, "has never been used or touched in any way since Monseigneur occupied it — it has been kept in precisely the same state as that in which he left it — the bed has not even been made; you will see it exactly as it was when he rose from it at the call of those who summoned him out to die."

It seemed at first rather doubtful whether we should see it, for the *gardien* had taken a key from his pocket while he was speaking, and was now trying to unlock the door and open the many bolts, which were stiff and rusty from long disuse. With the exertion of his utmost strength, he could not for a long time move them all, and I thought, as the harsh grating noise of the slowly turning key echoed through the corridor, how terrible that sound must have been to the unfortunate Archbishop, when he last heard it, accompanied by coarse and cruel menaces shouted through the door, which told him it was opening to bring him out

to a bitter death. The *gardien* made so many ineffectual efforts before he succeeded, that I felt quite afraid it would not be possible for him to admit us, and I said so to him, with an exclamation of satisfaction, when I saw the heavy bolts at last give way. He had by this time quite discovered the interest I took in the object of his own almost passionate veneration and love, and, turning to me, he said, "Madame, I would have opened this door for you if I had been obliged to send for a locksmith to do it, for I see how you feel for our martyred father; but you may well be content to gain admission to this cell, for thousands have asked to see it and have been refused. I am sole guardian of it, and I keep the key by my side all day, and under my pillow at night, and those only enter here who have some strong claim for admission."

He threw open the door as he spoke, standing back to let me pass, and I went in. I stood for a few minutes within that miserable cell unable to speak, so great was the shock I received from the conviction of the absolute malignity which must have dictated the arrangements of the poor Archbishop's last resting-place on earth. Having seen the other cells, and the comparatively comfortable beds provided for even the worst criminals amongst the convicts, I saw that it must have been a studied purpose which had prepared so squalid and revolting a couch for the aged and dying "father of his people." A low, rude framework of wood, totally different from the iron bedsteads in the other rooms, was spread with a palliasse of the coarsest description, torn open down the centre, so that the straw — far from clean — with which it was scantily filled, was all exposed to view; over this was thrown one ragged woollen covering, stained and black, as if it had been left unwashed after long use in some low locality, and one very small, hard bolster, which, apparently from similar usage, had lost all appearance of having ever been white: in so many words, the whole furniture of the bed looked as if it had been extracted from the lowest and darkest den in the worst quarters of Paris, for the express purpose of making such a couch as one would shrink from touching with the tip of one's fingers. I need not enter into the details which made me with justice call it revolting, but I am sure that no English gentleman would have bid his dog lie down upon it. Such as it was, however, the Archbishop, faint and failing in the long death-agony which began for him when he entered La Roquette, had been fain to stretch upon it his worn-out frame and aching limbs — but not to sleep, for the *gardien* believed he never closed his eyes in that his last night on earth. It was strictly true that everything had been religiously preserved in the precise state in which he left it — we could see that the bed had not been touched; the pillow was still displaced, as it had been by the uneasy movements of the poor gray head that assuredly had found no rest thereon, and the woollen cover was still thrown back, just as the Archbishop's own hand had flung it off when he rose at the call of his murderers, to look for the last time on the face of God's fair sun.

"Et il faisait un si beau temps," as an eye-witness said of that day. "Mon Dieu! quelle belle journée de printemps nous avions ce maudit vingt-quatre Mai!" One happy recollection alone relieves the atmosphere of cruelty and hate which seems to hang round the stone walls of this death chamber — for it was here on that last morning that the Archbishop received from the hands of Pere Olivaint the Sacred Food, in the strength of which he was to go that same day even to the Mount of God.

From here, too, in the early morning of the 24th, he went to gain the only breath of fresh air which he was allowed to breathe at La Roquette. During the usual half-hour's recreation permitted to the convicts, he descended with the rest into the first court-yard, and there one other moment of consolation came to him, which brightened the Via Dolorosa he was treading, with a last gleam of joy. Monsieur Bonjean, who shared with him his prison and his death, had been in the days of his life and liberty a determined unbeliever; but since he came into the Dépôt des Condamnés, he had been seen on every possible oc-

casion in close conversation with the Pere Clerc, one of the doomed priests; and on this morning, as the Archbishop, unable from weakness to walk about, leant for support against the railing of a stair, Monsieur Bonjean came up, and, stretching out his hands to him with a smile, prayed Monseigneur to bless him, for, he said, he had seen the truth standing, as it were, at the right hand of death, and he, too, was about to depart in the faith of Christ.

It was a relief to remember that these last rays of sunshine had gleamed for the old man through the very shadow of death, amid the terribly painful associations of the place in which I stood, and the *gardien* waited patiently while I lingered, thinking of it all; at last, however, as he was stooping over the bed, showing me where the outline of the weary form that had lain on it could still be traced, he said in a very aggrieved tone, —

"Look what an Englishman did, who was allowed to enter here: when I had turned my head away just for one moment, he robbed me of this;" and he showed me that a little morsel of the woollen cover had been torn off, no doubt to be kept as a sacred relic.

"I was just going to ask you if I might take a little piece of the straw on which Monseigneur lay," I said.

"By all means," answered the *gardien*; "you are most welcome."

I took a very small quantity, and was turning to go away, when he said, —

"Would you not like some more? Why have you taken so little?"

"Because, as you spoke of an Englishman's depredations, I did not want to make you complain of an Englishwoman too."

"I did not know you were English," he said, looking sharply round at me; and I felt afraid I should have cause to regret the admission, for I had discovered, during my residence in Paris, that the children of "perfidious Albion" are not by any means in the good graces of Frenchmen, at the present juncture. In the commencement of the war it was the popular belief amongst them that their ally of the old Crimean days would certainly come forward to succor France in her terrible strait, and they have not yet forgiven us, if they ever do, for our strict maintenance of neutrality.

The *gardien*, however, after the first moment of evident annoyance, seemed to make up his mind to overlook my nationality, and gave me a generous handful of straw, before he once more locked up the cell, telling me that no one would ever be allowed to occupy it again. An open door, a few steps farther on, led into that which had been appropriated to Monsieur Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine, and as I glanced into it I saw a fairly comfortable bed, with good sheets and blankets.

"How much better Monsieur Deguerry was lodged than the Archbishop," I said to the *gardien*.

"Every one was better lodged than Monseigneur," he answered: "*cette canaille de Commune* did all they could to make him suffer from first to last."

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, the rapid successes of the Versaillais showed the authorities of the Commune that the term of their power might almost be numbered by hours, and these hours they determined should be devoted to revenge for their recognized defeat. At six o'clock in the evening an order came to the Director of La Roquette for the instant execution of the whole body of prisoners who had been brought from Mazas, to the number of sixty.

Once more the Director remonstrated, not as on the previous day, on the ground of informality, but because of the wholesale nature of the intended massacre. Messages on this subject went to and fro between the prison and the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the leading Communists were assembled, for the space of about an hour, and finally, a compromise was effected — they agreed only to decimate the sixty condemned, on condition that they themselves chose the victims. It was known to all concerned that their rancor was chiefly directed against the priests — "those men who," as one of the sufferers

remarked, "had inconvenienced this wicked world for eighteen hundred years" — but there were many of that detested class at La Roquette, and to the last moment none knew who would be chosen for death.

At seven o'clock the executioners arrived, headed by Ferré, Lolive, and others — it was a confused assemblage of National Guards, Garibaldians, and "vengeurs de la République," and they were accompanied by women of the pétroleuse stamp, and by numbers of the "gamins de Paris," who were throughout the whole reign of the Commune, more than any others, absolutely insatiable for blood.

Up the prison stairs they swarmed, this dreadful mob, shouting threats and curses, with every opprobrious epithet they could apply to the prisoners, and especially to the Archbishop. Ferré and the other ringleaders advanced into the corridor, and the *gardien* showed me where they stood in the vacant space, on the left side facing the row of cells which contained their victims. Then, in a loud voice, the list of doomed men was read out: —

"Georges Darboy — se disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu" — and the door of the cell I had just seen was thrown open, and the Archbishop of Paris came out, wearing the purple *soutane* which now, stained with blood and riddled with balls, is preserved in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He walked forward, stood before his executioners, and meekly bowed his head in silence, as the sentence of death was read to him. "Gaspard Deguerry" was next called, with the same blasphemous formula; and the Curé of the Madeleine, whose eighty years of blameless life might well have gained him the right to pass by gentler means to the grave which must in any case have been so near, responded to the summons. "Léon Ducoudray, of the Company of Jesus," a tall, fine-looking man, passed from his cell, and stood looking with a smile of quiet contempt on his murderers. He had been rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and had done much for the cause of education.

"Alexis Clerc, of the same Company." It was with a light step and a bright look of joy that this priest answered the ominous call, for his one ambition all his life had been to attain to the glory of martyrdom, and he saw that the consummation of his longing desires was close at hand.

"Michel Allard, ambulance chaplain," and a gentle, kindly-looking man stepped forward, whose last days had been spent in assuaging the pangs of those who were yet to suffer less than himself.

"Louis Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation." Some private spite probably dictated the addition of this one layman to the list of the condemned, but with his name the fatal number was filled up, and the order was given to the prisoners to march at once to execution. They were left free to walk side by side as they pleased on that last path of pain, and with touching consideration the Archbishop chose Monsieur Bonjean as his companion, claiming from him the support his own physical weakness so sorely needed, while he strengthened the soul of the new-made convert with noble words of faith and courage. The Curé of the Madeleine followed, supported on either side by the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, for he alone of the six doomed men showed any sign of fear; but it was a mere passing tremor, pardonable, indeed, in one so aged and feeble. Monsieur Allard came next, walking alone, and reciting prayers in a low voice.

Determined as the Communists were to consummate their cruel deed, they were, it seemed, not only ashamed of it, but afraid of the consequences, for they did not dare to take their victims out by the principal entrance, but made them go down a small turning staircase in one of the side turrets.

Père Ducoudray had his breviary in his hand, and as they passed through a room where the concierge was standing, he gave it to him, in order that it might not fall into the hands of any of the profane rabble around, and told him to keep it for himself. The porter took it, glad to have some remembrance of so good a man, but the captain

of the firing party had seen what had passed, and with an oath he snatched the book from the man's hand and flung it on the fire. When they had all gone out, the concierge rescued it from the flames, in which it was only partly consumed, and I saw it, where it is still religiously preserved, in the house of the Rue de Sèvres, with its half-burnt pages and scorched binding.

The condemned were led down three or four steps into the first of the two narrow court-yards which, as I said, surrounded three sides of the prison, and it was originally intended that they should on this spot suffer death.

While the firing-party made ready, the Archbishop placed himself on the lowest step, in order to say a few words of pity and pardon to his executioners. As the *gardien* showed me, with much minute detail, where and how Monseigneur stood, I inquired if it was true that two of his assassins had knelt at his feet to ask his blessing?

"Yes," he answered, "it was perfectly true, but they were not allowed to remain many instants on their knees. Monseigneur had time to say that he forgave them, but not to bless them, as he wished, before with blows and threats they were made to start to their feet, and the Archbishop was ordered to go and place himself against the wall, that he might die."

But at the moment when the condemned were about to range themselves in line, the Communists perceived that they were just below the windows of the Infirmary, and that the sick prisoners were looking out upon the scene. Even before the eyes of these poor convicts they did not dare to complete their deed of darkness, and the prisoners were ordered to retrace their steps down the long court-yard that they might be taken into the outer one, and there at last meet their fate.

I could measure what a long weary way they had thus to go, in those awful moments, when they had believed the bitterness of death was almost already past; for we walked slowly down the stone-paved path they trod, while the *gardien* detailed to me every little incident of the mournful journey — how on one spot Père Ducoudray saw a prisoner, whom he knew well, making signs of passionate anguish at his fate, from an upper window, and, smiling, waved his hand to him, like one who sends back a gay farewell to holiday friends upon the shore, when he is launching out on a summer sea, to take a voyage of pleasure — and how, a little farther on, the Archbishop had cast such a gentle look of pity on a man who was uttering blasphemies in his ear, that it awoke enough compunction in the heart of the leading Communist to make him say with sternness to the rabble, "We are here to shoot these men, and not to insult them," — and how at last, as they came in sight of the place of execution, Père Clerc tore open his *soutane*, that his generous heart might receive uncovered the fiery messengers which brought him the martyr's death he had wooed so long and won at last.

They had to pass through a gate leading to the outer inclosure, and here there was another painful delay, while the key was procured from the interior of the prison to unlock it; and as soon as we, too, had crossed this barrier, and come to the entrance of the second *chemin de ronde* on the right side, we knew that the last scene of the tragedy was before us, for on the dark stone wall at the end there stood out in strong relief a white marble slab surmounted by a cross.

We walked towards it over the stones which paved the centre, while against the wall on either side were borders of flowers which had evidently been cultivated with great care. I asked the *gardien* if these blooming plants had been growing there when the victims and their executioners passed along. "No," he said, "there was nothing of what you see now. I planted these myself afterwards, and I tend them daily — it is a little mark of honor to this holy place." And holy, in truth, it seemed, for it was like walking up the nave of a cathedral towards an altar of sacrifice as we advanced nearer and nearer to the goal. When we were within about twenty paces of the end, the *gardien* put his hand on my arm and stopped me, pointing downwards. I saw at my feet a stone gutter which — how

or why I knew not — was stained dark and red. "Here the firing-party took up their position," he said; "you see how close they were to the victims." He went a little aside, and placing himself against the angle of the prison wall, "Here Ferré stood," he continued, "as with a loud voice he gave the order to the National Guards to fire." Finally the *gardien* walked a few steps farther on, and taking off his hat, he held it in his hand, and made the sign of the cross, while he said, "And here —" Then he was silent, and there was no need that he should finish his sentence; the gentleman who was with me uncovered also, and not a word was spoken by any of us for some minutes. What we saw was this — a very high wall of dark stone which, at a distance of about five feet from the ground, was deeply marked with the traces of balls which must have struck it in vast numbers within the space of a few yards from right to left, and in the centre of the portion thus indelibly scored was the white marble slab we had seen from the other end. I could now read the inscription engraved upon it, which was as follows: —

Respect à ce lieu,
Témoin de la mort des nobles et saintes
victimes

du xxiv. Mai, MDCCCLXXI.

Monseigneur Darboy, Georges, Archevêque de Paris.
Monsieur Bonjean, Louis, Président de la Cour de Cassation.
Monsieur Deguerry, Gaspard, Curé de la Madeleine.
Le Père Ducoudray, Léon, de la compagnie de Jésus.
Le Père Clerc, Alexis, de la compagnie de Jésus.
Monsieur Allard, Michel, aumônier d'ambulance.

Below, four cypresses had been planted, inclosing the oblong space where the victims stood; the two nearest to the wall had completely withered away, as though they refused to live and flourish on the very spot where the innocent blood had been shed, but the other two were fresh and vigorous, and had sent out many a strong green shoot, seeming to symbolize, as it were, those lives transplanted to that other clime where they might yet revive in the free airs of Paradise, to die no more.

When we had stood some time in the midst of the peculiar stillness which seemed all around this solemn place, the *gardien* gave me a few details of the final moments. He said that the condemned men were placed in a line with their backs to the wall where the bullet marks now were: Monsieur Bonjean stood first on the right, Père Clerc next to him, Monsieur Deguerry followed, on whose other side was Père Ducoudray, then the Archbishop, and last, Monsieur Allard. At the moment when Ferré gave the order to fire, Monseigneur raised his right hand, in order with his last breath to give the blessing to his executioners; as he did so, Lolive, who stood with the firing-party, though not one of the appointed assassins, exclaimed, "That is your benediction, is it? then here is mine!" and fired his revolver straight at the old man's heart. Then came the volley, twice repeated. The two Jesuit priests were the first to fall. Monsieur Deguerry sunk on his knees, and from thence lifeless to the ground. Monsieur Allard did the same, but supported himself in a kneeling position against the wall for an instant before he expired. Monsieur Bonjean had a moment of terrible convulsion, which left him a distorted heap on the earth; the Archbishop was the last to remain upright. I asked the *gardien* if he had lingered at all in his agony, and he answered, "Not an instant — he was already dead when he fell — as they all were." *Requiescant in pace!*

In the dead of night the six mangled bodies were thrown upon a hurdle and conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they arrived at three in the morning; and there, without coffins, or ceremony of any kind, they were thrown one on the top of another into a trench which had been opened at the southeast angle of the burial-place, close to the wall. There they were found, four days later, by the troops of Versailles when they came to occupy the cemetery, and they at once removed the bodies. Monseigneur Darboy and Monsieur Deguerry were taken with a guard of honor to the Archevêché in the Rue de Grenelle,

in order to be buried at Notre Dame; the two Jesuit priests were sent to their own home, Rue de Sèvres; and Monsieur Bonjean and Monsieur Allard were left in the chapel of Père la Chaise.

Lolive, the Communist, to whose name is attached so terrible a memory, was still alive in the prison of Versailles at the moment when I stood on the spot where he uttered that last cruel insult to the defenceless Archbishop; but only a few days later, on the 18th of last September, he expiated his crime at the butts of Satory, and drank of that same bitter cup of death which he had held so roughly to those aged lips.

There was nothing to detain us any longer amid those mournful scenes: as we turned to go away the *gardien* gathered a little sprig of heliotrope and some pansies from the spot where the Archbishop died, and gave them to me; and when I thanked him for the minuteness of detail by which he had enabled me to realize so vividly the whole great tragedy, he answered, "Madame, I have shown you everything I possibly could, for I honor those who know how to revere the memory of our murdered father." He took leave of us, and walked away. Then we went back the long distance to the gate, receiving silent salutations from the Director, the turnkey with whom I had first conversed, and the concierge — none of whom seemed to wish to hold any communication with us after we had been on that sad spot. One after another the great doors closed behind us, and we drove away. In another moment the dark frowning walls of La Roquette disappeared from our sight, and we went on into the gay bright world of Paris, where still the sun was shining on the broad Boulevards, and merry children were playing in the gardens, and songs and laughter filled the air.

A SKETCH OF CHARLES LEVER.

THE writer of this paper knows something of Lever; and while that lonely grave at Trieste is still fresh, and the public gaze yet fixed upon it, he would honestly tell that something, pruned of all unkindliness, and, as far as possible, in the spirit of Hamlet's "Alas! poor Yorick."

Leaving the coffin for the cradle and beginning with Lever's birth, it might be said that he himself would seem not to have been very accurately informed about his age, if the memoir, revised by his own hand, in "Men of the Time" be taken as evidence. Mechanically following this guide, the blunder has been repeated in different sketches that have appeared since his death; but a mortgage preserved in the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, conclusively establishes the truth, and furnishes an interesting glimpse of the unpretentious calling of his father: "1809. James Foxall to James Lever, carpenter and builder; premises North Strand; dwelling-house, out-houses, yard, and garden, bounded east by North Strand, west by Montgomery Street — lives of John Lever, eldest son of lessee, and Chas. Jas. Lever, his second son — John then aged 13 years, Charles J. 3 years."

Thus it appears that Charles Lever was not born in 1809, but in 1806.

Mr. C——n, of Dublin, an eminent builder, now in his seventy-eighth year, and for many years the neighbor of James Lever, describes him as an English carpenter who, emigrating to Ireland, obtained, through the favor of the ruling powers, the work of the Custom House, and rose to wealth in the enjoyment of a monopoly much coveted by his brethren in the trade. A book called "Sketches of Irish Political Characters," published in 1799, describes the Custom House as then recently built by the Right Hon. John Claudius Beresford, Commissioner of Revenue, nominally for the public service, but really as a palace for personal residence. He was the backstairs Viceroy who manipulated every department of the Executive, and in comparison to whose power the Lord-Lieutenant himself was little better than a cipher. This potential family is still represented by persons wielding high influence. In a

recent visit of the Lord Primate to the Solicitor's Office in the Custom House, Dublin, he gazed so steadfastly around, that one of the officials ventured to say, "Your Grace seems to know this room?" "I ought," was the reply, "for I was born in that corner." The patronage of Lever by the Beresfords proved of incalculable advantage to his own interests and that of his family.

It may be added that James Lever before he died became a very extensive contractor, building some of the finest churches in Dublin. He had his country seat, too, at Raheen, known as Moat-field, which afterwards became the residence of Michael Staunton, Esq., editor of the *Morning Register* and later an important public officer in Dublin, who took it direct from Lever.

James Lever's will is preserved in the Prerogative Court, Dublin, dated May 26, 1833, in which all his property is devised between his sons, John and Charles James. This John, we may observe, having graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, and attained Holy Orders, was sent as curate to Tullamore (where he attended in his last illness the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Norbury, whose taste for a capital conviction was notorious), and afterwards received the living of Ardner, in the diocese of Meath.

The "Dublin Directory" for the year 1821 records, for the first time, the name, "Rev. G. N. Wright, Principal of the Proprietary School, 2 Great Denmark Street." To this academy young Charles Lever was sent, and he is vividly remembered for his powers of story-telling by several of his schoolfellows with whom we have conversed, including John A——, Esq. He is described as a not very diligent student, fonder of turning over the leaves of romances than those of grammars and lexicons, and rather disposed to interrupt the studies of the other boys by the narratives, "to be continued," concocted in his own brain, wherewith he enchained them from day to day. Of the gentleman just alluded to, Lever was six years the senior, and his age naturally gave him an ascendancy and influence in the school. John, the elder, though more diminutive brother, received his education, as we are informed by his class-fellow, Mr. C——, in a school distinct from Mr. Wright's, and of somewhat lesser mark, namely, "The Mercantile Academy, No 106 Mecklenburgh Street," presided over by John Fowler, Grand Masonic Secretary, who—in the estimation of his awe-stricken pupils at least—wielded mysterious terrors by shouldering the poker and cane alternately.

Charles Lever does not seem to have remained very long at Mr. Wright's academy, for the books of Trinity College, Dublin, record his admission there on October the 14th, 1822. He went through his course without disgrace and without distinction, far more creditably than Goldsmith, and with much less diligence than Sheridan. To tell the unvarnished truth, he seems chiefly remembered for his rollicking fun and indomitable love-making. But tamed down a little under parental remonstrance, and in 1828 took out his degree as Bachelor, and proceeded to the University of Göttingen to study medicine. His progress from Rotterdam to the Rhine, explorations of all sights along the route, and student life in Germany, are very fully described in a series of papers now before us, entitled "Notes from the Log Book of a Rambler." These are marked by all the pleasant characteristics of Lever's later style, and appeared in the ephemeral pages of a Dublin journal which reached twenty-six numbers only. Snatches of impromptu song and outbursts of rich animal spirits are delightfully intermingled, and formed a pleasant contrast to the Dryasdust school of writing travels previously in vogue. The public are grasped warmly by the hand and asked,—

Know ye the land where the students pugnacious
Strut the streets in long frocks and loose trousers and caps,
Who, proud in the glory of pipes and moustaches,
Drink the downfall of nations in flat beer or Schnapps?
Know ye the land where professors are tripping
In the light airy waltz and the swift galopade;
Or retired within dark groves their negus are sipping,
And mixing soft speeches with stout Kalte-Schade?

Which Kalte-Schade, by the way, is a beverage used as a preventive against catching cold by the German ladies, who are marvellously fond of it. It is made by grating brown bread, sugar, and nutmeg into warm beer till the whole has attained the consistency of gruel.

From the time of the premature death of the Irish literary journal to which we have just referred, until the establishment of the *Dublin University Magazine* in January 1833, young Lever's pen seems to have been laid aside in favor of the lancet and scalpel. At Madame Stevens' Hospital and the Medical School of Trinity College, both were brought into constant play under Cusack in the first, and MacCartney in the latter. MacCartney, who was a strange but able man, set up in the yard of the dissecting room a marble tablet (afterwards plastered over, but now once more exposed) to the effect that it was consecrated to the remains of those whose bodies have been used for the purposes of science. On Cusack many a characteristic trick was played by Lever, who (like his co-novelist, Dickens) was so full of dramatic talent that he absolutely succeeded in personating Cusack to the class one morning for a short time, probably during the arrangements preliminary to the lecture. The gay young Doctor organized a Bacchanalian Club, rejoicing in the title of "Burschenschaft," of which he became the Grand Lama. Redolent of tobacco, and thoroughly German in its proclivities, this social *réunion* evidenced a love of all things German, unless, perhaps, German silver, if the title of one of its high officers—Hereditary Bearer of the Wooden Spoon—may be taken as evidence. German songs were sung and translated by Lever, who afterwards gave them a place in "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." Sparkling recollections of these jovial nights have been expressed by one who, as a *bon raconteur* and a pleasant singer, contributed not a little to make them enjoyable.

On the outburst of that terrible epidemic, the cholera morbus, in 1832, Charles was appointed by the Government to minister professionally to the sufferers at Portrush and Coleraine successively. His experiences at that trying time are effectively embodied in "St. Patrick's Eve." While engaged in the perilous and irksome duty to which we refer, it was his good fortune to make the acquaintance at Portrush of William Hamilton Maxwell, author of "The Wild Sports of the West" and "Stories of Waterloo."

This distinguished person was Rector of Balla, in Mayo, but those who remember his dashing and improvident disposition will not be surprised to learn that pecuniary difficulties overtook him, and that at the period of Lever's first interview with him he was rusticated at Portrush, in the hope of evading writs and duns. A congeniality of tastes brought Lever and Maxwell together constantly and closely: the latter, as the author of "Captain Blake of the Rifles," may be said to have been the founder of the military novel; and Lever's plans, which had been long simmering in his brain, gradually attained boiling heat in the fervid companionship of the brilliant parson, who enjoyed wine and punch at night, and was given more to "soda water" than "sermons" the next morning. Mr. Maxwell had never been in the army, the statements in published sketches of him to the contrary notwithstanding. But, like Lever, he had a sympathetic knowledge of military life and manners, and while Rector of Balla he enjoyed the privilege of having apartments in the barracks of Castlebar, so genial a companion did he prove to the officers of the regiments quartered there. He once wrote a letter against Lord Grey's Church Bill, for which he got from O'Connell a Roland for his Oliver. The great agitator, in a public letter which playfully pilloried him, began, "Prebendary of Balla, thou art a wag!" When he returned to his living, Lever went on a visit to him, was brought into close association with the military, met Jackson, whose brother was sub-inspector of constabulary at Castlebar, and embodied in his note-book those experiences of Clare life and its gentry of which Jackson had already given some rich samples. In "The Confessions of Harry

Lorrequer" much material which Lever gathered at this period will be found worked up.

The success of that series of pleasant papers, the "Kilrush Petty Sessions," contributed to the *Morning Herald* in 1832, are believed to have had effect in stimulating Lever's pen to do likewise. The author was Mr. Jackson, alluded to above, better known by his pseudonym of "Terry Driscoll," to whose memory a fine monument has been raised in Mount Jerome Cemetery, bearing the inscription: "A man whose genial satire left no sting behind." Jackson had been a reporter on the *Herald*, but having given up to the Government his short-hand notes of a speech made by Mr. O'Connell, he was very properly dismissed by the proprietary. To compensate him for this loss Jackson received from the Crown an appointment in Dublin Castle, worth £150 a year, which he enjoyed until his death, at the age of forty-five, in 1857.

Lever had been for some time betrothed to Catharine Baker, but an untoward circumstance threatened to delay their marriage. Meanwhile his intimacy with Maxwell became every day of a closer character; the parson inoculated his young friend with his views, and even failings; and Lever with thorough *abandon* flung himself into the same rollicking manner of life. Like Maxwell, he also was threatened with service of writs, and one day he asked his Mentor to recommend him some refugium, without being obliged to start for Douglas or Boulogne. Maxwell counselled him by no means to leave the land of bright eyes and potatoes, and that Ireland contained many spots of picturesque beauty hitherto unexplored by bailiffs, and eminently suited for literary men requiring retirement or inspiration. Lever made inquiries, and a kind friend of his, who afterwards filled the office of head engineer under the Government during the famine, informed him that he knew a priest in Clare who, he felt assured, would be delighted to place at his disposal, for any length of time, the shelter of his hospitable hermitage.

The priest had been under some favors to the engineer, who had previously exerted his influence successfully to obtain a grant of ground for the enlargement of the graveyard attached to the Roman Catholic chapel in which he officiated. The name of this priest was Comyns; and the details, which we have gleaned from the engineer's family, may be relied upon for their accuracy.

A correspondence was accordingly opened with the good pastor, who replied in the most encouraging manner, and Lever, in love, debt, and disguise, proceeded to Kilkee. For three calendar months, Lever continued the guest of Father Comyns, enjoying the good cheer so hospitably provided, and no less the laughable stories and sallies of his host. And when, at last, the character of Father Tom Loftus was introduced to the public by Lever, no one more promptly recognized the portrait than Father Comyns himself, and in a letter to the worthy engineer, who had been the means of bringing them together, he warmly protested against the mode in which his hospitality had been abused.

The character of the priest had been overdrawn by Lever for dramatic effect, and, it must also be confessed, in deference to that party whose traditional prejudices he respected and upheld; but some allowance may, perhaps, be made for a man of the avowed Lorrequer type, ardently anxious for adventure, not very particular as to the sort, and one ready to turn to literary account the result of his experiences. The character of Father Comyns is, on the whole, a tolerably correct picture of the traditional *Soggarth aroon*—his only weakness imputed being a disposition to imbibe a moderate share of alcohol, like Father Tom of Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," which that accomplished re-dresser of old character seems to have borrowed from Lever. Vainly was it represented to Mr. Comyns that the character of Father Tom Loftus was interesting and even venerable—that the use of stimulants by Giraldu Cambrensis, the great Welsh bishop—who, however, strongly praised them for chastity. It was all to no use; the Pastor of Kilkee folded his arms in anger, and refused to give absolution to the author of the *Confessions*, who

meanwhile continued his genuflections, but more in the attitude of coaxing than of penitence. We have spoken of the absence of fastidious taste by which the earlier of his rollicking writings were marked; but it is to his credit that nowhere are we induced to breathe an atmosphere of impurity. Love-making *galore* we have, no doubt, but it is honest and legitimate love-making, without any unhealthy exhibition of the anatomy of the passions. If his heroes are not of the most scrupulous character and deserving of our imitation, it must, at least, be conceded that his heroines are everything that can be desired. They are full of refinement, good breeding, and elegance, and seem, indeed, incapable of an unworthy thought. Kate Dodd was the favorite girl of his creation; he considered her the type of a true Irish woman. "The Dodd Family Abroad," written in the form of letters after the plan of Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," is, perhaps, one of the best of his books. Smollett, by the way, like Lever, combined the parts of physician and comic novelist.

Shortly after the establishment of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in January 1833, Lever joined its ranks and contributed some papers of more than average ability. Meanwhile he threw off, roughly, the "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," which embodied many stirring recollections of the Continent and of Clare. Samuel Lover, the then leading *littérateur* of Dublin, was invited by Lever to read the manuscript and recommend it to his publishers, who, however, were unwilling to take it up. The first installment of the *Confessions* was nevertheless published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for March, 1834. The secret was so well kept that Lever's brother, the clergyman, did not know him to be the author. It proved a hit, though all the London reviews seem to have either pooch-pooched or ignored it, as the "opinions of the press," gathered by Mr. W. Curry, the publisher, would seem to confess. The praise is all cited from provincial papers, with the exception of one from a military journal, where the reviewer declared that he would rather be the author of "Harry Lorrequer's Confessions" than of all the *Pickwicks* or *Nicklebys* in the world. Ere long, however, Lever took his stand among the most popular of European novelists.

The influence of Lever's family with the Government was again proved by his appointment in 1837 to the post of physician to the British Embassy in Brussels. Here the best society was opened to him, and a rich field for the study and seizure of character as well. Just as Thackeray, day after day, invited to his table an eccentric Irishman, all brogue and blarney, who furnished material for Captain Costigan, Lever daily feasted a retired major who had served in the Peninsula, and the character of Monsoon was the result. The major well knew the uses to which his presence was to serve, but Lever's wine was so good, that he merely contented himself with pleasantly upbraiding his host now and again, for the too free dashes with which his portrait was put in from number to number.

During the progress of "Charles O'Malley," which had rapidly followed up the *Confessions* in 1840, Lever was in the habit of riding into Dublin from Templeogue, and gathering from the knots of barristers who thronged the hall of the Four Courts, material for the story in hand. One day the novelist joined a group of pleasant talkers, with memories much better stocked than their bags, and in the midst of whom our informant, Mr. Porter, stood, narrating how in passing through Tralee a short time before, he called to see an old friend, Mr. Roche, stipendiary magistrate there, whose servant, when very ill, said, "Oh, master, I don't think it's a right sort of a docther that's attending me, for he gave me two doses that he called emetics, and neither o' them would rest on my stomach." In the following number of "Charles O'Malley," Mr. Porter recognized the anecdote put into the mouth of Mickey Free. In the same way our late friend Mr. Brophy, the dentist, a perfect cyclopædia of slang anecdote, was, as he himself assured us, frequently put under contribution by Lever. The well-known incident in "Harry Lorrequer," of the officer coming on parade at Cork without remembering to wash the black off his face, which had made him a capital

Othello at private theatricals the previous night, really happened to Captain Frizelle, an ancestor of the present writer's family. The character of Con Heffernan, in another novel, is a highly colored portrait of Mr. O'Connell. And "Davenport Dunn, the Man of our Day," is no other than John Sadleir. Archbishop Whately likewise figures in the novelist's pages, and so do many other prominent persons familiar to Dublin society. That rich character, "Frank Webber," whose thoroughly veracious adventures proved profitable stock-in-trade to Lever, was Robert Boyle, as his own family assure us. He was a well-known man at Trinity College, and stopped at no daring feat, from the horse-whipping of Major Sirr, the Fouché of Dublin, to practical jokes on the Dean of his University.

One incident, however, of which Webber is made the hero, is due to Dr. Seward, a worthy man, still amongst us. We allude to the feat of ventriloquism, whereby the people were induced to tear up the pavement for the purpose of rescuing from a sewer in York Street a man who announced himself as just escaped from Newgate. One of the shrewdest professors of the College of Surgeons, Dr. Benson, was so deceived, that he reprimanded a young doctor present for his heartlessness in laughing at the sufferings of a fellow-creature in distress. Lever's talent in dressing up old stories for his novels, was only equalled by the tact with which he made a *réchauffé* for his semi-political papers, "Sir Brook Fosbrooke," "Cornelius O'Dowd," and "Lord Kilgobbin," of all the old points which for many years have constituted the stock-in-trade of Conservative journalism.

Mickey Free was originally intended as a mere stage servant for the removal, so to speak, of tables and chairs; but Lever finding him prove a capital vehicle for enunciating the good things he had picked up, he altered his plan, and made him an important figure of more than one book. In some respects he attained a celebrity second only to Sam Weller.

The name of Samuel Ferguson has been recently mentioned among the men of genius whom Lever gathered round him when he undertook, in 1842, the editorship of the *Dublin University Magazine*; but so annoyed was Dr. Ferguson with Lever for accepting Thackeray's dedication of the "Irish Sketch Book," in which the country was to some extent travestied, that he refused to join the magazine under Lever, and even avoided meeting him. But there were several brilliant men left who frequented Lever's house at Templeogue, near Dublin, and made the *réunions* there very delectable. These pleasant *noctes* are well remembered; and the beaming face of our host, every muscle trembling with humor; the light of his merry eye; the smile that expanded his mouth and showed his fine white teeth; the musical, ringing laugh that stirred every heart; the finely modulated voice, uttering some witty *mot*, telling some droll incident, or some strange adventure.

Though Lever's fascinating manners made him one of the most popular of men, he could sometimes say a bitter thing. It is well known that the late Archbishop Whately was remarkably susceptible to flattery. One morning at Redesdale, near Stillorgan, Dublin, his Grace received a number of guests, including a large proportion of the expectant clergy, who paid profound court to the ex-Fellow of Oriel. While walking through the grounds, Dr. Whately plucked a leaf, which he declared had a most nauseous flavor. 'Taste it,' said he, handing it to one of the acolytes. The latter blandly obeyed, and then with a wry face subscribed to the botanical orthodoxy of his master. 'Taste it,' said the gratified prelate, handing the leaf to Lever. 'Thank your Grace,' said the latter, as he declined it, 'my brother is not in your Lordship's diocese.'

In 1845, Lever vacated his editorial chair and returned to Brussels, from which he was soon summoned to fill a diplomatic post at Florence. Here he continued the delight of the Anglo-Florentine Society and of all English visitors, until the late Lord Derby gave him a Vice-Consulship at Spezzia, with the characteristic words, 'Here is £800 a year for doing nothing, and you, Lever, are the very man to do it.' From Spezzia he was transferred, in

1867, to Trieste, where his pen sped unflinching, and he himself continued the life and soul of many a pleasant circle. In 1870 he visited Ireland, was fêted and feasted, and it seemed to all his old friends that he had never flashed more brightly.

But soon after his return to Italy sorrow laid a deadly grasp upon him. His wife died and left him lonely. Gloomy forebodings shook him as he penned the last lines of "Lord Kilgobbin," and few will read without emotion his allusion to the fact that they were "written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task that was once my joy and pride, I have lived to find associated with my sorrow. It is not, then, without a cause I say, I hope this effort may be my last."

A few weeks before his death he writes to a friend, "I cannot yet say that I am round the corner, and, to tell the truth, I have so little desire of life, that my own lassitude and low spirits go a good way in bearing me down." And to another friend he said despondently, "I am weary and foot-sore." Lever sank to rest sadly, but not in bodily pain. He died in his sleep at Trieste, June 1872, and three days after he was buried in the English cemetery near the same place.

KILL OR CURE.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

"THE Major is a capital fellow, Doctor," I said, as we sauntered out to smoke our cigars in the garden, after an early dinner; "but he ought to be more merciful to us wretched bachelors. What with his charming wife and that exemplary baby, he makes it difficult to respect the tenth commandment."

"You admire Mrs. Layton?"

"Admire her! If she were not Charlie's wife, I should fall head over ears in love with her. I have seen fairer faces, but for dear, pretty, delicate womanly ways, I never met her equal."

"You couldn't understand a man's thirsting for her blood?"

"Good gracious! A wretch who could touch one of her golden hairs roughly deserves to be crucified."

"And yet for many days she was in deadly peril of her life."

"For her fortune?"

"She had none."

"Don't tell me, Doctor, that an innocent creature like that could give any one cause for revenge."

"No; I won't tell you anything of the sort."

"I think I see. Some one was madly in love with her?"

"If you were to guess till this day out you would not find the cause," said my friend. "Let us sit down here, and I will explain. It's no secret; I wonder the Major has not told you."

"Down here" was on a rustic seat that the Major's pretty wife had made at the end of his garden, close to where a little rill, soon to be lost in the blue Hudson, tinkled its way through his grounds.

"During the war," began the Doctor, "I served in the army, in the same regiment with an old schoolmate. He was as fine a soldier as ever drew sword. Hale, hearty, and sound in mind and body; eager to see service—and he saw plenty. I thought that he bore a charmed life, till one day he was carried into the hospital tent in a bad way. A ball had entered his shoulder, glanced on the clavicle (what you call the collar-bone), and had gone—*somewhere*. That was all we could tell, for there was no other orifice; but whether it had passed up or down, or taken some erratic course round about, such as balls will take, we knew not, and no probing could find out. Well, he recovered, went North to regain his strength, and for nearly three years I lost sight of him. When the war was over, and I had begun to practise as a civilian in New York, I met him again. But how changed! He was a living skeleton, and

I saw in a moment that he had become habituated to opium. Do you know what that means? No? Well, throw a bucket of water into a piano, and then light a fire under it, and its strings will not be more out of tune than an opium-smoker's nerves are out of order. He asked me if he might call on me at my office, and of course I assented; but it was days before he came, and when he did arrive I knew that he had been preparing himself for a fight with himself. Some foolish patients come prepared to hide the truth, some to magnify their ills. It is part of our business, in serious cases, to examine a man's mind before we ask about his body, and hardened as a surgeon must be, I confess that the condition of my poor friend frightened me. There was an expression in his eye that I had never seen in any sane being; and what made this worse was the calm business-like manner in which he spoke. He told me that soon after he had (apparently) recovered from his wound, he began to suffer from pains in his head, which increased in severity till they became so agonizing that he had recourse to opiates to alleviate them. 'But I have not come to consult you about this,' he said, 'this I can bear — must bear. Would to God that they were always tearing me! The worst is when they are not.'

"They leave you very weak?" I suggested.

"They leave me," he replied, quite calmly, *'with a burning, all but unconquerable, desire to take human life.'*

"I am not generally a nervous man, but I started, and looked round me for some weapon of defence. 'Don't be afraid,' he continued, with a sad smile, 'the fit is not on me now. I should not have come if it had been. I have been nearly starved once or twice, not daring to leave my room. I can conquer my madness now; the question is, how long I can continue to do so. I feel that it is growing upon me. I feel my power of resistance becoming weaker and weaker — the craving for blood getting stronger and stronger. I am like a man who has slipped over a precipice, and feels the earth and shrubs to which he clings, slowly, slowly, surely, surely, giving way with him. I have brought wretched curs out of the street, and killed them in my frenzy, in the hope to exhaust it on them. It is no use. I must have human life.'

"Any human life?" I inquired, 'or some one in particular?'

"Why do you ask this, Doctor?" he cried, getting suddenly excited.

"No matter; go on."

"Sometimes," he resumed, 'it seems that *any* life would do; and sometimes — Doctor, four days before I saw you I met, upon a New Jersey ferry-boat, a young girl. So pretty, so refined, and nice! I followed her to her home — the devil, that has taken possession of me, led me. She went in, and soon came out again into her little garden, and tended her flowers — poor child! Doctor, if I had had a pistol with me I should have shot her. You may smile; but some day soon I shall take a pistol on purpose, and shoot her.'

"It was clearly no use arguing with him. The best way with such people is to admit their facts and try to work round them.

"Then," said I, 'the only thing you can do is to submit to the restriction of an asylum, till this feeling has passed.'

"It will not pass. If I were to go to a madhouse I should sham sane. Sooner or later their vigilance over me would be relaxed. Then I should murder my keeper, and go straight for that innocent girl.'

"Then leave the country."

"Well, that would save her; but, Doctor, one life is as dear to its holder as another. If I don't kill her, I shall kill some one else."

"My dear fellow," I replied, in as light a tone as I could assume, 'these fancies are curable. Put yourself under skilled medical treatment. You are all to bits, physically. Get sound in body, and you'll get all right in your mind.'

"On the contrary, I am all to bits, as you say, mentally, and my body suffers through my mind. Medical treatment! I have consulted every practitioner of note here and in Europe. Some think I'm fooling them, some look wise, and

talk as you do about "treatment." All have failed. Doctors are no use to me.'

"Then may I ask why you have come here?"

"To ask your advice as a friend," he answered, drawing his chair nearer to me; 'and,' lowering his voice, 'to ask you one question as a friend and a God-fearing man, and to which I pray you to give me a plain *yes* or *no*.'

"Go on."

"Feeling as I feel, shall I be justified before God in taking my own life? Will it be deadly sin for me to do for myself what I would do to a mad dog?"

"I repeat his words almost as he spoke them. I cannot give you the faintest idea of the solemn deliberation with which he put this awful question. For some moments I could not say a word. Then I started up and told him that I would not answer him *yes* or *no* — that it was not fair to ask me to take such a responsibility. Then he rose too, and said that he must resolve it for himself, and I saw plainly which way it would go. 'Give me till to-morrow to think it out,' I said, detaining him.

"To-morrow may be too late," he replied. 'The fit may come upon me to-night for all I know.'

"Come home with me; I'm not afraid. You won't hurt me," I said.

"I would try very hard not to do so — but — I know myself. I cannot trust myself. Don't you trust me."

"I will trust you; but I'll do more. You are not armed, I suppose?"

"No," he replied with a shudder, 'not now.'

"I'll take care that you shall not be, and I'll carry my Derringer in my pocket. On the first indication of homicidal mania I give you my word I'll shoot — and I'll shoot straight." I said this to satisfy him, poor fellow! In his weak state I could have laid him down like a child. It did satisfy him, and we went home together. I led him to talk of our old soldiering days, and gradually got him back to his wound. I made him describe the first sensations of pain in his head, and repeat all that his different medical advisers had said. I happened to have a strong preparation of hasheesh by me. I gave him a dose, and whilst under its influence I carefully examined his head. Now the head, you must know, does not fatten or waste away in proportion to other parts of the body. Still his had become mere skin and bone; and this state, perhaps, gave me an advantage over others who had made the same examination. At last I felt, or thought I felt, a faint twitching — a sort of abnormal pulsation — about two inches above the left ear. It might be merely nervous, *but it might be caused by the ball*.

"I then set my mind to work, and thought the whole case over steadily. In the first place was that impulse to take human life, of which my poor friend had spoken, *really* uncontrollable. For example, suppose that one day he did take a pistol *on purpose*, and go to that young lady's garden — would he shoot her? To suppose that the insane mind never changes its purpose, or turns from the fell completion of its purpose, is to say in other words that the insane mind is stronger than the sane mind. If a man with a freshly broken leg were to tell you he was going to run a foot-race, you would not believe him, because your common sense revolts against the idea of his running with a leg disabled. But if one with his *brain* disabled declares that he is going to do something dependent upon the action of his mind, common sense does not always argue so well.

"In the second place, did my poor friend, with his impaired means of judgment, *believe* that the impulse was uncontrollable? Because if he did the end would be the same, so far as he was concerned. He would sacrifice his own life to protect that of others, though they were in no actual danger.

"In the third place, might not this story of the impulse be a mere pretence to excuse the commission of suicide? Now there are no forms of madness more obscure in their origin, more difficult to detect, more persistent, and more fatal than suicidal mania; and as there have been numerous cases in which persons who have destroyed themselves have carefully prepared evidence tending to show that their

death was accidental, why should there not be one in which the fatal act was to be (so far as possible) justified?

"In the fourth place, granting that there was either real homicidal mania or fancied homicidal mania tending to suicidal, or simply the latter — was there a possibility of cure?"

"As the three first questions rested for their solution on one set of facts, and the deductions to be drawn therefrom, I considered them together. A victim of suicidal mania rarely if ever speaks of suicide. When a man says he is going to drown himself, you may generally direct him to the cars which will take him to the river side with the fullest conviction that he will not breakfast with crabs. If, in an exceptional case, suicide is mentioned, it will either be treated lightly, as an act that is not a crime, or the patient will be very earnest in his assurances that he would never commit it. Remembering my poor friend's manner, I noticed that he spoke of taking his own life with much more emotion than he evinced when he told me of the impulse to shed the blood of others. His words, 'I must have human life — if I had had a pistol with me I should have shot her — some day soon I shall take a pistol on purpose and shoot her — I should murder my keeper and go straight for that innocent girl,' were spoken as calmly as though he said, 'I owe five dollars — I must go and pay them,' and at the same time with a tone of deep commiseration for the predestined victims. They were to die for no fault of their own, but they were doomed to death — if he lived. When, on the other hand, he spoke of saving their lives at the sacrifice of his own, his manner changed. No one afflicted with suicidal mania ever treated self-destruction with the horror, the consciousness of its wickedness, and the religious doubts as to its being pardonable under any circumstances, with which he considered it. He had never once spoken of murder as a crime.

"After a long and careful consideration I came to the following conclusions: —

1. "He is not laboring under suicidal mania.

"His impulse is real, and will have fatal results.

"Confinement in an asylum would have no curative effect.

"Then I took down my books bearing upon the anatomy of the human head.

"The next morning I addressed him thus: —

"Before I answer you as to whether you would be justified before God, under the impulse you have told me of, in taking your own life to save that of another, you must answer me several questions."

"Go on," he said.

"When you consulted those doctors did you tell them all that you have told me?"

"No. I did not dare. I said that I had horrible thoughts and cravings, but without entering into details as to what they were. Once I went so far as to say I feared I was becoming dangerous, and the fool smiled."

"Good. Did they ever speak of searching for that ball?"

"Yes, they said it might be the cause of my sufferings, supposing it had lodged near the brain, but that no one would take the responsibility of searching for it — so to speak — in the dark."

"They were right — the operation might kill you, and the ball be not found after all."

"He looked up, and the dull, dejected look that had become habitual passed from his face.

"And even if it were found, I went on, 'its extraction might cause your death all the same.'

"He laid his hand on my arm, and tried to speak, but he could not.

"Still it would give you a chance — just a chance of more than life.' His grasp tightened. I could feel his heart beating. 'And submitting to such an operation — almost hopeless though it be — would not be quite suicide.'

"He fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. 'You'll do it?' he cried, 'God Almighty bless you! You'll do it?'

"Well," said my friend, lighting a fresh cigar, "to make my story short, I did it, with the assistance of a young surgeon whose nerve I could trust. We found that miserable piece of lead near where I had suspected it to be. It was just a case of touch and go. Had my knife wavered twice the breadth of its own edge — had the assistant been unsteady with the forceps — it would have been fatal. I don't want to appear vain of my success, so I'll say no more than this — *he recovered.*"

"And hasn't killed anybody?"

"No, and doesn't want to."

"By Jove! I wouldn't be too sure of that. And so the girl he wanted to murder married the Major?"

"She did."

"Then if I were her husband I'd take precious good care that your interesting patient didn't come into the same State with her."

"My dear fellow if you were her husband, you'd do exactly as her husband does."

"Does he know?"

"None better."

"And doesn't care?"

"Not a bit."

"Then he's a brute!"

"You'd better tell him so — here he comes."

"Does *she* know?"

"She does."

"And she's not afraid?"

"No."

"One other question. Does your interesting patient still live in this country?"

"He does."

"In what state?"

"This State."

"Near here?"

"Very near."

"Then, with all possible deference for our friend the Major, I think he is very foolish. Were I in his place I should say, 'My good sir, I admit that the ball from which you suffered so long cannot get back into your brains, but I am by no means sure that the *ideas* it engendered may not return. At any rate your presence near my wife is likely to make her nervous, and I appeal to you as a gentleman to locate yourself in some other part of the country. If you do so I shall have the highest respect for you; if you do not, and ever have the misfortune to pass within a mile of my house, the interior of your skull will become more intimately acquainted than ever with lead in the usual form.'"

"Very neatly put," said the Doctor, "but our friend does not think of committing suicide now."

"Mercy, Doctor!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that the man who wanted to murder the Major's wife is — is —"

"The Major himself. Yes, sir."

"DISCOURAGEMENT" AS A CAUSE OF MURDER

PROBABLY the most curious poisoning case of recent times, — certainly one even much more curious than the wholesale poisoning in the North of England, so far as the latter is at present known to the public, — is that of Mrs. Lydia Sherman, of Connecticut, United States, whose confession fills a good deal more than one whole page of the *New York Herald* of the 13th of January. It appears that this woman, though only convicted of murdering her third husband, — and that under circumstances thought to be for some inscrutable reason attenuating, so that she was condemned not to death, but to imprisonment for life, — has confessed in full to eight murders by arsenical poisoning; the victims being her first husband, Mr. Struck, a carriage blacksmith, and afterwards a policeman; four of her own children; her third husband, Mr. Sherman, and two of his children. Her second husband, Mr. Hurlburt, died with similar symptoms of arsenical poisoning, but she maintains

that it was not with her knowledge at all events, that he got the poison, and as it seems somewhat arbitrary for a woman who confesses to eight murders to stick at confessing a ninth, it is just possible, though for a reason we shall presently state hardly likely, that in this instance she may have been only the occasion of the death, and not its cause, — Mr. Hurlburt having possibly confounded some of his wife's arsenic with powders of his own with which he was accustomed, as she says, to guard against the acidity of his beer. But the curious part of the confession is, that Mrs. Sherman always uses the same phrase, "discouraged," — i. e., Yankee for "dejected" or "depressed," to describe the state of mind which induced her to commit murder. Time after time she repeats that she was greatly "discouraged" at the thought of her husband or her children being a burden to her, and that under this sense of discouragement she quietly put them out of the way. Only on the first occasion does she attribute the crime to external suggestions. She asserts that a police officer suggested to her to put her first husband — who had taken to his bed, and was apparently suffering from softening of the brain — out of the way, and recommended her to try arsenic. But as there does not appear to have been the slightest motive for his suggesting such a crime, as there is no hint even of an intrigue, or of any further relation between him and the woman he is said to have advised, we cannot believe this part of the story; a bad man would not have given very dangerous advice by which he was to take no profit, and, of course, a decent man would not have given such advice at all; so that the falsehood, if it be one, throws grave doubt on her assertion of being innocent of the murder of her second husband, and makes it seem not unlikely that this apparently arbitrary disavowal of guilt was due to some inexplicable association which made it more painful to her to confess this than any other crime. It seems that to this husband she was indebted for a substantial bequest in the way of property, and this, while it adds to the probability of the murder, may have rendered her less willing to avow it. It clearly was not in this case "discouragement" — the motive uniformly pleaded in every other — which led to the murder, if murder it was. There was no pretence for fearing that Mr. Hurlburt would be a great burden to her, either pecuniarily or otherwise. He had enriched her, and left her better off than she had ever been before in life. One of the worst parts of the story of Mrs. Sherman's confession is that, after making it, and talking a good deal of horrid rant about her conversion and reconciliation to Christ, she declared herself very happy indeed, which she had, she said, never been before in life, and accompanied her declaration with what the *New York Herald's* reporter calls a kind of "festive titter," which went through her whole frame and gave her an appearance of real enjoyment. The chronic "discouragement" which had led to her eight or nine murders had now apparently for the first time ceased. It is another curious feature of the case that the woman seems to have lived a regular and quiet domestic life till she was nearly forty, and only to have begun her course of murders at that age, when her first husband's brain began to soften and she first became "discouraged." After that every little discouragement led to new murders. She put two of her children, a daughter and son, out of the way, — the son "a beautiful boy, who did not complain during his illness," — from "discouragement" at the prospect of having to support them; then a third son, nearly grown up, was murdered from discouragement at the prospect of a long illness in which she might have had to support him; then a second daughter, somewhat of an invalid, the care of whom kept her occasionally at home, was murdered, out of discouragement at the prospect of "a hard winter;" her third husband she dosed with arsenic in his drink, she says out of the wish to sicken him of drink, — a very unlikely story for a woman so experienced in the fatal effects of arsenic; and his two children — the baby, and a daughter who had shown great attachment to her murderous step-mother — she apparently poisoned solely to get rid of small domestic annoyances.

She seems to have had a calm, kindly manner popular with men, and not exciting any suspicion among the doctors, who, like our English country surgeons in the recent case in the North, uniformly ascribed the arsenical sickness, to the woman's own great surprise, to gastric fever, except in one case, that of her eldest son, a painter, in which it was ascribed to "painter's colic." Under this calm, easy manner, she seems to have concealed one of those cold and callous hearts to which the prospect of inconveniences or annoyances of any kind immediately suggested that they were most likely to be radically removed by removing the persons who caused them. The interest of the perpetually recurring phrase she uses to describe her motive, — "discouragement," — is not so much that it appears to have been really her chief motive, as that it was almost certainly the state of feeling by which she excused to herself her wonderfully cruel and reiterated murders. In confessing her state of mind when about to murder her eldest son, she remarks that she now knows that her deep feeling of discouragement was "not much of an excuse, but I felt so much trouble that I did not think about that." To her own mind it evidently palliated the enormity of her guilt to reflect that she had no heart to encounter the troubles and annoyances before her if she had allowed her husbands and children to go on fretting her by their demands for attendance and help. What could she do in that dejected state but just slip them quietly out of the way, by mixing "half a thimbleful of arsenic" in their tea or gruel? If she had had more energy, more hope, more life; she thinks there would have been less excuse for her. As it was, the temptation was too severe; she subsided into murder, as it were, through sheer fatigue of mind at the thought of the many troubles before her if she hesitated about it.

The grim peculiarity of the case is this curious assumption that murder, instead of needing positive passion or other powerful incentives of some vulgarer kind to account for it, is, as it were, the natural resource of feebleness and languor of temperament. If you don't feel up to fighting your way through difficulties, the natural man suggests to you, as Mrs. Sherman evidently thinks, not to droop and die, or at worst to put an end to yourself, but to put an end to your sources of human anxiety, as you would to gnats or hornets, by extinguishing their life, not your own. You see your eldest son, who had contributed a good deal to your support, sickening, and becoming not only a pecuniary burden, but a probable cause of fatigue and fret for weeks to come, and the natural recourse of the imagination is to the most convenient mode of finally silencing all these importunate demands. The woman, by her own account at least, never seems to have thought of murder till some inconvenience arose to her from the person whom she proposed to murder. She had no insane or morbid delight in the process. It was not till it occurred to her that but for little Ann Eliza's claims on her time she and the elder daughter Lydia would make a good income together, that she gave little Ann Eliza arsenic to clear her out of the way. It was not till she found that her little step-son, Franky Sherman, very inconveniently for her, would neither get quite well nor die, that she found it advisable to put an end to the hesitation of Nature by giving him a very decided impulse towards the grave. There does not seem to have been any murderous eagerness in the woman. It was simply that she felt it the most natural resource when she wanted to remove a cause of friction. A husband or child caused her low spirits, and the only way to remove the weight on her spirits was to make the inconvenient husband or child disappear. No account of the psychology of murder more ghastly can well be suggested, and yet it does put very strongly before us one element in moral evil to which attention is too little drawn. The common conception of the most hideous forms of moral evil is a conception of something due to the excess of passion, or self-will, or love of wealth, or ambition, or some other not necessarily ignoble motive, — only ignoble when it comes into collision with and overpowers other far nobler impulses. But we forget too much that in all these

cases what looks like the superfluous energy and excess of some quality which, in moderation, we do not despise but perhaps even admire, almost always implies also an immense deficiency in the power of sympathy, in the capacity for entering into the life of others. And it is less the apparently active motive, than the deficiency of some other much nobler motive, which really causes the temptation. Ambition, however high and overweening, would seldom lead to crimes of this kind, unless there was such a slowness and poverty of sympathy with the victims of our evil deeds, that the weight in the other scale were wanting. After all, it is far oftener want of sympathetic life than excess of egoistic life which tempts to these crimes. And in this wretched woman's case we have the most perfect illustration that the most dwindled nature, the nature not of most passion, but of least, is the one of purest evil. A creature whose languor is the destructive element in her, who murders to save herself from a little worry, who gets rid of her daughters and sons as she would of troublesome midges, and first finds out when she is convicted that low spirits are not sufficient excuse for a habit of murder, is the most terrible warning that human imagination can conceive of the wholesale destructiveness of pure, unadulterated self-occupation; of the fierce scourge which moral nothingness—refined, as it were, to a sharp invisible sword-edge for the slaying of others—may become for the more positive life with which it comes in contact. Cease to care for any one but yourself, and, though you have not life enough to want for yourself anything positive, though your only real desire may be to rid yourself of inconvenience, you will become, by virtue of the very grinding away of your nature, at once more destructive and far more dangerous than creatures of larger passions with something left in them on which the sense of guilt and fear may act. Mrs. Sherman, with her titter of recovered happiness and her murderous "discouragement," seems to us a sort of parable of the truly negative and yet sweepingly destructive character of pure evil,—of that climax of calm deceit and deadly purpose to which dwindling sympathies and torpid desires may rise, when they have shrunk into the keen, intangible, invisible knife-edge of purely passive self-love.

THE GREAT FAIRS AND MARKETS OF EUROPE.

BY R. H. HOME, AUTHOR OF "ORION."

Bart'lymy Fair.—Ballinasloe and Donnybrook.—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton Fairs.—Jahrmärkte of Germany and the Tyrol.—A Russian Fair.—Carnivals of Italy.—The Great Carnival of Cologne.—An Irish Pig-fair.—London Winter Fair on the frozen Thames, etc., etc.

It is not everybody who has had the "luck," as well as the danger, of seeing the "sprig of shillelah" flourished to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, on the days of the once-great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every Londoner had the peculiar fortune to see Bart'lymy Fair, or any other of the celebrated English fairs. And all the countless number who have not, never will have the opportunity, as nearly every one of these outrageously grotesque assemblages was abolished some twenty or thirty years ago by Act of Parliament. To the statement above we may, of course, add that a far greater number have never had the "luck" of seeing a Continental Fair: the Carnivals of Italy, of France,—a Russian Fair,—or the Carnivals and Jahrmärkte of Germany. But all of these are still flourishing at their appointed seasons.

In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our present subject, as to its exhibition in all countries, I shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful scenic and other shows, as well as the general "behavior" of the respective multitudes of spectators and participators, which are characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations.

Sometimes we will take several of them in succession, if not together, by reason of their "family likeness;" at other times, the succession will be for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and orderly class, whose pleasing sobrieties may constitute a sort of smiling, musical introduction, whereby our readers, and our fair readers in particular, may be gradually prepared for the scenes of turbulent jocularly which are to follow.

The Jahrmärkte, or fair of Germany, is a very different sort of thing from the English fairs, at the time they flourished, or an Italian Carnovale, or any other scene of uproarious merriment and excitement, amidst extravagant shows and follies. There is really very little fun in the Jahrmärkte. For my own part, I could see none. It is no more than a market, except that, instead of the main object being confined to eatables, there is a preponderance in the way of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, pipes, and Tyrolese blue and scarlet caps. Books, also, especially of the pictorial kind, abound,—indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipzig, which is expressly a "book fair." But a Carnival is quite another matter.

I was once present at a Carnival in Cologne. It was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological characters, in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels—all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals, not easily distinguishable, that were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes, suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures, on horseback and on foot, bearing banners, with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortège* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter at this time, and intensely cold. There had been a hard frost last night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough-shod for the occasion; but the thin dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hard constitution.

Towards the afternoon everybody thronged to some special dinner table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) everybody wore a tall, painted, paper fool's cap, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments, covered up with (*witzig*) witticisms, absurdities, and comic squibs. Everybody seemed to get naturally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher, that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of the Tyrolese fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind; and by continually practising together, certain effects, and most delightful effects they must be pronounced to be, are thus produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other cities of Italy, the chief fun of the Carnovale consists in pelting sugar-plums. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and barouches, or other open carriages, with large bags at their feet, filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass—now, with a well-aimed large single sugar-plum—now, with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These Carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the word clearly proves—*carne vale*—farewell to flesh! How completely this became changed,

in process of years, to very opposite observances, is sufficiently obvious.

In Rome and Venice the principal features are those of the masquerade, while in the former the horse-races are among the most favorite amusements. I should mention that the horses are trained to run without riders on their backs. No horse can be bribed; every horse does his best to win. A poor sort of amusement was at one time in vogue, consisting in carrying lighted tapers about the streets, and each person trying to blow out his neighbor's light, and preserve his own! This may be regarded as a sort of Italian version of "Beggar my neighbor." In Southern Italy there has lately been held quite a new sort of fair, namely, a "Wine Fair." There was no attempt or pretence at seeking to render this amusing in the usual way. The first of these was held last March (1872), when the samples of the wines amounted to upwards of 4,000 bottles. The whole of this vinous army of 4,000 in full array, was, either most innocently or most irreverently, ranged three deep against the walls of Santa Maria la Nuova. But no priest or monk expressed any objection.

A Carnival in Paris is a yet greater remove from the ordinary class of fairs. The French are much too elegant in their tastes to adopt any rude or rough amusements, especially the comic horse-play that used to characterize the English and Irish fairs. A Parisian Carnival is nothing more than a series of elegant and *recherché* little dinner and supper parties, — under a mask. I pass hastily over most of these things, because they are still extant, reserving our more particular descriptions till we come to those which have been abolished.

But a fair in Russia is a wonderfully different sort of thing, and comes very much nearer to the Anglo-Saxon notions of what is proper on such occasions.

Russian fairs may be divided into three very opposite classes. 1. Those which are made up of religious mysteries and superstitions, some of them being rich and magnificent in their displays of idols and holy relics; others partaking of the squalid as much as the grotesque. One of the most striking characteristics of a Russian fair to the eyes — to the nose we should say — of a foreigner, particularly of French or English ideas of nicety, is that of the oppressive and overpowering odors of perfumed Russian leather, alcohol, sour beer, fermenting cabbages — the grease on the boots of the Cossacks, all mingled with the musk and ambergris of the fashionable loungers. The second class of fairs in Russia consists almost entirely of dances of a kind not customary at other seasons; and these, again, must be divided into two sorts. There is the "Peasants' Ball," at which some of the dances are very graceful, and others very licentious on the part of the male dancer, while the woman receives all his gross overtures with the rigid imperturbability almost of a wooden image. It is like a lunatic paying court to a stupid idol. There is, however, another sort of fancy ball, called the "Nobles' Ball," at which none but nobles, and those related to nobility, are permitted to attend. They indulge in all kinds of splendor in their dresses. The chief peculiarity of the ladies' ornaments consists in valuable cameos. They wear them on the arms and wrists, round the neck, round the waist, and on the bosom. Some of the dresses of both sexes are so sumptuous, that whole fortunes may be said to lie upon their backs, lavished on a single dress. Altogether, it is a dull and inanimate affair. As to "fun," Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work lords and ladies is quite as lively.

But the third class of Russian fairs I have to mention is the only one really deserving the name, and that is the winter fair. The principal of these is the fair on the ice of the river Neva. There you see races with sledges and skates, and with horses, dogs, goats, and stags harnessed to different kinds of sledge-vehicles. They also have their horizontal roundabouts, and their perpendicular high-flyers, like sedan chairs going up in the air and down again. But the grand amusement of all is that of the "ice-hills." They are thus constructed: A strong scaffolding is raised to the height of thirty feet, with a landing at the top

ascended by a ladder. From the top of the landing a sloping plane of boards is laid, about twelve feet in width, and ninety feet long, descending in a very acute angle to the surface of the frozen river. This inclined plane is supported by wooden piles, decreasing in height, and the sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Upon the inclined plane are laid square slabs of ice close together, and then water is poured all down the slope. This water freezes — half a minute or so of a Russian winter is quite enough for that — and the incline then presents a broad sheet of pure ice. From the bottom of this incline, the snow is cleared away upon the level surface of the frozen river, for the distance of 600 feet, and twelve feet wide (the same width as the inclined plane). The sides of this level course are ornamented with dark green firs and pines. Each fair-goer, who wishes to indulge in this national amusement, provides himself with a peculiar sort of sledge, — more like a butcher's tray than anything else, — ascends the ladder to the landing on the top, seats himself in his tray on the edge of the glittering incline, off he goes! and away he skeels down the slope of ice! Such velocity does he attain before arriving at the bottom, that he is not only carried along the 600 feet of this icy level below, but clean up to the top of a second ice-hill, like the first, with another slope on the other side, down which he skeels with the same rapidity as before, and away again to an equal distance on the level below! The sight of a succession of these fair-goers, seated in their sliding-trays, balancing themselves as they cut along, one close upon the other, yet with no chance of overtaking each other (unless by some very unlucky and very unusual upset), presents a most peculiar and extraordinary scene. Whenever the balance does happen to be lost by a man, down he goes all the same, to the continual peril of his limbs or his neck; and it is impossible to predict whereabouts his headlong career will be stopped. Boys sometimes — boys will do anything — by way of a delightful increase of the danger, skate, like a flash, down the bright, inclined plane, balancing themselves on one leg.

Let me now offer a preliminary word or two concerning the fairs, and other kindred exhibitions, and popular outdoor amusements of England.

A lady of my acquaintance — an authoress of superior education and refinement — once said to me, "How is that the English people should have such a predilection for ugliness in their amusements? Foreign nations delight in mixing up a certain degree of practical, pictorial, musical, or floral refinements with their most grotesque amusements; but the people of our country, though gradually improving in taste, have certainly a marked preference for coarse or vulgar things, — in short, a love of ugliness. How is this?"

You may be sure this lady did not mean to accuse her countrymen of a preference for ugly women; she only alluded to the sports and pastimes of the mass of the people, and with especial reference to an English fair. I should premise that this lady friend of mine was a Scottish lady, and having once had, as she considered it, the ill-luck to be taken to see "Bartle-my Fair," she could never look back on that scene of crushing crowds and frantic noises, without astonishment and dismay. Still, we must admit that there was a good deal of truth in her observation, and, before commencing my descriptions, I will offer a few words in extenuation of what this lady, and all our continental friends, are pleased to call the bad taste of the English.

There is an old saying that "All's fair at fair-time," which does not mean that any rough brutalities may be committed (such as ruffians only would commit *anywhere*, as well as at a fair), but that, on this one occasion in the year, people should agree to put off all gravity, and not take offence at the hilarious hustlings of the crowd, or its harmless practical jokes of crackers and scratch-backs. In other words, those who were very *fine* and over-nice, and who did not choose to descend from their ideas of dignity, had no business to go to an English fair.

Now, as to the question of a love of ugliness, it forms no part of our present design to accuse — and certainly not to defend or applaud — the taste which undoubtedly has, of

later years, existed in England for mere shows of spectacle — gorgeous costumes, scenery, and burlesque. Even the poetical extravaganza, and all the charm of the original fairy tale, has given place to burlesque, buffoonery, and ocal "hits." But while we may regard these things as a deplorable falling off in theatrical taste, we should fairly and firmly distinguish these long-continued evil influences upon the national mind, from the fitful fun of an annual fair. An English fair, as it existed some five-and-twenty years ago, and a foreign fair or carnival of the present period, must not be compared with anything else: the former stood alone as a broad, honest, undisguised, out-speaking and out-acting animal exhibition of the love of fun, of the grotesque, of the broadly comic, and of the determination to find an outlet for those exuberant physical forces, which are characteristic of the populace of all great nations. Rough they are — and ugly enough, in many cases — but the broadly farcical drama of "Punch" is studiously rough and ugly, and yet most of us are excessively amused with his unscrupulous fun; we rejoice in all the hard resounding knocks he gives and takes on his wooden head, and everybody applauds his unique triumph over Jack Ketch, and his final victory over a yet more formidable black doll in the last scene.

We now come to the once-celebrated fairs of Great Britain and Ireland. The most important of the English fairs used to be Bartholomew — always called Bart'l'my Fair; Greenwich Fair; Edmonton *statly* (Statute Fair); Fairlop; Peterborough; and Horn Fair. All these fairs, with the exception of Fairlop, have been abolished by Act of Parliament, as previously stated. In Ireland there was one preëminently famous fair — need I say "Donnybrook;" but in different parts of Ireland there are still what they call (and truly, as we shall see, by and by) "pig-fairs," and the great fair at Ballinasloe. But these latter, like our horse-fairs, at Barnet and elsewhere, cattle-fairs, and goose-fairs, are in reality "markets," with sundry ornamental accompaniments in the form of eating and drinking booths, jig-dancing, shillelah-play, courtship, and so forth. In like manner, Limerick and Cork have important days called "fairs," but they are chiefly markets for *butter*. With regard to Limerick, one is rather apt to think "Of all the swate faces at Limerick Races!" while, with respect to Cork, it would really appear to supply half the globe with butter. Not long since, and perhaps even now, nearly all the wholesale butter-trade of Australia was supplied by Cork. The export of Irish butter is enormous, and nothing stops it. The writer was in Ireland during the great famine years, and, while the mass of the people were starving, the shiploads of butter, cheese, and bacon were sent away as usual. What happened sometimes may be easily conjectured.

Bart'l'my Fair used to be held in Smithfield, the entire market-place being cleared of all its sheep-pens, pig-pens, and cattle-yards, and fences, for the great occasion. The outskirts of the most important of the English fairs presented different local characteristics, rural, picturesque, and otherwise. But Bart'l'my Fair being in the thick of densely-packed houses, and densely-peopled old London, there was no room for anything beyond the fair, except a certain waste corner which was filled with closely ranged little tables, on which were constantly deposited little smoking plates containing very small fried sausages about two inches long — the sound, and the smell of sausage-frying continuing all day, and all night, while the fair lasted. The only other peculiarity (I've seen this also at Ballinasloe) was that sometimes a bull broke loose from one of the private cattle-yards on the outskirts, being excited, no doubt, to indignation, which soon became rage, by the extraordinary uproar, and mixture of strange noises, in the fair — his emotions being rapidly brought to a climax by the sights he beheld, and by the additional confusion his presence created among the crowds. Of course there were shouts of "A mad bull! — a mad bull!" on all sides, as he rushed along the broken lane of flying people — now and then stopping to stamp! and look round — a look of furious bewilderment — not knowing *what* to think of it all, except that the *people* were mad, and being very quickly made

really mad himself by the goads and blows he received, and the glittering shows, the cries, and screams, and shouts, that resounded on all sides. Sometimes a Londoner was tossed, and three or four were knocked down and trampled upon, but very seldom, as the bull's eyesight, ears, mind, and purposes were too much confused to enable him to direct his attention (and his horns) to any definite object. At Ballinasloe it was quite a common thing to see drunken men tossed; but, somehow, they did not seem to be much the worse for it. Any sober person would probably have been killed.

A marked contrast to such scenes was presented by the outskirts and environs of Edmonton "Statly" Fair. It will be subsequently explained why this Statute Fair, which used to be held in Upper Edmonton, claims, by its historical associations, as well as by some other peculiarities, a rather prominent description.

It was in reality *three* fairs, each within about a hundred or two hundred yards of each other, all held at the same time, and lasting for three days. The first was in the field at the back of the "Bell Inn," — which exulted in the sign of the "Johnny Gilpin;" the front of the inn and the whole house being surrounded with booths, stalls, and small shows; the large shows, the theatres, conjuring, horsemanship, high swings and roundabouts, wild beasts, and wax-work, being fitted up in an imposing array at the farther end of the field behind the house; and the approaches to the great shows and booths for exhibition, as well as for eating, drinking, and dancing, being through double lines of gingerbread-nut stalls, toy stalls, sweetmeat, sugar-stick, almond rock and taffy, elecampane, licorice, sugar-candy, brandy-balls, bull's-eyes, and lollypop stalls. In front of the inn, and ranged beneath the painted sign of the bald-headed "Johnny Gilpin" without his wig, shouting with widely open mouth, and clinging to the neck of his runaway horse, stalls, all of a similar description, were closely packed and fitted, and extended on one side in double lines towards the high road. On reaching this, the stalls became single lines on each side of the highway, continuing with an occasional break (filled up by little gambling-tables, peep-shows, and cock-shies) until you arrived at the Fair in front and rear of the "Angel Inn," within two bow-shots' distance. Here, there was a still more imposing array. The front of the inn lay farther back from the high road than the "Bell," and besides this, there was a little patch of a green paddock on the right-hand side. The double lines of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls led up to the "Angel Inn," with barrows full of green filberts close beneath the lower windows, and beneath the signboard, on which was represented the figure of an enormous red-cheeked and red-armed dairymaid, in flying white robes (but far more like a torn calico night-dress), and a pair of immense wings shooting up from behind her red shoulders, having written at her feet, in large gilt letters, "The Angel."

In the little paddock to the right stood the grand menagerie — Polito's Menagerie, afterwards Wombwell's. As all these great shows travelled about and visited every great fair, it is to be understood that when I describe one of them, it will generally answer for all — Bart'l'my — Edmonton — Donnybrook — Glasgow, etc. Of Wombwell's Menagerie we are now speaking, with its large, life-sized paintings of lions, tigers, crocodiles, elephants, giraffes, bears and boa constrictors, hanging tier above tier, all painted in the most glaring colors, and forming a very disadvantageous contrast to the dingy, den-imprisoned "unclean beasts," within, not to speak of the odor of dirty straw and sawdust. The splendor outside was greatly enhanced by a row of eight or nine portly men, gorgeously attired in scarlet and gold, as "beef-eaters," and forming a brass band, whose martial strains were often accompanied by the roars and gulf-like gasps of the real beef-eaters inside. Nothing could equal a boy's disappointment on first going into this magnificent menagerie, from which he only recovered by approaching the cage of the lion, or the "royal Bengal tiger," and being assured by the keepers that, if he went too near, they would break out and tear

him all to pieces. One of the double lines of stalls in front of the "Angel Inn," led directly up to the gateway of the yard, into which the line was carried, the avenue widening, till double and treble lanes of gingerbread-nut and toy, and lollypop stalls filled up the yard and a waste piece of skittle-ground behind, and finally opened into a field, at the further end of which were ranged the great shows and theatres, — Gyngell's conjuring and feats of dancing on the slack wire, or balancing a heavy cart-wheel on the chin; flanked on one side by the "Spotted Boy" (a young gentleman of about nine years of age, whose body was literally piebald), the "Albino" (two girls with long white hair reaching to their knees, and pink eyes), and, on the other side, by the caravans of the "Irish Giant," Mr. Patrick O'Brien, — the Dwarf, known as "Mr. Simon Paap," — and by the house on wheels of the celebrated Miss Biffin, the lady who had no arms, but who painted, wrote, and cut out paper portraits in profile, with *her feet*. Not very flattering likenesses, it may be supposed. But I saw her do it, and had one myself. Penny theatres, peep-shows, eating and drinking booths, swings, roundabouts, high-flyers, little round gambling-tables, little stalls and barrows, with all sorts of nick-nacks and quack doctors' nostrums, filled up the rest of the available ground. It is to be understood that a large open space was always left in front of the grand stands of the great shows at the farther end, or top of the field.

The fair at the "Bell," or "Johnny Gilpin," was generally known as "Kennington's Field," and the fair at the "Angel" as "Whittington's Field."

Coming out again through the yard and gateway to the front of the "Angel Inn," you passed Wombwell's Menagerie, and made your way to the high road, and over the bridge, one side of which was always occupied by some half-dozen mutilated beggars: one had been a tiler, and had fallen off a roof, and had broken his back in seven places; another had lost an arm and a leg at the battle of Shan-jam-ballo in Heest Hinges; another had been blown up in the air from the deck of a ship at the battle of Trafalgar, so high that he was nearly a minute in coming down, just as Lord Nelson was shot; another was stone blind, particularly when any benevolent-looking papa and mamma with a number of nice, tender-hearted, ingenuous little boys and girls were passing.

Crossing the bridge, with the high road on your left, you soon arrived at a gateway on the right. This was the entrance to the largest of the three fairs, and was called "Bigley's Field." In this passage there was a constant crowd enlivened by the droning sound of Chinese toy-drums, or whirly hummers, boys' wooden whistles and *scratch-backs*. The crowd here was often so dense as to come very nearly to a jam, or a dead-lock, and at night it was dreadful. It was a rare spot for the London pickpockets.

Once through, however, you were in a large yard, and beyond that you suddenly had the relief of arriving in the first field of some twenty acres. A range of large trees ran across, and partly divided it from the upper field, which (to my boyish recollections) was immense; but whether fifty or a hundred acres, I would not now undertake to determine. Here were the grandest and most imposing of all the shows; the great tragic-comic company of Richardson's Theatre (at which the greatest tragic genius that ever trod a stage had often acted in his early years of obscurity — Edmund Kean), and the great circus for horsemanship, and the tight-rope dancing of the wonderful Master Saunders. In this field were the highest of the swings, the largest of the roundabouts, both for wooden horses and open cars, as also the most stupendous of the perpendicular revolving cars and close carriages; the "Crown and Anchor" booth, and other great booths for eating, drinking, and dancing; and in this field, also, were the largest number of pickpockets, — all down from London, as for harvest time.

Beyond these great fields, and divided as usual by the old-fashioned English hedge, were other fields in succession, and here the outskirts of Edmonton Fair presented so great a contrast with the outskirts of "Bart'my Fair,"

of which we shall subsequently have to speak. Gypsies — several families of them — invariably attended this country fair, not as mere visitors, but "professionally." The women went about all day telling your fortunes, and the men went about all night robbing your poultry yard. Their little dingy blanket-tents were set up alone under the thickest hedges of the adjoining fields, in the vicinity of which you could not set your foot, but, in a trice, you saw a red cloak, a Sibyl with a pair of bright black eyes hurrying towards you, and then you heard a sweet voice seductively calling to you, with a very sunburnt forefinger mysteriously raised. In different parts of these outlying fields, you might see a scraggy horse, or rough-coated little pony feeding; but more commonly one or two still rougher and more dirty-coated donkeys, with here and there a little ramshackle of a cart; while close beside the blanket-tent near the hedge, their feet lodged in the dried-up ditch or drain, you would generally notice one or two lazy-looking men, with very black looks and sunburnt faces and hands, dark gleaming eyes, and a woman in a cloak of "many colors," nursing an infant — all of them with short pipes in their mouths, and several children rolling on the green grass in company with several family dogs, while the eldest of the children sat watching the rise of a little waving column of smoke proceeding from the genuine gypsy's kitchen-range, namely, — three long sticks and a dangling iron pot.

I have given more details concerning Edmonton Statute Fair than will be afforded to other fairs, for the following reasons. In the first place, it was the only instance of a combination of three large fairs occurring on the same day, and in the same village, and close neighborhood: secondly, they presented a genuine English fair, unmixed with the sale of pigs, cattle, or "baser matter;" nothing of the *least* utility, or permanent value, was to be found there, everything being of the most ostentatious gewgaw finery, gilt and painted trumpery, and grotesque absurdity: thirdly, Edmonton Fair was always regarded as one of the "genteelst of fairs" (only, of course, during two or three hours after the morning opening of the fair), where papas and mammas, or kind uncles and aunts, could take little boys and girls through most of the principal avenues of gingerbread-nut and toy shops, without much bustling, jamming, and destruction of frocks and trousers: and, lastly, because Edmonton has several historical associations. One of the old English plays (written by Drayton) was entitled "The Merrie Devil of Edmonton;" Edmonton was the birthplace of Christopher Marlowe, the father of the English tragic drama; the birthplace also of another dramatist, of the present age, who has not the courageous vanity to name himself after the writer of "the mighty line," but who may be found in Vol. I. of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.

John Keats also, and Charles Lamb, resided for some time at Edmonton, and always went to the fair. The story of John Gilpin's involuntary gallop through Edmonton need not be mentioned, but I must add that the Reverend Dr. Tice, of this village, furnished Dr. Coome with the original of his Dr. Syntax; and the grandson of Dr. Tice, who now indites this motley chronicle, will answer for the truthfulness of the portrait. Curiously enough, this eccentric lover of the picturesque (Dr. Tice) was also the uncle of William Tice Gellibrand, one of the earliest, most talented, and energetic settlers in the Australian colonies. So strangely does the world of life go round.

Fairlop Fair (besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep) was a delightful fair in former years, whatever may be thought of it at the present time. Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described; but there were more gypsies, many of whom, no doubt, were residents in the vicinity of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at any other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater; but it is easily explained. Fairlop Fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down, one day, for

a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or wagon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on *four wheels*. Such a boat-load as this, full of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping Forest once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors may be also attributed to the grand and unique feature of this fair, namely, the famous Oak Tree, round which the fair used to be held. The tree was so enormous, that during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, hung with drapery (pea-green with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog. Now, the special attraction to British tars must have been this tree, into the topmost branches of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, at the imminent delightful risk of breaking his British neck! You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak, without a Jack tar perched on one of the topmost branches. The tree stood for many, many years, all trunk and bare dry boughs — not a leaf had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant. It stood there as a colossal skeleton — a monument of itself — by the sheer strength of its bulk; and was pulled down, at last, by teams of oxen and long ropes, lest, some fair-day, a huge limb or so might fall and crush several penny theatres, peep-shows, and holiday people. Myriads of snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and fancy boxes were made of the wood — or said to have been made of the wood — and are sold as such to this day, every fair-day.

Croydon Fair is a good one (especially for the gypsies from Norwood), but more famous as a market for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. It presents no special features beyond those already described, with the exception of a tradition, or legend, which used to be very popular with all schoolboys of the district, and elsewhere, *to wit*, that the green lanes on the outskirts of Croydon were haunted by a certain "Spring-heeled Jack," who was possessed with a monomaniacal propensity to assault young men and women, and gash them with a fine-edged, silver-handled knife. The anomalous Spring-heeled Jack always eluded pursuit by the swiftness of his running, and the fabulous leaps he could take, clean over high hedges or turnpike gates, — attributable to his wearing india-rubber boots, the soles and heels of which were full of steel watch-springs, as every boy of us thoroughly believed.

Peterborough Market-fair is celebrated for only one peculiarity, namely, its immense quantities of wood-work for farming operations. There you may see piles on piles of axe, hoe, fork, rake, and spade handles; also handles for smiths' and carpenters' hammers; also tires and spokes for cart-wheels, window-frames, wheel-barrows, and dense arrays of field-gates, hurdles, and fences.

Greenwich Fair was a very great fair.

The extinction of this brilliant fair caused much regret to the holiday-making Londoners. It had several marked peculiarities, besides the usual number of large shows. First, there was the noble old Hospital, and the frequent presence of old pensioners in their quaint, old-fashioned, grave uniform of dark navy blue, with the three-cornered cocked hat, knee-breeches, and square-toed shoes with huge plated buckles. To see these veterans — English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh — who had well deserved all the care of a grateful country, wandering about — some with one arm, some with two wooden legs and a stick, some with one arm and one leg, and no stick — and mixing among the young fair-going folks, smiling and laughing at the grotesque groups, actions, and noises around them, and now and then showing signs that the eccentricity of their gait and bearing was not entirely attributable to a wooden leg, gave an additional interest to the scene, of a mixed kind of pathos and humor not to be described in an off-hand way. The other great feature was the "Crown and Anchor" booth, which, varying its size at different fairs, invariably put forth its utmost magnitude and fullest splendors for Greenwich Fair. How many swarms had lunch-

eons and suppers there, through the day and night — how many scores of hampers of cold fowls and ham, turkeys and tongues, and hundreds of dozens of bottled ale and stout — is beyond any knowledge possessed by the present deponent; but that between two and three thousand people sometimes assembled therein at night to dance, and that sometimes more than two thousand Londoners were dancing there at the same time, after a fashion, he can answer for, as also for the fact of the whole scene being at such times enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, rising up from the creaking and yielding floors, and that, whatever colored coat you entered with, everybody emerged with a coat the color of whitey-brown paper, large black nostrils, and black semicircles of dust under his eyes. The "Crown and Anchor" booth was so long that a full band played for dances at the top, by the bar, another at the bottom of the booth, and a third, in the centre — and though they often played different dances, different airs to snit, and in different keys, you could only hear the music of your own dance — the predominant accompaniment to each being the measured muffled thunders of the boots of the fair-going Londoners. At these "high" moments it may be supposed that the great majority were of the rougher sex; the fun was too "fast and furious" for the gentler beings of creation — of course with some rather conspicuous exceptions. The last great specialty I shall notice, connected with this fair, was the roll down Greenwich Hill.

Many persons, at home as well as abroad, have never seen that celebrated hill — never rolled down it; and some, perhaps, may not even have heard of it. But a word or two will suffice to make them, in some degree, aware of the pleasure they have lost. A number of fair-going young people of both sexes, but most commonly lovers, or brothers and sisters, seat themselves on the top of this steep and beautifully green hill, and beginning to roll down slowly, they presently find that the rolling becomes quicker and quicker — that they have no power to govern their rapidity, still less to stop — and they invariably roll to the bottom. It doesn't agree with everybody.

Of the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe enough has already been said; but of an Irish pig-fair something remains.

The peasant's pig, the "jintleman that pays the rint," the favored, spoilt son, almost the lord of the cabin, when, for the first time in his life, he finds himself forcibly driven the way his master chooses, which, of course, is the way he perseveres in objecting to, by the time he arrives at his journey's end, enters the fair in a very bad state of mind. His temper — never, at the best of seasons, half so sweet as his flesh — has become morose, and something is sure to occur to render him savage. Among other things, he is sure to quarrel with the pig next to him for precedence of place, and the immediate consequence — for *this* pig is in quite as bad a state of mind as *that* pig — the immediate consequence is a fight. By a fight, we do not mean an ordinary routing of snout to snout, but a savage fight of two wild beasts. They stand upon their hind hools, and fight in lion-and-unicorn fashion. It is a fine thing to see a pig under such unusual circumstances, and shows that he is not merely a creature of fat and crackling, to be roasted, or made bacon of, but an animal whose blood, when roused, inspires him to fight to the death against what he considers injuries and insults. The most amusing part of the whole affair is the dismay of the respective owners, and their anxiety to separate the furious combatants, because a pig that has been over-driven in coming to the fair, or had a serious stand-up fight, is always reduced 2d. or 3d. a pound in his market value.

We must now take a turn through Donnybrook. All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory was there" — but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song, which makes the "shillelah" the all-in-all, refers to a traditionary period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from all English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room

for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind — from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow — whiskey. As for the interior, or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different, indeed, — *unique*. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow, or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, hut-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold or scalloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking, in some cases, seemed to be performed by individuals who had never before seen a sausage or an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat-ashes improved the one, and sand and sawdust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this; and I will defy the world to produce anything like it: Donnybrook is a village, a few miles only from Dublin. The houses are all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than a floor above the ground-floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whiskey drinking, songs, jokes, politeness, and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and the very same, but with more elaborate and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene; yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrowest streets, the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the "dancing," especially above stairs, being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the fiddler. We say, there was no room left for him; and yet he must be among them. There was room for him as a man, be it understood, but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for another man, and this could not be afforded. The problem was therefore solved by opening the window up-stairs; the fiddler sat on the window-sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow" playing outside the window of every upper floor, and sometimes out of both upper floor and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way, and playing a similar kind of jig, surpassed anything of that kind of humor in action it has ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is. The elbows all played so true to time that if you had not heard a note you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all these jaunty and "knowing" elbows!

A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one other custom, characteristic of the kindliness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so, a large police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about, unable to govern their motions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and the dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along. As they got sober they were set free.

By way of an exception and contrast, take the following. While "high and low" visited all the great fairs, there was only one that was specially patronized by the London aristocracy, and that was Horn Fair. It used to be held on Charlton Green, in Kent, and was the most elegant (if I dare use the word of such things) and fashionable of all these annual merry-makings. All the military of Woolwich attended, as did the Prince Regent, and the rest of the male branches of the royal family, from the hour of two till six, but never later, as it was said; but people had their own opinions. Horn Fair was to other fairs what Ascot was to other races.

The impossibility of adequately describing any of these great fairs, and preëminently the renowned Bart'l'my Fair, is attributable to several causes. It requires a panorama for its grotesque forms and colors, and expansive

varieties; all sorts of figures in all sorts of motions and attitudes, which even automatons could not convey much better than the pen; and all manner of sounds combining in one general uproar and confusion, — because all these moving objects, colors, and sounds are going on at the same time, and all in most vigorous conflict with each other, and indeed with themselves. Under such circumstances our best plan will probably be that of giving a few of the most broad and striking general characteristics, dashed in with a scene-painter's brush, full of color, and almost at random.

Saint Bartholomew's, alias Bart'l'my Fair, was held in Smithfield market-place, which used to be considered the rowdy heart of London. All the butchers' stalls, cattle-yards, sheep-pens, pig and poultry enclosures, and other wooden structures were cleared away so as to leave a very large open space. This was approached by the different streets, and by white calico avenues of gilt gingerbread stalls, toy-stalls, and nondescript booths of all kinds, but more particularly for eating, drinking, little gambling-tables, and other similar things on a small scale which would have been lost amidst the blaze and magnitude of the main structures. Nearly all round the great open area, the only intervals being the streets, and other avenues of entrance, were ranged the theatres; the menageries; screened enclosures for horsemanship, rope-dancing, balancing, tumbling, and leaping; the shows for conjuring, fire-eating, dancing dogs, learned pigs, the exhibitions of wax-work, and of living monstrosities, such as the calf with two heads and five legs, the mermaid (whom you were not allowed to examine very closely at the junction line), and the living pig-faced lady, who was usually seen sitting at a piano, in an elegant evening low dress, with a gold ring through her snout. A giant was always there, and both a male and a female dwarf; but never together, being always in rival caravans. The music, so called, was a bedlamite mixture of brass bands, screaming clarionets and fifes, clashing or hollow-toned cymbals, gongs, bells, triangles, double-drums, barrel-organs, and prodigious voices brawling through speaking trumpets; now imagine the whole of these things going on at the same time!

Now, imagine it to be night; and all the great and little shows, and booths, and stalls are ablaze with lights of all kinds of colors, magnitudes, and, we may add, smokes and odors, as many of them issue from a mysterious mixture of melted fat of various creatures. All the principal shows, and many of the smaller vans, have a platform, or stage, in front, and hereupon is enacted a wonderfully more brilliant, attractive, grotesque, and laughable performance than anything to be seen inside. Portions of tragedies are enacted, including murders, combats, and spectres; dances of all sorts are given; men and women in gorgeous array of cotton velvets, spangles, and feathers stand upon horses, or promenade with most ostentatious dignity, sometimes coming forward and crying aloud, "Be in time! be in time! All in to begin!" which is subsequently repeated half-a-dozen times before they retire to console with their presence those who are waiting seated inside. Now and then, part of the promised "grand pantomime" is represented on the outer stage, and culminates with a rush of the clown, pantaloons, and two or three acrobats mounted on hobby-horses, down the steps of the platform, and right into the very thick of the crowd below, causing one or two fights in the confusion and difficulty of their return, to the immense delight of all those who witness it, and to the great advantage of all the ruffians and other pickpockets here and there collected. While these things are going on below, there are other scenes above — such as high-flying boat-swings, full of laughing and screaming young men and women; the slack-rope dancers in their brilliant dresses of silver and gold tinsel and spangles, who are perched on swinging ropes amidst the white and scarlet draperies near the topmost ridges of the larger theatres and shows; and, rising over all, the coiling smoke-clouds of the blazing fat-lamps and pitchy torches roll and float upwards towards the moon, every now and then rapidly cut through by the hissing head and tail of a rocket, which presently explodes

in brilliant stars of white, green, and red over the frantic tumult beneath.

It only remains for us to take a look at the winter fair which has been held in London at those rare intervals when the frost has been so strong and continuous, that the ice on the Thames, as well as the Serpentine and other metropolitan waters, has attained a solid thickness capable of bearing the thousands of people who assembled there. Innumerable stalls and booths for eating, drinking, and dancing, together with swings, peep-shows, puppet-shows, and other amusements, were rapidly erected, or wheeled upon the ice; there were also many little gambling-tables, roundabouts, ballad-singers, and instrumentalists, from the humble Jew's harp to the pompous brass band. The many slips and tumbles upon the ice constituted a considerable part of the fun, and was promoted by glassy surfaces of various cross slides, as well as by frequent jerks and sudden pushes with a view to the destruction of an equilibrium. The crowning joy, however, was at night, when a great bonfire was lighted upon the ice, and a bullock was roasted whole. As the form and face of the huge creature changed with the action of the flames and the red heat, and the head, horns, and eye-balls became inexpressibly hideous, John Bull, far more than his emblematic representative, might be said to have been in his glory, while dancing and whirling in uncouth and rampant mazes round the crackling and roaring flames, while the national divinity, self-basted with black and crimson streams, was fiercely roasting.

M. ÉDOUARD LABOULAYE.

Is M. Laboulaye a statesman? He would doubtless be greatly offended at the question himself, and yet we cannot but think that his entrance into active political life was a great mistake, as it has been with many other French politicians. It is a misfortune of revolutionary periods that they forcibly drag all the distinguished men of a country who have thought upon social, historical, judicial, or political problems into the career of public life. Has not even M. Renan had at times serious thoughts of quitting the retirement of his study in order to solicit the votes of the roughs at the poll? And if poets like Milton and Lamartine exchange the lyre for the toga, is it to be wondered at that the thinker should deem himself fit for the arena? M. Mignet is, among all distinguished French historians and publicists, the only one we know of who strenuously resisted this temptation during his whole life, and certainly his fame will not suffer from his wise abstinence and self-knowledge.

Of all those who, like M. Cousin and M. Villemain, yielded to temptation and deserted their peaceful and disinterested researches to throw themselves into the struggles of public life, M. Laboulaye is certainly the man who ought least to have done so. All the great French doctrinaires, from Siéyès and Benjamin Constant down to Royer-Collard and M. Guizot, have proved fatal to France in the capacity of statesmen. M. Laboulaye entered on an active political career so late that he will be prevented from doing his country all the harm his good intentions and fine intellect might have done it, were he younger and possessed of greater oratorical power. He does not, it is true, share the political views of a Guizot and a Royer-Collard; still, he is none the less a doctrinaire in the full sense of the word, although his master was so open and practical a mind as a Tocqueville. As soon as M. Laboulaye began to preach Tocqueville's opinions they became, as it were, crystallized; that is to say, they lost their principal merit, that of pliability and relativity. Tocqueville, besides his intellectual superiority, possessed one great advantage over the modern Siéyès of republicanism; he had seen the greatest existing republic with his own eyes, and, although he admired many things in its constitution and in the working of its constitution, he on the whole received Dickens's impression; he feared "that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty would be dealt by North America in the failure of

its example to the earth." Not so M. Laboulaye, who always inhabited the *templa serena*, and never condescended to leave them in order to look at real things closely. Perhaps if the old Americomaniac had ever seen the land of his dreams with his own eyes, he would have relinquished more than one of his illusions, and regretted in brand-new Sixth-Street his ill-paved Rue Taitbout. As things are, America for him is the sole standard of perfection, a spotless sun, even without the speck of the New York city administration. What has contributed a good deal towards augmenting this otherwise genuine enthusiasm for the transatlantic republic is transatlantic flattery. M. Laboulaye's name is more popular over the sea than in his native country, and, by way of just return, the people he judges so favorably, having never seen them at home, think him far superior to what he is, because they never saw him among his countrymen. Now, there is no man in the whole world, not even Victor Hugo himself, more accessible to flattery than M. Laboulaye, who in this, as in nearly all other things, is a regular Frenchman to the backbone. His conversation mostly turns upon himself, and nobody knows better than he how to let a visitor know to what an illustrious personage he has the honor of speaking.

But M. Laboulaye is not only French by his innocent *amour propre*, he is equally so by the turn of his mind and by his public and private character. The venerable member of the Académie des Inscriptions in his youth professed a high admiration for German science and German scholars, just as his idol, Benjamin Constant, did before him, only with the tacit reserve that they were always to acknowledge the superiority of French science and French scholars. M. Laboulaye was one of the first to make known to France the great revolution accomplished in jurisprudence by Savigny, and he exposed with all the cleverness, lucidity, and taste of a Frenchman the ruling idea of the German jurisconsult, namely, that all living law, and especially the Roman law, is not the result of the intentional effort of a reasoning legislator, nor the fruit of abstract reflection and theoretical principles, but the unconscious work of generations, who give their customs and the decisions of their judges the authority of law. These German historical views, however, were taught by M. Laboulaye to the French with all the logic of a French mind. To say the thing in one word, M. Laboulaye made himself the most absolute defender of relativity. All his life he has been apodictically intolerant in his defence of tolerance, and passionately despotic in his way of pleading for liberty. M. Laboulaye understands the leading ideas of the historical school better than any Frenchman, but he is utterly unable to apply them to the emergency of fresh cases and present times, because his mind is wanting in pliability. The man who formerly looked up to the Roman legislation and the English constitution as the grandest works of unconsciously working history, now prepares constitutions à la Siéyès for France, taking for his pattern, of course, another quite rationalistic work, i. e., the American constitution, and refusing to see in present reality what he discerns so well in past history — namely, that the best constitution for France would be no constitution at all.

Again, M. Laboulaye is a great friend to self-government and liberty. But the abstract nature of his mind prevents him from seeing that self-government in an aristocratic country like the England of the eighteenth century, is no longer applicable to democratic France of the nineteenth; and, while enlightened English and American statesmen are thinking of the means of remedying the evils of so-called self-government in villages as well as in great towns, M. Laboulaye still looks upon that very form of administration of former times as the panacea for all the evils France suffers from. Nor is he endowed with a clearer sight with respect to the difference in the conditions of liberty on the Old Continent and the New. His principle is that of unlimited liberty; the state must abdicate; all must be left to individual initiative; the whole state machinery is, like the ideal once dreamt by Mr. John Stuart Mill, to become a great mutual insurance company. He

has, or he seems to have, no consciousness whatever of the part of the state as a moral being, having its traditions, its principles, its moral and intellectual character, its rights and duties towards the citizens. His logic plays him false here again, as it did in former times to that other doctrinaire, Wilhelm von Humboldt, when he endeavored to reduce the activity of the state to a minimum.

A true Frenchman — and M. Laboulaye, as we have said, is one in every sense of the word, and in spite of the foreign garb of his ideas — can resist many things, but he never resists logic. The famous theory of unlimited liberty leads him to the absolute separation of Church from State; and, with the *desinvolture* of men who view things from on high, and do not condescend to come down to this our common earth, he summons Italy to apply the same policy which the North American republic follows in its vast expanse, inhabited by hundreds of hostile sects, to its old priest-ridden country — cradle and centre of the most powerfully organized Church in the world. He has the example of Belgium under his eyes, and yet he is unwilling to see the harm which absolute liberty of the Church and absolute disarming of the State towards the Church have done in less than forty years, and continues believing that France, Germany, and Italy ought to leave the Church free to plot against the State, to overthrow the liberty of its adversaries (for this would be infallibly the result, in France at least), and realize the dreams of the Syllabus. Undoubtedly, it is impossible to extinguish the light of modern science, as it has been impossible for the Church, in spite of all her efforts, to suppress Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo. So far M. Laboulaye and his school are right in their confidence; but history teaches us that it is only too possible for her to reconquer the provinces won by the liberty of thought, as she once reconquered in less than a century the formerly Protestant provinces of Austria and Bohemia, Bavaria and Flanders, as she has uprooted the germs of Protestantism in Italy, Spain, and France. But what is that to a mind in love with logic? If absolute liberty should finally destroy liberty, what does that matter, provided the system be a consistent one? “*Périssent les colonies plutôt qu'un principe!*” exclaimed Robespierre; and there is a piece of Robespierre even in the best of Frenchmen.

It is this absolute turn of mind which has constantly prevented M. Laboulaye from being recognized as a political man by the instinct of the masses, who never would give him their votes, or by the clear sight of the rulers, who never would call him to their councils. It needed all the dearth of men of any value in 1870 to crown finally the wishes of the old professor's life, and to bring him into a Parliamentary Assembly at the age of sixty. It appears that his colleagues are afraid of him, in spite of his constitutional science, perhaps also because of it, for he has not been elected into the Committee of Thirty charged with the elaboration of the provisional constitution by which M. Thiers is to rule. To say the truth, and with all due respect to his honorable life, to his great mental powers, to his distinguished talent as a writer, and to his eminent learning, the people's instinct, the ruler's sagacity, and the Parliament's prejudices have not been mistaken. M. Laboulaye ought never to have abandoned the professor's chair. He began his life as a professor, he earned his fame and consideration as a professor; he ought to have remained a professor to the last. He must even feel it himself. How much more at his ease must he have felt in the Collège de France, with hundreds of pretty American girls at his feet, drinking in greedily the flattering pictures he was wont to draw of their mother country and her institutions, the ideal virtues of which they most likely never had found out themselves, and awed by his superiority of age, learning, fame, wit, and old civilization he so unwillingly belonged to. The members of the Assembly are far from being such quiet, deferential, attentive, and enthusiastic listeners; and more than once M. Laboulaye must already have regretted the balmy days of his familiar, caustic eloquence in the Rue Saint Jacques, where there was no fear of untoward interruption! Nowhere, indeed, was M. Laboulaye more at

home and better placed than in his professorship, and his didactic eloquence was certainly ideal in its way, however adorned with wit and malice it might be. Even his wit and his malice themselves had something of the schoolmaster, as the humor of his famous pamphlets (“*Paris en Amérique*” and “*Le Prince Caniche*”) is of an essentially scholastic kind, made to please, and which indeed did please uncommonly all the old schoolboys of France.

Contradictory and equivocal as his position with regard to the political world and science may be said to have been, his position in society is not less doubtful. His democratic principles make it a duty for him to boast of his rising from a printer's shop to his present station, to affect republican simplicity, and to oppose a monarchical government; yet he is by no means displeased when he sees members of his family contract rich matrimonial alliances, serve, even under the Empire, in diplomacy and courts of justice, and above all things flattered when they resume the old and long-forgotten name of his grandfather, with its noble sound — M. Lefebvre de Laboulaye.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS MAKING BETTER OF IT.

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON.

THIS is the last forenoon of 1872. The morning was rainy, but now the day has brightened. The soaked college which is before me whenever I look up from the page I am writing, is getting dry in patches: the somewhat starved Jacobean Gothic is spotty black and gray. Two large crosses, surmounting gables, look very black against an opal sky. The weathercock of the severely-simple spire across the quadrangle, which has stood there for four hundred years, points to the southeast. For many days and weeks there has been all but ceaseless rain. We have not here the wide plains of central England, traversed by great rivers: we are entirely safe from the floods which have there converted vast tracts into a turbid inland sea. But here too it has been dreary enough when the light was failing on these gloomy afternoons, and all the world seemed soaked with wet, cheerless, and miserable. One was glad to get into shelter, and shut out the dismal day.

Yet there were advantages about that disheartening weather. Every hard-working student knows the peculiar feeling with which one looks out upon driving rain and a lowering sky, and thinks that one is losing nothing by being indoors. Sunshine and green trees invite one forth: and the task, generally up-hill at first starting, has not fair play. Doubtless a vast deal of head-work has been got through in this square mile during November and December. For one third of the population of this little city is enduring the process of education. And those who are not learning are teaching: teaching moderate numbers here, and (some of them) much greater numbers elsewhere. The awful Alphabet has been assailed and subdued in this place, as these wintry days shortened. Many Latin verses, many Greek Iambics have been put together. The mazes of Philosophy and Theology have been entered, if not unravelled: they have come as near to being unravelled here as anywhere else. Various elaborate though brief sermons have been written: the people here have no liking for long ones. The writer approves the taste, and indeed conforms to it. Old-fashioned preachers still strive against the tide. One such, the greatest orator of Scotland in his day, lately asserted at the close of a lengthy discourse, that an unflinching test of a good man is an insatiable appetite for preaching: and that, however abundant the instruction received at church, the good man ever quits the sacred building saying (it is to be presumed only in a whisper) MORE, MORE! Not such is the writer's experience. He has known very many good folk who depart with the unspoken wish, LESS, LESS! And he has known admirable though exceptional men whose true feeling would find expression in the formula, NONE AT ALL, NONE AT ALL!

As these words are written, the sun suddenly shines in through the window (it looks due south) : and the page of blue paper gleams in a golden splendor. Let it be accepted as approval of what was designed to be forthwith written. You may read it here.

There are few things of which I am more convinced, than that we ought all to be making a great deal more of life than we do. I do not mean in the sense of turning life to better account — though that in most cases is true — but in the sense of feeling happier while it is passing over, and of getting more enjoyment out of it than we do. Now and then, as things are, we have glimpses of ways of looking at things and feeling towards them, which for the moment make life far more bright. And when we are going away from some pleasant place, or bidding farewell to some pleasant period of time, we have a certain vague yet remorseful sense that we have not enjoyed either as much as we ought and might. This latter feeling is a specially jarring one. To find out how much more happiness was within our reach than we had thought, is very vexing.

Now, might we not, beginning a new year, look about us and see whether we cannot manage to be happier? Try, that is, in a humble way, to get more cheerfulness and content out of our belongings and surroundings? I write for readers of simple minds, and modest estate. There are human beings who have great possessions : who have in profusion all the outward appliances which mankind is agreed (with few exceptions) in regarding as the means of inward content : and such would no doubt regard with undisguised contempt my simple suggestions, and my lowly causes and effects. And there are human beings who have great minds, not to be interested by little things : likewise deep insight, not to be hoodwinked by natural and kindly illusions. I do not vainly pretend to do good, even the smallest, to any such. These are beyond my mark. But might not simple folk, devoid of cynicism, try to do, as to all our life, what each of us has perhaps done with regard to some special worldly position or advantage possessed for a little — seek (that is) to find out and make use of its capacities before it is taken from us? A duke, with a hundred thousand a year, would not think of such a thing : but a poor country parson with three hundred a year may not unfitly walk about his little shrubbery, and make an effort to clearly realize the advantages of his position, and (so to speak) to squeeze out of it whatever drops of comfort it may yield : looking back on days when his lot was much worse : desiring to feel grateful and even surprised to find himself so respectable as he is : comparing his little successes with the far lesser successes of far better men : not trying (as Mr. Dickens expressed it) to make believe very much, but only to bring out into distinctness the latent truth, to the end that should dark days come he may not have to look back remorsefully, feeling that he ought to have made far more of things, and that he had been far happier than at the time he knew. We have many worries, anxieties, and mortifications : we have gone through much hard work, little remarked and poorly rewarded : we cannot delude ourselves with the belief that any special kindly appreciation awaits us in the future, or that we shall ever be materially better in circumstances or in estimation than we are now : we started with the intention of mending the world, but we have come down to being thankful if we can pay our way. Still there are those who are decidedly worse off, yet who are wonderfully cheerful, and do not seem to regard life as a load. Let us do our best to place ourselves where we shall catch some blinks of sunshine.

It is to be confessed at once that cheerfulness of view and of heart comes mainly of physical conditions. Good digestion and unshaken nerves are the great cause of cheerful views of life, and of all the round of very little things, and the entanglement of small interests that make life. If the mucous membrane be wrong, it eclipses the sun as no cause does that is recorded in the almanac. Dyspepsia, or that vague, all-reaching malaise which doctors describe by saying that the nervous system has been severely shaken, makes existence heavy. Worries seem

insufferable : difficulties insuperable : perplexities quite killing : there is no zest in duty, which is a thing to shrink from : and every day seems more than can be faced. The whole thing seems poor and wretched ; and you wish you were away from it. A thousand possibilities of misfortune which the healthy mind puts aside, a thousand miserable recollections of irremediable evil, crowd in. I am speaking of physical causes as producing misery to the sufferer himself, not to others : or mention might be made of fretfulness, snappishness, destruction of the power of sympathy, and a general cursedness which radiates all evil and miserable moods and humors on all around : making him in the domestic circle a sort of negative or diabolical sun, disseminating darkness instead of light.

It is therefore expedient, or rather it is essential, to the man who would pass through life with tolerable cheerfulness, that he give due diligence to the preservation of bodily health. Above all, he must beware of every influence which would bear unkindly on that mysterious portion of our being, so closely allied with that in us which feels and thinks, which is commonly called the nervous system. Awful is the dislocation of the entire outward universe : strange and wild the inexpressible depths of morbid fancy and emotion : infinite the variety of miserable experience ; that comes of a fact so simply expressed as in the phrase *shaken nerves*. And so nearly do kindness of heart, and the intuition of truth and fact follow the repaired soundness and good estate of that special part of us (if indeed it be physically a part only), that I have serious thoughts of developing a new Physical Theory of Virtue and Happiness for the advantage of the overdriven and worried ; and indeed for the guidance of all in whom the mind is of more consequence than the body. Hogs, and the like, need not study that Theory when it is published : but all men in whom there is any measure of head and heart ought. I do not mind saying, in advance, that my design is to stimulate happiness and virtue by the skilful administration of food and medicine. There are certain Christian graces which are impossible of attainment to the nervous dyspeptic : but all that is clear in faith and amiable in affection is easy to the human being whose system is eupeptic and whose nerves sound. Even skepticism, saddest of all maladies, I would treat by the due exhibition of physical remedies : by flesh-brushing, bathing, long walks in pure air. As for ordinary evil tempers, and familiar low spirits, and gloomy morbid notions, I would make havoc of them in two months' time. First, I would absolutely cut off all alcohol : alcohol in wine as well as in spirits. Let the daily pint of claret be imbibed, and no more. No man's mind is healthy who ever tastes undiluted brandy : his state is perilous who drinks it even diluted with potash water. I am not a teetotaler ; and have not been favorably impressed by any such I have met : yet let me declare with authority, that wherever it is not medicine, alcohol is poison. Of course, it is sometimes invaluable medicine : but when needed, let it be used as such. If one have no mind to speak of, and if one goes through extreme bodily exercise, even abundant alcohol may not do perceptible harm : but to the man subject to unequal spirits, to the man of finely-strung nature, it is absolute ruin. For drink, good for body and soul, there is nothing like milk. Take abundance of that, and you will increase in cheerfulness and goodness daily. For details of certain simple alteratives and tonics, the reader must await the full development of my theory at a future day. I shall not intrude into the office of a Moral Physician without due qualification. And in any case I shall not be as the country doctor, in rude health, ever in the saddle, with awful appetite and nerves of whipcord, who, when brought in contact with the sort of patient I seek, has to make it the main problem, To conceal from his patient how little the doctor understands what is wrong with him.

It is understood then, for one thing, that henceforward all readers will give much diligence to the maintenance of that good bodily health which will give no quarter to a morbid mind, but which will make a man more cheerful, sensible, hopeful, good-tempered ; free from crotchets and

suspicious and envyings. But beyond the cultivation of health, which is the chief talent many folks possess, let certain moral counsels be received with docility by the judicious.

We must diligently train ourselves not to get so angry as we have been accustomed to do. It is very wearing-out. Those who have seen a good deal of dishonesty, both among the educated and the uneducated; fencing, dodging, shifting ground, playing tricks with words, and absolute lying; know how the keen indignation these things excite in the downright and magnanimous soul tears and hurts it. I sometimes wonder how that prophet-like man who remains among us still, and who has lifted up so brave and fierce and eloquent a voice against all he thought wrong for two score years, has not been killed by the wrath he has felt and uttered towards all meanness, dishonesty, and incompetency, in a world where these so abound; but I suppose Carlyle inherited a strong body as well as a mighty soul. One thinks of the touching yet awful inscription above Swift's grave: *Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*. Yes, gone where fierce wrath against wrong-doing can no longer tear the heart! And it is not less irritating, but more, that dishonest, mean, and wicked things are in no degree confined to what are called the criminal classes; but are many times done by smug, fat, self-satisfied persons, who are able to conceal from themselves what degraded animals they are: who can talk unctuously on religious subjects, and make long if somewhat floundering prayers. It was after being found out in some specially dirty trick, that Mr. Pecksniff was most devout and pious in his deportment. My friend Smith tells me that he knew in his youth, half a century since, a preacher who never reached such heights of spirituality in his sermons, as immediately after an attack of *delirium tremens*. Yes, and the spirituality imposed upon really good people, for awhile. Ultimately, I rejoice to say, he was kicked out, and died at a locality then known as Botany Bay. But without supposing cases so extreme, each of us, in his own little sphere, has possibly a good many times seen conduct which excited a vehemence of moral reprobation that made one understand the inscription in St. Patrick's at Dublin. I lament to say it, but it is true, that of all theological dogmas the one which gains most confirmation from the growing experience of life, is that of the *Perversion of Human Nature*.

This having been said, let it be added that it is wise to use, in practical judgments of men and women, a somewhat low standard. You will keep yourself unhappy unless you do this. Make up your mind that you are dealing with imperfect means and with warped material: and do not expect too much. Train yourself to think that mortals are (after all) only working out their nature. There are folks who could no more be magnanimous, truthful, frank, downright, than they could be twelve feet high. And if people are bad, they deserve great pity. The worst punishment of the shuffling, malicious liar, is in the fact that he is such. I wish, indeed, that he could be made to feel this, and take it in. Even in the case of devils, who are not merely very bad men, but persons in whom there is no good at all: probably their chief punishment is just that they are what they are. Let us train ourselves to seek for excuses for the small sinners of petty, actual life. Let us seek to acquire the great faculty (capable of cultivation) of looking the other way. I do not mean turning the other page, and finding what is to be set against the offence or offences; I mean, when there is a disagreeable object before us, which ruffles us to look at and think of, looking away from it: looking at something else, or at anything else. I fear that charity and cynicism sometimes reveal themselves in identical manifestation. The man who regards human nature with an easy-going contempt, and he who bears with human nature with a divine pity, may act very much alike. Perhaps, selfishly, it is better with the cynic. He has the easier mind. I feel the difficulty of the point to which my argument has led me. It may conduce to peace of heart, and to good digestion, to cast an amused smile at the sneak, with the

reflection, *Just what I expected*: to listen to the manifest lie, to submit to be cheated, to look upon the degraded drunkard, and merely think, *Of course, of course*. But I fear Mr. Carlyle (who has been my chief study for a year past) would shake the head of severity over all this; and judge that the ground I take is low. All I say is that we must try to take it, unless we are content to be as the broken-hearted Jewish prophet, crying aloud out of his misery against evils he cannot mend.

I will not palter here, with God's truth. Though the keen indignation may tear the heart, there are cases in which we do well to be angry: in which we should be contemptible creatures if we failed to be angry, and bitterly so. We dare not shade off the eternal difference between Right and Wrong. We shall not sit down contentedly in the presence of any evil, injustice, or dishonesty, that we can expose or redress. There are those who will call us Quixotic; let them. We must take our place on God's side against all the works of the Devil, and fight with them. And everything wrong, everything unjust and untrue, is what I mean by the work of the Devil. If we are worth counting at all, we must fly at it. As Luther said, *I cannot do otherwise: God help me. Amen*.

I did not intend to write so gravely: but what is given must be said. This gentle charitableness in little things with our fellow-creatures' failings which I have been advocating on selfish grounds, must not degenerate into an ignoble Epicureanism, a moral *Canna be fushed*: the same despicable spirit which tolerates dirt and untidiness and foul drains and close rooms about a dwelling. There is a theological distinction, familiar in sermons but rare in actual life, which is taken between the offence and the offender. If it could be managed, it would be very well to hate the moral evil, but be merciful to the poor wretch that does the sin. And we may fitly enough be thankful if we are placed in life where we do not see too much of that evil, so wretched to behold, and which the individual man can do so little to do away. For it is through concurrence of many great causes that great effects come. And, just as it is appointed to some to bear the brunt of some awful accident that kills or maims, so it is appointed to others to be set face to face with facts which make life a long and fierce fight; though the strife be miserable while it lasts, and the result almost nothing. All honor to the moral forlorn-hope of the human race!

And then, while we are thus keen against all evil and wrong-doing, let us see that we be keen against it in ourselves as well as in others. This reflection may help us the better to understand the theological distinction lately named. If we can manage to like ourselves very well, though there is a good deal wrong about us, why not others too? Further, let us bear no remembrance of personal offences: let them go! We disapprove a man, not because he knocks up against us, but because he knocks up against the universe and its laws. And for our own comfort's sake, for our nervous system's sake, as well as for a score of higher reasons, we shall go with a great but erring genius concerning whom the writer may very nearly boast that he was "nursed upon the self-same hill."

Then gently scan your fellow-man,
Still gentlier sister-woman:
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

It was said early in this dissertation, that the counsels of contentment contained in it were not addressed to rich and great folk. But an exception is to be made here. I believe that the most serious subtractions from the enjoyment of those who have wealth and position secured to them, come through the offences of their fellow-creatures. I have known all the pleasure of an evening in a magnificent dwelling spoiled and made worthless, because the noble lord at the head of the establishment would, with

ever growing wrath, reiterate to his wife and children the details of a small piece of impertinence he had received that afternoon from a small farmer. That petty offence, not worth thinking of, ruined the enjoyment of a healthy and united family, gathered in most pleasant outward circumstances at the kindly Christmas-time in a lovely scene. And not the dukedom nor the garter, nor the historic line nor the profuse revenue, not even the useful and honored life given to all good works, has been able to cheer the prince whose tenantry have presumed at election-time to vote not according to his views but according to their own. Happy it would be for that magnate of the earth, if he could persuade himself that no offence has been done him : that he unreasonably expected what he had no right to : and that only his own unreasonable expectations have brought this disappointment under which he chafes so sorely. No man, so much as he who has all the material good this world can give him, needs to gain the gift of bearing patiently with the wrong-doings, or what he esteems the wrong-doings of mortal men. It was terrible when Mordecai, by refusing to touch his hat, nullified all the innumerable worldly advantages of a Prime Minister in departed days. It is nearly as bad when a pack of unmannerly blockheads, by hooting a princely carriage as it drives through an ill-conducted little town, can irritate the prince to an unthankful ferocity. The prince should have interpreted the act rightly. He should have remembered that this is merely the peculiar fashion in which certain folk desire to express that on certain intricate questions of domestic politics they hold a view which they desire should be strongly distinguished from the view held by the prince. To a cultivated mind, the peculiar mode of expression is repulsive : but then it ought in fairness to be remembered that the unmannerly blockheads of the little town did not possess cultivated minds, and never had the chance of possessing them, and could only express themselves according to their actual condition. There is a homely Scotch proverb apposite to the occasion : it runs as follows : *What can ye expect of a sou but a grumph ?*

Let us sum the matter up. We shall not allow ourselves to get angry, if we can help it. We shall not fever and fret ourselves, and twist the delicate machinery of thought and feeling. Not if we can help it, without turning hypocritical sneaks, and pretending to acquiesce in what all right men must loathe, like the bishops who toadied George IV. of Brentford. Let us proceed to lesser counsels, wholesome for such as would modestly enjoy this life.

Let a comprehensive counsel be stated. Make the most of little consolations : little mild satisfactions. Try hard to keep up your interest in the little details which make up the round which is daily life. Always have some little concern on hand, to occupy the mind that craves occupation ; to gently cheer.

It is a great thing to have some little work always going forward. Only by experience will you really understand how a very little thing done faithfully every day will in the process of days mount up to a great sum. If you are a human being who can write (to write is the great consolation of some), then write even one page a day. The days pass ; the pages accumulate ; they grow into something very considerable. And what is written, is written. It abides ; you have something to show for your work. It is a vexing thing in the work of many men, that a great deal of it just does the thing needful for the day, and leaves no permanent trace. Even to get a matter into your memory, is an intangible possession ; still more is it an immaterial and imponderable acquisition to have trained yourself to a moral habit. But pleasant and substantial are the covered pages ; that is, if you know you have done them to the very best of your ability. Though not a soul on earth may think them good ; though even you keenly see their faults ; there is a true and sweet satisfaction in that last thought. There is nothing on this earth so beautiful as the smile upon the face of Duty ! Something faithfully done is somehow inexpressibly cheering. And then, work takes the mind off itself. The mill must go ; give it grist to grind, or it must grind itself. One good thing about a task of writing is,

that when lying awake at night, instead of thinking over a hundred worrying and anxious thoughts, you will involuntarily be ruminating your subject, and trying to see your way farther through it. When Chalmers rose in the morning, he had often done all his task of writing for that day ; and noted it in a few shorthand lines in pencil.

Blessed be Reading ! It is the next consolation to writing. Sometimes one is better ; sometimes the other. Here too let us avail ourselves of the fact that the accomplished task is so pleasant. We must not read all for pleasure ; any more than do anything else only for pleasure, if we desire to get pleasure out of it. Let there be some solid, grave, weighty work of which we make out the fixed number of pages each day ; thus improving what we call our mind, and earning the satisfaction of real work done as we close the volume with a thankful sigh. Let it be recorded, that he does not know what enjoyment can be got out of books who reads them from the book-club. Doubtless there are many books which ought to be read, which it suffices to read thence. But that you may gloat over a book, feel that you must read it thoroughly and diligently, and come to regard it as a friend always at hand and never wearisome, it must be your own. Nor will it do to have inherited it ; you must have bought it ; and bought it out of somewhat scanty means. It may in great measure do to have got it as a present ; but the first books of the handsome library, bought from the poor student's small purse, or the little surplus of the salary of the poor curate, remain to the end precious, as tall copies and sumptuous editions coming afterwards can never be. Yet it is ever pleasant, if you have the right spirit ; it is wonderfully cheering and brightening ; when the parcel, in its thick wrappings of brown paper, arrives from the distant city, conveying its delightful store. A duke cannot carry his parcel of books into his library, and open it for himself ; his dignity forbids, and he is too great a man to care for these little things ; he has not one tenth of the enjoyment in his books that the poor country parson shares. Pleasant to bear in the heavy square burden ; to set it on a strong table (slight ones will not avail) ; to cut the thick strings that tie it up ; to open up the enveloping sheets, brown, thick, specially-flavored ; to reach the fresh volumes, with the grateful aroma of new paper and binding ; to examine each with careful interest ; then, on successive evenings, to cut the leaves with a very large ivory paper-knife. While more exciting joys fall on the maturing mind, this will ever grow in its power. Let the event described occur frequently, but not too frequently. To be precise, about once in three weeks. What part of the furniture of a house, in proportion to its cost, affords the real satisfaction that books impart ? For a handsome easy-chair covered with morocco you pay ten guineas ; will that chair cheer you in depression and sorrow as would ten guineas' worth of books ? I trow not. It is no doubt a grand end, much desirable by the wise man, that his dwelling be so sumptuously decorated and his entertainments so handsome that his friends shall go home and abuse him. But excellent as these things are to the well-regulated mind, it is better still to cast the eye on the kindly rows, and lovingly to pull out a volume here and there, and let it carry you to a purer air than that of your humdrum life, and to a range of thought that your moderate brain can appreciate but could never create. If you would have more enjoyment in life this year than last, buy more books, and read them. And if you do not understand about books yourself, consult some friend who does know, before making your purchases. Ah, the frightful editions the writer has seen, in grand bindings, upon the tables of the ignorant rich !

The writer has, in this magazine, years ago, expatiated at great length upon a thing which is a precious secret of modest content, and which need be no more than named here : It is a rigid, all-reaching, habitual tidiness. Keep your books, specially, in perfect order and thorough repair. You cannot afford leather bindings ; and cloth binding in these days is generally sufficient and handsome. But it has a weak point ; the corners of the boards, untended, will grow ragged. Tend them diligently. Have in a

drawer a small cup of tenacious gum; and never see a corner beginning to get frayed without instantly putting it right. There is a real and innocent pleasure in putting a thing right which was wrong. A tinge of the moral element is here; in correcting the smallest error you are ranging yourself on the right side in the great fight of the great universe. And you will have your reward. What you do as to the corners of your books, do to everything else to which your power reaches; lesser and greater. It will cheer you wonderfully, when few other things will.

Post-time, rightly regarded and managed, is to the wise and modest an unflinching interest. Sometimes, indeed, it brings the painful shock to whose recurrence we must try to be resigned. But if you maintain a considerable intercourse with friends you seldom see, by the frequent letter, many days will bring pleasant communications which will greatly cheer. The anonymous letter will amuse; do not read such if you know they will do other than amuse. Sometimes such are very malignant; sometimes well-meant, though of doubtful wisdom; like one the writer lately received, cautioning him that the author of such essays as one he contributed to the December *Fraser* was "in danger of hell-fire." Thanks to the friendly sender; though he (or she) must have sadly misread that little paper before coming to a conclusion so startling. The volume by post, a good deal knocked about; the newspapers, many in number, for people of modest means can afford these now; the trenchant weekly, preserved and bound, which has mounted up into that long shelf of dark-calf folios with red edges, which nobody would buy; the other day twenty-two volumes of it (only in cloth indeed) sold by auction for seventeen shillings; all these enter into the life of the household through that bronze-covered slit in the outer-door, large enough to receive a magazine. And sometimes letters bearing unfamiliar postage-stamps from foreign lands; almost all very cheering. Make much of post-time; more than heretofore. Encourage all correspondence; unless indeed the two or three daily invitations to take shares in some new company (limited), whose projectors are plainly quite unlimited, in various undesirable ways. If you have not spoiled your nerves by stimulants which coarsen and degrade, here will be a daily series of sensations.

Have these counsels seemed selfish? Is all this a cheap Epicureanism, within the reach of poor folk? The range I have allowed myself in these pages may indeed be in some measure obnoxious to such condemnation. But if life be the grave and awful thing we have found it to be, in its surroundings, tendencies, and issue, may we not be permitted, in little, harmless ways, to cheer ourselves in quiet times; knowing that often the utmost effort will be needed, and the heavy pang be felt? No one will dream that these things here said are all. But they are real (to some people) so far as they go. Beyond these, let us try ever to get out of ourselves; let us keep a kind interest in others. Though we are growing older, and getting travel-stained, it is pleasant to think that all the world is yet fresh with the glory of its youth to the little children. Fussy philanthropy is (to some) most irritative; in some cases even disgusting, when it loudly proclaims all it does and a good deal it never did. But stay; we are not to be angry; though the sham doer of good, sounding his cracked trumpet in the street, is a sight to stir the wrath of angels. But to quietly by word or deed help or cheer another, is singularly cheering and helpful to one's self; not, indeed, if it be done with an eye to that reward.

FOREIGN NOTES.

PRIVATE theatricals are again all the rage in Paris.

The *Academy* calls Bulwer "the patriarch of the circulating library."

The *Temple Bar* says that the *Atlantic Monthly* is one of the best magazines in the world.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ, one of the most brilliant of living French novelists, has a new story, "Meta Holdenis," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

CARDINAL BONAPARTE, cousin to the late Emperor, has sent 100 crowns to the parish church of Santa Maria, at Rome, to pay for masses for his relative.

GARRAWAY's coffee-house, in Change Alley, Cornhill, well known in old Sir Roger de Coverley's days, is about to be pulled down, to make way for banking offices.

THE mayor of the commune of Nonzeville, in France, has sent in a return certifying that there were neither births, marriages, nor deaths in his jurisdiction in 1872. That must be a lively locality.

FRENCH journalists are in a state of mortal alarm. They are threatened with the loss of one of their most cherished privileges. M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, has, it is said, made up his mind at last to bring in a bill against duelling.

NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Cumming's approaching millennium, the friends and admirers of the reverend gentleman are raising funds for the purpose of purchasing a residence, and presenting it to the doctor. Perhaps the good doctor has made arrangements for taking the house with him.

GUSTAVE RICARD, the most eminent of the French portrait-painters of the day, died in Paris last month, at the early age of forty-nine. Notwithstanding his high reputation as an artist, he led a very secluded life, scarcely ever exhibiting his pictures, and living to the end among a small circle of friends whom he had attracted by the simplicity and amiability of his character.

THE *Cologne Gazette* says that there are now forty-three newspapers published at Constantinople. Of these nineteen appear daily. The Greek literary paper *Euridiki* appears twice a month. There is also a Turkish ladies' newspaper, which is only published occasionally. Various attempts have been made to establish a German newspaper at Constantinople, but they have hitherto failed.

THE great prize of the year has gone to Trinity College, Cambridge. The senior wrangler, Mr. Harding, after having carried off nearly everything since 1867, both at London University and Cambridge, has now attained the summit of academic fame; the merit of the performance being enhanced by the introduction into the examination of those new subjects—heat, electricity, and magnetism.

THE engraving of "The late Emperor Napoleon III. after death," recently published in the *Graphic*, appears to have aroused so much political feeling in France as to have excited the fears of the government, which has forbidden the exposure of the picture in the kiosks on the Boulevards. Several prominent Parisian journals had previously applied to the proprietors of the *Graphic* for permission to republish the engraving.

AN exhibition of "shocking bad hats" has been got up at Bruges, in Belgium, the proceeds to be given for the benefit of "the Society of the Shamefaced Poor." The notion took surprisingly; everybody flocked to see the shocking bad hats, which were, however, in some cases, really interesting from an historical or archaeological point of view, and valuable to the student of the comparative science of fashions. There was no entrance fee, but some of the promoters of the undertaking were always present to collect money from the visitors; and the sum realized by such means amounted to a thousand francs.

MR. HENRY WOODWARD, of the British Museum, proposes in the *Athenæum* to explain the singular object painted in the foreground of Holbein's picture of the "Two Ambassadors," now exhibited in the Gallery of Old Masters at Burlington House. The object has hitherto been taken for the bones of a fish, the shell of a *Venus*, a roll of parchment, etc.; but Mr. Woodward conceives it to be the image of a normal human skull distorted in a cylindrical or convex mirror. If viewed from a point close to the edge of the frame on the right-hand side, the skull loses its elongated appearance, and "erects itself into a well-shaped human cranium." He adds an engraving after a drawing by Mr. de Wilde.

FIFTEEN judges met in London recently to consider whether a woman named Bird had been properly convicted. The prisoner kept a merry-go-round at a fair, let out at a penny a ride. A girl got on for a ride, and gave her a sovereign, in change for which she gave her back 11d. at once, and said she would pay the rest when the ride was over. The girl then asked for her change, but the woman denied that she had more than a shilling, for which she said she had given the full change. The prisoner

was tried at the Buck Sessions at Aylesbury and convicted on a charge of stealing 19s. The majority of the judges thought she could not be convicted of stealing the 19s., but added that they must not be understood as deciding that the prisoner could not have been properly convicted — upon issues being properly left to the jury — of *stealing the sovereign*. She was discharged. And it took fifteen London judges to do that! One fool would have been enough.

THERE has just died at Florence a lady well known in the world of letters, though more remarkable for the warmth of attachment she inspired in men and women of acknowledged genius than for the fame of her own intellectual gifts. Miss Isa Blagden, the authoress of "Agnes Tremorne," "The Cost of a Secret," "The Crown of a Life," and many brilliant papers in *Fraser*, the *Cornhill*, and *All the Year Round*, was linked to Mr. Browning and his illustrious wife by the ties of the closest friendship. She nursed the poetess in her final illness, and performed the same loving office for Theodosia Trollope, to whose memory, as to that of Mrs. Browning, grateful Florence has erected a commemorative tablet. It may be added that her charitable presence gladdened the last moments of many obscure sufferers in the fair city where she lived and died, and where she will long be remembered as a conspicuous and honored figure.

WE all know that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but it would hardly be supposed that prose, even when read aloud by such a master of the art as Victor Hugo, could attract cattle from their pastures to drink in the mellifluous accents of that great writer. Yet we are assured by one of his friends, in a work just published under the title of "Artists judged by each other," that Victor Hugo was reading aloud to a group of friends in a field near Hauteville House, when a cow grazing in the neighboring meadow came up to the gate separating the two fields, and leaning her neck over the top bar, seemed wrapt in attention. When he had finished reading she went back to her pasture, but as soon as he commenced a fresh piece she returned to her former position at the gate, appearing to derive immense pleasure from the literary treat in which she was a partaker. M. Stapfer, the author of this work, has a very unkind hit at Victor Hugo's two disciples, Paul Meurice and Auguste Vacquerie, for he adds that when the great man passed the book to them, the cow, who evidently knew how to distinguish between real genius and mere literary skill, unceremoniously went off to rejoin the rest of the herd. In the same book we learn that Victor Hugo does not entertain a very high opinion of Racine, whom he considers a writer of the second or third order, and accuses of committing flagrant mistakes of grammar. Poor Balzac, were he still alive, would be horrified to know that "he is not a writer; he is utterly devoid of style and elegance." This, in spite of his adroit flattery, when he declared that Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and himself were the only three Frenchmen who understood their own language.

THERE are some things too sacred for public display, and among them may be classed the art and mystery of "getting up" a newspaper. It is announced, however, in a letter from Vienna, that at the International Exhibition now being organized in that city, one of the great sights is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers, and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The industrious journalists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand, the well-known rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be on view at work of the most varied kind; some at leaders, others at reviews; and a few even (if the character of Austrian journalism is to be rigorously maintained) at the incubation of canards. To complete the picture, a certain number of importunate visitors, anxious to obtain "favorable notices" or to reply to just but unpalatable criticisms, should be allowed to appear. It is to be hoped that the literary performers will be well up in their parts; that the editors will wear a becomingly grave aspect, and that the writers will not be seen pausing for lack of inspiration, or refreshing their memories too frequently by turning to books of reference. Cobbett once expressed a desire to bring all the journalists of London together on Kennington Common, that newspaper readers might see by what sort of men they allowed themselves to be influenced. The writers of the *Neue Freie Presse* had probably never heard of Cobbett's amusing but not very intelligent sneer. They, at all events, are the heroic gentlemen who, with a love of publicity which proves that their hearts are in their profession, propose during the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition to do their literary and journalistic work in the presence of as many thousands of sight-seers as can be got together from all parts of the world.

MANY admirers of Goethe, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will miss the pleasant house in the Goethe Platz, Weimar, where the daughter-in-law of the poet used to receive visitors and keep up in some degree the literary tradition of the place. The Frau von Goethe was hospitable, especially towards the English; and at her little reunions the Grand Duke and Duchess of Weimar would drop in unceremoniously, and, over the tea and brown bread and butter, discuss art, literature, and music with two or three intimate friends of their hostess and such visitors as had been presented to her. She would have been a handsome old lady but for a projecting jaw; but she was vivacious, deeply interested in literature, and spoke English fluently and willingly. When she lived in the Goethe house she occupied the upper story, so that strangers saw nothing to remind them of Goethe except a family portrait of him, and, it is true, his two grandsons, one of whom is very much like the great poet. But she had a flat in the Schiller-strasse, and for the most part lived there; it was supposed, for economy's sake. Pilgrims to Weimar felt it rather hard not to be admitted into the rooms consecrated by Goethe's life-long labors and death, but so it was. No one was ever allowed to cross the threshold, and even those who knew the Frau von Goethe well did not venture to ask the favor. She used to regret the decay of conversation in Weimar. "In my father's time," she said, "people met because they wanted to discuss a subject. Now it is only gossip and idle talk." She hated the French, their language and their literature, which was odd, for there was a good deal of the Frenchwoman about her. Till the last she was always surrounded by a little coterie of friends and admirers, the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess made much of her, if all Weimar did not, and when she fell ill the Grand Duke, who happened to be absent, immediately posted back to Weimar to see her. The Frau von Goethe was certainly an agreeable, nay, fascinating woman, without being intellectually and personally gifted in a remarkable degree, and she was one of the remaining few who really knew Goethe. That she was sparing of her information is hardly to be wondered at, since it used to be the fashion to print in German periodicals "An afternoon with Ottilie von Goethe," etc. Latterly, people left her in peace.

AT HER WINDOW.

BEATING heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stillly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting!

Hark, yon raptured carol proves
Love no empty fable;
Hush, sweet bird, her lattice moves —
Mabel, dearest Mabel!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ASTHMA! — *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!* — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD. — As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

[No. 11.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

IX.

VOLINZOFF reached home so gloomy and dejected, he gave such short answers to his sister, and locked himself up so speedily in his room, that she determined to send at once a messenger after Leschnieff. In all embarrassing matters she was accustomed to apply to him. Leschnieff sent back word that he would come the next day.

On the following morning Volinzoff was not in better spirits than the evening before. After breakfast he thought of going out to superintend the work which was going on, but he remained at home, stretched upon a sofa, and, what was remarkable, holding a book in his hand. Volinzoff took a very slight interest in literature; for poetry especially he had great distaste. "As incomprehensible as a poem," he used to say, and he would confirm his remark by quoting these lines from Aibulat:—

"Even to the end of my sad days,
Neither experience nor reason
Shall tear from my hands
The bleeding forget-me-nots of life."

Alexandra Paulovna looked anxiously at her brother, but she did not annoy him with questions. A carriage drove up to the house. "Ah! thank Heaven," she thought, "there is Leschnieff." The servant entered and announced Roudine.

Volinzoff threw his book on the floor, and raised his head.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Roudine, Dimitri Nicolaitch," repeated the servant.

Volinzoff arose.

"Ask him in; and you, sister, leave us alone," he added, turning to Alexandra.

"But why?" she objected.

"I have my reasons," he answered briefly; "please go."

Roudine entered. Volinzoff greeted him coldly, standing in the middle of the room and not holding out his hand.

"Confess that you did not expect to see me," said Roudine, laying his hat on the window-seat. He was by no means at ease, but he tried to conceal his embarrassment.

"I certainly did not expect to see you," answered Volinzoff. "After what happened yesterday, I expected rather to see some one with a message from you."

"I understand you," said Roudine, sitting down, "and

I am very grateful for your frankness. It is much better so. I came myself to you, as to a man of honor."

"Can't we dispense with compliments?" interrupted Volinzoff.

"I want to explain to you why I have come."

"We are acquaintances; why shouldn't you come? Besides, it is not the first time that you have honored me with a call."

"I have come to you as one man of honor to another man of honor," repeated Roudine. "I now wish to submit to your judgment . . . I have perfect confidence in you."

"Come, what is it you have to say?" asked Volinzoff, still standing in the same position, casting angry glances at Roudine, and from time to time twirling his mustache.

"Excuse me . . . I came to explain myself, but I can't do it in a couple of words."

"Why not?"

"Because it concerns a third person."

"A third person! and whom?"

"Sergius Paulitch, you understand me."

"Dimitri Nicolaitch, I do not in the least understand you."

"You want"

"I want you to speak without beating about the bush," interrupted Volinzoff.

He was growing very angry. Roudine frowned.

"Very well . . . we are alone. . . . I have to tell you—probably you have already guessed" (Volinzoff shrugged his shoulders impatiently)—"I have to tell you that I love Natalie Alexievna, and that I have reason to suppose that she loves me."

Volinzoff grew pale, and made no answer; he turned his face away, and walked towards the window.

"You understand, Sergius Paulitch," continued Roudine, "that if I were not convinced"

"Yes, exactly," interrupted Volinzoff quickly, "I don't doubt at all . . . Well! so much the better for you! Only I can't help wondering what the devil induced you to come to me with this bit of news. . . . What business is it of mine, whom you love or who loves you? I really can't understand"

Volinzoff continued to gaze out of the window. His voice was hollow.

Roudine arose.

"Sergius Paulitch, I will tell you why I decided to call on you in person, and why I did not think it right to conceal our . . . our mutual positions. I have much respect for you—that's why I came; I did not want—neither of us wanted to play a part in your presence. I knew your feelings towards Natalie. . . . Believe me, I know my own value; I know how unworthy I am to replace you in

her heart, but since fate has decided in this way, is it not better to act frankly and loyally? Is it not better to avoid misunderstandings and such scenes as took place at dinner yesterday? Confess it yourself, Sergius Paulitch."

Volinzoff folded his arms as if he found it hard to control himself.

"Sergius Paulitch," continued Roudine, "I feel that I have offended you . . . but don't misunderstand me. . . . You must see that we had no other way than this to express to you our esteem, to show that we are able to appreciate the noble candor of your nature. With any one else this frankness, this perfect frankness, would be out of place; but towards you it is our duty. It is a pleasure for us to think that our secret is in your hands." . . .

Volinzoff burst into a forced laugh.

"Many thanks for your confidence," he cried; "but you will please observe that although I neither desired to know your secret nor to disclose mine to you, you treat it as your own property. But allow me; you speak in the name of some one else. Am I to suppose that Natalie Alexievna has any knowledge of your visit and its intention?"

At these last words Roudine grew a little embarrassed.

"No; I did not tell Natalie what I was going to do, but I know that she shares my views."

"That is all very fine," answered Volinzoff, after a moment's pause, during which he beat with his fingers on the window pane, "but I must say I should much prefer if you had . . . had a less favorable opinion of me. To tell the truth, your good opinion is not worth a farthing. Come, what do you want of me now?"

"I want nothing . . . or rather, I do want something. I don't want you to consider me a sly, crafty man; I want you to know me. . . . I hope now that you will have no doubt of my sincerity. . . . I hope, Sergius Paulitch, that we may part as friends . . . that you will offer me your hand as heretofore."

And Roudine advanced towards Volinzoff.

"Excuse me, sir," answered Volinzoff, turning round and retreating a step. "I am ready to put implicit faith in your intentions; all that is very fine, very grand; but we are plain people, we are unable to follow the flights of such exalted spirits as your own. . . . What seems to you sincere seems to us impudent. . . . What you consider plain and clear, we consider confused and obscure. . . . You brag of things we keep secret; how can we understand one another? Excuse me, I can neither count you among my friends, nor offer you my hand. . . . Perhaps my conduct is petty, but I'm a petty fellow."

Roudine took his hat.

"Sergius Paulitch, good-by!" he said sadly. "My expectations have been deceived. In fact, my visit was a singular one, but I hoped that you" . . . Volinzoff made an impatient gesture. . . . "Excuse me, I'll not speak of that. When I think of it, I see that you are really right, that you could not act otherwise. Farewell, and at least allow me once more to assure you of the sincerity of my intentions. . . . I am convinced you will respect our secret." . . .

"That is too much!" burst out Volinzoff, trembling with passion. "I did not thrust myself into your confidence; and hence you have no right to count upon my silence."

Roudine was about to answer, but he merely opened his

arms, bowed, and left the room; Volinzoff flung himself on the sofa and turned his face to the wall.

"Can I come in?" said Alexandra at the door.

Volinzoff did not answer at once, and passed his hand quickly over his face.

"No, Sacha," he said with a somewhat broken voice; "wait a few moments."

"Michael Michaelovitch has come," she said; "do you want to see him?"

"Yes," he answered; "ask him to come in."

Leschnieff entered.

"Well, what ails you? are you sick?" he asked, sitting down in a chair near the sofa.

Volinzoff raised himself slowly and rested his head upon his arm. He gazed for a long time into his friend's face, and then he repeated to him word for word his whole conversation with Roudine. Never before had he made any mention to Leschnieff of his feelings towards Natalie, although he might have conjectured that they were no secret to him.

"Do you know, you really astonish me?" said Leschnieff, when Volinzoff had finished. "I was prepared for a great many singular things on his part, but this is a little too much. . . . But I recognize him in this too."

"Just consider," said Volinzoff, "it is nothing but a bit of insolence. I came very near throwing him out of the window. Does he want to boast before me, or is he afraid? And for what reason? How can one call on a man" . . .

Volinzoff buried his head in his hands, and was silent.

"No, my friend, you are wrong," answered Leschnieff, quietly. "You won't believe me, but yet I am sure he did it with a good intention. Yes, really. . . . Do you see, it has a certain streak of nobility and frankness, and gives him an opportunity to give free course to his eloquence. He needs that; without it he couldn't live. . . . Ah, his tongue, his flow of words . . . that's his enemy . . . but it has done him a good turn, too."

"You can't imagine with what a solemn air he came in and began to repeat his speech!"

"Oh, that's his way. If he buttons his coat, he does it as if he were discharging a holy duty. I should like to set him on a desert island and watch him from some corner, doing as he pleased. And he presumes to talk about simplicity!"

"But tell me, for Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of his conduct? Is it philosophy?"

"How can I say? In one way—you are right—it is philosophy; in another it is not, by any means. It is not fair to set every folly to the score of philosophy."

Volinzoff glanced at him.

"But if he was lying, what do you think?"

"No, my friend, he was not lying. But enough about him. We'll light our pipes, and ask Alexandra Paulovna in. . . . When she's present, it's easier to talk and easier to remain silent. She will give us some tea."

"Very well," answered Volinzoff; "Sacha, come in."

Alexandra Paulovna entered. He took her hand and raised it tenderly to his lips.

Roudine reached home in a very unquiet state of mind. He reproached himself bitterly, and accused himself for his unpardonable haste and childishness. There is much truth in the saying that there is no load heavier than the feeling of having committed an act of folly.

Roudine was eaten by remorse.

"It was the devil himself," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "who gave me the idea of going to see the man! A good idea that was! It only brought down his insolence on my head!"

Something unusual was taking place at Daria's house. She herself did not appear all morning, and did not come down-stairs to dinner. Pandalewski, the only person she saw, declared she was suffering from a severe headache. Roudine had scarcely seen Natalie, who remained in her room with Miss Boncourt. . . . When she came into the dining-room, she looked at him so sadly that his heart was deeply pained. Her face had altered, as if some misfortune had fallen on her since the previous evening. A vague uneasiness, like a gloomy foreboding, began to affect Roudine. In order to distract himself he turned to Bassistoff. In talking with him for some time he found him an ardent, enthusiastic, confident youth, full of hope and inexperience. Towards evening Daria came into the parlor. She was very amiable to Roudine, though a trifle reserved. At times she would smile, then she would frown and utter some cutting allusions. She was the thorough woman of the world once more. For some days she had treated Roudine with a certain coldness.

"Who can solve the riddle?" he thought, as he looked askance at her head, which was tossed back.

He did not have to wait long for a solution. Towards midnight, as he was going through a dark passage way to his room, suddenly some one slipped a note into his hand. He looked around and saw a young girl running away, whom he recognized as Natalie's maid. He went into his room, dismissed his servant, opened the note, and read the following lines, which were in Natalie's handwriting:

"Come to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, no later, to the lake Advioukine near the oak-grove. I can't set any other hour. We shall meet for the last time, and all is over, unless . . . Come. A decision must be made.

"P. S. If I don't come, we shall never meet again. In that case I shall let you know."

Roudine grew thoughtful; he turned the note between his fingers, placed it beneath his pillow, undressed, and went to bed; but he could not find the repose he sought. He slept lightly, and was awake before five o'clock.

(To be continued.)

"FIFINE AT THE FAIR," AND ROBERT BROWNING.

If we do not agree with one of Mr. Browning's critics that his readers must pass through five stages of misunderstanding before even attaining a distinct consciousness that he is not to be understood at all, we admit that they have at least a threefold difficulty to contend with: the difficulty attendant on all abstract operations of thought, the difficulty of performing them through the medium of another person, and the special difficulty infused into them by the complexity of the author's mind. Mr. Browning is a living expression of all the problems of life; an embodiment of its conflicting elements and tendencies; and though they are in some measure harmonized in the unity of his strong self-consciousness, they too often give to his special utterances an uncertain and contradictory character. We feel this in all his philosophical poems, and most of all in the one now

before us; for it combines the intellectual subtleties to which the subject so fully lends itself, with an indistinctness of moral purpose all the more perplexing because the whole work presents itself as a confession of faith, and because we are clearly intended to believe that that faith is Mr. Browning's own.

"Fifine at the Fair" is a serio-fantastic discussion on the nature of sexual love and its relation to all other modes of æsthetic life, and turns mainly on the question whether such love best fulfils itself in constancy or in change, in devotion to one object or in the appreciation of many. Mr. Browning says everything that can be said on either side, and neutralizes each argument in its turn; he mingles sophistry with truth, self-satire with satire, and leads us finally to conclude that he neither judges nor sees any ground for judgment; that he holds the mirror to life with the indifference of life itself, and that we must seek him, not in the preference for any one aspect of existence, but in his equal sympathy with all.

The form he has chosen is that of a monologue, which opens with a vivid comment on the sights of a village fair, and passes into a half dreamy development of the thoughts suggested by them. It is spoken by a supposed Don Juan to an imaginary Elvire, whose probable remarks he answers or anticipates, thus giving all the animation of a dialogue to the undisturbed flow of his own ideas. Elvire is discernible throughout the poem, but under a form so vague that she seems scarcely more than a phantom conscience, or a haunting idea of stability and truth. She forms the strongest contrast to the third personage in the drama, the gypsy rope-dancer, Fifine, whose vivid humanity identifies itself with all that is fleeting and equivocal in life. Fifine is the poetry of the flesh; Elvire the purer life of the soul. This double tendency of existence, the amphibious nature of human desires and strivings, is symbolized in a prologue, in which the author represents himself as floating out into the sea one sunny morning, dreaming of a disembodied existence, but still pleasantly conscious of life in the flesh. A strange butterfly creature, *as dear as new*, hovers in the air above him, and as he watches the *sun-suffused* wings, they appear to him as a type of the complete ethereal freedom which the human mind can only imagine and the human body only mimic. He asks himself whether this be not a soul early escaped from its mortal sheath, to whom his fancied liberty conveys a pitying sense of the earthly trammels from which she has herself escaped — and concludes with these lines: —

"Does she look, pity, wonder
At one who mimics flight,
Swims — heaven above, sea under,
Yet always earth in sight?"

The scene opens amidst the bustle of Pornic Fair: —

"Oh trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me!
Like husband and like wife, together let us see
The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage,
Drawn up and under arms, and ready to engage."

But Elvire is soon to be forgotten. Fifine has arrived at the fair. A red pennon waves high above her booth, flinging out its scarlet length towards the ocean; towards

"The home far and away, the distance where lives joy."

A sudden restlessness possesses Don Juan's mind; he is seized with a wild desire for lawless liberty, and the mysterious pleasures of a wandering life. He speculates curiously on the nature of that life in which men seem the richer for all they lose, the lighter in heart for destitution and disgrace, and concludes with the emphatic question, —

"What compensating joy, unknown and infinite,
Turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution — wealth,
Vice — virtue, and disease of soul and body — health?"

Elvire is distressed at this sudden perversion of her husband's mind; she warns and protests by look and gesture, and finally by a burst of words, but her warnings are in vain. Don Juan has seen Fifine vaulting through the air,

with every vein and muscle of her fairy form bare to the public gaze. He has seen the beauties of her face :—

"The Greek-nymph nose, and—oh, my Hebrew pair
Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the mole—
That swim as in a sea, that dip and rise and roll,
Spilling the light around! While either ear is cut
Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoa-nut."

He owns himself conquered. He knows that in her girlish beauty and her boyish impudence, she is but a *sexless sprite, mischievous perhaps, and mean*,—

"Yet free and flower-like too, with loveliness for law,
And self-sustainment made morality."

And he condemns her as little for the evil she may do as if she were a poisonous flower by whose fatal sweetness the idle insect is enticed and destroyed. He discusses Fifine at length; her merits and demerits, her actual degradation and her possible redeeming motives; alternately denies and justifies the semi-passion with which she has inspired him; declares that he has no undue regard for the beauties of the flesh; it is the *inward grace which allures him through the outward sign*. Even Fifine may have her portion of that inward grace. There is no grain of sand of the millions heaped upon the beach but may once have been the first to flash back the light of the rising sun. There is no man or woman of our mass whose life may not emit, at its own time, its own self-vindicating ray. Finding, however, no refuge in these vague generalities against the facts of her position, he plunges into a novel line of argument. He makes a virtue of her vices; and imputes it to her as a merit, that being pledged to an ignominious life she does not shrink from its ignominy. He passes in review some of the real and ideal types of higher womanhood, the ancient Helen and Cleopatra, the mediæval saint, his own Elvire; each secure in her special claim on the homage or esteem of men—in imperial beauty, or attested holiness, or the dignity of married love—and declares by implication, if not in direct words, that, ignoble as is Fifine in comparison with such as these, she possesses, in her frank surrender of all social regard, a grace which they have not. We can only quote a few lines from the eloquent harangue which is partly spoken by Fifine herself, but they contain the pith of her defence :—

"Be it enough, there's truth i' the pleading, which comports
With no word spoken out in cottages or courts:
Since all I plead is 'Pay for just the sight you see,
And give no credit to another charm in me.'"

It is impossible to read these opening pages without being carried away by the distinctive emotion with which every line of them is saturated, and which combines with an originality of idea scarcely attained in any subsequent part of the poem. There is something half-ingenuous in the sleight of thought with which the hero tries to adjust his new emotions to his acknowledged position; defines, vindicates, or denies the temporary fascination in which the fever of the flesh is perhaps really tempered by a curious and pitying interest. His self-entanglement is so manifest, that it can entangle no one; but the final defence of Fifine has a mischievous cogency which strikes at the very root of life. We all know that the best human happiness is bound up in those permanent affections from which the sense of responsibility can never be divorced, but we know also how a restless pleasure-loving, danger-seeking nature recoils from such a sense; we know, too, that there may arise in every mind a temporary rebellion against the banking system of society, in which the most slender income of enjoyment implies the tying up of the capital of a life; a temporary reaction towards the hand-to-mouth simplicity of an intercourse in which if little is given, little also is required; in which there is no devotion, but also no jealousy; no possibility of sympathy, but no tedious striving after it; no promise made in the dark, and no noonday revelation of the difficulties of fulfilment. When Elvire weeps and upbraids, compares what has been with what is, contrasts her unflinching love with her husband's failing appreciation

of it, there is a charm in the voice of Fifine, saying, "Take from me the pleasure of the moment, and give me what it is worth to you." In Mr. Browning's opinion, there is virtue in the very profligacy of such an attitude, because there is perfect frankness in it, and frankness, in Mr. Browning's eyes, covers almost every sin. Whenever he is disposed for a crusade against social virtues, he takes his stand on the hypocrisy which they engender. He considers that every relation which presupposes the highest level of feeling, leads to the concealment of whatever falls below it; and he thinks an understanding which is distinctly based on the selfishness of the persons concerned in it may easily be more moral in its results, if not in its nature. This represents one mood of his mind. But from another, he evolves a very animated, if not a very logical defence of the opposite view of the question. The defence proceeds from Elvire, who feels bruised all over as would any other wife, and answers as most other wives would do; she does not directly meet her husband's arguments, but she overflows in a passionate, pathetic, and at the same time satirical protest against a state of mind in which she sees nothing but indifference to what is lawfully his own, and a morbid craving for everything that has the charm of novelty and the excitement of theft. She concludes with the lines,—

"Give you the sun to keep, forthwith must fancy range:
A goodly lamp, no doubt,—yet might you catch her hair,
And capture, as she frisks, the fen-fire dancing there!
What do I say? at least a meteor's half in heaven;
Provided filth but shine, my husband hankers even
After putridity that's phosphorescent, cribs
The rustic's tallow-rush, makes spoil of urchin's squibs;
In short prefers to me—chaste, temperate, serene—
What sputters green and blue, the fizzig called Fifine!"

Don Juan answers these accusations by reminding his wife of a certain picture of Raphael's which decorates their home; of his long desire for it, and the suspense he endured before the purchase was secured to him. How he spent the first week of possession in palpitating delight, a fortnight in Paradise, a month in challenging the congratulations of his friends. This year he saunters past without looking at it, and even occasionally turns his back upon his Raphael to busy himself in some new picture-book of Doré's. But let his possession of it be once more threatened, let a cry of fire break out, and he will scatter Doré to the winds, though its portfolios were million-paged, and rescue his *precious piece* or perish with it. A happy illustration, containing the best comfort which the imperfectness of human relations concedes to the race of Elvires. Elvire is pacified, and her husband's tenderness is once more at its height. He has already told her that this and that being good, her beauty is to him the best of all, and, in order to prove this, he completes her portrait already sketched in his imaginary procession of women. This whole description, beginning with the line—

"How ravishingly pure you stand in pale constraint,"

is an effusion of such tender and majestic poetry that we can scarcely imagine it surpassed. But reaction with our poet is inevitable and sudden. Elvire's husband addresses her a little longer in the same strain, declaring that her face *fits into just the cleft of the heart of him, makes right and whole once more all that was half itself without her*—then suddenly asks himself where in the world are all the beauties of that face? Her mirror does not reflect them; where are they else but *in the sense and soul of him, the judge of art*? On this novel position he erects his theory of love, or rather his theory of the creative action of the soul, which he recognizes equally in love, in art, and in religion; love being the fundamental impulse from which its other modes are evolved. Love is to him both yearning and possession, both desire and fulfilment. It is a creative intuition, which restores the imperfect to perfection, the incomplete to completeness, life's broken utterances to their divine significance. Such creative intuition is art. Art is the evidence of all possible existence, but as distinct from things themselves as flame from fuel. Every perception of beauty is thus due to such an intimate coöperation

of the mind with its objects, that it is difficult to retrace such effects to their external cause, though the emotions remain ours forever. The idea is thus strikingly expressed:—

... "Once the verse-book laid on shelf,
The picture turned to wall, the music fled from ear,
Each beauty, born of each, grows clearer and more clear,
Mine henceforth, ever mine!"

... But if I would retrace
Effect, in Art, to cause—corroborate, erase
What's right or wrong? the lines, test fancy in my brain
By fact which gave it birth? I re-peruse in vain
The verse, I fail to find that vision of delight
I' the Razzi's lost profile, eye-edged so exquisite.
And, music: what? that burst of pillared cloud by day,
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,
Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,
The augmented sixth resolved,—from out the straighter range
Of D sharp minor,—leap of disimprisoned thrall,—
Into thy light and life, D major natural?

The same idea is presented, though under a different aspect, in the history of a statue which Don Juan has completed from so slight an indication of the sculptor's design, that the dawning life was still *death for the world*. He has bought the block of marble, mere *magnitude man-shaped, as snow might be*, and so brooded over it in the divining sympathy of art with art, that he has brought to gradual birth the intended form of a goddess. Eidothoe, whom no eye shall ever see, but who lives in the soul's domain, emerges *ravishingly* from the master's fancy evoked by a kindred soul, and *he achieves the work in silence and by night, daring to justify the lines plain to his soul*.

The yearning for completeness through something other than one's self, which is the essence of love and the vital principle of art, is also the foundation of religious beliefs. Religion is but a transformation of the primitive instincts of human love.

... "Each soul lives, longs, and works
For itself, by itself, because a lode star lurks,
Another than itself,—in whatsoever the niche
Of mistiest heaven it hide, whose'er the Glumdalclich
May grasp the Gulliver; or it, or he, or she —
The osutos e broteios eper Kekramane, —
(For fun's sake, where the phrase has fastened, leave it fixed!
So soft it says — God, man, or both together mixed!)
This guessed at through the flesh, by parts which prove the whole.

This constitutes the soul discernible by soul
— Elvire by me!"

This treatment of the religious emotions places us in a dilemma, because it impresses on them a purely subjective character; whereas we have every reason to believe they correspond to a transcendent reality in Mr. Browning's mind. The belief in such a reality permeates more or less every part of the poem; it is distinctly stated in page 156:—

"The individual soul works through the shows of sense
(Which ever proving false, still promise to be true),
Up to an outer soul as individual to."

Elvire does not concern herself with the logical consistency of these arguments, but she loses patience at so much discoursing on sympathies of the soul, which in her opinion tend to nothing but the gratification of every desire of the flesh, and she descants on her husband's self-deception or hypocrisy, in many animated words. We cannot help regarding her remonstrance as in some measure a spontaneous confession, on Mr. Browning's part, of the equivocal nature of his doctrines, for their language has been hitherto far more mystical than material, their sensualism rather suggested than expressed. Elvire is, however, fully justified by the sequel. It is part of her complaint against her husband that whilst he parades a universal love of mankind, his practical interest lies only in women, and he defends himself by defining at some length, and with singular force of illustration, the distinctive characteristics of the two sexes. Women gravitate

towards men in frank acceptance and frank surrender of their mutual being; jealousy and self-seeking mutilate every relation of man with man; woman is the rillet which rushes headlong from the pleasant places of its birth, to pour life and substance into the sea; man is but the jelly-fish which inflates itself at its expense. Woman's fullest life is love. *The strong, true product of a man is only evolved in hate*. He must be stung into fertility as was the vine of old, when the browsing goat nibbled away its promise of flower and tendrils, and gained the indignant wine from their arrested growth.

Don Juan does not intend to prove that all women are intrinsically good. There are Fineses as well as Elvires. But he vindicates the Fineses of society as teaching a lesson of self-defence which no true woman or permanent love can afford. Life is one long trial of self-conscious strength. Such strength is not discovered in the steady voyage, but in the fitful trip, not in guiding the steady bark whose perfect structure coöperates with wind and tide, but in straining mind and energy to navigate some rotten craft in safety. Elvire is the good ship. Finesse the rakish craft. Elvire is honesty's self. Finesse is wily as a squirrel. Elvire is too safe a companion to teach the true lesson of life; why should she grudge Finesse the credit of that experience of deceit and danger, which restores her husband to her a stronger and wiser man? The less noble relations of life are thus a mental gymnastic, in which *by practice with the false, one gains the true*. They are the constant struggle to breathe the purer element, whilst surrounded by one more gross (an ingenious inversion of the idea which such situations usually suggest). They are paralleled in the condition of a swimmer, who learns, by constant practice, to rise or sink so completely at his pleasure that he acquires with every skittily drawn breath a greater delight in air, but also a greater confidence in water. In this confidence lies his safety; any direct attempt to free his head and shoulders from the waves, submerges them the more completely; but a mere side movement of the hands, a mere grasping at the water, which he knows cannot be grasped, sends his face above it. He is saved by the very attempt to *treat liquidity as stuff*.

We have here one of the most prominent ideas of our poet's philosophy; the value of error as an indirect presentation of truth; as an expression of the onward groping of our minds which constitutes for us its only direct evidence, and perhaps its only absolute form. Mr. Browning's peculiar conception of the nature and relations of truth and falsehood pursues us throughout the poem under a Protean variety of aspect, which makes his meaning very difficult to grasp, whilst it impresses us with a sense of the vital significance which it possesses for his own mind. It is strange that a person so strongly convinced of the existence of a transcendent source of truth, should apparently regard it as never to be realized in life except as an attitude of the mind, or at best as a shifting balance between thought and things; but we have already seen this duality of conception underlying his religious beliefs. He is more true to his objective point of view in his treatment of the idea of falsehood, which he represents as something more actual than truth, or at least anterior to it; as the necessary negation through which truth springs into life, as the refracting medium by which it is rendered visible. This attitude of mind relates itself in some indefinable manner to the keen sense of anomaly which gives so great a pungency to Mr. Browning's appreciation of life, and which inspires the last words of his defence of Finesse. We are told that she and all her tribe have a crowning charm—the charm of falseness avowed. We too are actors, but they only warn you that they are that and nothing else; they only *frankly simulate*; and Don Juan loves the dramatic pleasure of a lie which does not deceive, the delusion of the senses which leaves the judgment free to perceive it. We take it for granted that this impression of Bohemian life and character includes the more intimate experiences already indicated; though the instances given in this particular passage only present the

gypsy in his quality of strolling player, in which he aims at neither more nor less deception than dramatic artists of a higher kind.

From the midst of this mental juggling breaks forth almost a cry of longing for that rest to the soul which is denied to us in the fleeting appearances of life. Husband and wife are wandering homewards by the sea-shore. Night is fast overtaking them. In the creeping twilight, the plains expand into the significance of sea, whilst the sea itself fades murmuring out of sight : —

"All false, all fleeting too! and nowhere things abide,
And everywhere we strain that things should stay, — the one
Truth, that ourselves are true!"

So far "Fifine at the Fair" is an apology for liberty of life; above all for discursiveness in love, which, in whatever form it assumes, is something gained to the soul; but we now pass from the individual to the general, from the changes of human life and feeling to their counterpart in the history of the world. The thought of actors and acting has recalled Don Juan to the subject whence he started, and he comments on the dreaming habit which has prompted so much digression, and which he thinks peculiar to *prose-folk* as opposed to poets. Poets possess the proper outlet for their poetic fancies, and can thus maintain the mental soundness that keeps *thoughts apart from facts*, the actual from what only might be. We should have thought the dream constituted the poet as much as the written poem, or only in a lesser degree; but we will not dispute Mr. Browning's judgment in this matter. Don Juan goes on to relate how this wandering mood has possessed him since the beginning of the day; how his morning idleness was burdened with *intrusive fancies* and *memories old and new*, that came crowding in from all the corners of the earth; and how he sought relief in music, the *recording language* of all complex emotion. He plays Schumann's "Carnival," and, as he plays, remarks the new clothing of each familiar theme; and life spreads out before him as a banquet of successive ages, at which there is one viand dressed in an ever-changing sauce; at which each generation rejects the flavoring of the age which came before it, and old perfection strikes flat upon the palate till it has received a novel pungency. He sees that this is true in art as it is in life, and in music more than any other art : —

"Since change is there

The law, and not the lapse; the precious means the rare,
And not the absolute in all good, save surprise."

And contemplation finally passes into sleep, and sleeping he dreams himself in Venice. He is overlooking St. Mark's Square from some neighboring pinnacle. At his feet is a crowd of men and women, each so masked as to simulate some face of bird or beast, or some incarnate desire or passion, or some excessive form of human ugliness or infirmity. He descends amongst them, and these monstrosities gradually disappear from sight. Distance had magnified into actual deformity such mere deviations from the perfect human type as are forced upon it by the varying struggle of life. The mask of evil was but the surface hardening of each individual nature, no more to be confounded with the softer life within, than is the natural crystal casing of the Druidical divining dew-drop with the drop itself. We do not understand the meaning of this allegory which separates the individual soul from the collective life it contributes to create, and amounts to a denial of all actual moral evil, not easily reconciled with Mr. Browning's general beliefs. But the dream soon passes into another phase. Don Juan still thinks he gazes on the buildings of St. Mark's Square, and yet a subtle change is gliding over them; they stir, and tremble, and are still again; transformed into the likeness of something new, yet older and more familiar. It is not Venice, but the world; no carnival, but the life-long masquerade of humanity. Here, too, nothing abides. Temples towering aloft in all the apparent fixity of fate, struggle vainly against the creeping change. Inward corruption first obscures their marble glories, then quenches them in the darkness of that utter dissolution

from which new life will arise. Not only temples and their worship, but the halls of science and philosophy, and all the minor structures that cluster at their base, live their day, and are gone. Each parades, in its special manner, its long promise and its short fulfilment.

A fantastic alternation of sentiment and satire runs through this part of the poem. In dealing with what he believes to be the higher forms of mental life, Mr. Browning represents this constant change in all the poetry of transformation; but in hunting it through the successive dogmatisms of history and minor morals, and even science and art, he draws a picture of mere upstart pretensions and absurd defeat. He is especially severe on the vicissitudes of science, which he typifies in the periodical rise and fall of a last new absolutely certain theory of the conversion of tadpoles into frogs. In this universal wreck of human strivings, he claims for poetry the lion's share of spoils. Each other art has trumpeted her own achievements. Here is the poet's work to prove what he can do.

He has shown that change is *stability itself*. Persistence under another name. This is the lesson Don Juan has learnt from his phantasmagoric dream. He has seen life constantly transformed, but never destroyed. Each death was a new birth; each new delusion a fresh effort of truth. Beyond every deception and change there is something that does not deceive or pass away. The long experience of mutation forces on us the belief in permanence as its underlying condition and lasting result.

A final transformation is at hand. Some silent impulse compels edifice into edifice; the *multiform* into the *definite*; the restless life into a *blank severity of death and peace*.

What form does the gigantic unity assume? It is that of a Druid monument which religion has levelled with the ground, because simple-hearted superstition still honored it with the profane rites of a once conscious worship. A thing of primitive, world-wide, mystico-material significance. Ignorance feels the meaning of the gaunt colossus, but learning fails to decipher it.

"Magnificently massed

Indeed, those mammoth-stones, piled by the Protoplast
Temple-wise in my dream! beyond compare with fane,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversified and beautiful before.

And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Nor less to me than spoke the compound. At the core,
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Whispered, which, audible through the transition-state,
Was no loud utterance in even the ultimate
Disposure. For as some imperial chord subsists,
Steadily underlies the accidental mists
Of music springing thence, that run their mazy race
Around, and sink, absorbed, back to the triad base —
So, out of that one word, each variant rose and fell
And left the same, 'All's change, but permanence as well.' "

By a natural transition, Don Juan returns to his own experiences, carrying with him the newly acquired conviction, that, as permanence is the highest law of life, self-controlling constancy must be its highest freedom, and therefore its best happiness. And he bemoans his mistakes and fol-lies in the tone of one who at least desires to be convinced of them. He need not have thus surrendered, unless he chose to do so. He might have argued that in his case, as in that of humanity at large, true permanence lay in the continued possibility of feeling, and not in the persistence of any one of its modes. But the closing pages of "Fifine" give stronger reasons for constancy than the fact that in nature nothing dies; and we quote one passage from Don Juan's final confession, as expressing the strongest argument in its favor which pure philosophy can afford : —

"His problem posed aright

Was — 'From the given point evolve the infinite!
Not — 'Spend thyself in space, endeavoring to joint
Together, and so make infinite, point and point.' "

He recognizes inconstancy as a waste of life. But the end is not yet come. Elvire and her husband have reached the door of home. Her paleness strikes him with a sudden

terror. He entreats her not to vanish from the repenting sinner, to give him the hand that shall satisfy him she is still present in the flesh. We may suppose that the hand is regained, and the husband reassured. He proposes to draw a picture of their future life, and the conjugal happiness to which he has once more surrendered himself, and satirizes it so unmercifully by the description that the ensuing catastrophe becomes a matter of course. He habitually walks with one hand open behind him. It suddenly appears that somebody has profited by the opportunity and slipped a letter under the glove. Some mistake has arisen out of the very large gift with which he owns to having relieved the pleading emptiness of Fifine's tambourine.

"Oh, threaten no farewell! five minutes shall suffice
To clear the matter up. I go, and in a trice
Return; five minutes past, expect me! If in vain —
Why, slip from flesh and blood, and play the ghost again."

We may conclude that the worst has happened, for we find our hero, in the epilogue entitled "The Householder," expiating his vagaries in lonely respectability, when the wife, whose love was stronger than death, suddenly reappears and carries off the subdued if not converted sinner to his final conjugal rest. They wind up by composing their joint epitaph, of which the last line, suggested by Elvire's ghost, is perhaps a true summary of Mr. Browning's belief: *Love is all and Death is naught.*

If this singular tissue of truth and sophistry has any practical tendency, it is that of a satire upon marriage, or at least on domestic life; and so far it were better that it had not been written. The self-ridicule of the hero's final escapade adds considerably to the dramatic effect of the poem, and is perhaps a necessary result of the serio-comic spirit in which it was conceived, but it leaves an impression none the less unpleasant for the slight relation it probably bears to any definite purpose of the author's mind. The race of Elvires perhaps need a lesson: they are sometimes short-sighted and intolerant, and disposed to exact a maximum of fidelity in return for a minimum of charms; but they have some virtues and many sorrows, and we wish Mr. Browning had given to the attractions of his typical wife, just the added degree of pungency or of sweetness that would have ensured her husband's devotion at least for four-and-twenty hours longer. In his more direct advocacy of free love, he almost disarms criticism; for he treats the subject with a large simplicity, which places it outside morality, if not beyond it; while the frankly pagan worship which he dedicates to material beauty is leavened by all the mystic idealism of a semi-Christian belief. The half-religious language of Don Juan's amorous effusions has, at least, a relative truth to Mr. Browning's mind. If it were otherwise, "Fifine at the Fair" would be more easy to understand, and also less worth the understanding.

We must not, however, consider it as the mere discussion of one question of social morality, or even one aspect of the emotional life. It is, from the author's point of view, an epitome of human existence. The wide range of feeling and reflection that is evoked by the slight incidents of the poem, redeems its doubtful tendency and often cynical tone, and converts what would otherwise be a mere satire upon life into a semi-serious but poetic study of it. Mr. Browning's theories contain nothing that is intrinsically new. They relate to subjects upon which too much has been said and too little can be discovered; but they possess a novelty which is peculiarly their own — the novelty of a poetic conception of philosophic truth. He is not a systematic philosophic reasoner; but his powerful intuitions anticipate the results of the most abstract, and also the most opposite processes of thought. His genius is purely metaphysical; but in his unflinching generalization of the elemental facts of existence, and in his clear perception of all that is subjective in our moral and æsthetic life, he joins issue with the most positive thinkers of our day. His philosophy is too hybrid to be accepted by any purely reasoning mind. No such mind could have produced it. But the contradictions of philosophy must resolve themselves in the highest poetic synthesis of life, and the poetic truthfulness of Mr. Brown-

ing's genius, its accordance with the nature he strives to reproduce, is attested by its ardent vitality and continuous productive power. Herein lies the excuse, not only for his subjective intricacies and conflicting currents of thought, but for the poetic form in which he chooses to cast them. To use the language of a modern French philosopher, he thinks in images and not in formulæ, and the language of imagery is his by right, however he may use or abuse it, however it may limp or break down under the weight of meaning it is compelled to carry. That his poetry is occasionally tortured into something less than prose, is a fact which his warmest friends cannot deny; but those who assert that his poetry is always prose cannot have read the smallest half of what he has written. In his argumentative passages, his verse often grates upon the ear; in his most tender moods it does not always caress it; but it adapts itself with vigorous elasticity to every modulation of feeling, and no poet has echoed more truly the entire range of human emotions from the *fine, faint, fugitive first of all* to their loudest utterances in the harmonies or the discords of life.

Some of Mr. Browning's readers have seen in him more than a poet and a thinker. They have invested him with the character of moralist. We do not think such a term could be justly applied to him at any period of his literary career. He is a moral writer in so far that he strives to promote a true knowledge of life. He teaches morality as life itself teaches it, by allowing the right to plead its own cause; but he does not always distinctly advocate the right. He is an ardent champion of truth; but truth means for him the uncompromising self-assertion of vice as well as of virtue. He is warm in his denunciation of injustice; but his justice as often identifies him with the pleader as with the judge. "Fifine at the Fair" will certainly remain one of his most interesting works; it is perhaps that in which the greatest wealth of imagery is combined with the greatest depth of thought; but it is surely also his least moral; not by reason of the tendencies we have already discussed; not because it sacrifices Elvire to Fifine, or asserts the natural law by which we oscillate between both; but because all its argument is carried on from an egoistic point of view, such as Mr. Browning does not habitually assume. His hero investigates all things with exclusive reference to his individual good; his theory of love is one of absolute sympathy; but his theory of life takes no account of any pains or pleasures but his own. Self is the central idea of Mr. Browning's philosophy, as the love which tends to the completion of self is in the present work the central idea of his æsthetics. But no one has a deeper reverence for the love which annihilates self; few perhaps are so capable of feeling it, and if he had chanced to write in another mood he might have advocated such self-annihilation as the crowning glory of the individual life. His instincts are absolutely religious. His imagination treasures the idea of each separate human spirit in all its transcendent mysteriousness. He hates the scientific mode of thought which merges the individual in the group, and reduces the action of the mind to the operation of general laws. Even whilst he asserts the development of the most complex emotions from the simplest instincts of life, he refuses to admit the usual premises or the usual conclusions of such a belief. He accepts all the conditions of an abstract morality; it is only through the wilfulness of creative genius that he can identify himself with a nature which recognizes no morality but expediency in the selfish sense of the word. His Don Juan approaches to a certain phase of the German spirit in his estimation of the uses of life. There is something Goetheesque in his idea of the just subservience of its successive experiences to the development of every truly self-conscious mind; but his egotism is even less ingenuous than that of Goethe, because he is the outcome of a later civilization, and is stimulated to a still keener consciousness of self by the greater power and more frequent opportunity of anomalous and complex sensation.

As we have already observed, these considerations lie outside the special charm and special merit of Mr. Browning's works. We only desire to prove that though he teaches many things in his own way, he teaches none with

the direct aim and in the direct manner of a moralist. The attempt to prove him what he is not, can only confuse the perception of what he is; and to modify even in the sense of improvement an originality so marked as his, would be to destroy its psychological value and even its educative force. Mr. Browning does not think for us; he only stirs us into thinking for ourselves. In every mood of the heart or mind, we may turn to him for sympathy, but he will not help us to organize what we think or what we feel. Let us not expect this, and he will not disappoint us.

TONTI AND TONTINES.

A YEAR or two ago, the attention of the public—or of such portions of the public as are likely to board a little capital ready for investment—was invited to a scheme in which a somewhat unfamiliar word was employed. This word was Tontine. Many a reader, when scanning the columns of the daily papers, pondered within himself what this word might mean. Is it the name of a man; or of a place; or of a commodity; or of a system; or of a process? That it had to do with money, was clear enough. The Alexandra Palace and Park, at Muswell Hill, were to pass to a new proprietorship; the capital for completing the purchase was to be raised by means of a Tontine; and the terms of the Tontine were set forth as being favorable to investors. Of course, therefore, the Stock Exchange is familiar with the nature of Tontine. But it happens that the Stock Exchange has rarely to do with the system, which is seldom practically adopted in our day.

The nature of Tontines may be best shown by tracing their history.

Two hundred and twenty years ago, when Cardinal Mazarin had the whole government and diplomacy of France practically in his hands, an Italian, named Lorenzo Tonti, was in his service, either as secretary, or in some other confidential capacity. The cardinal was at that time unpopular, on account of some of his measures; the public were in an ill-humor for paying taxes; and money was wanted for national purposes. Tonti laid before Mazarin a scheme for obtaining an immediate command of money, and at the same time for pleasing the people with the excitement of possibly attainable riches. The cardinal assented to the plan; but the parliament refused to sanction it; and this refusal, in spite of the vast power wielded by Mazarin, was conclusive. What became of Tonti is not quite clear. It would appear that, clinging to a pet theory, he proposed the adoption of it, time after time, to various bodies in want of immediate money. We read of it as a means for raising capital to build a bridge over the Seine; and as a proposed mode for enabling the poor clergy to pay off their debts. But the French did not take kindly to it. Mazarin was an Italian, and so was Tonti; the unpopularity of the one reacted unfavorably on the other; and when a sobriquet was applied to the scheme, derived from the name of its inventor, ridicule was added to distrust.

More than forty years elapsed before a Tontine was really established on a large scale. Louis the Fourteenth, requiring money for the League of Augsburg, resolved to raise it by Tonti's plan, or by a method based on that plan; and the year 1689 witnessed the realization of the idea by the establishment of a Tontine Royale, the word Tontine being no longer regarded as a disparaging one.

The principle of the system may now be explained. A Tontine is a sort of lottery of annuities, a compound of the two; or rather, an investment in which lottery, life annuity, and survivorship are all concerned. It does not resemble a life insurance, seeing that it is intended for the benefit of the insurer, whereas a life insurance is for those who come after him. There must always be a large body of persons concerned, whom we may for convenience call Tontineers; and these persons form a society or club, to which no new members can be admitted. They all begin

by purchasing shares at a definite price; and they are all to receive a definite interest for their money—definite, that is, in its totality or aggregate; but the interest grows yearly to individual members; and herein consists the peculiarity of the plan. When a member dies, his share does not fall to his widow, child, or representative, but goes to the other members, among whom it is equally divided. When another member dies, another bonus comes in the same way to the surviving members; and so on, one after another; the death of any member being to this extent beneficial to those who are left. The borrower or speculator who established the Tontine is not released from his liabilities by these successive deaths; he pays the same total sum every year as interest on the total amount; and is not immediately interested, for better or for worse, by the death of Jacques Bonhomme or Clément Delorme. The survivors reap the benefit, not by an immediate bonus in cash, nor by a rise in the nominal value of their shares, but by a rise in the rate of interest. If, for instance, a Tontine of ten persons advance one hundred pounds each to a borrower at five per cent., he pays fifty pounds a year interest, five pounds to each; when one dies, the fifty pounds goes to nine persons instead of ten; when a second dies, it goes to eight persons, and is equivalent to six and a quarter per cent.; and so, as they die off one by one, the last survivor will receive the whole of the fifty pounds, equivalent, of course, to fifty per cent. for his money. Tonti was some two centuries earlier than Mr. Darwin; yet he virtually adopted Darwin's law of the Survival of the Fittest; the Tontineer who survives all his companions may, in a monetary sense, be considered the fittest; he takes all which they would have taken, and becomes heir to the whole of them.

But now comes an important matter to be taken into account. Every member wishes to live as long as he can; and without necessarily being cruel or heartless, wishes his co-members to die as soon as they can. It is the very motive which induced him to select this kind of investment. Now the probable future length of a man's life depends on other things being equal, on his present age. If he is now (say) twenty-five, his expectation of life (in the language of the insurance offices) is greater than that of a man of thirty; his chance is greater, in this year 1873, of living to see the year 1900, for instance. And a man now thirty has a greater chance than one now thirty-five; and so on. Therefore a Tontineer has a special advantage if all his brother members are older than himself; the ascertained law of mortality (which is wonderfully uniform year after year) points to a probability that he will survive them all: "probability" being, of course, used strictly in this sense.

On the other hand, a Tontineer lies under a special disadvantage if all his brother members are younger than himself; the expectation of life, the benefit of survivorship, are against him. The two opposite extremes being equally unfair, we at once see that a society of Tontineers ought all to be of the same age, or as nearly so as can be attained in practice. If the applicants for shares are of various ages, the whole Tontine might be divided into a number of partial Tontines, each forming a distinct class, for persons at or about a particular age. There might, for instance, be class A for persons at or about twenty, class B for those at or about twenty-five, and so on; the borrower, for obvious reasons, offering a smaller rate of interest to the class containing the younger lives: and the members taking no immediate concern in any other class than that to which they severally belong.

A Tontine may end in one or other of several ways, without departing from the main principle. The borrower may arrange that he or his descendants shall pay back the whole of the loan to the last survivor; the interest meanwhile being at or not much above the market rate. Or the loan may not be repaid at all; in which case the interest is higher in rate, so as to include a sinking fund in reality if not in name. The money may be for the absolute purchase of property, and not merely a loan; the property reverting to the last survivor. Another form is

that in which the Tontine is to terminate in a particular year, specified at the outset, whatever may be the number of members' deaths in the interval; in this case the transaction has in it something of the nature of a terminable annuity.

We shall now see that the several Tontines worth noticing illustrate these varieties of operation in different ways and degrees. When Tonti brought out his first proposal in 1653, it presented the form of a subscription of twenty-five million livres. The French livre of those days was equal in value to the present franc, about twenty-five of which equal one English sovereign; therefore, the subscription was for one million sterling. The subscribers or Tontineers were to be grouped in ten classes, according to ages; the first class comprising the ages from two to seven years, the second from seven to fourteen, the third from fourteen to twenty-one, and so on to the tenth class, which was to comprise all ages from sixty-three upwards. All alike were to subscribe three hundred livres each, but the rate of interest was to depend on the class. This scheme, however, as we have said, failed to obtain legislative sanction.

When Louis the Fourteenth authorized the establishment of the Tontine of 1689, the Tontineers were divided into fourteen classes, to admit of a more equitable grouping according to ages. The first class comprised children under five years of age, the second those from five to ten, the third those from ten to fifteen, and so on to the fourteenth, up to seventy. The subscription, for twenty-eight million livres, was in shares or "actions" of three hundred livres each. Ten per cent. interest was to be paid on the whole sum; and as the subscribers or Tontineers died off, a larger and larger percentage accrued to the survivors. But the extent of this increase was defined by a special limit. The interest was not to continue payable until every one of the Tontineers was dead; nor was any particular year named when it was to cease. The limit assumed this form—that a maximum annual amount of interest was named, beyond which no Tontineers should receive, let their ages be what they might, or the survivors as few as they might. No one was to receive more than a hundred thousand livres a year (which was considerably less than half per cent. on the original advance of twenty-eight millions), even if he were the last and only survivor. It was in this way that the government hoped to reimburse themselves for the very heavy commencing interest of ten per cent.

This mode of constructing a Tontine might be made as equitable as any other, if the original calculations were well made; for the annual rate of interest when the operation begins ought to have some clear relation to the mode and time in which it is to end. There seems to have been something wrong, however; seeing that the last survivor never received more than a fraction of the promised hundred thousand livres a year. This last survivor was Charlotte Bonnechay Barbier, who lived to see her ninety-sixth year. Old Charlotte, who was the widow of a surgeon, did not receive so much as the original prospectus promised; but in 1726, the last year of her life, she certainly might regard herself as a lucky woman, considering the large sum she took out compared with the small sum she paid in 1689.

During the eighteenth century there were nine or ten Tontines in France. The latest that was brought forward by the government was in 1756; the most important of those organized by other parties were called the *Caisse Lafarge*, and the *Compagnie Royale d'Assurance*. The *Caisse* (fund or stock) *Lafarge*, was founded in 1759, suppressed in 1770, and revived in 1791. The *Compagnie Royale d'Assurance* was founded in 1787. Both were based on erroneous calculations and regulations; and became so bad that they were put an end to by law. The first-named of these, the *Caisse Lafarge*, was the largest Tontine ever known, for sixty million livres. When raised in 1791, it was so warmly advocated by Mirabeau in the National Assembly, that the French public subscribed all the money. But the calculations had been so

glaringly erroneous, that the usual law of mortality could not possibly have permitted the promised rate of interest to be paid; moreover, the management was so bad, that the subscribers never received even common simple interest for their money; and the whole affair was wrecked during the stormy times of the Revolution, the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. The other Tontine mentioned, the *Compagnie Royale d'Assurance*, had nearly as dismal a fate.

In 1819 the French legislature passed a law that no Tontine should be considered valid until it had obtained the sanction of the government.

The English have never shown so much tendency as the French for this kind of investment. With us, the desire is rather to lay by something for the benefit of those relatives whom we leave behind us, than to provide a large personal income for the closing years of our own individual lives. There have, however, been several Tontines on this side of the English Channel. There was one as early as 1692; and several in the first half of the eighteenth century. There were three in Ireland, in 1773, 1775, and 1777, established by three separate Acts of the Irish parliament. Altogether, there were about three thousand five hundred members enrolled in them. Mr. Finlaison, actuary of the National Debt, has within the last few years examined the records of those three Tontines, and tabulated the number of members who died in each year; this tabulation has assisted him in corroborating or correcting, as the case might be, the mortality tables and life tables already in use.

Some years before the establishment of the three Irish Tontines, the English parliament agreed to a Tontine for enabling the government to raise three hundred thousand pounds, in two thousand shares of one hundred and fifty pounds each. In 1790, the Irish Tontineers of 1773, or the survivors of them, found that they were receiving only six per cent. for their money after seventeen years' waiting; either the members had died off very slowly, or (more probably) the Tontine had been founded on some erroneous calculation or basis. Sometimes, however, the last survivor of a Tontine became a subject of public talk; and his good fortune helped to stimulate others to the adoption of a similarly easy way of making money; seeing that the only work for a man to do in the matter was to live as long as he possibly could. Thus, a Mr. Jennings, the last survivor of one of the eighteenth century Tontines, lived to the age of a hundred and three, at which time he was in the enjoyment of three thousand pounds a year, the produce of one share which he purchased in middle life.

The most important English Tontine, perhaps, was that of 1769. It was for one million sterling, in shares of one hundred pounds each. The members were grouped into ten classes, according to age; the immediate rate of interest was made to vary according to age; but the payment to each person was never to exceed one thousand pounds a year, however few the survivors might be. In all these cases, Tontineers either selected their own lives, or appointed nominees; and it was obviously necessary to be particular concerning birth, baptismal register, death, etc., as a means of knowing which Tontineer or Tontineers survived at a particular date. The public did not take to this Tontine of 1769 very eagerly; the shares were not more than half allotted; and the government had to fill up the vacancy by other means. Whether through bad calculation, bad management, or roguery, few subscribers seem to have made a good thing of it. Two young women, sisters, took a share each, one at the age of twenty, the other at seventeen; the elder, after fifty-two years of membership, did not receive more than eight per cent.; the other, after sixty-two years, not more than fourteen per cent., whereas the mortality tables would have pointed to sums vastly larger.

At one time, Covent Garden Theatre was the subject of a Tontine, with Mr. Cooke, of the Exchequer Office, as manager. A story is told of an apothecary, one of the members or Tontineers, who was always asking Mr. Cooke

whether any of the other members had departed, expressing his disappointment by saying, "What! nobody dead yet!" The apothecary, as matters turned out, was the first to go.

In 1799, Sir John Sinclair, an enlightened encourager of husbandry and rural economy, proposed the establishment of a joint stock company, with a Tontine capital of fifty thousand pounds, for the maintenance of experimental scientific farms. There were to be eight arable farms of four hundred acres each, in as many different parts of England; two large sheep farms; and ten plantations of five hundred acres each. The Tontine was to consist of one thousand shares of fifty pounds each, and was to continue for thirty years; and the calculations pointed to a greatly improved property to be shared among a diminished number of members at the end of the thirty years. The suggestion was, we believe, never realized.

Many hotels and commercial buildings have been constructed by Tontine in France, Germany, Italy, England, and America; and doubtless some of them could show a bouncing sum of money coming to the last survivor.

The opening paragraph of this paper adverted to a Tontine connected with Alexandra Palace and Park. We will briefly explain it here, without offering any opinion of the proprietorship or projects. The Alexandra Park and Palace Company, in 1871, advertised a scheme for disposing of the property to another company, to be founded with a somewhat similar name. The new purchasers intended to make many changes and improvements, calculated to establish within the palace a museum of science, school of art, art union, picture gallery, concert and orchestral meetings, and many of the lighter attractions of the Crystal Palace stamp; while the park, after setting apart a marginal portion for villa residences, was to be laid out in archery grounds, cricket grounds, croquet grounds, gardens, carriage drives, and a race-course. For these purposes a Tontine was to be formed, consisting of eight hundred and fifty thousand shares or "rights" of one guinea each. It was one of those Tontines which terminate at a specified date, not of those which last until the whole of the members are dead. In this case it was to terminate in 1886, having a currency or existence of fifteen years. All the Tontineers, or their nominees, who survived to that date, would then become owners of the palace, park, and all they contained, sharing the rights of the deceased members as well as their own. What proportion, out of a given number of persons, are likely to die in fifteen years, depends chiefly on the predominance of young lives or of old lives; but the scheme made no stipulation in this matter; and therefore we only know that if the plan had been carried out, young men and women would have had a better chance than those of middle age, as members. There was a peculiar provision whereby each Tontineer was to be shielded from loss—or rather, his representatives, if he died during the currency of the Tontine, would receive twenty shillings for the guinea he had paid in, or as many times twenty shillings as he had paid guineas. To effect this, the company had made a contract with an insurance office, who undertook to give a life insurance of one pound for a premium of one shilling, conditional on the Tontineers, or their nominees, being not less than twenty thousand in number, and on their ages being between ten years and thirty years. (A cautious stipulation this, seeing that young persons between ten and twenty are found to have a greater expectation of life than children under ten, owing to the fatal effects of infantile and children's diseases; while adults between twenty and thirty have a greater expectation than those of more advanced ages: the fewer the deaths, the better for the insurance office.) The public, however, did not apply in sufficient number to form the Tontine, and the scheme fell to the ground. Any later project for utilizing Alexandra Palace and Park does not come within the scope of this paper.

To conclude. If we conceive a Tontine to be something like a wager among a definite number of persons, as to which will live longest, we shall not be far from the truth.

LITERARY FRIVOLITIES.

UTILITY is not always the chief object of literary labor, and neither is "value received" always its aim and end; for in this kind of work, as in other kinds, difficulty and expectant applause is frequently a great incentive. With many writers, more particularly in former times, various curious styles of composition were much in favor: one, for example, would have a predilection for composing verses with the omission in each stanza of a particular letter; others would write in such a way as to enable their writings to be read from the end to the beginning of the line, or *vice versa*, as the reader chose; while a third, again, vexed himself in the composition of alliterative, or, perhaps, anagrammatic poetry. Another class of literary triflers, among others, might be named—those who chose to display a microscopic skill by writing so small that their work appeared to the naked eye only a mere wavy line. Laborious ingenuity of these kinds, so far from being discouraged, was rather pleasurably indulged in by some of the best ancient writers, of whom might have been expected other and better things. Take as an instance of one of these literary frivolities, for which the author seldom, if ever, receives either fame or emolument, many of the works of Lope de Vega—works now never heard of, and, perhaps, better so, since many of them were of a character unworthy of their author. The Spanish poet wrote no less than 1,800 plays, of which only about a fifth occupy a place in the literature of his country; and among his other writings, were five novels, from each of which one of the five vowels were excluded, a conceit which must have cost their author considerable labor. Of this kind of literary work, which has been called lipogrammatic, there have been many instances: Tryphiodorus, for example, composed a Greek Iliad, from the first book of which the letter *a* was excluded; the second book excluded *b*, and so on throughout the alphabet in succession. Pindar, too, wrote an ode from which he omitted the letter *s*; and Fulgentius, a monk, performed a similar feat to that of Tryphiodorus in the sixth century. It has been recorded also of a Persian poet that he read a poem to the king in which the letter *a* was altogether excluded; but his royal highness speedily wearied of hearing it, and instead of complimenting the poet upon his skill and ingenuity, bluntly recommended that all the other letters should be sent to keep company with the exiled *a*.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, the fact that the "Iliad" of Homer has been in so small a compass as to be wholly enclosed in a nutshell, has been often referred to as one of those things which would require to be seen ere it could be believed. However doubtful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Huet, who at first thought it impossible, demonstrated by experiment that it could be done. A piece of vellum, 10 inches in length, and 8 wide, would hold 250 lines, each line containing 30 verses, and thus filling both sides of the vellum, 15,000, the whole number of verses in the "Iliad," could be written upon it; and this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would go easily into the shell of a walnut. It is nothing unusual to find nowadays writing of a still more minute character than this, seeing that the Ten Commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a sixpence. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and scratches, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book, which the librarian has in his possession. A similar effort in the way of microscopic calligraphy was some years ago discovered in London by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll-work. Examining it through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astonished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll were nothing less than a life of the poet, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of a magnifier. This was an evident imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one

time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the lines of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, were found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. One other instance of this kind has been recorded of a portrait of Cardinal Richelieu, which appears on the title-page of a French work; the Cardinal's head is surrounded by a glory of forty rays, each ray containing the name of a French Academician.

While thus some one would exercise their skill in a species of manual dexterity, others would write verses in fantastic and grotesque shapes—a style of composition which was exceedingly popular at one time in France, as well as in our own country. The forms of a bottle, a glass, or a lady's fan were imitated, and this was done by lengthening or shortening the lines as required, though with sad detriment to the verse. Where the design was a bottle, a number of short lines would go to form the neck; gradually lengthening, the shoulder would be formed, and then the body. We read also of verses arranged in the form of "a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pot-hooks." Specimens of this kind of literary frivolity are to be found plentifully scattered throughout French, Spanish, and English books of the sixteenth century. Both in China and Japan such literary feats are held in great esteem, even in the present day; in the latter country the poet not unfrequently arranges his verses in the shape of a man's head—thus, perhaps, giving a facial outline of the subject of his verse; and though the Chinese may not make so nice a choice, choosing perhaps a cow or other animal for the design, they display greater ingenuity by so doing. Puffenham, in his "Art of Poesie," has defended earnestly this species of literature, and gives specimens of poems in the form of lozenges, pillars, etc.; he gives also a specimen of his own designing, being a poem in honor of Queen Elizabeth, in the form of two pillars, each of which consists of a base of lines of eight syllables, the shafts of lines of four syllables, the capitals being the same as the bases—one pillar reading up, the other down.

Another kind of foolish ingenuity in the way of literary labor was the concoction of Chronographs or Chronograms—a system of indicating dates in the midst of words by capitalizing particular letters. This practice was in use originally among the Latins, and was again revived during the Middle Ages. It is almost needless to say anything at length upon this kind of literary conceit, and an example or two need only be given to show its frivolous nature. The line of Horace,—

FERIAM SIDERA VERTICE,

gives the year of our Lord MDVI.; another is made up from the Latinized name of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,—

GEORGIVS DVX BVCKINGAMIE,

which gives MDCXVVIII. (1628), the year of the Duke's murder by Lieutenant Felton. This altogether was a silly device, for it must be evident that almost any date could be given by indicating particular letters at intervals, as in the above instances.

Of that kind of ingenious trifling called Karkinic Poems, or Reciprocal Verses, not many specimens can be had, being of peculiar difficulty, but still unworthy of the labor which their composition would call for. These were written in such a manner that the line was the same whether read from the beginning to the end or from the end to the beginning. There is extant a volume of Greek poetry constructed on this principle, written by one Ambrose Pampere, and founded on the speech made by Catharine II. of Russia, when she heard of the betrayal and massacre of a body of her troops by the hands of the Poles. The following occurs as the opening line of her speech:—

Rypara, anoma ta, ata mona, ara pyr;

which read from the end to the beginning, gives precisely the same letters as read the proper way. This book of Pampere consists of 160 pages, and is dedicated to Alexander I. of Russia. The dedication commences with,—

Onax es o, ethete te Theos, ex ano.

The following line is from a Latin poet, and has been much admired:—

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

Peculiar difficulty exists in the composition of such verses; but still no good end is served by them, and though the reader may admire the skill and ingenuity displayed, he cannot but regret that so much labor has been expended in vain and uselessly.

Anagrams, which have been defined to be a "dissolution of a name into its letters," form another kind of literary frivolity. They are simply a transposition of the letters of a word, so as to form another conveying a different signification—their chief merit consisting in the association of ideas relative to or consistent with the original or primary word from which the anagram has been derived. This kind of composition was at one time a favorite amusement of the most witty and learned, and was more esteemed as an exercise of ingenuity than acrostics, which are certainly nothing more than a mechanical arrangement of the component letters of a name. By the ancients anagrams were classed among the cabalistic sciences, and it was often thought that the qualities of a man's mind and his future destiny could be guessed at by anagrammatizing the letters of his name. This literary trifling was very popular at one time at Court in our own country, and became a favorite method by which those who sought favor flattered the great ones whose influence they wished. One courtly writer, who sought to find favor for his book by dedicating it to King James, states that in the name of his royal patron, James Stuart, he has found a *just master*—this anagram containing what is considered the best feature in this kind of writing, an appropriate signification and relation to the original word. Anagrams were not only in use among courtiers, however, but even the Puritans found in them a modified worldly pastime, and some writers of that party actually commended them as being of a good tendency. In New England, among the Puritans there, puns and conceits of a laborious kind and uncouth fashion were much admired and the death of any noted person there was sure to call forth several elegies, which were almost certain to contain some curious play upon the deceased's name, or characteristic feature; thus, John Norton, a learned divine, wrote, as follows upon the death of one Anne Bradstreet:—

Her breast was a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet.

In a similar manner, Cotton Mather, the well-known writer on Witchcraft, in an elegy upon the death of the above-named John Norton, writes as follows:—

His care to guide his flock, and feed his lambs,
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and anagrams.

Addison gives a somewhat humorous description of an anagrammatist, who shut himself up for some months for the purpose of twisting the name of his mistress into as many of these conceits as he possibly could, but was astonished to find, after all his mental throes, that he had misspelt her name, and that consequently his anagrams were all faulty and insufficient. Some writers appear to have had a peculiar facility in composing anagrams, for a French poet one day sent his mistress no less than three dozen of them, all written upon her name, which was Magdelaine. Anagrams were as frequently sarcastic, however, as complimentary; and thus, though Scaliger might have felt the palpable hit in having his name rendered into *sacrilège*, Sir John Wiat might have enjoyed the anagram as a compliment, which said Wiat was a *wit*, and this latter is a very simple example. The ingenious writer who discovered in Pilate's question, "*Quid est veritas?*" (What is truth?) its own answer, "*Est vir qui adest*" (It is the man who is here), found one of the best and neatest anagrams which has yet been written. Of those which have been reckoned among the best of these literary trifles, are the one upon the mistress of Charles IX. of France, Maria Touchet, *le charme tout* (I charm all); and another upon a lady named Eleanor Davies, who belonged to the

court of Charles I., and pretended to be possessed of supernatural and prophetic powers. To substantiate this assertion on her part, she anagrammatized her name, Eleanor Davis, into "Reveal, O Daniel!" and this, though faulty in regard to having too much by a letter *l*, and too little by an *s*, was sufficient in her mind to justify her assumption. Arraigned before the Court of High Commission, the judges found that reasoning had no effect upon her, all attempts to disprove by Scripture her claims to inspiration being of no avail, till at length one of the deans took a pen and wrote another and more excellent anagram upon her name: "Dame Eleanor Davies; *Never so mad a ladie!*" This had the desired effect — the engineer being hoist with his own petard — and put the prophetic lady into so despondent a state, that she never afterwards put forth a claim to supernatural powers. The word "monastery" has been a fruitful source of anagrams, for it has been twisted and transposed into many different renderings: as Nasty Rome, More nasty, Stone Mary, Mean story, Money arts, Torny means, Many tears, No mastery, etc., etc.

Another curious phase of literary labor is alliteration, which has been considered by some critics a "false ornament in poetry;" by others it has been looked upon as frivolous, while a third class have sanctioned its use as a worthy and impressive embellishment. It is a somewhat mechanical aid to the rhythm of verse, and in the reciting or reading of a long piece of poetry, the reader might find his organs of speech aided in some degree by the succession of similar sounds, and it might also have a pleasant sound to those who heard. This, however, could only apply for a short time, for alliteration too long continued would weary and become ridiculous, and suggest that a laborious effort had been made to keep up the alliterative strain, and the pleasure derived from it would only be as transitory as that derived from witnessing the clever feats of an acrobat, with a corresponding sigh of relief when the performance was safely concluded. Alliterative writing does not necessarily imply, however, that each word or syllable must commence with the same letter, it being sufficient that a repetition of similar or imitative sounds are produced, so as to give a certain degree of harmony and strength; and in the sense of its utility in this way it has been used by the whole range of poets. In the early ages such a feature in poetry might have been welcome, and in some degree necessary, when the rhyme was usually wanting, and something was needed to fix the attention and create an interest. In this way, we find that in the Scandinavian and old German poetry, alliteration took the place of rhyme; and even yet, Icelandic poetry considers the same feature its greatest charm. Alliteration does, however, when sparingly and discreetly used, add to the beauty of a poetical sentiment, and may also aid the force and piquancy of a witty remark. For the one, take an example from Sidney Smith, who, when contrasting the position of curates and the high dignitaries of the English Church, spoke of them as "the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs;" for the other, take Pope's line:—

Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green.

Thus, when an alliterative phrase preents itself with some degree of spontaneity, it adds to the expression of the sentiment; but when hunted after and strained for, it is as certain to deform it. Our early poets, Spenser, Dryden, Gray — the latter two professing to take their style from the first-named — all dealt largely in alliteration. Gray especially gave particular heed to this embellishment, and, in his Odes, almost every strophe begins with an alliterative line, thus:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king."
 "Weave the warp, weave the woof."
 "Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin."
 "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The early Scottish poets also used this style frequently — Gawain, Douglas, Dunbar, and Alexander Scot especially.

'The "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," by Dunbar, contains the following verse:—

Then Ire came in, with sturt and strife,
 His hand was aye upon his knife,
 He brandeist like a bear;
 Boasters, braggarts, and bargainers,
 After him passit in pairs,
 Ali bodin in feir of weir.
 Next in the dance followed Envy,
 Filled full of feud and felony,
 Hid malice and despitie.

Alexander Scot, who has been called the Scottish Anacreon, sent "Ane New Year's Gift" to Queen Mary, which contains many alliterative lines, such as the following; when speaking of the Reformers, he says they go about —

[Rugging and ryving up kirk rents like rooks;

and the Address concludes with a stanza beginning:—

Fresh, fulgent, flourist, fragrant flower for mose,
 Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,
 Cherry maist chaste, chief carbuncle and chose, etc.

Neither has Shakespeare omitted this feature, for, amid many others, we find this example in "As You Like It":—

The churlish chiding of the winter's wind.

Lord North, at the court of James I., wrote a set of sonnets, each beginning with a letter of the alphabet, in regular succession; and, in the seventeenth century, this practice was carried to the verge of absurdity, when, even in the pulpit, the minister would address his flock as the "chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the swallows of salvation." Our later poets have also found a charm and occasional aid in this style, and Coleridge, in one of his poems, gives a fine specimen of this kind of word-painting:—

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free.

And Burns terms Tam O'Shanter;

A blethering, blustering, drunken biellum;

while he calls the ploughman's collie,

A rhymin', rantin', rovin' billie.

From Mr. Southgate's "Many Thoughts on Many Things," we cull the following acrostic alliteration:—

A n Austrian army awfully arrayed,
 B oldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
 C ossack commanders cannonading come,
 D ealing destruction's devastating doom;
 E very endeavor engineers essay
 F or fame, for fortune, forming furious fray.
 G aunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
 H eaves high his head heroic hardihood;
 I braham, Islam, Ismael, imps in ill,
 J ostle John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill,
 K ick kindling Kutosoff, king's kinsmen kill;
 L abor low levels loftiest, longest lines;
 M en marched 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid mard'rous mines.
 N ow nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,
 O pposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
 P oor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Q uite quaking, Quarter! quarter! quickly quest.
 R eason returns, recalls redundant rage,
 S aves sinking soldiers, softens signiors sage.
 T ruce, Turkey, truce! truce, treach'rous Tartar train!
 U nwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine,
 V anish, vile vengeance! vanish victory vain!
 W isdom wails war, — wails warring words. What were
 X erxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier?
 Y et Yassey's youth, ye yield your youthful yeast.
 Z ealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's zest.

The Latin language has also had its alliterative versifiers, for we find that one Hugbald, a monk, wrote an "Ecloga

de Calvis," in which all the words began with a c. So also in the "Nugæ Venales," there is a poem of a hundred lines, called "Pugna Porcorum per Publium Porcium, Poetam" in which all the words begin with a p. Subjoined are a few lines of this curious effusion:—

Propterea, properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
Præcipitem Plebem, pro patrum pace poposcit.
Persta paulisper, pubes preciosa! precamur.
Pensa profectum parvum pugnae peragendæ
Plures plorabant, postquam præcelsa premetur
Prælatra patrum, porcelli precutientur
Passim, posteaquam pingues porci periere.

Whatever beauty may lie in alliteration, it is to be found largely in the proverbial expressions, and common sayings of all countries; thus, in our own, we frequently couple "hearts and hands," "hearths and homes," "life and limb," "great and good." The last instance we give is one picked up in a provincial newspaper, containing an account of a local fête, and not only the words, but each syllable in the line begins with the same letter:—

Let lovely lilies line Lee's lonely lane.

In contrast with the alliterative style, others have exercised their ingenuity in reversing the process, and made their lines all end with a particular letter, as in a poem entitled the "Moral Proverbs of Christiana of Pisa," of which every line almost has been made, by its noble author, Earl Rivers, to end with the letter e.

Without commenting further upon these various kinds of literary frivolities, we may conclude with a notice of one which, we trust, is unique, for nothing even approaching it in absurdity or inutility has come under our notice—or that of anybody else, it is to be hoped, as it might fairly be taken as an evidence that something was decidedly wrong with the mental condition of any person who might throw away his time and labor upon so frivolous an object. The case referred to was that of an unfortunate genius, who had discovered that there were 33,535 ways of spelling the word *cissors*! Imagine any sane person sitting down and aboriously following out the idea of writing any word, and his word especially, 33,535 times. Imagine the frequent revisals necessary to ascertain the certainty of non-repetition—reminding one forcibly of the labors of Sisyphus, always pushing the stone up the hill, and then having immediately to go back and repeat the process when it had rolled down again. Yet this was actually done—done in a neat and handsome manuscript volume, containing three hundred pages of three columns each. The most patient man that ever lived would have been beaten in a trial of his nature—the crank were nothing to this.

A VISIT TO SHAMYL'S COUNTRY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1870.¹

BY EDWIN RANSOM, F. R. A. S., F. R. G. S.

AFTER making some acquaintance with St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod, I left the latter port on August 18, 1870, with a through ticket for Petrovsk, on the Caspian. I had the services of a courier who had been twice with English travellers in Caucasus.

The right bank of the Volga is often picturesque, though never so high, broken or wooded, as at Nijni Novgorod. The great towns at which the steamer stopped, though of course partaking of the *unkemptness* of all Russia and the Russians, possess handsome features, and promise well for the future. Astrakhan—one of the first names one learns in geography—marked so large and alone on the map, is at less in size and in interest than some of the river towns. Flat it is and sandy, among vast sand flats, which produce

watermelons and cucumbers utterly innumerable for the vegetable-eating Russian.

Government may make the mountain lines of Caucasus and Ural the boundaries between Asiatic and European provinces, and cartographers may color their maps on a similar rule, but the traveller must feel himself quite in Asia when he sees the nomad Kalmuks with their skin tents on both sides the great river, when he meets their queer, flat, featureless faces on the steamer and in the bazaar at Astrakhan, and still more when he finds himself immersed in Mohammedanism in Daghestan, where every feature of life and civilization is Oriental excepting the Russian soldier and the Russian post.

Near most of the Caspian ports the sea is shallow and open, so that anchorage is impossible in windy weather. From Astrakhan all merchandise and passengers are conveyed some seventy miles across the delta between the river steamers and the sea steamers in vessels of lighter draught. Besides this natural detriment to Astrakhan as an entrepôt, any bad weather on the Caspian hinders commerce and restricts the navigation season, which begins among the ice-floes in May, and ends in autumn, through shortness of water, fog, or frost. A railway between the two seas from Poti to Tiflis and the good harbor of Baku will be an incalculable help to the commerce between East and West.

Tartars, Armenians, and Persians are numerous in Astrakhan. If the former continue successful in effecting a cross with the Georgians, may we not hope for fewer of the tiny eyes and almost imperceptible noses, and more of such high qualities as mark the Kazan Tartars in the offices and hotels of St. Petersburg and Moscow? Since Persia ruled the countries west of the Caspian, the snivelling Persian merchant tracks the steps of trade, and the sturdy Persian laborer finds employ where the less able Russian or the less willing native often grumble and starve.

The voyage from Astrakhan to the sea steamer is most tedious. During the night the fiery tail of sparks from the chimney of the tug steamer leads the way, and the day reveals nothing but boundless swamps with banks of reeds. Pelicans, cormorants, and other sea-fowl occasionally pass; an outlying island station requires a lengthy call; and then we steer for a speck on the horizon which in the course of time proves to be the Prince Constantine, a good paddle-steamer, of perhaps seven hundred tons, which after some four hours' work receives her cargo. A glorious night on a gently rolling sea was followed by a fresh morning. The traveller from Russia looks out for the first sign of mountains: at the foot of brown, craggy hills, lie the white houses, the barracks, and the pier of Petrovsk. The time of year was recommendable rather for convenience and health than with regard to the aspects of nature. Probably every part of the Russian dominions needs all of "May" it can get to give it a charm to the Western visitor. I found throughout Southern Russia the steppe and all but the highest uplands alike brown and bare and void of picturesque; but on the other hand the weather was for three months never unfriendly, and the roads and rivers never *inconvenables*. Petrovsk is mostly modern. The new harbor ought to become very useful, being the only one north of Baku; but from the style of progress in works and in trade the engineer may well be glad of all the compliments he gets. After looking over two neat old forts and a fine new light-house, I was anxious to be on the way to Temir-khan-shura, the capital of the district, there to present an introduction to the governor, and to learn what sort of a journey I could make to Tiflis. (I had utterly failed in seeking information about Daghestan, excepting from Ussher's "London to Persepolis.") A *diligence*—a sort of omnibus—was assigned as a favor (instead of the renowned little boat on four wheels—*telega*—the representative vehicle of the Russian post, which figures in every English book on Russia), and the anticipated experience of "urging the inevitable *paraclopdnaia* over the interminable steppe" was deferred. The horn blew loud, and the four horses abreast galloped off.

For the first stage the route skirted the foot of the hills, their shadows then varied by a finely-clouded sky. To the

¹ In this paper foreign words are spelt nearly as pronounced; for the sake the unvarying usage of German and Italian pronunciation is intended. The letter "c" is not adopted being an expulsive, and its sound generally uncertain.

right was a boundless level — the steppe. The driver goes where are the fewest inequalities in the ground, and where a track is made in the dried herbage. After passing some cultivated patches of the ungracious-looking soil, Kumkurtale is approached. It is about fourteen miles from Petrovsk, and on a cliff overlooking the stream which flows down from 'Shura. The houses are all of mud — as in many Eastern countries — solid and durable as the "cob" of Devonshire. Some corn was being gathered in small stacks by the homes or on their roofs; in another place oxen drawing a chair on wheels were being urged round the thickly-strewn threshing-floor. With a fresh team a start was soon made, and novelties drew attention on either hand. The road here turned down into the valley, following it right up into the mountain country, stumbling along and across the rugged river-bed. Here was a walled vineyard with its "tower" in the corner, there a field of maize, a corn field, or a garden, with the life-giving irrigation, showing the native thrift of the sons of the soil. After an hour's jolting a plateau is reached, which commands striking panoramas of the peaky, rocky hills, and valleys which mark the approach to this "mountain-land" — Daghestan. Sandstone is the prevailing formation, and sometimes very picturesque. A village — *ául* — is passed every few miles, and one learns often to recognize its presence by the cemetery-hill, with its crowd of rude monuments and high, upright stones, which may catch the eye long before the flat, brown tops of the snugly-set houses. The countenances and style of the people are the greatest contrast to either Russian or Kalmuk, recalling one's ideal of a race of mountaineers. One may feel it almost an honor to be looked at by the grand, large eyes of the boys. Long strings of carts are passed on the road, the drivers generally wearing the massive cone of white, black, or brown sheepskin — the hat of the Caucasians. The last *ául* before reaching the town is perhaps as picturesquely placed as any in Daghestan, the old Tartar keep overhanging its village and its gardens; barest hills around, on which the sun is just setting; and one wonders what an evening was like up in that tower fifty years ago, when the levelling Christian Russ had not placed his foot on the land, and when feud and fight were the life of the people. Again the horn is blown, and we are impelled at the utmost speed of Russian etiquette through the fortifications of the Russian town, up a street which seems a mixture of tree-trunks, dried mud, and stones. Here it may be indeed well to try to make some virtue of the necessity of taking things as one finds them. The traveller's position in a *diligence* is really like that of "a pea in a rattle." He learns to *hold on* as the victim of the Russian post must do, especially when leaving or nearing a station.

In the darkness we turn out at the Hotel Gunib — the chief tavern of the town — kept by an Armenian, as is usual in Caucasian countries; and the darkness inside renders an entry a matter of time. On reaching the first floor — where are generally the principal rooms, the chambers, billiard-room and dining-room — we find some little glass petroleum lamps (the same that do duty in doors and out, anywhere within a thousand miles this side of the oil wells of Baku). Presently a waiter opens the tall, creaky, Russian-like doors of the better apartments; by "strong representations" we obtain some leather mattresses to mitigate the boarded bedsteads or couches, which with a few stools are the sole furniture. Earthenware may be borrowed as a favor, though the Russian ablutions are usually done out of doors, the water being poured on the hands Oriental-wise. Thirty miles of very unaccustomed shaking indisposed one to criticise long or severely the circumstances of the new quarters.

The next morning was sunny, and I soon turned out to see if there might be anything pleasing or interesting in the little capital of Northern Daghestan. Temir-khan-shura numbers about two thousand souls, and a similar number of soldiers were stationed there under canvas on a hill-side. The residence of Prince George-adzi, the governor, the summer house of Prince Melikov, and the extensive barracks are stone-built, whitewashed, and roofed

with the Russian sheet-iron or tiles. Nearly all the other buildings are entirely wooden (unless the roofs be in some cases thatched), painted white and green, or more often unpainted. The streets are quite unpaved, excepting *à la corduroy* near the town gates, with white lamp posts at the corners, and relieved by rows of Lombardy poplars. My servant ascertained that the governor was on a tour of inspection in his district, but was expected home in two or three days.

This delay was vexing. Though Gunib — the celebrated stronghold of Shamyl — was my proximate object, I was dependent on Prince George-adzi for information and letters to help me to make such journey to Tiflis as might promise most of interest. And so necessity, added to courtesy, caused a stay of four days before making further progress towards the great mountains. In one of the chief shops were a few comestibles, doubtless supposed to be choice samples of Western civilization — most prominent being the ubiquitous and representative "Reading Biscuits." The inevitable "photographer," here as in almost every other town announced on a large board, was unable to supply any views of landscape or building. German though he generally is in Caucasus, I never, except at Tiflis, could obtain the pictures the traveller usually likes to gather *en route*. Most evenings there was good billiard playing at the hotel between the officers, natives especially.

The country around 'Shura was hilly and broken, brown and treeless. On the north side of the town the river rushes at the foot of high sandstone cliffs, on the crest of which are some old forts. Not far off is a Russian cemetery, containing the damaged tombs of several officers. One evening we spent with a German settler in the valley, where he has a very good orchard and a mill, besides a brewery. From the aspect of things in general, I did not wonder at his expressing a wish to sell out and leave the country, though his motives might be more social than commercial, for he assured us the goodwill of his beer-houses in the town was no trifle. His ale hardly reached the standard of the bright, light, fragrant "Astrakhanski pivo," which is the emulation of brewers and drinkers in East Caucasus.

On Saturday, August 15 (O. S.), I witnessed the service of the last day of the Feast of the Assumption. The first day I had spent among the throng of worshippers at the many churches and shrines at "Holy Trinity," near Moscow. Here, on the outskirts, as it were, of the Russian Church and the Russian realm, the observances were fully attended. The church is prominent, placed in the midst of a square, and is colored over outside with red ochre. It was crowded, and the memorial and symbolical adjuncts of the altar were nearly obscured by dense incense. The next morning the market-place in the native quarter was alive with peasants of all sorts and ages, dealing chiefly in fruits and corn. I bargained for some different kinds of grapes at about a penny a pound, and found them fairly good.

My last evening at 'Shura was spent most profitably with a distinguished officer stationed there for a short time, I believe, for scientific purposes. He was a Finn — had been in Chodsko's expedition in Armenia, and was one of those who mounted Ararat — so apparently felt entitled to speak jauntily of climbers with whom he feared scientific observations were a secondary matter. He had been coloring maps of a great part of Caucasus, to distinguish the many tribes (some of which are limited to a single village), and the varied dialects and different languages current between the Caspian and Black Seas. He was a real philologist — knew English, too, though, like several Russians, especially ladies, he would not talk it, through ignorance of our pronunciation. The governor I found gracious, as Russian officers are always represented to be. He did not speak French, so my interpreter-servant from Moscow was required as a medium. He advised the frequented route from Gunib to Vladikavkaz and Tiflis, rather than straight over the high mountains by Telav, and gave me letters to all the authorities on the way. He assigned as

escort and interpreter as far as Gunib a brave officer of the native militia — Abdullah — lately high in the service of Shamyl. I went to the post-office and gave a letter to the master — the last I could post before reaching the capital — its address required in Russian as well as English, that it might be read and registered.

Late in the afternoon we rode out of Temir-khan-shura, and for fourteen miles rode slowly southwards, mostly in the shades of a serene evening. The roar of grasshoppers alone disturbed the stillness. We soon left the Caspian road which leads to Derbem, and on our way passed some large villages: one of them, they said, more populous than the town. The religious exercises of our leader caused more than one protracted delay. His Mohammedanism I may observe was Sunni; the Shia forms of the faith are nearly confined to the coast and other districts formerly under Persian rule. About nine o'clock we turned into the Government house at Jengutai, and the dirty divan in the chief room was assigned for my repose. The journey was resumed by starlight. Passing out of the village a cemetery was on either hand, and in each was a cluster of the people awaiting the dawn in attitudes of devotion. I was afterwards repeatedly impressed with this practice, and more than once noticed the like observance also with Russians on shipboard.

The country was not poor, the soil being very light and not shallow, and generally cropped with maize and buckwheat. Villages lined the route at short intervals; winding between the houses in these *súls* was sometimes not easy or agreeable. The people and animals were turning out for the day; the men and women appear generally to share the work; then they were reaping the barley, stacking it, or laying out the bundles on a threshing-floor; in other directions they were to be heard urging the cattle at plough. The road throughout to Gunib was in course of improvement: bridges, little and big, being built, pretty thoroughly too. The old route of eighty-four miles from 'Shura (described by Mr. Ussher in his "London to Persopolis in 1863") will be rather shortened. Mine was of some fifty-eight miles, leading through the mountain gorges.

We left the road, taking a long, steep climb, from the summit of which is a very extensive view of the 'Shura hill country. The south side overlooked a very deep set *súl* — Aimyaki. For the descent it was quite necessary to dismount, and my horse, once in the village, soon led the way to a house, which proved to be Abdullah's home. There I was soon occupied in clearing a plate of small, raw hen eggs, and was the subject of much regard by children on neighboring roofs, and by the host's two little ones. Putting my spectacles on the boy, he went off with them to his mother, who was preparing a repast which she and Abdullah produced with the graceful manners characteristic of the Muslims of the country. An hour in the quiet and in the dark was afterwards refreshing. I found a "siesta" was usual after dinner with all classes in Caucasus — Russian and native. This Abdullah received from the late Emperor one of the (recaptured) Russian flags which Shamyl had taken. The great conflict seemed very recent, and one could hardly imagine the best part of the men we see having been deadly enemies to Russia, and now even acting as showmen in Shamyl's headquarters.

The mountains here were of chalk and limestone, the strata rising towards the south, as I have heard does Daghestan generally, the steepes being on the south side of the main range, overhanging Kakheta. The exit from Aimyaki is through a strange, lofty, jagged "gate." We followed a brook for perhaps four miles, having often a thousand feet of precipice on each side, and sometimes the space at top as narrow as the river-bed along which we made our way. The rock formation, I thought, rendered the scenery more striking than the similar gorges in Switzerland, Tyrol, and North Dovrefield — more broken, rocky, and ridgy. Before reaching the main valley of the Kazikoisu, a *contretemps* caused some diversion, the path being covered with water through a miller making extra "pen." Where the cliffs were four or five yards apart all was water for more than twice that distance. The lad who had charge of the horses

went first, and the "yukha" (baggage horse) next — that missed footing on the narrow path where water was not two feet deep, and threatened soon to submerge itself. However, Abdullah managed to get it through without my baggage being seriously wetted. I went next, and my horse tumbled, but soon scrambled out. The horses revenged themselves in a fashion by treading down the banks of the miller's dam in crossing it.

Passing through a considerable *súl* — Gergebil — where maize was growing in great luxuriance, with plenty of trees and crops, we crossed the Kazikoisu by a strong bridge, the river running far below, confined by the rock strata to a precisely straight course for several hundred feet. The valley seemed filled with hills of boulder, covered or tufted with grass. As the road approaches the mountain on the other side the valley, it passes vast piles of this boulder deposit. The latter seems packed along the north side of the mountain, the strata of which rise vertically from one to two thousand feet above the bed of the Kazikoisu — the Gunib stream. The road through the mighty defile of this river is in a notch perhaps half-way up the cliff. The sides are often too abrupt to allow a view of the water: they vary from fifty feet to a mile in distance from the towering crags opposite. After a broad valley the mountains again close in on the road. The latter ascends considerably to where the stream coming down from Gunib is spanned by a light iron lattice bridge which carries the road to Khunzakh. Thence the white house of the governor at Gunib is visible, high on a prominent crag. The main direction of the road is nearly straight, and also level, though the actual distance is nearly trebled by the incessant windings caused by gullies and lateral valleys. An officer *en route* from St. Petersburg to Gunib kept company for an hour or two. He had left 'Shura that morning, and on his way had had a ducking in the mill-stream. His white pony held on its way better than our caravan, at the waddling trot which is liked in this country. Daylight was gone long ere we reached the bridge which introduces to the zigzags of Gunib. Many lights on the mountain side had shown where we were, and gradually we found ourselves among them.

The governor's reception was most cordial, and the apologies profuse for a disarrangement of the establishment caused by the preparations for the visit of the Viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, then on a progress through Daghestan. I found myself violating a maxim of Russian travel — never to be just before or after a great man; and afterwards on the post road I was two or three times hindered for hours through the horses being requisitioned for the imperial *cortège*. I was soon desired to join a few officers who were invited to sup with a general of engineers. The latter was on a tour of inspection of the barracks and other military works in the district. The party was a pleasant one, for all could speak French or German, and the engineer had lately been on an expedition to the country east of the Caspian. He had visited the high, bare Balkan hills, and produced his sketch-book and notes. The new Russian *colonia* there, Krasnovodsk, is costly, for there is very little in the neighborhood to support it, but it is hoped it will be useful in the government system of Western Turkestan. A special steamer maintains the communication with Baku on the opposite coast.

Next morning I was conducted, by two handsome officers of the mounted native militia, around Gunib. The town is on the side of the mountain mass which bears the name, and at the only point which is not precipitous, and therefore accessible. Above the town are yet more zigzags, and the road is generally supported by walls or arches. The barracks and upper fortifications seemed considerable, for the force stationed there was a battalion (1,000 men). The fastness of Gunib is about 33 miles round, and the objection to it as a fortress is its extent. The interior is much depressed, and a deep gorge carries off the numerous streams towards the town. This rent appears water-worn in places, and at a height which struck me as far above the possible level of any glut which could now be furnished by the surrounding slopes. Shamyl's dismantled village is in the midst of the uplands. His house is tenanted to keep

it up; it is similar to all other houses in the country, but has a noticeable little watch-tower and stone gateway. Here two stupid, ugly children, dressed in loose blue cloths like the women, took hold of me, and, besides two ugly black sheep with the fat tails, were the only signs of life. From this house Shamyl went down the valley to meet his conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, in a birch wood by the road within sight of his home. An open building, its roof supported by eight pillars, and perhaps four yards square, covers the spot where formally ended Shamyl's twenty-seven years' war against Russia. A stone on which the Viceroy sat bears the date of the chieftain's submission — 4 P. M. August 26, 1859.

We followed for a few miles the windings of a road, in course of construction, up to a newly made tunnel: a route which materially shortens the distance from Gunib town to Karadakh, the next garrison fort on the west. The Russian soldiers on the work were numerous, digging, stone-breaking, and building. They had extemporized huts from the haycocks. They were just then at their midday chief meal, which was, as elsewhere, vegetable broth, with coarse bread and a shred of meat. The outer end of the tunnel suddenly reveals one of the wildest and grandest prospects in the country, and overlooks a very deep and precipitous valley, the descent to which is by many zigzags. At the governor's to dinner, besides his wife, a cultivated lady from Georgia, and her elder children, were the supper party of the previous evening. Gunib is a "crack station," but living is costly. I noticed many officers there. It is a sanatorium for invalided members of the government services. The rocks are apt to be loose, and the ways in the town are very irregular, and dangerous in the dark; several soldiers get thrown down or crushed in the course of a year.

The Russian soldiers are always at work, at least in Caucasus. Here they seemed to do everything. Their clothes are well worn and patched; uniforms are not always worn in Caucasus — sometimes an officer's old white coat is donned instead of the gray — but always the cap and long boots, without which a man is hardly a Russian. A plateau in the midst of the town is useful for drill. It was formerly fortified, and a curious collection of field-pieces and other artillery, native, Russian, and Persian, is now set out by the church. The latter building is a first and principal consideration with the Russian at home or abroad, and on effecting an occupation the conqueror or colonist has been said to declare, "We never give up consecrated ground!"

The next day I rode and strolled about the long slopes of pasture, and mounted to the crest, which rises almost like the edge of a saucer. The wild flowers were yet more plentiful than before, though I did not recognize any which are not familiar in Bedfordshire. The rainy season here is in the three months which end in July, so the vegetation was fresher than in the same latitude in the Pyrenees. The grasshoppers were countless and noisy, brilliant green, black and red, yellow, and yellow-green. On and off for an hour or two my attention was taken by a kind of broken net-work over the sky — immense flights of cranes coming from the Caspian southward. The panorama from Gunib is very extensive and very impressive. Down below the wonderful precipices on the southern edge were the tiny fields of the fertile valley, the pairs of oxen just discernible drawing their loads. A large part of the main range of East Caucasus was visible, with patches of snow on the higher parts only. Countless great summits jagged the southern horizon, but neither the extreme right nor left revealed the longed-for peak of Shebulos or Basardjusi. Between was spread a chaos of mountain land, cleft irregularly, and presenting no marked ridges or open valleys. The northward prospect from Gunib shows how the country breaks down towards the steppe — the Tshetshnian forests shading its limits in that direction — forests connected with woful memories of slaughtered columns of invaders. The commanding heights immediately to the east I had hoped to climb, while waiting a few days for an expected good chance of striking across the wild high

country straight for Tiflis; but being taken with a diarrhoea, I gave a day to rest, and another vainly to laudanum, then started westward one evening for Karadakh, *vid* the tunnel and the valley below it I had looked into. The country to the south has been little visited, even by Russians. I was told it would be difficult and dangerous to cross it, except in quiet weather, and with a full supply of food and of covering, there being little population. and the tracks tedious and rocky in the extreme. The charms of the route I afterwards took combine varieties of forest and cultivated vegetation, with crags and streps probably nearly equal in scale to those of the undescribed districts.

Taking leave of my bountiful entertainers, I quitted their mansion and traversed the great mountain of Gunib for the last time, descending on the contrary side to the town by the new exit to the deep valley. For several versts we took a doubtful course along a stony little river-bed, sometimes nearly grown up with bushes, while the evening shades soon confined the view. It became too dark to distinguish the coal-seams in the cliff, which the Russians work by adits. We could have no communication with our guide, he, like other natives, knowing no speech but that of his congeners; and we found ourselves bitterly deceived by a six hours' ride having been described as consisting of as many miles, the latter being indeed barely the length of the direct line. The moon rising on the left revealed in front a cliff of some 600 or 800 feet, with a narrow rift in the direction of our march. At the bottom of this was the stream, and utter darkness. Some soldiers — Finns — sleeping on huts at the entrance of the passage, recommended us to stay there; but as they said the fort was but three versts beyond, I went on. My timid courier, whose breeding was of Homburg, Baden, and Paris, abhorred such journeying; and his dislike of my tour was nearly equalled by his dislike of the taste that chose its pleasure in such a country. We dismounted, and splashed along the bed of the stream in the dark for nearly a quarter of a mile. The top of the ravine was straighter and narrower than the bottom. The view looking out at each end was very striking. It was eleven before the Karadagh fort was reached farther down the valley, and I was vexed to be obliged to call up the officer in charge. After some delay he kindly prepared us lodging and supper. The host was a devout old peasant soldier of thirty-five years' service, who had been promoted repeatedly in consequence of bravery in the Crimean war. Such honor has been unusual in the Russian army, the full flock of nobility being largely dependent on the state for "relief" in the form of appointments. Almost every evening of my journey I could follow in the first conversation inquiries as to what we each were, our route, and about the events and probabilities of the war. Now I had to interrupt this, for, not knowing if the remaining thirty versts to Khunzakh might prove ninety, I was determined on rest without delay, and an early start.

The morning rose fresh, bright, and hot. Forward the valley was wider and a little cultivated. After miles of laborious zigzags the road emerges on a very elevated poor pasturage, where were pretty little sheep and goats of all colors. In a depression lay the large new fortress, barracks, and village of Khunzakh. The mountains around were bare and wild: though the strata were broken, they offered no striking feature excepting one square, solitary mass rising from a valley on the left, which had caught my eye all the morning. The valleys of this country are probably between five and seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and the heights not often three thousand feet above them. Many soldiers were at the unfinished works, building and banking; several were dousing in the pools and water-falls of a torrent close by.

Here again the governor and his lady proved assiduous and cordial entertainers, and I was glad of rest. The table was supplied by some variety of meats, as well as of fruits and vegetables. Besides household decorations, I was struck with ornamental cups, plates, and sticks carved from a red root, and bearing designs in imbedded silver points. The long day's journey hence was by a toilsome

route, and one on which travellers are occasionally molested. I was favored with the company of a young officer, lieutenant to the governor of Botlikh, the next lodging-place. He was a Mohammedan, belonging to one of the old territorial families of this the country of the Avars. He had been in the military academy at St. Petersburg, and his intelligence and polish, in addition to his general appearance, gave one the impression of a cultivated, genial German. I was again and again struck with a superiority in the Tartar blood of Kazan, in the few old Tartar families of Poland, and in the Tartar and other stocks in East Caucasus, all of them retaining more or less strictly their ancient faith and worship, thanks to the restrictive jealousy which the Russian State so wisely bears towards its Church.

We journeyed for some hours on the elevated pasture land, not unfrequently crossing rills and streams which support the herbage for numbers of sheep and horses. The herdsman, whether on foot or on horseback, is a curious object in the Caucasian landscape; his *bourka* like a conical roof obscuring the man, or perhaps supporting his "chimney-pot" — the massive upright cylindrical hat of sheepskin. This *bourka* is his one protection against cold and wet; a stiff, round cloak made of a thick coat of cow's hair, felted on the inner side. It is made similarly to the woollen felt for tents (the *kibitkas* of the Tartars), which is a quarter of an inch or more thick, and almost impervious to heat, cold, or damp. The best *bourkas* are made in this neighborhood, and the price at a fair is about twenty shillings. I afterwards noticed many loads of them *en route* for the towns of the steppe.

Curiosity led me to enter a little mill which stood by the way. It was a mud box, perhaps six feet in height and width, the length being rather greater; the water entering on one side, a dashing mill-race coming from under it on the other, and some dust of the trade marking the doorway. The "honest miller" was represented by two children; they shovelled barley into the hollowed tree-stem from which the stones were supplied; the meal descended into a similar trough, out of which the sacks were filled, and then put ready for the farmer's donkey. The little mill-stones were apparently just above the primitive turbine or radial water-wheel, which was under the floor, a single shaft sufficing, while the water, conducted down a steep enclosed spout, impelled the spokes of the wheel by its velocity.

The day wore on as we passed the abrupt bare brows which overlook the next large valley. We sought rest in a village below; and unpinning the door of a good cottage, we found a tidy, shady room. The occupants were away; there were earthen bottles on the floor, and a table, in the drawer of which were a Koran and a Mecca passport, common signs of a Moslem home. We started on down steep chalky crags to the bank of the river — a *kara koiu* they called it — and a *black water* it was, opaque with the washings of its upper course. A grassy orchard of peach, apple, and vine was an agreeable and refreshing resting-place for the delayed midday meal. After much time was lost in waiting for the needed relay of horses, we followed a good road up to the left bank of the river for many miles. Crowds of natives were passed; many were returning from their meadows with asses loaded with hay, the slight burden being placed in paniers or in a capacious frame which bestrode the little beast like a letter W. The sun set behind mountains to the right, and thunder and lightning threatened in front, deepening the frowns of a most wild and precipitous defile. The mountains here are very abrupt, and the dangerousness of the road, which hardly finds its broken way, often at a height of 100 or 200 feet above the stream, renders the journey more striking.

Before reaching the village of Tlokh some curious salt-works are passed. Saline streams issue from the foot of the mountain, and are caught in earth pans or tanks (for filtration and evaporation) just before entering the river. They extend for a quarter of a mile along the side of the road. Wending through the rugged little village we suddenly mounted in single file one of Shamyl's bridges, a

fragile structure of fir-trees. Each course of logs juttied endwise beyond the preceding one, and successively overhanging the abyss from either side, slanted upwards towards the apex, where a rather doubtful bond was maintained between the unwilling timbers. Soon after this we reached a place where the road had fallen, so had to make a round by a large village (Enkhelli) set on a rocky declivity. The way through the place was under houses and rock, for near 300 yards of dark passages. Emerging, strong moonlight showed the very broad, stony bed of a torrent which was to be crossed. The Karasu was last crossed by an English-made iron bridge near the abandoned, fatal, fever-stricken fort of Preobrajenski. Some of Shamyl's vast mountain wall is here observable. It was constructed of loose stones only, and about the height of a man; its wandering course sometimes marked by a little embrasure or rude battery.

We pulled up at the governor's house at Botlikh by nine o'clock, and received a good supper and quarters. It was sultry. I paced the stone terrace of the mansion for some time waiting for the yukha, which was belated, and watching the lightning playing over the bare mountains in front. As my course was now northward toward the steppe, and Tiflis was behind me, I wanted to push on and get over the détour. My kind conductor of the previous day started us in the morning with two old native militia, Jesus and Mahomet. The latter proved chatty — not that we knew Russian, but we very often exchanged looks and signs, and sometimes sweetmeats. It is interesting to try to convey feelings, ideas, and facts without using the tongue, and surely in no part of the world is it so necessary as in this polyglot land, where a native can hardly make himself understood when he has crossed a mountain or followed a stream for twenty miles.

Winding and climbing up for some hours, we left the walnut trees and cornfields far below. Before finishing the ascent we were caught in a heavy rain cloud. I took refuge in a haycock; the escort untied their *bourkas* from their saddles, and unfolding them quietly awaited the sunshine, which was flitting over the slopes before us. We had rich views of valley, mountains, and clouds. The little broken plain of Botlikh is very picturesque, and I should think very fruitful. The temperature was much lower at top; the bright green, grassy, rolling hills, and soon a bright blue lake, — the first and almost only one I saw during my whole tour, — were refreshing to mind and body after bare hill-sides and confined valleys. My watch has been useful in lonely situations to tell the time for midday prayers. This day the halt was with several herdsmen, who were minding their cattle, sheep, or horses. My nag lost a stirrup in rolling on the soft grass, and the search for it prolonged our delay. We again ascended green slopes, and on a ridge perhaps more than 7,000 feet high were for some minutes in biting wind and rain. Getting under the clouds another valley opened before us, with fields of corn, which our horses were eager to taste, and, beyond, a village of the usual sort, with a large tower in the middle. The latter is generally square in this country, and in height from twenty to fifty feet. A few more *versts* and we were glad to find comfort in the white tents of the little camp set just above the second Forelno lake. The name is from the trout (*forel*), which is taken by line. The captain in charge was a Pole, and so we were heartily entertained. Outside, dismal silent mists alternated with driving rains.

The next day was the last of mountain and horseback in Daghestan — no more ascending. The kind Pole and his aide, a captain of engineers, accompanied us for two or three hours along the irregular rocky shore of the lake, which was perhaps as beautiful as it could be without tree or bush; then on the line of a new road to Viden, which they were constructing. Natives were at work with the soldiers, and the task was in many parts laborious and tedious. We witnessed one blasting and the echo, and were afterwards several times unpleasantly near to the flying fragments, from explosions far above. All the processes and stages of road-making (blasting, digging, leveling, and metalling) were witnessed, for all the day's journey

was along the new route, and often bad enough. Where the work required was slight the way seemed finished, but where the mountain side presented a precipice there was merely a notch, perhaps hardly so wide as the horse's body. On the open uplands people were chopping the herbage, which here included a great variety of not very esculent growths. They were screaming and chanting as though to the eagles, and always ready to talk with the passer-by. Then at last came the view of the distant steppe, and in the foreground of the grand prospect were charming great green slopes, studded with bushes and trees. A long steep descent among mountain ash, acacia, and sycamore, led to a warm wooded valley, which traverses the great forest border of Daghestan, here about twenty-five miles wide. Four miles farther, across meadows, by the side of a rippling stream, lay Viden. This place consists of a strong, white wall, enclosing a square of mud, trees, and houses — stagnant ditches surround the dwellings, and after what we had heard of fever in more auspicious places, I did not much relish a night in what appeared, from the recent rains, like an enclosed marsh.

The next day's journey of forty miles, mostly level, was interesting for little save as a contrast with what we had passed before. The mode of travelling was by veritable paracloznaia, the rudest little wagon with a bit of hay for protection in the jolts. (The vehicle is "telega," the mode of travelling, or the "turn-out" itself, is termed either "paracloznaia," or if, as usual, drawn by three horses, "troika.") The destination was Grosnai, a fortified town and Russian settlement on the road between the Caspian Sea and Vladikavkaz. The Viden valley is clothed throughout with foliage, and the windings of the route sometimes lead through a sultry wood, with dense undergrowth, soon opening again on a prospect enhanced by river and rocks. Each verst is marked by a burnt tree, and there yet remains some of the sentry stations perched on a scaffold perhaps ten yards high. The forenoon halt for breakfast was at the foot of Arsinoe, where the valley debouches on the plain. Southward some mountain snows gleamed in the sun. Yellow hollyhocks were splendid among the brushwood of the open country. There were filberts and hops, the largest I ever saw, and the wilderness was made up of elders and a spiny bush with large yellow berries.

A few miles before Grosnai we heard the roar of water, and found ourselves near an expanse of rocks and stones, — the bed of the Argon, — an indefinite width, but doubtless often covered for half a mile. We crossed with some difficulty; there were three streams, the last nearly a yard deep. In the deepest part some buffaloes, drawing a heavy cartload with some people a-top, were stubbornly enjoying the water, as, indeed, they are apt to under such circumstances. We crossed the river Sunsha by a large bridge, and after a long drive through the ragged-looking town, found some very fair quarters in an inn kept by a Jew. He was attentive, and appeared more to advantage on a week day than on Sabbath,¹ which was the morrow, and which he observed by an extra exhilaration of wodka. We also left on that day, and perhaps he was the less agreeable from objecting on principle to parting with customers on the day of rest.

Here we really did encounter the stir caused by the imperial progress, the Grand Duke Michael, Viceroy of Caucasia, being expected at Grosnai next morning. The first thing in preparing for a journey by the Russian post is the "padarojnia," or order for horses, for there is trouble and delay in getting it, excepting in small places. My servant was occupied for hours in vainly seeking the needed authorities; they were away or inaccessible. The chief of the governor's staff, a mighty German, was kind, but hopeless of our getting on even if we found horses for the first stage. He promptly and precisely gave us the news of Sedan, which (my courier being a German) made us both for the time almost indifferent to our diffi-

culties. I repeatedly found the best news of the war from the German officers in the Russian service, who had direct telegrams frequently.

The next morning rose clear and hot. All — natives and Russians — were agog, and absorbed with the imminent advent of their ruler. I had walked through part of the dreary town, — dreary because, Russian-like, it seemed spread over the greatest possible space, — and having passed the northern gate and its drawbridge, was strolling among the waiting groups and the soldiers, and the forty or fifty horses which were brought in readiness to gallop off with the *cortège*. Sundry ranks of Cossack cavalry were there to give effect to the reception, arrayed in their full uniform, the long black coats trimmed with red, blue, or white. Soon after the expected time six carriages, each drawn by five or six horses, tore through the town, and pulled up abruptly, followed by the Grosnai staff. The Grand Duke alighted, and received several papers. Romanov-like, he is large, dignified, and pleasing. He wore then the plain white linen coat and flat cap of the "service." Many were the salutations, while music added to the rather singular effect of the scene. Horses were soon changed, and all dashed off into the plain.

Through the courteous attention of the German officer, padarojnia and horses too were soon at the inn, and early in the afternoon we had succeeded in making two stages towards Vladikavkaz. Then we were caught, two other parties being already in the same fix; and from the clearance of post and other horses, which were used or retained along the imperial route for draught and display, it was absurd for travellers to be even impatient.

The village was, like most others on the route, well planted, mostly with poplar and acacia, and surrounded by a quadrangle of mud wall, capped with the common *chevaux de frise* of thorn bushes pegged down on the inside. I amused myself for the first time with spelling out the entries in the postmaster's journal, which is attached by string and seal to its desk. After a wait which seemed less weary to the Russians than to the Englishman, a "fare" arrived from the westward; and we succeeded by a little money and a little self-assertiveness in getting the starost, or master of the station, to give us at once the returning vehicle. The post rules do not allow travellers to use a team, except after it has been a certain time in the stable. As several stages forward were farmed by the same man, we paid in advance, taking a receipt, which amounted to a "through ticket." Not the least advantage of this was the avoidance of the need of carrying change. The currency required in post journeys in the Russian dominions being one-rouble notes and copper (even the recent debased small silver being scarce in some districts), the quantity used of the latter is great; indeed, I have repeatedly started in the morning with as much as a pound's worth of five-kopec pieces, and before paying the last stage of a long day's travel feared lest I might have to part with a rouble (2s. 6d.) to cover a few odd kopecks in the charge. With three white horses we careered over the dry, light soil and the dust-covered weeds. The country was uninteresting, meagrely cultivated, though a stanitz or village of a thousand or two people occurred every four or six miles.

The Sunsha was in the plain to the left, and to the right a low range of hills formed the horizon. The golden hunter's moon rose exactly behind us ere the long stage was ended, and when the journey was resumed its disk, then silvery, was just in our faces. The postmaster was in that objective mood to which enforced laziness and other ungenial circumstances frequently reduce his illiterate class. The tendering influence of a quarter rouble in acknowledgment for the candle and hot water for tea soon brought him to, and also insured horses before dawn. The Russian post-house affords rooms with wooden benches or couches. All provisions are carried, but fire and water can generally be had for a gratuity. For the last stage or two the mountains were in full view, many bold peaks clothed in snow. Afterwards the significant Russian churches rose in the foreground. Vladikavkaz seemed

¹ Curious that Russia is the only Christian country where the Jew finds his designation of the seventh day current. The first day is "Resurrection," the seventh "Sabbath," the rest of the week numbered.

interminable, but passing one rambling street after another, we reached "Gostinnitza, Noitaki" — a hotel well kept by a Greek named Noitaki. After being really blackened by the prairie dust a wash was not a short business, and it behooved a stranger to turn out in his "best," considering the beavies of smart people who were doing honor to a high day. There was a muster of troops and much music.

This town — the "Key of the Caucasus" — occupies both banks of the Terek, where it issues from the Dariel pass into the open country. It is at equal distances from the two seas, and has a large share of the traffic passing from one to the other, as well as of the intercourse between Russia proper and Transcaucasia, the Dariel being in point of fact almost the only road between Europe and Asia. Vladikavkaz is obviously important as a military position, and is the headquarters of a large force, which, with its officers and other government attachés, imparts some gaiety and bustle to the place. Parallel with the river is a boulevard a mile long; the government buildings in it are handsome, and many other structures of brick are rising, including a theatre. The Terek is often a dangerous neighbor, although its sides are rocky; it has destroyed several bridges, and is spanned now by a good iron one, and by another, a mile lower, of wood. When not in clouds the mountains yield an imposing view from hence, and the river rattling over its stony bed brings a cooler air towards the plains.

I was so lucky as to find a Northamptonshire gentleman and his family, from whom I learnt much, chatting in English too as I did not again for many weeks. He is a government architect, and showed me photographs of baths and other buildings he had erected, both at Piatigorsk and Vladikavkaz. Among the callers at his house I was struck with the juxtaposition of a true Georgian beauty and a young Polish Mussulman — the very finest eyebrows, nose, and complexion, facing the plain, intelligent visage, and small dark features of the Tartar pedigree.

For company and economy my courier sought some one with whom I could agree to share a good tarantas for the hundred and thirty miles hence to Tiflis. An old colonel was found lodging on the side of the boulevard opposite to Noitaki's who was waiting for some one to join him. He had a carriage, and its wheels were being re-tired, for they had come direct from Vologda, and previously from Archangel! His family were at the Caucasian capital, and he was naturally anxious to finish his ride. I was ready to appreciate the roomy, easy accommodation of the tarantas, after roughing it in the telega of the ordinary traveller. The former is a capacious and hooded body, with room to lie down in, and placed on two long bearers, which are not too thick to allow of some spring. The ends of these rest on the axles. Such is the vehicle of those who travel far, and who can afford to lay out from £30 to £60 at the commencement of the journey. By that arrangement baggage has not to be changed at the post stations, the small charge at every stage for the use of the telega is avoided, and a private bed is secured for that rest which, whether travelling by night or not, to all but the toughest is needful in a week's journey, and indispensable in a Siberian continuous post journey of thirty days and nights. The charge for horses is the same whether supplied to the private tarantas or the telega of the post service, unless, indeed, the stage be hard or hilly, when the postmaster adds to the team, and the owner of a big carriage has to pay extra, though the pace, perhaps, be a walking one, and he himself walk too. The private carriage, as in other European countries, bears a charge at the toll-bars, which occur on the better roads.

We trotted out of Vladikavkaz by a good chaussée, which, with the grand station-houses, was chiefly the work of the late Prince Voronzov. The shadows were lengthening and gloom slowly enwrapped the massive heights as we drew near them. The Terek was on the left, and before reaching the first station we found the road washed away by it, so the horses had to make their way for some distance over the wide waste of stones which the torrent often suddenly includes in its dreary domain. Lars, the second station, is closely surrounded by the mountains. We stayed

the night there; the house and the stables were handsome, well built of hewn stone, and spacious. Besides the reasonable fittings to a room of sound windows and floor, we found chairs and tables and good wooden couches, on which one's rugs and pillows may be appreciated even better than in a tarantas. The style of the route seemed to indicate an approach to the capital (different, indeed, I afterwards found were the three other routes from east, south, and west, to Tiflis). The horses, however, we understood, have been a constant exception; overworked and underfed, they were a disgrace to the post. Five were attached to the carriage next morning; on whipping them up at starting they fell at once in a heap, and eventually seemed but able to draw the vehicle without us.

The scene grew more grand where the road crosses to the right bank of the river, and rises for once to some height above it. Putting aside the extravagant language of Ker Porter, and also of more recent travellers, these renowned "Caucasian gates" reminded me of the Finstermüntz. Here was the Dariel defile, and the Russian fortress appeared crouching among the mighty piles of mountain, which seemed to close the way both behind and before. The tumbling of the Terek, fresh from glaciers and snows, was the only sound. We were nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and the nearer heights seemed at a similar distance from us. Before Kasbek station was in sight, a brilliant snow-top suddenly caught the eye through a cleft on the right, the veritable summit which Englishmen had been the first to reach, and it was from that station that Mr. Freshfield's party had started for their celebrated ascent of the mountain two years before.

The better view from the station itself was clouded, and the weather became dull as we passed the Krestovaya Gora (Cross Mountain), the received boundary between Europe and Asia, and the watershed between the Terek and the Aragva. Trotting down a long series of zigzags, we made a sort of Splügen descent to the Georgian valley. The old local names, full of consonants, were samples of the hard-to-be-pronounced language of the country, and culminated in the perhaps unsurpassed monosyllable Mtskhet, the last station before Tiflis.

More population, mown grass fields, and a large breadth of tillage, were a contrast to rough uplands and their wild people, to half-cultivated steppe with untidy natives or Kozak colonists. The afternoon's ride was picturesque; basalt cliffs rose from the river, and there were neat áúls overhung with trees and surrounded with little fresh corn-stacks. The evening shed a golden and then a rosy glow on the wooded slopes which farther on encircled Pasanur. Behind our quarters, there was a specimen of the ancient Georgian fortress church, with the short conical roof of masonry. In another direction stood a bran new wooden Russian church, its bright colors staring at every comer. A rugged street was lined with cabarets and shanties.

The scenery of the next day was less interesting, the hills lower, and the country generally brushy. The ride was stopped at Mtskhet with the news that nineteen post-horse orders (*padarojnias*) were waiting already; so instead of reaching Tiflis soon after noon, we dawdled nine hours at the post-house and finished the journey in pitch dark, entering the city at midnight.

At Mtskhet it rained so as to prevent my seeing anything of the curious village (quondam capital of Georgian princes) or of the rather inviting ruins of an ancient castle on the hill which rose from the opposite bank of the Kúr. This stream, descending from the west, passes close by the post-house, near to which it joins the Aragva, then proceeds to Tiflis, and eventually reaches the Caspian. I killed time in watching the travellers, their baggage and equipages, and sometimes succeeded in passing a few remarks, many being educated men, officers of a regiment then *en route* from a camp in the southeast to Vladikavkaz. The drain on the stables of the post was great, and the trains of *impedimenta* which we had met belonging to this force had almost blocked the road, especially when a wheel was off, that common occurrence in Russia.

Later in the evening came the process of shifting the

mails from one wagon to another. Well, our turn came at last, sure enough, five horses at a good trot. We could see nothing except that there was nothing particular to be seen. At the end of a long stage we gradually found ourselves in a wide Russian street, with petroleum lamps glimmering across it; very long it was, but a short turn at the end of it brought us to the "Hotel Europe." There was the very best of quarters, bed and board. Host and hostess Barbe-ron made everything satisfactory, though it was after midnight.

A CHAT ABOUT FEATHERS.

WHAT a marvel of skill and beauty is comprised in the mechanism and adaptation of feathers, and yet how little are these points regarded by those who wear them, and throw them carelessly aside! Few persons even have any conception of the extent of the trade, and the capital involved in the collection, commerce, and preparation of these extensive spoils from the feathered tribes which are now so eagerly sought for by merchants and traders, who pass the skins or feathers into the plumassier's hands, to be prepared for the use of the ladies; for the fair sex secure the most choice and costly for themselves, although they have not the exclusive use of feathers, as military and eagle plumes will testify.

In London alone there are about one hundred persons largely and specially interested in feathers, as importing merchants, dealers, feather manufacturers, plumassiers, purifiers, naturalists, etc. The declared value of the foreign feathers we receive was returned by the importers in 1871 at over £454,000, and the home-produced feathers for bedding and ornamental uses may be estimated at fully £150,000. Fashion causes great changes; a thousand grebe skins are frequently offered at one day's sale: sometimes there is a run for swan's down and other feather trimmings. To what various uses does the destroyer, man, apply the covering of birds in different countries!—for quills and feathers in the arts and industry, for upholstery purposes, for adornment of the person, or for more absolute clothing in garments, whether as tippets, muffs, or cuffs. "As light as a feather" has passed into a proverb, and the commerce in bird-skins and feathers, extensive and valuable as it is, is neither bulky nor ponderous. The largest quill of the golden eagle weighs only sixty-five grains, and the entire plumage of an owl but an ounce and a half, while the feathers of a common barn-door fowl of two pounds and a quarter will weigh only three ounces.

In the ostrich both barbs and barbules are long, soft, silky, and apart, and the barbules thus disposed characterize that form of the feather called a plume, and which constitutes in a commercial point of view the most valuable product of birds. In the so-called "paddy feathers" of the Marabout stork (*Ciconia*) they resemble a kind of down.

The natural color of feathers is produced by the internal arrangement of the colorless plates of horny matter, and not by any pigment. This is also the cause of the iridescence or varying shades of color on some beetles' wings and nacreous shells. The different thicknesses of the horny films interfere with the light, and produce the play of colors. Almost any artificial color can, however, be given to feathers by dyes, and taste, skill, and artistic arrangement have done much to supplement the rich natural beauties of the stolen plumes we appropriate so ruthlessly.

The principal feathers entering into commerce in any quantity are those of the ostrich, vulture (so called), egret, osprey, cock, goose, swan, turkey, and peacock. The chief downs are eider-down, goose-down, swan's-down, and estridge or ostrich-down. The feathers and down of many other birds are used, but are of less importance. Crow-quills are in some slight demand for coiffures, and for etching and writing. Goose-quills for writing have been largely superseded by the cheaper and now generally employed steel pen. Ten or fifteen years ago, twenty-five

to thirty millions of foreign goose and swan quills were imported annually for making pens; now we receive little more than nine millions yearly.

Although horse-hair, woollen flocks, and a number of vegetable stuffing materials have come into extensive use, the feather-bed as an article of luxurious ease, still holds its own in many circles. The dressed feathers chiefly used are those of the white, gray, and common goose, and what are termed in trade "poultry feathers," which include those of turkeys, ducks, and fowls. To fill a small-sized three-foot bedtick and pillows, about twenty-seven pounds of feathers are necessary, according to the kind used; of poultry feathers the most are required. The bed-feathers of home production annually used in the United Kingdom have been estimated at seven hundred tons, a very large quantity when the lightness of the substance is taken into consideration. The foreign imports of bed-feathers are as much more.

In making a nest for her young, by stripping the downy covering from her breast, the eider-duck has little thought of ministering to the luxurious requirements of civilized man. About two pounds are required to fill an eider-down quilt or coverlet; when clean and pure, eider-down fetches twenty to twenty-four shillings the pound. The export of eider-down from Denmark, the produce of birds in Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands, averages six thousand to eight thousand pounds a year.

It has been aptly observed that a love for feathers is amongst the prettiest vanities, the daintiest whims of men and women. From a strictly philosophical and grimly utilitarian point of view, it may be considered exceedingly absurd to rob a poor bird of his clothes, and use them as additional adornments to our own attire. But fashion, both in savage and civilized circles, enforces strange vagaries. The aboriginal races of North and South America, Africa, the islands of the Pacific and Indian Archipelago, gloried in their feather plumes and coronets, long before our European belles increased commerce so largely in this direction. The jaunty hat, which has been now so long worn by young ladies, has given a great impetus to every novelty in the shape of feathers for decorating it, and it is strange how persistent this fashion has been, having now lasted more than ten years. First, the pheasant plume was introduced as an ornament for hats; then followed the ptarmigan, peacock, trogon, impeyan, and argus pheasants, ibis, heron, sea-gull, black-cock, and owl, and now almost every variety of plumage may be seen in the hats of ladies and children.

According to scarcity and fashion, some kinds of feathers occasionally command a fabulous price. Thus certain sorts for hats have reached eight to ten pounds the pound weight.

The greatest novelty this season has been the feathers of the sapphire cockatoo, with adjuncts of other birds' feathers, many greatly changed and disguised by the skill of the dyer.

Pelican feathers, from their soft, velvety appearance, and their taking dyes readily, are in much request; so are those of the flamingo, and what are known in commerce as long and short osprey, which includes the much-prized short egret (*Ardea alba*). These feathers range in price from sixteen shillings to three pounds the ounce, according to whiteness of color.

Paris enjoys a high reputation for the preparation, bleaching, dyeing, and arrangement of feathers, a great number of persons being employed in the feather trade there, which was reckoned to have reached, before the late war, an annual value of nearly half a million sterling. The largest portion of these were exported to North America and the colonies. A new and very pretty ornamental application of bird skins is that of the entire head and plumage of some showy bird for fans and fire-screens; and the brilliant little heads of the humming-bird family, handsomely mounted as necklets, ear-pendants, brooches, etc., form a novel species of bird-jewelry.

The elegance of the feathers of the ostrich, arising from their slender stems and graceful barbules, has caused them

to be prized in all ages. They are the dearest and most sought after of any feathers, in consequence of their fineness and elasticity, being employed for court plumes and head-dresses, as well as the nodding plumes on the hearse. Their value is enhanced because they can always be cleaned, dyed, and re-made into larger and richer plumes, by patience and assiduity in the attachment.

Ostrich feathers, in commerce, are classed in the following order, as regards value: 1st, those coming from Mogadore; 2d, those from Egypt and Barbary; and 3d, the South African or Cape feathers, for which Graham's Town is the central market. These are long, and therefore esteemed for many purposes, but have not the delicacy and elegance of the barboles of the North African feathers. The Aleppo feathers used to be considered the type of perfection of ostrich feathers, but they are now so scarce as seldom to be met with in commerce. For the "bous" or tail-feathers of the ostrich there is an enormous demand, and perhaps more of this kind are sold than of any other.

Northern and Southern Africa are the quarters from whence supplies are obtained. There are feather merchants in Mogadore and other Barbary States, who are in communication with all the districts of the Desert where the bird is found. The price of ostrich feathers in a series of years—taking into account quality and demand—ranges from eight up to fifty-five pounds the pound weight; but their first cost is of course much lower. The import trade in England is in comparatively few hands. We received in 1870, 66,063 pounds of ostrich feathers, of the declared value of £176,797, of which more than half were black ostrich.

Vulture plumes, or "bastard ostrich" as they are called in trade, are employed in large quantities in France, and form the most important branch of the commerce in feathers there. They are obtained from the American ostrich (*Rhea Americana*), which inhabits chiefly the pampas and vast plains of Patagonia, the Argentine Confederation, and the adjoining republics. It is smaller than the true African ostrich, is without a tail, and the feathers are not of the same rich and costly kind. The Patagonians and Indians make plumes, parasols, and many beautiful ornaments of them. The feathers are imported in the rough from South America, under the distinction of large and small vulture. The former are commercially known as "dry" or "white foot," the lower part of the plume being white and the head black. They are used for coiffures, the white part in its natural state, or dyed some light color, and the dark part as black. The bad feathers are worked up into *plumeaux* or dusting-brushes. The average value of these feathers in the last twenty years, has ranged from four shillings to fifteen shillings the kilogramme (of about two pounds), according to the demands of fashion and the quantity received from Buenos Ayres. The small vulture feathers are exclusively used for head-dresses, and are rather higher in price than the large ones.

The feathers of the Australian emu or cassowary are not as yet much used; but the plumage near the tail is long and graceful, and I have seen the feathers dyed almost every shade of color.

The trade in cocks' feathers is very important. France receives supplies to be made up from nearly all Europe. Poland and Russia send her about 14,000 pounds weight a year, and in France itself, as a great poultry-breeding country, the quantity obtained is considerable. In commerce they are classed into several kinds, the saddle and hackle feathers being especially in demand. Large white, of a pure color, fetch eight shillings to twenty-four shillings the pound. They are used for parures, military plumes, and feather-brushes. The general's plume is of cocks' feathers, white and dyed red; those worn by officers on the medical staff are dyed black and bronzed. Staff officers and deputy-lieutenants of counties wear plumes of swans' feathers.

Feather-flowers are not so much prized now, owing to the great beauty and cheapness of the common artificial flowers. They are chiefly made at Madeira and in Brazil; the latter are the best and fetch a higher price. At Bahia the *Solidade* Convent is the great *locale* where they are

made. They ought to be manufactured entirely of undyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, and crimson color, from the breasts and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-colored light.

Feather-work trimming is often applied with pretty effect to the borders and fringes of grass hammocks. Examples of these, with the representation of the arms of Portugal and Brazil, have frequently been shown at the various International Exhibitions held in Europe.

Goose feathers for ornament are obtained specially in France and Bohemia, and in small quantities from other countries. They form in Paris a considerable article of commerce; the best are used for head-dresses, the waste for "volants," the bad quality for *plumeaux*, and the quills for pens and other purposes. A large quantity of goose skins are prepared in France for winter garments. They strip the entire skin from the bird, leaving merely the raw carcasses, which, rolled in paper, is sold for cooking. Many persons buy geese with the condition attached of returning the skin to the vendor. The difficulty of separating the skin from the flesh prevents many countries from preserving it. From the prepared downy skin, a great quantity of ladies' powder-puffs are also made, an article with which France supplies the world.

Swan skins are employed for much the same uses as goose skins, especially for trimmings to mantles and dresses; but they are getting more scarce, as they can only be obtained during the migration of the birds. We get them through the Hudson's Bay Company, and from Russia, to the extent of 4,000 to 5,000 skins a year. Turkey feathers are employed by preference for parures, especially those of the white turkey. The feathers of this kind, which is raised yearly in large numbers in France, especially in the north, are worth from six shillings to twelve and sixpence the pound.

Peacocks' feathers are obtained in many of the collectorates of the Madras Presidency, the gorgeous plumage being shed every year. Fly-flappers or fanning-brushes are made of them in India. They were at one time employed in Canton for making variegated threads, which were used in forming beautiful capes for females. Permission to wear the peacock's feather in the hat in China is, like the European orders, only granted by special permission of the sovereign. Chowries, or large fans, made of the quills split, are sold in Madras as high as four pounds each. Peacock feathers are employed to some small extent for parures in France. Except perhaps the peacock, the pheasant has the most beautiful and finely variegated plumage. The feathers of the gold and silver pheasants are much used for making artificial flies for anglers, and ornamental work generally. The whole plumage of the argus pheasant has been lately handsomely mounted as a fire screen.

The birds of Paradise, distinguished for their splendor and elegance, are used for ornamenting turbans in the East, as well as for hats and head-dresses by European ladies. The genus *Paradisea* is chiefly restricted to New Guinea, and the small islands in its vicinity. From Batavia, 1,500 or 2,000 reach Europe annually. The most elegant in its plumage is the great bird of Paradise (*P. apoda*), the back part of the neck being of a pale gold color, the throat and fore part of the richest changeable golden green, the breast of a deep purple, and the body and tail of a fine dark chestnut. The hen birds are the most esteemed, being brighter in tint; the body-feathers, which are yellowish, are partially dyed to enhance the color.

The most splendid bird of tropical America is the *Trogon viridis* or *splendens*. Aside from the brilliant metallic splendor of its plumage and the gracefulness of its form, there is a peculiar interest connected with this magnificent bird. The long, slender, gilded feathers of the tail-coverts were allowed only to be worn by the royal family of the Incas. The Incas with all their gorgeous magnificence have passed away, and the race of the red men which venerated them is fast following, but the bird

whose plumes decked their diadems shines brilliant as ever.

Eagles' wings and tails fetch a high price in the Kurile Islands, being bought by the Russians. The feathers are used by the Japanese for their arrows. Eagles are plentiful in Kamschatka. The brown and chocolate colored wing and tail-feathers of the golden eagle are used in the bonnets of the Scotch clans, and by Zulu chieftains in South-east Africa. The aborigines of North America also use the tail-feathers of the golden eagle for head ornaments. The magnificent feathers of the great condor, which are often eighteen inches long by four or five broad, are worn by ladies.

Heron's feathers are a symbol of rank in Turkey. The sultan wears three in his turban, the grand vizier two, and the other public officers one. The herons as a whole are the most beautiful of all the waders, not so much from the color of their plumage, as from the elegant crests and prolonged feathers which ornament nearly all the species. The storks all furnish, in more or less perfection, the beautiful plumes — superior in estimation even to those of the ostrich — known by the name of marabouts, from their appellation in Senegal. The under tail-coverts afford the beautiful plumes. The down of the young adjutant crane, and the white feathers of other cranes, are obtained in India and America, and are made into boas and muffs. The feathers of the white or sacred ibis are much used for ornamental purposes in the East, and are also sent to France, while the scarlet ibis of South America and Africa is likewise in request. The skins of the Arctic divers are dressed and made into cloaks, muffs, and cuffs, and are much esteemed as a covering for the head and breast in the rigorous climates in which they are found, the great thickness of the feathers rendering them very fit for that purpose. Russia and the Levant send us considerable quantities of the skins of grebes, ducks, and divers.

In Chiloe, from the long, ash-colored plumage of a species of penguin, which is a little curled and soft, the natives spin a kind of coverlet that is highly prized.

In parts of North America, the Indians make an elegant clothing of the feathers of the wild turkey. They twist the inner webs into a strong double string with hemp or fibrous bark, and work it like matting. This appears very rich and glossy, and as fine as silk shag. Fans used to be made of the tail, and of four tails joined together the early French settlers in Louisiana were wont to construct a parasol.

Old writings speak of feathers being woven into a peculiar kind of cloth by the Chinese. Among them was the Celestial goose-velvet, the foundation of the fabric being of silk, into which the feathers were skilfully interwoven in a common loom, those of a crimson hue being the most expensive. Tradition states that garments made of feathers, and resembling fur dresses, were presented to the Emperor Shauhou, who reigned twenty-five centuries before our era. The earliest allusion to robes woven with feathers occurs in the history of the Tsin dynasty. In the year 272 A. D., the court physician presented the emperor with a gown made of feathers from the golden-headed pheasant. A son of the Emperor Wuti, notorious for his extravagance, had in the fifth century a robe woven with peacocks' feathers.

It was also the custom of the emperors to make presents annually, to certain ministers of state, of robes made with the feathers of the variegated kingfisher. At a later period a princess engaged a skilful artificer to collect feathers of every description, to make two dresses for the empress, which should when looked at in front present one color, when viewed sideways another, and when held up to the light a third. Although the Chinese would seem to have lost the art of weaving feathers, plumage work is still extensively practised in the decoration of metallic ornaments, worn by all classes of females. On garlands, chaplets, frontals, tiaras, and crowns of very thin copper, purple, dark and light blue feathers of the kingfisher, and other birds of gorgeous brilliancy, are laid with exquisite taste and skill.

TENNYSON.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE IDYLS OF THE KING.

THESE volumes (V. and VI.) complete a six-volume edition of Mr. Tennyson's poems, which, for beauty and simplicity of form, for paper, type, and margin, — in other words, for all that makes the act of reading not merely easy, but fascinating, — can hardly be surpassed. But the interest of the two last volumes, which for the first time give us the various parts of Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian poem in their proper order and completeness, — and let him be anathema maranatha if he ever adds to or alters it again, to the distraction and confusion of all who possess this edition, and all who think that they have made the poem their own, — is the great splendor and beauty of some of the new passages here for the first time contained; passages which show that Mr. Tennyson's genius has never been fuller of strength, that his English has never been more nervous and simple, and that his level of poetic thought has never been loftier than it now is. That the reading public professes itself weary of the theme of these Idyls we well know. The literary class is by nature impatient, asking for new things, and can ill endure to be present at the making of a great poem, especially when the artist moulds his work according to the guidance of his own genius, — here a bit of the brow, and there a bit of the foot, here an uplifted arm, and there the parted lips, — and lets the bystander see the elements in detail before they are all harmonized in the unity of the perfect work. There can be no doubt that Mr. Tennyson's own generation would have understood the grandeur and beauty of his great poem far better if his fourteen years' work had never been seen by us till now, and then seen as a whole. It has been misjudged through the imperfection of the reader's vision, through the slowness of his sympathy to go back and re-read all that he had once read in its proper relation to the new elements added, and through the susceptibility of his literary pride, when he was asked to reconsider from a perfectly new point of view a matter that he had mentally closed. We do not doubt for a moment that those who shall form their first conceptions of the "Idyls of the King" from these two noble volumes will have a very great advantage over Mr. Tennyson's contemporaries for the proper judgment of the poem, and will understand its unity of purpose, and enter into the stately march of its tragic story, far more vividly than those who, beginning by praising the beauty of four highly-finished cabinet pictures, were compelled — with the sort of reluctance which literary prepossessions always oppose to an enlarging conception — to admit that Mr. Tennyson had been brooding over a much greater theme than they had supposed, and to make up their minds whether he had succeeded or failed. In the present form of the Idyls, no one can doubt for a moment that Mr. Tennyson has aimed at exhibiting, under a very finely moulded form of the old Arthurian legends, the spiritual secret of that divine and militant kingliness which alone makes men free, and the story of its gradual rejection and final repudiation by the world of sense and passion. He has done this, of course, chiefly in relation to the chivalric ideal of kingliness, in which there was no slight dash of the sensuous mysticism of a religious vision; but he has throughout maintained the authority of the truly spiritual element of rule, and attributed to his Arthur an equanimity and a magnanimity, a composure amidst the sensuous excitements of religious emotion, and a sad serenity amidst the onset of the darkest doubts, which make him much more than the ideal king of the special age of chivalry, though the form of character is suggested by that age. No great poem, into whatever mould of the past it is poured, can help being penetrated by the ideas of the poet's own age; "Paradise Lost" was in no sense Hebrew, it was the great poem of English Puritanism; Goethe's "Faust" was in no sense mediæval, it was the great poem of modern Teutonic aspiration; and so Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," though it

may not quite compare with these in the strength and volume of its poetic current, is in no sense a poem of mediæval chivalry; it is the great poem of English loyalty, loyalty not so much to the conscience, though Mr. Tennyson himself says so, as to the perfect human will, the will which truly obeys the conscience and asserts its own divine right to rule by virtue of its own strength and fidelity to that obedience. Loyalty to a sovereign will, acting under mystic half-measured impulses of love and truth and noble moral wrath, is the key-note of this great poem, which nevertheless never loses the definite and gorgeous coloring of the age from which it takes its legendary theme. Take, as illustration of this conception, this noble song, here for the first time published, which is sung by Arthur's Knights on his coronation:—

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away,
Blow through the living world,— 'Let the King reign.'

"Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and live! His Knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and die? and if thou diest
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

The belief in a royal will, royal at once by its strength and by its mystic aureole of divine inspiration, could hardly be expressed in a grander imaginative form. And the contrast to this splendid burst of triumph with which the kingdom receives its king, is the anguish of Arthur's all but fainting heart when his law has been found too high for the world to which it was given, and when just before the last great and fatal battle in the West, he is haunted by the dread that his trust has been a dream, and that God has forsaken him. This passage, too, is quite new, and almost the grandest in Mr. Tennyson's writings:—

"For on their march to Westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:
'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance, because we see not to the close;
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God! thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay—God my Christ,— I pass, but shall not die.'"

How stately and yet how simple is this language, how massive, and how utterly devoid of enigma and riddle! Our

greatest poet at least grows even more natural and majestic in power as he matures in genius.

And in the noble epilogue "To the Queen," a part of which has been so often recently quoted, how grandly the poet applies his conception of the inward loyalty we owe to the true ruling conscience of our nation, to our own day and generation:—

"Take withall

Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours: for some are scared, who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or Art, with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that which knows
To its own harm: the goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly-grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense,
That saved her many times, not fail—their fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away."

Surely that is a grand political épilogue to a grand poem; an imaginative presentation of the moral dangers of our political state such as no politician could have condensed into language of equal significance and vividness; and yet one moderated by that "crowning common-sense" which marks the true wisdom of a great imagination, and controls the hysteric fear of mere imaginative passion.

THE FORMS OF WATER.

SNOW AND ICE.

PEOPLE talk of women's determination to have their own way! Philosophers beat them hollow in that respect.

One inquirer, to ascertain whether a disease is contagious or not, unhesitatingly inoculates himself with the virus. An ardent student of helminthology swallows bits of tapeworm, to learn to what degree, and in what manner, they will grow from cuttings and make themselves comfortable in his interior. A naturalist who takes up, and writes a monograph on Anoplura, "sometimes termed Parasitica," exposes himself to the revilings, and occasionally to the kicks and cuffs of drovers and swineherds, by asking, with marks of intense interest, whether their beasts and pigs are troubled with vermin! Livingstone persists in making so long an exploration of Central Africa, as to be converted to the loveliness of sable beauties and the dignity of niggeresses fit to be queens.

Glaisher and Coxwell, through mere curiosity about the doings of the bar' and three or four other 'ometers, go up in a balloon, till their hands and lips are blue, their heartbeats as audible as the tic-tacs of an eight-day clock. Tyndall, overfond of ices, to have them in perfection, and to test the Mer de Glace's winter movements, arrives at Chamouni on Christmas night—nearly at midnight—preferring his plum-pudding and turkey with the chill on. The snows of London, the snows of Paris, and the snows of Geneva were not genuine enough for him. Nothing would suit him but the snows up there.

The winter chosen by this perverse enthusiast—'59—was as inclement as he could wish. All next day, the snow fell heavily. On the 27th, during a lull in the storm, he turned out for his pleasure excursion with four guides and a porter. To prevent their sinking in the snow, the men tied pieces of plank to their feet; the philosopher, determined to have his money's-worth of cold, neglected

that precaution, and often sank to the waist. During their ascent, cracks opened with a delightful explosive sound, promising a letting-off of avalanches, beating anything at the Crystal Palace. The pine-trees laden with fresh-fallen flakes (in that particular condition which causes their granules to adhere), looked like overgrown ostrich plumes gone mad.

After a cool and pleasant stroll of five hours and a half, the forsaken auberge of Montanvert was reached. The snow was drifted in buttresses around it. They unlocked the door, and were charmed with the sight of the frost-figures on the window-panes. Wonderful were the mimic shrubs and ferns. Most impressive was the glacier before them. Not a sound was to be heard. The summer cascades now hung in fluted columns of ice from the rocks.

Trifles like these, instead of daunting our professor, only prove that the true scientific blood flows in his veins and arteries. Nothing could stop him from taking his measurements. Four men, well roped together, descended to the glacier. One of them, trained in '57, undertook to fix the requisite stakes in the ice. Where much snow lay, great caution was required, for hidden crevasses were underneath. The men sounded with their staffs at every step. Once the leader of the party suddenly disappeared. The roof of a crevasse had given way beneath him; but the other three men promptly gathered round him, and lifted him out of the fissure. It was a pretty little game of hide-and-seek. One by one the stakes were fixed in the ice, until a series of eleven of them stood across the glacier.

More stakes being required, to compel the glacier to tell its secrets, a second series was fixed across it, in spite of the boiling, whirling snow-wreaths which, at intervals, quite hid the men. Fitfully the wind came up the valley, darkening the air, catching the snow upon the glacier and tossing it high into heaving clouds, separated from each other by cloudless spaces corresponding to the naked portions of the ice. Nevertheless, bravely and steadfastly the men did their work.

Next morning, they rose with the dawn. The air was thick with descending snow, all composed of exquisite six-petaled flowers or six-rayed stars, which our traveller and others have figured, and about which, more anon. Contrary to expectation, the men could be seen and directed through the shower. To reach his position at the end of his second line of stakes, Doctor Tyndall had to wade breast-deep through snow which seemed as dry and soft as flour. The toil of the men upon the glacier was prodigious. But they did not flinch, and after a time shouted, "*Nous avons finis!*" Their leader then struck his theodolite with the feeling of a general who had won a small battle.

They put the solitary auberge in order, packed up, and shot, by glissade, down the steep slopes of La Filia to the ice-vault of the Arveiron — a slide to make London boys die of envy. In summer, that arch in the glacier is not to be trusted. Its roof falls at intervals with a startling crash. Now, there was no danger in entering the vault; the ice seemed as firm as marble. The cavern was bathed in a strange, blue light, whose beauty suggested magic and fairy tales; and then the explorer started for London. His longing was satisfied. He had ascertained that the winter motion of the Mer de Glace near the Montanvert is, in round numbers, half the summer motion.

Doctor Tyndall has the unquestionable right to rush thus straight to the glacier. You and I, reader, less practised mountaineers, ought first to serve an apprenticeship to its raw material, snow, a "*matière première*" which, both by its abundance and its utility, might well tempt *Monsieur Thiers* to tax it. We know that at a very remarkable point of temperature — thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, or zero of the Centigrade scale — water ceases to be liquid and becomes solid, exactly like a metal which has cooled a little lower than its point of fusion. Snow is frozen, or cooled and hardened, mist. The vesicles of water suspended in the air are solidified into particles or filaments of ice, which, obeying the laws of crystallization, combine at angles of sixty degrees (the sixth part of a circle) and so form, always on the same geometrical plan, patterns of a beauty

and variety which can only be expressed by graphic illustration. The atoms of all substances, when allowed free play, build themselves into definite and mostly beautiful forms, called crystals. Iron, gold, lead, sulphur, melted and permitted to cool gradually, all show this crystallizing power. The metal bismuth exhibits it in a particularly striking manner. Properly fused and solidified, it forms self-built crystals of great size and beauty. Sugar dissolved in water, yields, by evaporation, the well-known crystals of sugar-candy. Years ago, it was the fashion to make chimney ornaments by means of differently colored solutions of alum crystallized on iron cinders. The diamond is crystallized carbon. All precious stones, as the ruby and the emerald, are examples of this crystallizing power.

Now, besides the force of gravitation, which causes the apple to fall to the ground and endows every particle of matter with an attraction for every other particle — besides this force, there exist the forces of crystallization, which are much more complex. In this case, as Doctor Tyndall has so clearly stated it, the ultimate particles of matter, inconceivably small as they are, show themselves possessed of attractive and repellent poles (please note this fact), by whose mutual action the shape and structure of the crystal are determined.

Every magnet, we know, possesses two poles, and if iron filings be scattered over a magnet, each particle of iron becomes endowed with two poles. Suppose, now, such particles devoid of weight, and floating in our atmosphere, what must occur when they come near each other? Manifestly the repellent poles will retreat from each other, while the attractive poles will approach, and finally lock themselves together. You have now only to imagine the molecules of water in calm, cold air to be gifted with poles of this description, which compel the particles to arrange themselves in a definite order, and you have before your mind's eye the unseen architecture which produces the beautiful crystals of snow. In calm air the icy particles build themselves into stellar shapes, each star possessing six rays. Although this type is invariable, the variety of details of the snow-stars is infinite, as you will see by catching snow-flakes on your coat-sleeve, and inspecting them with a magnifying glass.

But what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow shower! What building power is brought into play! How imperfect the production of human hands compared with those of what some call the blind forces of nature!

"But who," eloquently asks Doctor Tyndall, "ventures to call the forces of nature blind? In reality, when we speak thus we are describing our own condition. The blindness is ours, and what we really ought to say and to confess is that our powers are absolutely unable to comprehend either the origin or the end of the operations of nature."

Snows lying on very lofty mountain chains have been accused of evil deeds, for which they are at least only partially answerable. The uneasy sensations felt at great altitudes were noticed and described in the fifteenth century as "*mal de montagne*" (mountain sickness), just as we attribute to the sea the qualms which Mr. Bessemer promises to allay in cases where the purse suffices to pay the stomach's ransom. Since De Saussure's time mountain sickness is charged, not to the mountain, but to the rarefaction of the air. The mountain has only this to do with it: The explorer who mounts an Alpine peak by the unassisted force of his own proper muscles is much sooner exhausted and disabled than the aeronaut who sits motionless in the car of his balloon, and attains great heights without the least exertion. While mounting the final slope of Mont Blanc, De Saussure was obliged to stop and take breath every fifteen or sixteen steps, and at each third halt had to sit to do it.

Nevertheless, Boussingault is of opinion that on vast fields of snow, the ordinary effects of rarefied air are increased by an emission of vitiated air under the action of the solar rays. This notion rests on one of Saussure's experiments, who found the air disengaged from the pores of

interstices of snow less charged with oxygen than that of the surrounding atmosphere. In certain deep and close valleys on the upper part of Mont Blanc — in the Corridor, for instance — such uneasiness is generally felt in going up them, that the guides long believed this portion of the mountain to be poisoned by some mephitic exhalation. Consequently, at present, when the weather permits, they pass by the *Arête des Bosses*, where a keener air causes the physiological disturbances to be less severely felt.

Iceicles are a pretty paradox, formed by the process of freezing in sunshine hot enough to melt snow, blister the skin, and even, when concentrated, to burn up the human body itself. Iceicles result from the fact that air is all but completely transparent to the heat rays emitted by the sun; that is, such rays pass through the air without warming it. Only the scanty fraction of rays to which air is not transparent expend their force in raising its temperature.

The warm puffs of the summer breeze are not heated directly by the sun itself, but by the earth and the objects on it which the sun has previously warmed. The truth of this is sensibly felt on entering a town, after sunset, from the open country, in sunshiny weather. The same difference of temperature is never felt at the close of a cloudy day. This cause is one of the reasons why the air on a mountain-top is colder than the air at its foot. The air on high mountains may be intensely cold, while a burning sun is overhead. The solar rays which, striking on the human skin, are almost intolerable, are incompetent to heat the air sensibly, and we have only to withdraw into perfect shade, to feel the chill of the atmosphere.

A joint of meat might be roasted before a fire, the air around the joint being cold as ice. If you light a fire in a large room it is not the fire which immediately warms the air in that room. The fire warms the walls and the furniture, which then warm the air by their contact; and the nearer the walls and the furniture are to the fire the sooner the room (that is the air in it) is thoroughly warmed.

Snow is one of the many objects which absorb and are warmed by the solar heat. On a sunny day you may see the summits of the high Alps glistening with the water of liquefaction, while the air above and around the mountains may be many degrees below the freezing point. The same thing happens to the snow upon your house-roof. The sun plays upon it, and melts it. The water trickles to the eaves, and hangs in a drop. If the eaves are in the shade, or in declining sunshine, or the air intensely cold with a brilliant sun, the drop, instead of falling, congeals. An infant icicle is formed. Other drops and dribblets succeed, which both thicken it at the root and lengthen it. The drainage from the snow, after sunshine is gone, continues to produce iceicles, until the flow of water is stopped by the frost. In the Alps, Doctor Tyndall tells us, when the liquefaction is copious and the cold intense, iceicles grow to an enormous size. Over the edges (mostly the southern edges) of the chasms, hangs a coping of snow, and from this depend, like stalactites, rows of transparent iceicles, ten, twenty, thirty feet long, constituting one of the most beautiful features of the higher crevasses. But an iceicle would be incomprehensible if we did not know that the solar beams may pass through the air, and still leave it at an icy temperature.

Hail is another form of water, which we cannot regard with indifference when the heavens are pelting us with solid missiles. I have seen a whole city, covered with stout red tiles, unroofed by a single hailstorm. What became of the windows it is needless to state. Glaziers were in request for weeks afterwards. Like rain, hail is formed when two or more strata of clouds overlie one another, but with a difference in their respective physical conditions.

Hail is produced during tempests, when the temperature, very high at the surface of the earth, decreases rapidly at loftier altitudes. In that case the upper clouds consist of icy particles, the middle strata of watery vesicles below the freezing point, and the lower strata of vesicles above the freezing point. Usually those clouds travel in different directions, and hail is produced when a conflict of opposing winds compels a mixture of clouds of such different temper-

atures. The rain-drops resulting, instantly frozen, have the time during their fall, to increase in size by the condensation of water on their surface, and not seldom by combination, to unite into large and destructive hailstones.

The formation of hailstones is always rapid. The clouds from which they fall are never spread over a very wide area. Sailing before the wind, they pound and riddle strips of land often less than a mile, and rarely ten miles, wide, although the length of the strips passed over is sometimes considerable. Hailstones have been picked up weighing more than half a pound avoirdupois. In some instances, this weight, on credible authority, has been very much exceeded. On such occasions, it is not surprising that trees should be stripped of their leaves and branches, the larger animals mutilated, "small deer" and game killed outright. The greater the development of electricity in a tempest, the greater is the tendency to a downfall of hail. Hail occurs principally in summer, and in the afternoon; namely, under the meteorological conditions that have just been mentioned — great heat at the surface of the soil, rapidly diminishing higher up in the air, with strong cloud-evaporation under the action of the sun. Nevertheless, as the simple conflict of an upper very cold wind with a very hot one raised to the same lofty region, may bring about the formation of hail, it sometimes falls in winter, and sometimes in the night; but those are the exceptions rather than the rule.

As water, during its metamorphosis into snow, assumes a beautiful star-like form, so does the dissection of ice, by heat, prove that it possesses a similar structure. The architecture of the ice over which we skate is quite as wonderful as the flowers of the snow. All our lake ice is built up of six-rayed stars wonderfully interlaced. To see them, take a slab of pond ice, and place it in the path of a concentrated sunbeam. But ice and water are so optically alike, that unless the light fall properly upon the flowers, you will not detect them. Catching the right angle of illumination, from separate spots of the ice little shining points are seen to sparkle forth. Every one of those points is surrounded by a beautiful liquid flower with six petals, lying in all cases parallel to the surface of freezing. The central spot is a vacuum. Ice swims on water because, bulk for bulk, it is lighter than water; so that when ice is melted it shrinks in size. The liquid flowers cannot then occupy the whole space of the ice melted. A little empty space is formed in the centre of the flowers, and this space, or rather its surface, shines in the sun like burnished silver.

Doctor Tyndall's treatise, "The Forms of Water" (which suggested, and has helped to write, this paper), is especially full, clear, and satisfactory on that very curious phase of water, the glacier. There he is at home — as he is, indeed, in every branch of his subject; for he never pretends to explain what he does not know full well himself. But the glacier is his playmate, his hobby-horse, his love.

That singular product of nature shall be left here intact — with a strong recommendation to the reader to possess "The Forms of Water" as a pocket-book. If he is projecting a peep at the high Alps or the high latitudes where glaciers are also to be found, it is an indispensable as well as a portable companion. If he indulges no such thoughts at present, perhaps it will excite in him that very pardonable desire.

HIS LEVEL BEST. 1

MR. HALE's name heads, alphabetically, the list of those monosyllabic ones which spring up so rapidly just now in the United States associated with wit and fun. Hale, Harte, Hay, Twain, and Ward are most of them names well known there, and almost as well known here. There seems a sort of necessity that men with longer names should not venture to be funny on the other side of the Atlantic, for when their parents, ignorant of the reflected

1 *His Level Best*. By Edward R. Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

greatness which is to be theirs, hand down to them a name of more than a single syllable, they at once lay it aside and adopt one of the approved proportions.

Mr. Hale does not go in for nonsense merely, at any rate in this volume—for we notice that he has already published four others; but the serious purpose of his first tale, the title of which heads this notice, is worked out by so amusing an extravaganza that we thought we had lighted on a rival to Mark Twain. Even in this story, however, the serious purpose is so much more, and the humor so much less evidently the object, that we should describe Mr. Hale rather as a quaint and grotesque than a humorous writer. Some of his tales, indeed, are more remarkable for the tenderness of their sympathy with the loving and unselfish devotedness which from time to time has attracted his notice and renewed his faith in human nature, than for either humor or quaintness. Of such are the pretty stories of "Mouse and Lion," and "Confidence," the latter opening most picturesquely, but not quite fulfilling the promise of its first paragraphs:—

"There never was a child who showed so fully what the woman was to prove. The first time I ever saw her was one day when her father had fallen in with me on a cross-road in the Piscataquis valley: that is far away, forty miles above Bangor in Maine. He was on his hay-cart: I was sitting on a log. We nodded to each other; and he, seeing my knapsack and stick, asked if I would not mount with him, which I did; and so, before long, we came up to his cheerful, rambling, great shingle-palace of a house, where I had already promised to pass the night with him. We brought up in front of the barn, from which we had already heard shouts of 'Coop! Coop!' Who should appear at a little three-cornered window in the gable but little Janet, flaxen curls flying wild about her head. 'Hurrah!' said 'Miss Janet.' 'Hurrah!' said her father: 'jump, birdie!' and before poor cockney I well understood the order, the child flew out of the window, down into his arms, and they both rolled over and over in the hay. I have seen many a jump into hay-carts—nay, have made my share; but I never saw such a flight as that. And even then it was not the distance which seemed most surprising: it was the absolute promptness, so perfectly fearless:—

"Here not to make reply,
Here not to question why."

He said 'Jump!' and she jumped, not because she calculated the height, or had done it before, but because he told her to, and she loved and trusted him. That was little Janet all over. Now, steadiness like that and readiness like that breed steadiness and readiness. It seems queer to me that I had never seen Janet before, I have seen her so much and so often since. I had not seen her long, before I found that I trusted her as implicitly as she did me: indeed, there was not a man who worked on the farm who had not absolute confidence in the child, or was not sure of her promptness, punctuality, and affection. Nor was it men or women alone who felt so. The horses and the cows—nay, the pigs and the hens—all knew her cheerful voice, and her ready attendance, and her steady hand. Jotham said she could collar and harness that cross brute 'Mad March'; that she would climb into the manger, and put the wretch's collar on, and put the bit in his mouth, because she was such a lady. I know she could do it; and of course Mad March let her do it."

"Mouse and Lion" rises in the scale of humor. It is of two devoted school-friends who help each other out of all sorts of scrapes, gnawing away the other's net, as they call it, so that each is alternately the lion, and each the mouse. One of them is a relationless orphan, or supposed to be; but an Irish Roman Catholic bishop traces her out, and calls to claim her as his niece, on his way to a Canadian see to which he has been appointed by the Pope; the method by which the mouse of this occasion gnaws away the lion's net, and releases her friend from this terrible and impending parting, is both original and humorous. The vivacious, pretty, and lively mouse presents herself with her friend to the bishop and his chaplain, and having first flattered him by kneeling for his blessing, engages him in so lively a discussion on theology, deferring entirely to his superior judgment, and occupies him with so many questions of the opinions, customs, countries, and otherwise of Catholics, besets him so with fascinating attentions and offers of refreshment that cannot be refused, that the poor

bishop finds all the time he can spare gone before he has been able to produce credentials and proofs and make the necessary arrangements for carrying off his young niece.

"The Modern Sinbad" rises still higher, and is a most amusing, because not too long or wearisome, skit on the modern English plutocrat's method of foreign travel, his utter absence of real curiosity, and his inability to appreciate the beauty and interest of the journey, with his pompous pretence of research and inquiry, and his profound desire to "do" the country in a given time. We have often seen more or less amusing caricatures of the British sight-seer, but they are generally too grossly burlesque, and are made up too much of grumbling at hotel charges or self-gratulation on the British incapability of being "done." There is, however, nothing of this here, and there is no Yankee sneering at the Britisher or boasting over him. It is a journal of a thirty days' run through thirty-one States of the Union, and the humor consists in the absolute faithfulness of the representation. It is exactly what we can conceive the journal would be of a thoroughly unimaginative, punctual British merchant, who reads his newspapers regularly, and has learnt all he knows of America from his studies in the *Times*. The profound ignorance, the hasty judgments, the little scraps of information he parades, and his pride in his girls as his authorities, his desire to get on and carry out his programme religiously—even though he has to sacrifice his son's society, who gets separated from them in New York, and never overtakes them till they are about to reëmbark for England, and to whom it is his great delight to telegraph daily—are all little points of humor dotted about in the narrative, which, if they are to be fully appreciated, must be read entire; here, however, is a sample of it:—

"We had to wait but little at Prairie du Chien, and, soon after dark, were on our way again. The ladies enjoyed the comparative stillness of the steamboat berths, and we slept late. Going on deck I found that our run had been very rapid in the night, and we were approaching the celebrated bridge at Rock Island. Here we expected to meet George; and we left our friendly Captain Parsons, and landed here. We were again disappointed. I could learn nothing of George at any of the hotels. There is no railway below Rock Island on the river shore; and it seemed certain that he had attempted to strike us at Fulton, higher up the stream. I telegraphed him at that point to await us there. We were fortunate enough to be able to strike a pleasant evening train up the river, and, before dark, again had retraced our course, and arrived in Fulton. At Fulton, on the hotel book, was his name! The keeper of the hotel said he had inquired after the General Logan on arriving, and, learning that she had passed down the stream, had taken another boat which was passing, and had followed us to Rock Island! Ellen declares that at this very spot on the river the same adventure happened to Evangeline in one of Mr. Longfellow's poems. But Mad thinks this was lower down, at a spot which we shall visit in a few days. I telegraphed him at once not to attempt to overtake us here, but to await our arrival at St. Louis. I was obliged to do this that we might secure passage by daylight in the train for Omaha in Nebraska, which leaves Clinton, opposite this place, at seven o'clock every morning. This we succeeded in doing; and after a little more than twenty-four hours, having tried the sleeping-car again, on yet a different arrangement, we find ourselves in Omaha. We have been travelling with four young men who are on their way to Porthos, where they have established their families. I was sorry not to visit that place with them, as it is to be the commercial capital of the whole country within a few years. I was very fortunate in meeting these gentlemen, who kindly gave me a full account of it. It is on the Missouri River, just half-way between the two oceans; and when railroads, now contemplated in each direction, are finished, it will be the great *entrepôt* of Eastern and Western trade. It is also half-way between the Gulf of Mexico and the parallel of 54° north latitude, and must be always a great centre of the trade North and South. Whether the seat of Government is soon removed there or not, Porthos must become a great mercantile city, and nothing would have interested me more than a visit to it. Of course, also, the temptation is very great to leave Omaha westward, and across the continent to San Francisco by the Union Pacific Railway just now opened. Four days would carry us to the Pacific Ocean, and in five more we could return to St. Louis, adding thus five to our list of States visited. But the plans we made in London do not permit this extension of time. To see the Southern

States thoroughly will require all the time I have between this and July 24th, on which day our berths are taken in the New York steamer.

"With reluctance, therefore, we turn eastward at nine o'clock, Omaha time, which is twenty-four minutes after two by London time. We have travelled more than one quarter round the world. Finding, after breakfast, a boat with steam up, about to start for the lower landings, we enjoyed a day's sail between Kansas and Missouri, arriving at St. Joseph early enough the next morning to take an express train for Kansas City. We entered this city by a new bridge over the Missouri River, finished and opened on Saturday last. We went on shore at Elwood, in Kansas, and by starlight had a fine view of that State. We have thus made a survey of all the States generally known as the Loyal or Northern States in the late contest. Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Delaware, and Maryland were generally in the hands of the Federals, but were known as Border States. These we are yet to visit, as well as the Gulf States and Arkansas and the Carolinas. I see that I have nowhere summed up our view of Illinois. It is a State rapidly growing in population, with large supplies of provisions for all parts of the world."

Perhaps less amusing because more broadly extravagant is the story which gives its name to the book — "His Level Best" — and which is designed to teach us how little good we can do if we fritter away our time and money amongst a thousand objects, giving our ear to every newspaper appeal, or every agent that calls to make known the object of the invaluable association which he represents. It was this story which reminded us of Mark Twain, but it is the only one that does so. Mr. Hale has nothing like Mark Twain's breadth of fun, while there is far more of serious purpose, more of cultivation, refinement, and tenderness in his writings. But the following passage, in which the supposed relater begins, as it were, at the end, will serve to explain the resemblance which we saw : —

"My wife and I had no causes for dissent, and we have never quarrelled from that hour to this. We have faithfully followed each other's fortunes. True, we have been parted, but not by ourselves. I am now in the Male Department of the poor-house, Dormitory B, native whites. She is in the Female Department, also Dormitory B, native whites also. The children are in what is known as the Nursery Department, also Dormitory B, native whites also. We have been married seven years, and have known no material difference of opinions. Tiffs we have had, but not quarrels. I own to tiffs, but I do not own to quarrels. There was no reason why we should quarrel. We both had good appetites and good health. We were both fond of books, and yet we did not always want to read the same book at a time. We had the same views on papal infallibility, on the doctrine of election, on regeneration, on the fall of man, on the vicarious atonement, on baptism, and on the future life. In a paper to be read before a mixed audience, I do not think it proper or desirable to state what those views were; but mine were hers and hers were mine. We went to the same church, we taught in the same Sunday-school, and believed in the same — minister. Under these circumstances we were married. There was a large attendance, and the minister married us first-rate. I have no fault to find with the minister. Then they all congratulated us. I sometimes wonder if they would congratulate us now, if they came down to see the poor-house some day with the Board of Overseers of the Poor, and I should be detailed to see to their horses, and my wife to wait at table when they had the collation. But they congratulated us then."

"Water-talk" is little more than a quaint way of illustrating the force of association. Two friends are swimming together, and one begins to tell the other of a lost and found child. The other is not deeply interested, and rather disappoints his friend, who does not care to finish it on shore. Months afterwards, when again bathing, the friend asks for the conclusion, which is again not arrived at, and it is not till separations and changes have happened that, again in the sea together, the *dénouement* is asked for and related. The result is that the friend seeks the found young lady in marriage. "The Tale of a Salamander" is a curious bit of imaginative dreaming, and "The Queen of California" is a translation of parts of an old Spanish romance, which curiously enough explains the origin of the name of that State. But the most grotesque extravagance of all is that of "The Brick Moon;" and readers must not shut it up in despair because it begins scientifically about

latitude and longitude. Some wild and highly-mathematical and astronomical philanthropists, full of the dangers to mariners who cannot find their whereabouts, conceive the possibility of launching a brick moon into space by centrifugal power, in such a direction that it shall revolve at a certain angle to the equator — let the author excuse us if we are sketching his theory all wrongly — and of such a size that it shall always be seen, and at such a height that nothing terrestrial shall hide it from observers on the earth or seas. Water-wheels of extraordinary powers are built, and a correspondingly extraordinary mass of water is brought to bear on them, and a brick moon of the requisite dimensions is constructed at the top of the ways down which when finished it is to slip on to the wheels that are to launch it forth to find its orbit. Meantime some of these enthusiasts of engineers in their American wilderness use the hollow chambers of the tremendous sphere as houses for themselves and their families, and there they stable their animals and store their provisions. Alas! one night, a week or two before the date fixed for the launch, but when all is ready, some accident loosens the moon from her moorings, and gliding gently down the ways, the little colony is shot into space; the orbit is known, the new satellite is observed, and the delighted relatives discover their friends moving on the new world; they telegraph to them, and soon communicate regularly, and discover that they have wonderful advantages, with every sort of climate within a few hours' reach, and with all the elements of happiness in their little society. The moral is that people may be happy — nay, happier — in a little circle of their own, where every one is very dear and very intimate and very dependent, and that railways and civilization do not make us happier than were the pioneers of the settlements of the once distant West. The impression left by Mr. Hale's book is that though the stories are all of such a various kind that they scarcely seem to come from one pen, there is nothing commonplace or tiresome about them, and that none of them will be easily forgotten.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *Vienna New Free Press* has intelligence from Rome that the Pope means to canonize Mary Stuart.

A NEW tenor, Salomons, is about to make his *début* at the French Opera, Paris, in "Guillaume Tell."

VICTORIEUX SARDOU has written a comedy for the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, to succeed Dumas' play of "La Femme de Claude."

It is announced in the Paris papers that M. Henri Rochefort has written a novel entitled "Les Despravés" during his imprisonment. The Minister of the Interior has, however, forbidden the publication of the work in France.

ONE of the London daily papers is about to send a correspondent to accompany the Russian expedition to Khiva, in the person of Mr. Nicholas Wood, whose description of the battle of Inkermann made him famous.

A BENGAL paper supplies a neat instance of confusion of metaphor. Criticising the income-tax, the editor expresses the hope that "the government will not repeat the blunder of killing the calf which daily produces the golden egg."

A WHITE marble statue of the Queen, weighing seven tons, has just arrived at Windsor Castle. The Queen is represented sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side. The statue is being placed in the vestibule of the state apartments.

THE other day a solicitor in Dundee was waited upon by a young man, who explained that the object of his visit was to ascertain whether it would be lawful for him to marry his mother-in-law. We take this to be the height of sarcasm.

THE *Court Journal* says: The first silk stockings in this country were worn by "Good Queen Bess," A. D. 1561. How comes it, then, that in the play of "Richard III." the young princes and King Henry are invariably dressed in black silk stockings?

THE total abstainers in England are about to employ a new weapon in their warfare against the vice of intoxication. They propose issuing a weekly comic paper, advocating the cause of temperance, and ridiculing drunkards and the vendors of intoxicating drinks. The idea in itself is comic enough.

THE German government has decided to carry out a series of experiments this year, in order to test the most recent inventions in fire-arms, etc. It is proposed to begin with the improved revolvers used in France, Sweden, England, and America, and at the same time to conclude the experiments made last year with the mitrailleurs captured from France in the late war.

So little inclined are the people in the Russian capital to part with their adopted favorite, Patti, that a large sum has been agreed to be paid by the government to M. Strakosch in compensation for deferring Madame Patti's American engagement. It had been arranged that she was to have visited the United States in the ensuing autumn; but it is now settled that she will not cross the Atlantic for two years.

A BERKSHIRE paper has marked the completion of its 150th year in a novel manner. With the last edition of the *Reading Mercury and Berks County Paper* were reissued copies of that journal published February 1, 1723, one hundred and fifty years ago. The *fac-simile* is in itself a curiosity, and admirably illustrates the surprisingly diminutive size of newspapers a century and a half ago, its pages not exceeding nine inches by seven.

SOME years ago an eminent London publisher gave Lord Lytton £20,000 for the use of twenty of his novels for a railway library. It is said that this is the largest sum ever paid in England for a copyright. The most successful publications of the day, however, from this point of view, are not novels, but sermons. It is said that the representatives of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, have received, in the course of some years, upwards of £30,000 for the publication of the various volumes left at his death.

A SINGULAR sale is shortly to take place in Paris—that of the collection of M. Heindreich, the late principal executioner of France, who died some weeks ago. Monsieur de Paris, with a true love of his business, had gathered together every imaginable picture relating to capital punishment—a ghastly array of gibbets, guillotines, crosses, etc. Each picture has several annotations on the margin, and M. Heindreich, who ought to have been a *connoisseur* on the subject, has noted on an engraving of the Spanish *garrote*, that this is the most painful of all modes of execution.

UNDER the head "An Historical Parallel to Monte Christo," an extraordinary story has appeared in the *London Times* of how six Communist prisoners escaped from the fortress of Port Louis, on the coast of Brittany. The statement is that the prisoners, by incessant labor for three months, contrived to sink a shaft thirteen feet in depth, and then excavated a tunnel, by which they escaped on to the rocks at low water, having ascertained the times of the tides. Three hundred prisoners were in the fortress, and all were aware of what was going on, but the writer says the secret was never betrayed.

WE have all heard of a man's character being correctly told by his handwriting; but in Paris "a wise man" has just died who used to unfold the vices and virtues of a man by the manner in which he walked down his boot. Another of his peculiar talents was an extraordinary faculty of foretelling the weather, which a highly-organized nervous system enabled him to do far in advance. Gardeners and florists would frequently come from a considerable distance to consult him, and rarely were his prognostications falsified. He was thus generally known by the *sobriquet* of Père Baromètre.

It is a curious fact that the more prosperous Germany becomes the more determined her children appear to be to get away from her. Consul Ward, in his report on the emigration from Bremen, just printed, says that the continued undiminished extent of emigration from Germany has of late given rise to apprehensions in various quarters, both among the public and the government authorities; it recently furnished the subject of a debate in the German Diet, during which various members gave expression to their anxiety as to the consequences of the exodus of such considerable numbers of the German population, and more especially from thinly peopled districts.

In one of Voltaire's cynical romances a widow in the depth of her disconsolateness vows that never, "as long as the river

flows by the side of the hill," will she marry again. Time passes; the widow, less disconsolate, consults an engineer; and at last, means having been found for diverting the river's course, she allows herself to be consoled. M. Meilhac and Halévy, undoubtedly the wittiest of modern French dramatists, are, it seems, at work on a piece to be called "La Veuve," in which the Voltairian idea as to the consolability of widows is developed. All, however, that is positively known as to the dramatic treatment of the subject is that it is to be presented in three acts and in three dresses. In the first act the widow is to be attired in the deepest mourning; in the second she wears a sentimental "pearl-gray;" in the third she appears clad in the brightest of pinks.

It must be a very unpleasant thing to follow the Mennonite persuasion in Prussia. The tenets of this important sect are not very fully known to us, but it affects the Quakerism of the unlawfulness of bearing arms and of taking any oath, and is so extended as to have at least one adult male belonging to it who is capable of carrying a weapon, and who has been enlisted this year into the army. Driver John Dyck, however (for the recruit entered the Military Train), though enlisted without a struggle, retained his sect's scruples most conscientiously. Though he would drive and work to any extent, he would not carry the side-arm allotted to him, nor would he consent to take the oath of allegiance, all oaths being in his view equally unlawful. The authorities have for the last nine months tried in vain to shake John Dyck's resolution by threats and punishment, and he seems to have fairly beaten them at last, for he has just been allowed to go home on sick furlough of indefinite length.

VICTOR HUGO has written the following letter as an excuse for not going to Paris to be present at the first representation of his piece: "The appearance of 'Marion Delorme' on the stage dates from 1831. Forty-two years separate the present revival from the first representation. The author was young, he is old; he was present, he is absent; he had then before him hope, he has now behind him a life. His absence from this revival may seem voluntary; it is not. The men to whom gray hairs give a warning, and before whom time is abridging itself, have works to finish, a sort of testament of their minds. They may be suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the end, they have not a day to lose; hence a severe necessity of absence and solitude. Man has duties to his thoughts. Besides, all departures require some preparation; the entry into the unknown awaits us all, and solitude and absence are a kind of twilight for that great shade and that great light. The author feels it necessary to explain his absence to those who are good enough to remember him. Nothing would grieve him more than to appear ungrateful. — V. H., Hauteville House, Feb. 1."

It must be a disheartening task to take a photographic portrait of any man against his will. As the slightest movement produces strange modifications of feature, it seems that a determined person might defeat the most rapid operator. The custom adopted in English jails of photographing habitual criminals and circulating copies of their portraits among the various prisons and police-stations in the kingdom, has been introduced in the principal prison in Constantinople, and a number of notorious culprits have been duly photographed. They offered considerable resistance to this demand for their *cartes-de-visite*, and some coercion had to be resorted to before their delicate lineaments could be transferred to the album of the police. This process of photographing criminals is not unworthy of the attention of students of human character. Your hard-headed, utilitarian thief would object to being photographed, as a precaution likely to interfere with his future chances of success. This seems to have been the line taken by the Moslem criminals, but the same class, belonging to more imaginative and self-conscious races, would probably pose in their very best manner, as though they should never pick another pocket or drive their best stiletto into the back of a friend.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

[No. 12.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

X.

For a long time there had existed only slight traces of this lake of Advioukine, near which Natalie had asked Roudine to meet her. Thirty years before, the dike had broken and let the water escape. Only the uniformly level bottom of the ravine, once covered with a thick slime, and the remains of the dam, recalled the existence of a lake. Formerly a mansion-house stood close by. Of the dense grove of trees which had surrounded the house, now only two enormous pines remained; through their thinly-clad branches the winds murmured unceasingly.

The story ran that a terrible crime had been committed at the foot of these trees; some even said that neither of them would fall without killing some one. Formerly a third had stood there, which had been blown over by a gale, and in its fall had killed a little girl. All the neighborhood of the lake had the name of being haunted; drear, desolate, barren, and gloomy even at midday, it was made only drearier and gloomier by the proximity of a grove of long dead and withered oaks. Above the undergrowth arose at rare intervals huge, gray trunks, like spectres. It made one shudder to look at them; they were like wicked gray-beards who had met to devise some evil plan. A narrow, unused path led along the side of the ravine. No one passed by that way unless compelled to; hence Natalie had purposely chosen this spot, which was about half a verst distant from Daria Michaelovna's house.

The sun had long since risen when Roudine reached the lake; but the morning was not bright. Thick, gray clouds covered the whole sky; the wind was tossing them in every direction. Roudine began to walk to and fro through the thistles and nettles which covered the dike. He was by no means calm. These mysterious meetings, these new emotions, agitated him very much, especially since the note he had received the evening before. He felt that the crisis was approaching, and in his heart he was very much disturbed, although no one would have imagined it who might have seen him gazing around him, with his arms firmly folded. It was not without truth that Pigasoff had once said, speaking of Roudine, that he was like those Chinese toys which always stood with the head uppermost. But when a man is controlled by his head alone, it is hard for him, however intelligent he may be, to analyze certain feelings, and to understand thoroughly what is going on in his heart. . . . Roudine, the intelligent, acute Roudine,

could not say with certainty whether or not he loved Natalie, whether he was suffering, or whether he would suffer if he should be obliged to part from her. Why then, without playing the part of a Lovelace—for so much justice must be done him—had he allowed himself to turn this poor girl's head? Why did he await her with a mysterious trembling? To this there is only one answer: those who are the most void of passion are the readiest to let themselves be carried away. He was walking up and down upon the dike, while Natalie was hastening across the fields, through the wet grass, to meet him.

"Miss Natalie, you will wet your feet," cried Macha, her maid, hardly able to keep up with her.

Natalie paid no attention, and ran without looking behind her.

"Oh, if only nobody saw us!" said Macha repeatedly. "It's strange that no one heard us coming out of the house. If Miss Boncourt doesn't wake up. Fortunately it's not very far. . . . There he is waiting," she added, as she saw Roudine's tall figure, standing picturesquely on the dike. "But he ought not to stand there, where he can be seen. . . . He ought to go into the ravine."

Natalie stopped.

"Wait here by the pines, Macha," she said, advancing towards the lake.

Roudine came forward to meet her, and stopped in amazement. He had never seen such an expression on her face. Her eyebrows were drawn together, her lips were tightly closed, her eyes had a severe, almost a harsh look.

"Dimitri Nicolaitch," she began, "we have no time to lose. I have come for five minutes; my mother knows everything. Mr. Pandalewski was listening to us day before yesterday, and he told her about our meeting. He has always been mamma's spy. Yesterday she sent for me."

"Heavens, that is terrible!" cried Roudine. "What did she say?"

"She was not angry, she did not scold me; she only blamed me for my thoughtlessness."

"Was that all?"

"Yes; then she told me she would rather I should be dead than your wife."

"Did she really say that?"

"Yes; and then she added that you did not care to marry me, that you had paid me attention only from lack of anything better to do, and that she had not expected any such abuse of her confidence on your part; and that, besides, she was herself to blame for having allowed us to be so much together. . . . She said she had had perfect confidence in my good sense, and that she was very much astonished at my thoughtless conduct. . . . I don't remember everything she said."

Natalie uttered all this in a uniform, almost inaudible voice.

"And you, Natalie, what did you say?" asked Roudine.

"What did I say?" repeated Natalie; "but in the first place, what do you mean to do?"

"Great God," resumed Roudine, "that is cruel! so soon! . . . such an unexpected blow! . . . and your mother is really angry?"

"Yes . . . yes, she won't hear of you."

"That is terrible! There is then no hope?"

"None."

"Why am I so pitilessly pursued by misfortune! That Pandalewski is a wretch! . . . You ask me, Natalie, what I mean to do? My head is in a whirl . . . I can't collect my thoughts . . . I can only feel my misfortunes. I am surprised that you can be so collected."

"Do you think I find it easy?" answered Natalie.

Roudine began to walk up and down the dike. Natalie kept her eyes fastened upon him.

"Didn't your mother ask you any questions?" he asked at last.

"She asked me if I loved you."

"Well . . . and you answered?"

Natalie was silent for a moment. . . . "I told her the truth."

Roudine seized her hand.

"Always, in everything, noble and great. Oh, a girl's heart is like pure gold! But is it possible that your mother was so fixed in opposition to our marriage?"

"Yes, firmly. I have already told you, she is convinced you have no intention of marrying me."

"She considers me, then, an impostor! How do I deserve such a suspicion?"

And Roudine covered his face with his hands.

"Dimitri Nicolaïtch," said Natalie, "we are wasting our time. Remember, I see you for the last time. I did not come here to weep, nor to complain — you see I am not weeping — I came to get your advice."

"What advice can I give you, Natalie Alexievna?"

"What advice? You are a man; I have been accustomed to have confidence in you; I shall believe in you to the last. Tell me, what are your intentions?"

"My intentions! your mother will probably forbid me the house."

"Possibly. She told me yesterday she must break off her acquaintance with you. . . . But you don't answer my question."

"What question?"

"What do you think we should do now?"

"What should we do?" repeated Roudine; "we must submit."

"Submit!" repeated Natalie, her lips turning white.

"Submit to our fate," continued Roudine. "What else can we do? I know very well that resignation will be bitter, that this blow is hard to bear; but judge for yourself, Natalie. I am poor. . . . I could work, it is true; but even if I were rich, could you endure this violent separation from your family, the anger of your mother? . . . No, Natalie, that is not to be thought of. It is clear we are not destined to live together, and that the happiness of which I had dreamed is not for me."

Natalie suddenly covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Roudine went towards her.

"Natalie, dear Natalie!" he said with warmth, "do not weep; for God's sake, do not torture me; calm yourself."

Natalie raised her head.

"You tell me to calm myself," she began, and her eyes glowed brightly beneath her tears. "I am not weeping for the reason which you suppose. . . . That does not pain me; but it does pain me to find myself deceived in you. . . . What! I come to seek advice, counsel from you, and in what a moment! and your first word is 'Submit!' Is that the way you put in practice your theories of resignation, of sacrifice?"

Her voice failed her.

"Remember, Natalie," began Roudine, embarrassed, "I do not abandon my principles . . . only" . . .

"You asked me," she began with new force, "what answer I gave my mother, when she said she would rather see me dead than consent to my marriage with you. I told her I would rather be dead than be the wife of any one else. . . . And you talk of submission! She was right; you were attentive to me only from having nothing better to do — only to kill time" . . .

"I swear to you, Natalie . . . I swear to you" . . . repeated Roudine.

But she did not listen to him.

"Why didn't you warn me at the beginning? Why did you have to . . . or why didn't you foresee the obstacles? I am ashamed to talk in this way . . . but it's all over now."

"You must calm yourself, Natalie," began Roudine again; "we must contrive some means" . . .

"You have so often spoken of self-sacrifice," she interrupted; "but do you know that if you had said to me just now, 'I love you, but I can't marry you; I can't answer for the future; give me your hand and follow me,' — do you know I should have followed you, that I was ready for everything! But from words to deeds is farther than I thought, and now you are afraid, as you were afraid of Volinzoff the other day at dinner."

Roudine's face flushed crimson. Natalie's sudden excitement had surprised him, but these last words wounded to the quick his self-love.

"You are too excited now, Natalie," he began; "you cannot understand what cruel wrong you do me. I hope that some day you will do me justice; you will understand then what it costs me to renounce the happiness which, by your own confession, would place no obligation upon me. Your peace is dearer to me than all the world, and I should be a wretch if I should decide to take advantage" . . .

"Perhaps," murmured Natalie, "perhaps you are right. I don't know what I'm saying. Up to this meeting I believed in you, I believed in every one of your words. . . . Henceforth, I beg of you, weigh your words; don't hurl them away so carelessly. When I said I loved you, I knew what my words meant; I was ready for everything. . . . It only remains for me to thank you for the lesson you have given me, and to bid you good-by."

"Stop, I beseech you, for God's sake, Natalie. I have not deserved your contempt; that I swear to you. Just put yourself in my place. I am responsible for you and for me. If I did not love beyond all measure, what could

have prevented me from proposing to run away with you at once? Sooner or later, your mother would have forgiven us and then But before thinking of my own happiness"

He was silent. Natalie's eyes were gazing on him steadily. . . . He had to stop.

"You try to convince me that you are an honest man, Dimitri Nicolaitch," she said. "I don't doubt it. You are incapable of acting from calculation; but do I need any proof of that? Was it for that I came here?"

"I did not anticipate, Natalie"

"Ah! at last you have said it! You didn't anticipate all this—you didn't know me. But calm yourself; you don't love me, and I don't thrust myself upon anybody."

"I do love you!" cried Roudine.

Natalie straightened herself.

"Possibly; but how do you love me? I recall all your words, Dimitri Nicolaitch. Do you remember saying to me one day that there was no love without perfect equality between those who loved? You are too lofty for me, we are not equals. . . . I am punished as I deserved. Some worthier occupation awaits you. I shall not forget this day. . . . Farewell!"

"Natalie, you are going? Is it possible that we part thus?"

He held out his hand. She stopped. His tone of entreaty seemed to weaken her resolution.

"No," she cried at last, "I feel something is shattered within me. . . . I came here and spoke to you as in a delirium; I must compose myself. That cannot be; you have said it yourself; that shall not be. Heavens, on my way here, I bade good-by in my thought to my family, to my past life, — and then, whom did I find here? A coward. . . . How did you know I could not bear to part from my family? 'Your mother won't consent It is terrible!' That is all the answer you had! Was it you, was it really you, Roudine? No, farewell. . . . Ah! if you loved me, I should feel it at this moment. . . . No, no; good-by!"

She turned away rapidly and ran to Macha, who for some time had been anxious, and making signs to bring her away.

"It is you who are afraid, and not I," cried Roudine, as he saw her run away.

But she paid no attention to him, and ran across the fields to the house.

She reached her room safely; but she had scarcely crossed the threshold when her strength abandoned her, and she sank fainting into Macha's arms.

Roudine lingered some time at the dike. Suddenly he braced himself and stepped slowly along the path which he had taken an hour before. He was extremely ashamed of himself and exceedingly irritated. "What a girl she is!" he thought, "and only eighteen years old. . . . No, I didn't know her an extraordinary girl. What a strong will! She is right; she is worthy of another love than that which I could feel for her. . . . And did I feel it?" he asked himself. "Don't I love her any more? And must it all end thus? How piteous, how contemptible, I was in comparison with her!"

The rolling of a carriage caused Roudine to raise his head. It was Leschnieff coming in the opposite direction,

driving his customary trotter. Roudine bowed to him silently; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned to one side and walked rapidly towards Daria's house.

Leschnieff let him go on a short way, following him with his eyes, and then, after a moment of thought, he turned his horse and drove to Volinzoff's.

He found his friend asleep. He told the servant not to awaken him, and went on the piazza to smoke a pipe before breakfast.

(To be continued.)

THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS, that phosphoric promoter of the great French Revolution, once remarked that "The judgment of an intelligent foreigner is the verdict of a contemporaneous posterity." It is just possible that this neat saying, like most of those epigrammatic utterances dear to Frenchmen, has in it some slight substratum of truth. An Intelligent Foreigner, one Caius Julius Cæsar, who devoted some attention, and many hard blows, to the Gallia of twenty centuries ago, observes that the lively Gaul was even then "sudden and rash in his counsels." From this standard his descendants have nowise degenerated, as but few Frenchmen could be found to doubt their own ability to write a full and comprehensive work on England, her government, laws, and institutions, her art, literature, and cookery, after a residence of fourteen days, or thereabouts, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. They are humorously conscious of this peculiarity, and playfully exult in their capacity for rapid generalization, and innate tendency to indulge the imagination at the expense of inconvenient details.

In this connection an anecdote is told of a celebrated Frenchman remarking to Théophile Gautier, who had made a trip into Spain, and was proposing to put his experience upon paper, that the only objection to his writing a book upon Spain was, that he had committed the irreparable error of visiting that country, and had thereby crippled his natural genius by an accumulation of awkward and useless facts. This gentleman clearly agreed with Congreve's Witwoud, who considers learning a great drawback to a wit, as it gives him less opportunity of "showing his natural parts" and also with Charles Lamb's friend, who left off reading, "to the great increase of his originality."

The advantage of seeing "ourself as others see us," has been vouchsafed to Englishmen in very liberal measure, especially during the last few years; and what our foreign critics lack in courtesy, they unquestionably make up in candor. A possible explanation of the general acidity of the Intelligent Foreigner is that, always as a nation, and very frequently as individuals, we are not calculated to inspire warm affection in the bosom of the stranger.

That we are better fellows at home than abroad appears to be conceded on all hands; but, although John Bull never shines to so much advantage as in his own house, it would seem that eyes accustomed to behold the sun can look upon the splendor of Taurus without blinking. Strange to say, neither the bluff old English style, formerly so much admired in these islands, nor the stiff, priggish, self-contained demeanor which has recently taken its place, are considered well-bred by the natives of the Continent. The fine, hearty old buck who always speaks his mind, is apt to be designated "brutal," by the Intelligent Foreigner; while the young prig of the present day, who treats everybody with a coolness which, when exercised towards persons of hot temperament, is apt to produce singular results, is denounced as stiff, discourteous, cold-blooded, and aggravatingly silent—in short, a dumb dog. Of course, we know well enough, my brethren, that

these remarks are miserably unjust, and are only dictated by a paltry spirit. There is (we thank Heaven) no humbug about us. We do not say one thing and mean another, nor have we yet sunk so low as to waste time on questions of precedence and fine points of politeness.

We are sound and true, my brethren, as we frequently take occasion complacently to remark, and if our heads be a little over-thick, our hearts are in the right place; and a parcel of bowing and scraping foreigners who want to be made a fuss with, may go elsewhere, for we have no time to throw away in petty courtesies and empty compliments.

It is annoying, however, to find how often "these foreign fellows" come near the mark with their uncomplimentary observations, and pretty to see how, now and then, their light weapon strikes the very centre, as when Froissart accuses the English of "amusing themselves very sadly." Nothing more perfect of its kind was ever said, for it is impossible to imagine anything more ghastly than most of our attempts at merry-making, and perhaps the whole island presents no scene of dreariness comparable with a country fair. The people certainly eat and drink a great deal—possibly a great deal too much—but no single ray of gayety illumines the dismal scene; and if the people do enjoy themselves—a fact by no means clear—then have they the most woebegone fashion of expressing hilarity of any nation upon earth.

Some intelligent foreigners, whose original prejudices have not been proof against the "rosbif," the "jambons d'Yorc," the "plum-pounding," the "portare-beer," and the "petit-vin Ecossais," or "Ouiskey," of these islands, kindly acquit us of innate national sulkiness, and put down English "morgue" and "spleen" to our abominable climate. How—they ask—can a man feel any gayety of heart when a damp fog and a drizzling rain chill the marrow in his bones, and render him a constant victim to rheumatism and influenza? It is gratifying to find that we are not bad fellows at bottom, but that we are merely made unsociable by a vile climate, which forces us to hurry rapidly from business to our homes, giving us no opportunity to saunter about like the fortunate idlers of the Parisian boulevards. The weather, then, would appear to be the main cause of our sulkiness; we hurry to business in the early morning through the drizzling rain and choking fog, apply ourselves severely to some form of work throughout the day, and, toil being over, plunge through the mire and slush till we reach home, where in the prim dullness of domestic life we drag on the weary hours till it is time to retire to rest.

Constant rain, eternal fog, and a life divided between the active pursuit of gain and the stupefying atmosphere of home, combine to "brutalize" the Englishman to so great an extent, that even on the rare occasions when he would fain be merry, the attempt results in a dismal failure. The mind, dwarfed by a narrow life devoted to sordid ends, refuses to brighten up; the eyes, dim with poring over ledgers, are too weary to smile; and the mouth, which consumes huge, sanguinary wedges of meat, and untold quantities of fiery liquida, positively declines to laugh. In a climate like that of Albion, the poetry of life is reduced to zero. Try to imagine a lover serenading his mistress under the brumous sky of London, or the perpetual down-pour of Manchester! Fancy him strumming on a guitar—the strings much relaxed by the damp—while a shivering Leporello holds an umbrella over his unhappy master! Poor Count Almaviva would get his feet wet, catch the influenza, and probably lose that fine tenor voice of his forever.

In more favored climes, says our foreign friend—in Italy and southern France, for instance—the night, as the Irish gentleman remarked, is the best part of the day, and man has a chance of pouring out his poet soul into no unwilling ears.

Beneath the dark blue sky of Italy, whether gazing on the placid waters of the Mediterranean, regarding the snowy summits of Como, or simply wandering in the lemon groves of Naples, man casts off base and ignoble thoughts, and allows his soul to soar into the infinite. To achieve

this feat with entire success, a companion—a lady of like home-detesting instincts as the gentleman with the poet soul—is absolutely indispensable, while no better scene for a declaration could be imagined than the marble steps of a villa washed by the blue waters of Como, beneath a sky with a thousand stars. The senses naturally expand in the south, and the poor devil who dines upon a bunch of grapes, "acquires the idea of exquisite sensation" unattainable by the gross consumer of beef, beer, and gin; poor as the grape-eater may be, he is never "wretched," while with us poverty signifies cold, wet, misery, and a craving hunger unendurable in our raw atmosphere. But our villainous climate has one good effect, for—inasmuch as to secure anything like health one must possess a comfortable home, and consume an abundance of stimulating food—we are compelled to be rich, "in order to drive away the sad promptings of unfriendly nature."

Nothing more astonishes our Gallic friends than the minute appliances for ensuring comfort which abound in every well-ordered English interior. They marvel at the cosily carpeted bedrooms, the strips of oilcloth in front of the washstands, and the matting along the walls. They stare at our dressing-tables, rebel against the number and size of our jugs and basins, kick desperately against our multitudinous soap dishes, our immense sponges and everlasting baths, and savagely throw aside our numerous towels of different textures. They do not protest against looking-glasses, but all this parade of ablution is absolutely revolting to them, and they accuse us of spending one fifth of our lives in the tub. This indignation, this rebellion against a severe régime of cold water and rough towels, becomes perfectly intelligible when we see the washing appliances of the Continent, where a milk-jug and pie-dish are held amply sufficient for all purposes of ablution.

The rigid observance of the Sabbath is a matter of much wonderment to the Intelligent Foreigner, and the dulness of the first day of the week—due partly to English ideas of decorum and partly to the depressing influence of our frightful climate—is summed up as "simply appalling." Many years ago a French writer of the first rank declared that he would rather pass "twenty-four hours at the bottom of the well of the Great Pyramid, than endure a Sunday in London."

It is only fair to our French critics to admit that they are generally gallant and truthful enough to praise the good looks of Englishwomen, but they invariably deplore the existence of a certain stiffness of manner and severity of style that they pretend to discover in the best-bred Englishwomen; and they, moreover, bitterly bewail the absence of "gracieuseté" and "gentillesse" (which I take to be two of the excuses constantly put forward for Frenchwomen not being handsomer than they are). It was reserved for a rarely-gifted American to make a furious attack on the personal appearance of English ladies. This transatlantic critic is kind enough to say that the English maiden in her teens, "though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately-folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserve." All of which is kind and condescending to the young woman whom he elsewhere calls "the comely, rather than pretty English girls, with their deep, healthy bloom, which as American taste is apt to deem fitter for a milkmaid than for a lady." He evidently most admired a style of beauty which Englishmen, in their narrow little island, and medical professors all the world over, deem a false beauty, born of unhealthy climes, heated rooms, or late hours; in short, the style called by Frenchmen "beauté malade"—verily sickly, pale, and faded—refined, doubtless, but owing its delicate, fragile charm and interesting pallor far more to the unhealthy state of—shall I say the patient?—than to any true refinement. Throughout the book of a man specially appreciative of old moss-grown walls, lichen-covered rocks, hoary castles, and venerable churches, Mr. Hawthorne, for some occult reason, steadily depreciates an "institution" worth all old-time relics a thousand times over—our living, smiling, blooming womanhood. For

sooth, our women are not like "the trim little damsels of my native land," they are as cabbage-roses, mere full-blown peonies, the coarse product of an earthy tribe. The soil and climate of England produce neither beautiful women nor delicate fruit. Our hot-house productions he is good enough to admire, but even these are "at any moment likely to relapse into the coarseness of the original stock."

But his treatment of our girls is what his Massachusetts friends would call "not a circumstance" to the furious onslaught he makes upon the British matron, or, as he kindly designates her, "the female Bull."

Ignorant islanders as we are, we have been wont to boast of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their beauty to a comparatively advanced period of life; nay, we are even given to extol our matrons at the expense of our maidens, and to expatiate on the majestic and Juno-like charms of matronhood. But it seems that we are quite benighted on this important subject. We are told that the British matron has an "awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down," but I decline to continue the dreadful quotation, and must pause to inquire how it is that the author of the coarsest verdict ever passed by a gentleman of one country upon the ladies of another, should have been a native of the highly-punctilious and over-scrupulous country wherein a man's wife is absurdly designated his "lady," and her legs¹ ridiculously spoken of as "limbs"? The "trim damsels" are, doubtless, "beautiful exceedingly;" and their bright eyes, blooming complexions, and lovely little feet tripping daintily over the indifferent pavement of Fifth Avenue, are a sight to see on Sundays, when the snobbish practice of promenading after church prevails. There is no American "homeliness" (as it is called) visible in the streets — the girls who are not good-looking do not go out, unless they have very fine clothes indeed.

Occasionally Frenchmen vary slightly from the great body of their countrymen in their estimate of English beauty, and while some are never tired of singing the praises of "le teint Anglais," and fall into raptures at the sight of our fair Amazons, others — older possibly — think them "scarcely beautiful," and find the physiognomies of our girls pure, but also "sheepish." The "folded violets" of one critic, become in the hands of a severe brother "simple babies, new waxen dolls, with glass eyes which appear entirely empty of ideas." Other faces have "become ruddy and turned to raw beefsteak;" but it is comforting to find that English girls now and then attain absolute perfection, and that the Intelligent Foreigner occasionally remains "rooted to the spot, motionless with admiration," while nothing can be more amusing than his astonishment and gratified vanity when a beautiful young girl is intrusted to his care. Every glance of admiration cast upon his fair companion during a promenade in Kensington Gardens ricochets upon the Intelligent Foreigner, who swelling with importance struts along, raised to the seventh heaven of delight by the excitement caused by the beauty of his companion.

The foreign critic — let him come whence he may — is always tremendously satirical upon the dress of Englishwomen, and never fails to point out the ill-arranged colors and consequent hideous vulgarity of English female costume.

Almost the only dress in which a Frenchman admires an Englishwoman thoroughly, completely, and without any reservation, is the riding-habit. This dress charms him, as the dark color and graceful form of the garments subdue the redundant charms of our beauties, who resemble those of Rubens, save that the insular belle possesses greater severity of outline and a nobler type of head.

But her walking and evening costume are hideously defaced by vast patches of discordant colors which irritate the critical eye of the foreigner of taste. When he meets a handsome girl "whose neck and shoulders resemble snow or mother-of-pearl," his artistic sense is shocked by a rose-colored dress, a wreath of red flowers, green trimmings, and "a golden necklace around the throat, like a savage queen." Another great trial to him is to be found in the dreadful boots affected by our countrywomen. Why — he asks in despair — do Englishwomen appear to have such enormous feet? He is too gallant to abuse the extremities themselves, but puts the whole blame at the door of the shoemaker. Sometimes, however, an ugly anecdote crops up, like that told of the wife of an English consul in a South American seaport, who found it impossible to get a pair of shoes made in a hurry, for the very good and sufficient reason that the whole city could not supply a last big enough.

The day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales gave a foreign friend of mine a very good opportunity of seeing a large number of English people in review order. His first remark was, "What great feet they have!" I was obliged to concede that many otherwise excellent Englishwomen are unhappily guilty of possessing what a fair author once designated "useful feet," as distinguished from those dainty extremities dear to the eye of the Intelligent Foreigner, who, when in a gracious mood, is apt to admit that, after all, an Englishwoman is more thoroughly beautiful and "healthy than a Frenchwoman; but she is less agreeable, does not dress for her husband, and is unacquainted with a number of fine and delicate graces; one soon wearies beside her. Fancy a very beautiful pink peach, slightly juicy, and beside it a perfumed strawberry full of flavor."

If this hard measure be dealt unto the fair women of England, what can we, their coarser partners, expect? It appears that when young we are not repulsive, but that "The comeliness of the youthful Englishman rapidly diminishes with his years, his body appearing to grow longer, his legs to abbreviate themselves, and his stomach to assume the dignified prominence which justly belongs to that metropolis of the system." Our faces become mottled (is the "paleur malade" or the yellowish hue of a drum-head more beautiful, I wonder!) and we develop innumerable extra chins not included in the original contract with nature.

No doubt there are people who think a little, round, plump Frenchman, or an angular, long-necked American, a more beautiful object than an Englishman, weighing some twelve or fourteen stone, especially when the latter is badly dressed, as is, we are informed, generally the case. We are not so "trim," forsooth, as the "dandy Broadway swell" who, shaved, scraped, oiled, gummed, and "fixed" generally within an inch of his life, resembles nothing so much as a barber's block. The men of this country are generally divided by foreign observers into two great types: First, the athletic, muscular, square-shouldered type; a sort of respectable Guy Livingstone, strong, steady, earnest, and ambitious, pushing his way sturdily along in the narrow groove or speciality he has selected, striding fiercely onward, neither looking to the right nor to the left, and crushing, mayhap, a few weaker brethren under his heavy boots, a good fighter and an honest fellow, but possibly a harsh father, a tyrannical husband. Second, the phlegmatic type, heavy, dull, overlaid with adipose tissue, an accumulator of facts, but utterly devoid of the power of generalization; hence, a man of great information but few ideas, and those few taken at second-hand; a good man this, kind, pleasant, and hospitable in his fat way, a keen man in business, but simply bland and incapable out of it, a believer in all insular articles of faith, a steady church-goer, a justice of the peace, mayhap an M. P., but a dull dog withal.

Occasionally these Britons, "dull" and "dour," make a heavy-handed attempt at festivity, and the only possible form under which they are capable of enjoying themselves is a dinner. Nothing, either political, charitable, or com-

¹ This agreeable writer has, we suspect, depended on such dramas as "Our American Cousin" for his philological information. But then even Dickens went to the grave under the impression that "expectate" was an American word, though very likely he invented it himself. E. S.

memorative, can be done without dining upon it, and it is even doubted whether an "Englishman will be able to reconcile himself to any future state of existence from which the earthly institution of dinner shall be excluded. The idea of dinner has so imbedded itself among his highest and deepest characteristics, so illuminated itself with intellect, and softened itself with the kindest emotions of his heart, so linked itself with Church and State, and grown so majestic with long hereditary customs and ceremonies, that by taking it utterly away, death, instead of putting the final touch to his perfection, would leave him infinitely less complete than we have already known him. He could not be roundly happy. Paradise, among all its enjoyments, would lack one daily felicity which his sombre little island possessed."

For a people whose consummation of all earthly bliss is a dinner, we are singularly incapable of producing a meal, either toothsome or wholesome. Quantity is aimed at instead of quality, and the foreigner is horror-struck at the crudeness and vastness of a British banquet.

The huge fishes, so much admired in London, disgust the more refined taste of the Frenchman, while the fiery sauces so often served at English tables, scarify his palate and produce on him the "effect of having swallowed a lighted firework." The detestable insular fashion of cooking vegetables in plain water, and serving them to accompany wedges of meat cut from Homeric joints, also comes in for some well-merited castigation. But there is one redeeming feature in this gloomy picture of British gastronomy—a fish-dinner at Greenwich. But even at the Trafalgar, the Intelligent Foreigner declares that he feels, in presence of the endless courses of fish, more like a student in a museum of ichthyology than a guest at an excellent dinner. Again he comes to grief among our incendiary condiments, and being entrapped into eating some salmon cutlets (probably dressed with West India pickles), finds his mouth converted into a raging furnace. Another dish (probably curry), works its wicked ill upon our unfortunate friend, who, amazed and incensarized, marvels at the superhuman thirst engendered by this Tartarean food. But these "energetically spiced" dishes pale before the whitebait, a tiny fish, who "in volume is to the bleak as the pike is to the whale," and in flavor is utterly indescribable, for, compared with these charming little fishes, the "smelt is coarse, and the gudgeon disgusting."

Our after-dinner oratory appears to excite very different emotions in the inhabitants of various countries. The Gaul generally likes our speechifying, and is as much surprised and delighted at the neatness of a post-prandial oration as he is by the clear, business-like, unrhettorical tone of a Parliamentary debate; but an American critic denounces our utterances as ragged and shapeless, containing often a sufficiency of good sense, but in a frightfully disorganized mass. Moreover, it would seem that we (not knowing any better) positively incite this clumsiness, and that if an orator be glib, we distrust him. We dislike smartness, and the stronger and heavier the thoughts of an orator the better, provided there be an element of commonplace running through them.

Apart from his heavy and indigestible banquets, the morose islander has one grand holiday, one stupendous merry-making, a strange, unique festival, the free manifestation of a free people, with which no French festival is comparable—the Derby. On this subject the Intelligent Foreigner (possibly incited thereto by the success of Gladiateur a few years since) endeavors to exhibit at once a proper enthusiasm and a respectable accuracy. The day has gone by for the tremendous blunders once made by Frenchmen when dealing with our tight little island. Scarcely yet have they mastered our proper names, and still persist in speaking of Sir Peel, or Sir Dilke, and of Lord Dirry-Moir, more familiarly known as Tom-Jim-Jack, but they no longer describe an English gentleman as driving a friend to the Tower of London in his cabriolet drawn by a "celebrated mare who had thrice won the Derby." The Intelligent Foreigner of to-day is wonderfully well informed concerning the minutest details of Le Sport. He visits

racing-stables, and is enchanted at the sublime order and discipline which reign in those elegant, but slightly expensive, establishments. He is charmed to find that celebrated racers, steeds of high renown, have their favorite cats, who alone are permitted to rest on the glossy backs which have carried the fortunes of millions.

He is vastly amused at the setting-in of the Derby fever, a well-known epidemic, which spreads from the turf market to all classes of society; he loves to see the confidence of people who bet furiously on horses they have never seen. Women, nay, even children, do not escape the malady. The boy, "crawling like a snail unwillingly to school," may have forgotten to learn his lessons, but "Ask him the names of the favorites for the Derby, and he knows them by heart." The Intelligent Foreigner is seized with amazement at the wonderful spectacle of Parliament suspending its sitting on the Derby Day, and carried away himself by the—till then—undiscovered liveliness of his English friends, he goes down to Epsom by road. Down the road and on the Downs he is delighted with everything, and even yields a reluctant tribute of admiration to the "turf-men belonging to the higher classes. The latter had made all their bets long previously, and many of them had heavy sums at stake; but they affected that air of haughty calmness and indifference which well-born Englishmen regard in critical moments as a proof of education and moral strength."

The good-humor and universal merriment which prevail are delightful to the foreigner, and the thoroughly democratic character of the festival lends it an additional charm.

For once the stranger confesses the inferiority of similar institutions in his own land, and owns that a French race-course is a dull scene compared with one of ours, but, adds he, "There is as much difference between the races at Chantilly and the Derby as between a rustic festival of Watteau and Rubens' famous Kermesse."

Sad to say, the Kermesse element comes out very strongly towards evening, and the return by road provokes from the Intelligent Foreigner some rather sharp remarks on the fibre of coarse brutality, which assumes hideous proportions in the Briton when under the influence of abundant meat and drink, and a feverish excitement at other times unknown to his phlegmatic temperament.

On most occasions, and especially among large crowds of people, a painful effect is produced upon the foreigner by the gradual degradation of fashionable articles of dress. In this country there is no distinctive dress for different classes, and the natural sequence is that articles of costume pass from hand to hand until the fashionable garment, which once clothed the dainty form of the exquisite, degenerates into the rags which barely keep the wintry wind from the shivering limbs of the beggar. In a Kentish hop-field this peculiar destiny of English old clothes springs into almost ludicrous visibility, as it is by no means rare to see a barefooted hop-picker adorned with the soiled and faded fragments of a bonnet which once perhaps excited envy and admiration in the Ladies' Mile. Discoursing of old clothes and shabby subjects generally, the foreigner feels a terrible pang on offering a fee to the lady-like girl who shows him over Shakespeare's house, and is shocked at finding her accept the guerdon without the slightest hesitation. He hits us very severely when he says that "Nobody need fear to hold out half a crown to any person with whom he has occasion to speak a work in England." This is severe enough, but does not its severity lie in its truth? Why does almost every English person of whom you ask the way, or of whom you demand the slightest information or the smallest service, immediately feel his heart bound within him, at the prospect of possible beer?

The Intelligent Foreigner is generally subdued by English beer. Even the plebeian compound known as shandy-gaff finds favor in his eyes. Ginger-beer alone is too pungent, but Trinity ale and Oxford "Archdeacon" delight him greatly, especially the latter. "John Barleycorn has given his very heart to this admirable liquor; it is a superior kind of ale, the prince of ales, with a richer flavor and a mightier spirit than you can find elsewhere in this weary

world." Occasionally our kind critics drop a tear over the day when we sank from a wine-sipping into a beer drinking generation, and marvel that the hop-grounds have displaced the ancient vineyards of Kent. One singularly appreciative traveller at once describes the true reason of the decline of vine-growing in England. The old chroniclers, he says, "gilded the grapes with fancy colors." No reasonable doubt can be entertained that wine grown from English grapes must have been abominably bad; but then it may not be generally known that good wine is a modern invention, and that really drinkable vinous fluids are not more than about two hundred years old. Henri Quatre, who would certainly have known good wine from bad — had any good liquor existed in his day — was very fond of the wine of Suresnes, a severe and cutting beverage facetiously alluded to by Parisian jokers when they wish to quote the meanest kind of "petit bleu."

The Intelligent Foreigner, then, has surveyed our country very thoroughly; has been up and down, and to and fro, in it. He has travelled from Land's End to John o'Groat's, has taken notes, and has not found all barren. Mayhap he has spied out the weakness of the land, but then he has found much to admire. He is never tired of raising the admirable training for public business undergone by many Englishmen, and he is delighted to think that if a second and more successful Guy Fawkes were to blow (which Heaven forefend!) her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the rest of the royal family, the lords spiritual and temporal, and the faithful Commons, into the air, "merely the apex of the structure would be destroyed," and that we should all rally round our local chiefs, and proceed regularly and legally to rebuild the injured edifice of the Constitution. Our tendency to abide by the law at all hazards receives from him a generous tribute of praise, while the spotless ermine of our judges excites, not only his astonishment, but his admiration. He respects our steady, dogged determination and our untiring energy. He stands amazed at the wonders of our great hives of industry, and is almost appalled by commercial undertakings of such gigantic magnitude as to invest commerce herself with a halo of poetry.

He admires our horses, our trees, and our boys, although he fancies that the rough training of our public schools develops the coarse fibre which in manhood ripens into hardness, obstinacy, and tyranny. He pays his tribute of respect to our lord mayor, "and the rest of the aristocracy;" enjoys the manifold comforts of an English home, appreciates whitebait, and holds Bass and Allsopp not only as merchant princes, but as benefactors to their species. But he perceives with sorrow that the vaunted prosperity of England has a "seamy side," and that the spacious robe of cloth of gold, which hangs so gracefully from the shoulders of Britannia, is hardly ample enough to conceal the narrow vestments of poverty, and the squalid rags of the drunkard. He does not deny that we are powerful and capable men, well calculated to push our broad shoulders forward in the world; but he thinks that we crowd and rush overmuch, and that the "struggle for existence" is too severe, especially in a country where sound, solid, "financial" success is accepted as the only test of merit, where "Devil take the hindmost," and "The weakest must go to the wall," are accepted as popular proverbs. He seems, at times, almost to envy our material prosperity, but dreads the dreary monotony of our lives, devoted entirely to work, and to the slavish observance of certain social conventionalities. Finally, he doubts whether in the whole melancholy history of human blundering, any misnomer was ever invented more thoroughly ridiculous than that of "Merrie England."

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER TRADE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

AMONG the remarkable branches of industry connected with the purely decorative portions of costume, and therefore always more or less at the mercy of ever-changing

fashion, not the least curious is the production of artificial flowers — beautiful imitations of beautiful things. That the women of all ages and nearly all countries have recognized the grace and attractiveness of flowers and foliage, mosses and tendrils, as ornaments for the hair and the dress, is pretty certain: nor is it necessary to seek out a cause for so natural a taste. There is a language of flowers of which poets and dramatists have made ample use; and in proportion as new varieties of flowers are discovered or cultivated, so surely are additions made to this sentimental language. If any one would count up the number of songs and sonnets that select the rose, the lily, the daisy, or some other flower for their subject, trope, figure, or illustration, he would have given himself as tough a task as could well be undertaken.

It is, of course, the *natural* flower that is thus brought into favor; natural, though cut from its parent stem, and destined to a life as brief as that of a sunny summer insect. Irrespective of the florists' labors in the *parterre* and the garden, he drives a brisk trade at certain seasons in the arranging and selling of cut flowers, as graceful ornaments for the person or for the saloon. The French are amazingly active in this line; and it tends in no small degree to that combination of grace with richness which distinguishes so many of the decorative arts practised by our neighbors across the Channel. Some years ago it was stated by M. Soulange Bodin that in one single week in January (the season of balls and fêtes) a sum of 20,000 francs was paid in Paris for ball-room bouquets alone, together with 16,000 francs for the purchase or loan of pots and boxes of flowers and shrubs, flowers, suspension-baskets, and jardinières. Some of the Empress's grand balls at the Tuileries entailed a cost for flowers marvellous in amount. In England we incur this kind of expenditure more soberly; nevertheless, a single wedding order for cut flowers will sometimes amount to a hundred guineas; and busy work it is to make up all the bouquets between four and ten o'clock on the wedding-morning. (The flowers must be brought to market early that same morn, or they would not be fresh enough.) In the favored and favorite centre avenue of Covent Garden market, a bride's bouquet is said frequently to cost from one to three guineas. Such a pressure is there, in the "season," for ball-room and ball-dress bouquets, that a florist, writing to one of the daily newspapers a few years ago, said: "Among the many projects for the profitable employment of ladies by birth and education, perhaps there are few more promising than bouquet-making in such a place as the Floral Hall; and as many of the aristocracy are members of floral societies for extending and improving production, it is only natural to suppose they will cheerfully support any well-organized means for extending the distribution of flowers, and making it an art and occupation for ladies." A good suggestion, perhaps, so far as concerns tasteful dexterity; but the neighborhood of Covent Garden Market in early morning is not exactly the place for "ladies by birth and education."

FRENCH ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS.

The branch of industry, however, which is now under consideration is, not the grouping and bouquet-making of real flowers, but the production of those singularly clever fac-similes which we appreciate less than they deserve because they are so cheap. Paris is the headquarters of this trade. The productions there made are more exact, more delicately beautiful, than those of England or other countries. The best French makers study floral botany with much attention, and make themselves acquainted with minute characteristics which escape the notice of less observant workers. The names of M. Constantin and Mme. Fürstenhoff are mentioned among the Parisian makers who have thus brought science to give perfection to a tasteful art. What they can effect in the way of delicacy, the bridal wreaths of St. George's, Hanover Square, sufficiently denote — with all the niceties of distinction between orange-blossom, myrtle, jasmine, and lilac; and what they achieve in imitating the rich tints of other flowers, a con-

noisseur in real flowers can best say. When the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held in London the excellences of the French artificial flowers were rendered apparent to all; buyers had already been aware of the fact, but it now obtained a wider recognition. Even five years before that date the French makers had sent into the market produce to the value of £440,000 annually, of which the exports amounted to £120,000, England and the United States being the chief purchasers of this exported portion. It was in the use of taffeta and batiste as imitative materials that this excellence was in great part due, the silk and cotton equivalents used in England being less delicate, and not so skilfully chosen; but all the other materials were in like manner selected and used with marked taste and discrimination. The Hyde Park display, although it manifested the delicate beauty of artificial flowers made of wax, nevertheless rendered apparent the fact that this substance is not in some respects so effective for the purpose as woven tissues. The latter give more scope for the exercise of discrimination on the part of the workers, seeing that they reveal the possibility of faithfulness in imitation by varying the materials according to the textures of different parts of the flower. Textile flowers have also the advantage of being cheaper, more durable, and better suited for varied applications than those made of wax.

The French system, in the carrying on of this branch of industry, is well organized. Even so far back as twenty-five years ago there were 574 *monteurs*, or makers-up, in Paris, employing 5,675 hands. These *monteurs* do not manufacture the petals, leaves, buds, calyces, pistils, stamens, stems, tendrils, and other component parts of flowers; they build up these elements into a finished form. Some of the firms, carrying on all the several branches, produced to the value of £8,000 to £10,000 a year each. The men employed were comparatively few; the chief part of the work being done by women and young persons, who earned about 1s. 8d. per day on an average, and by children, who were mostly boarded and lodged as a mode of payment. The International Exhibitions of 1855 at Paris, and 1862 in London, corroborated the testimony furnished by the previous industrial display, concerning the care and taste shown by the French makers. Again at Paris in 1867, our Continental neighbors bore off the palm as before. But there was also proof afforded of the manner in which tyrant Fashion affects this trade. In 1867 the *modistes* of Paris (who rule the world in these matters) did not allow artificial flowers to form a conspicuous feature in the decking out of fair dames and demoiselles; nor were the *perruquiers* any more favorable. True, artificial flowers were still worn in the hair and in caps, in bonnets and in hats, and in various parts of the dress; but the fashion-books and *magasins des modes* did not largely introduce them; and the trade was consequently in the state which trade circulars would call "quiet," or "dull," not "looking up." M. Petit, reporting on the specimens exhibited on that occasion, said, "If the wreaths and circlets of our best makers are fewer in number than at former exhibitions, it is because fashion just at this time leads somewhat away from this style of personal adornment." A fear had been entertained in 1851 that the duty imposed by England on the importation of French artificial flowers would enable the English manufacturer to command the home market, and to lessen the difference of skill between them and the French; but the Commercial Treaty of 1860 removed this cause of fear, and the year 1867 showed France to be still at the head of the trade. The productions of M. Baulant and M. Delaplace (specially named) were so perfect that the dissimilarity to real flowers could scarcely be detected, except by the aid of the microscope. M. Alphonse Payen, in 1862, estimated the French production at 16,000,000 francs (£640,000) annually; in 1867 M. Petit raised the estimate to 24,000,000 francs (£960,000) as a yearly average for five years, of which more than half went in wages to the workpeople.

Concerning the French *monteurs* or makers-up, just adverted to, one of the international juries has remarked: "However meritorious and commendable the truthful imitation of flowers and plants may be, this excellence is insuff-

ficient in itself to induce a large home consumption, or to create and maintain an extensive export trade. It is to the great talent of the Parisian *monteurs*, in harmoniously grouping together a variety of stems, leaves, buds, and flowers for head-wreaths, dress-trimmings, and bouquets, as much as to the makers of these several parts, that Paris owes its high reputation in this art. So much diversity as to skill exists among the various artists, that it is known that the same flowers have a double value when arranged by one of them to what they would have if by another."

MATERIALS AND PROCESSES.

The materials employed for making the generality of artificial flowers range over nearly the same kinds, whether used by French or by English makers: although the former make a better selection of qualities than the latter. Cambric, batiste, kid, muslin, gauze, crape, silk, velvet-colored papers — all are brought into requisition; as well as flock (wool-dust), wire, cotton wool, silken filaments, dyes and stains, paints and pigments, bloom-powder, gums, varnishes, paste, glue, etc. Batiste is a usual material for the petals of the best-made flowers, Florence taffeta for the leaves. For the delicate little buds, which enter as component parts into the construction of bridal wreaths, soft white kid is a favorite material.

The coloring substances employed are very varied, and their selection is among the most important features in the trade: seeing that the almost infinitely diversified tints of flowers call for great circumspection in the choice, preparation, and combination of the dyes and pigments by which they are to be imitated. For red and purple colors, Brazil-wood, carmine, madder lake, and garancine are the chief substances employed. The red produced by Brazil-wood receives a purple tinge by a salt of tartar or of potash, a rich crimson tinge by alum, and tints of salmon, flesh, and peach color by various alkalies and acids. Carmine is the chief source of rose-color, varied in tint by salts of tartar. Thus it happens that chemistry is brought into constant requisition in the preparation of intermediate or special shades and tints. For blue colors, the principal substances selected are indigo, Prussian blue, and stone blue. Indigo receives various modifications of tint by admixture with potash and alcohol. For yellow, grains d'Avignon, saffron, chrome yellow, gamboge, and annatto. Various shades, tending towards orange on the one hand and green on the other, result by adding salt of tartar, alcohol, etc. For green, mixtures of blue and yellow are mostly adopted, such as Prussian blue and Indian yellow, or indigo and gamboge. If to be applied with a pencil or brush, the mixture is made before using; but if the textile material is to be stained, as with a liquid dye, it is dipped in yellow first, and then in blue. For violet, combinations of blue and red are employed, such as Prussian blue and garancine, Prussian blue and carmine lake, or cobalt and crimson lake. For lilac, a combination of carmine or crimson lake with cobalt or (in choice examples) ultramarine.

The actual processes of making involve a multiplicity of small details, easy to learn and to execute individually, but generally managed more deftly in Paris than in London. The stems are mostly made of iron wire, rendered shapable by a wrapping of cotton wool, and covered with coiled strips of paper colored to the proper tint of green; colored crape is occasionally used for the branches. The taffeta for the leaves is slightly gummed on one surface to give it the proper gloss, and so treated on the other as to acquire a velvet-like texture. The petals of batiste or cambric are usually dyed after being cut into shape, the tint being lightened in some parts when necessary, by a drop or two of water, and deepened in others by painting with a camel hair pencil. The leaves are hollowed or curved into shape (each according to the botanical characteristics of the plant), by means of a *gaujroi* or gauffering-iron, consisting of a die and counter-die, between which the bit of taffeta or other material is held for a few seconds. The pressure is hot usually; cold when a high temperature would injure the delicacy of the tints. Sometimes the counter-die of the

gaufroi is made of papier maché, which works well and smoothly with a copper die. Unless the veins of the leaf are very fine, several leaves are gaufered at once. The stamens of the flower are made of little balls of silk affixed to the ends of fine wires, with grains of semola or some other kind of paste, tinted to the proper yellow. The buds are made of little balls of cotton wool, or some similar light substance, fashioned and tinted in the proper way for the particular flower to be imitated. The small fruits, constructed as component parts of some flowers, are first shaped in cotton, then dipped in green color, and finally glossed with white of egg.

The building-up of these several parts, the work of the French "monteur" and the English "mounter," calls for nimble fingers, delicate touch, accuracy of eye, and considerable taste. All the petals are arranged in proper superposition and over-lapping, according to the number and shape properly belonging to each particular flower; and so with the leaflets of the bud and the calyx. Wire forms the skeleton of the whole fabric, of iron or copper as the case may be. The fastening of the separate pieces (some of them very minute), is done in one or other of several ways; by pressing, by tying with fine threads of silk or cotton, by over-lapping with coiled narrow strips of properly colored paper, by pasting, by gumming, etc.

ENGLISH ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS.

Artificial flower making, as one of the London industries, is secondary to that of Paris, for reasons already stated, except in relation to wax flowers, presently to come under notice. The textile flowers (to adopt a convenient, though not exactly a technical name), which form a vast majority of the whole, are made nearly in the same way in England as in France. Almost the whole trade is concentrated in London; a small percentage only of artificial flowers being made at Manchester, and some other towns in the north; black crape flowers, for mourning, being to some extent included in the country list. The trade is carried on in divers ways. There are in London a few establishments employing a hundred or more hands each, working under one roof, and classified according to skill and kind of work. Others have from thirty to sixty hands each; others a smaller number. Some firms rely mainly on middle-men or contractors, who undertake a certain quantity of work at a certain price, and who are the real direct employers of the workpeople. Some, again, make on speculation, and take their chance of finding customers by calling on the warehousemen or large dealers in the Wood Street and Cheap-side region. In this, as in nearly all trades, the poorest operatives are those who work for the middle-men; the largest establishments being usually the best managed, and (as the phrase is) less "screwy" in their dealings with the handicraft-folk. Lower down in the scale are persons who only employ half a dozen or half a score hands; and below these again, are the members of a family — mother, boys, and girls, working together in an ill-lighted and ill-ventilated room, making some or other of the component parts, which more skilful work-people are afterwards to build up into a flower.

Very little was publicly known touching the interior economy of this trade in London till 1860, when the Children's Employment Commissioners instituted inquiries into the matter. Mr. Lord, who made the personal inquiries and detailed inspections, found that there are two busy seasons in the trade, from August to November, and from February to May, during which stocks of artificial flowers are accumulated, in preparation for winter and summer festivities. At such seasons he found the young hands to be worked very, very hard, sometimes fifteen to eighteen hours a day, sometimes all night. Being paid piece-work, the hands fell into irregular habits — shirking work on Monday, sometimes on Tuesday likewise, and making up lost time by a health-destroying severity of labor in the later days of the week. Lazy habits in the morning he also found to prevail, entailing as their consequence late hours in the evening. Young girls were set to work by their mothers

at a tender age, to add a trifle to the family pittance; their delicate little fingers being suited for some of the minor and minute processes. Truly sad it was to see them thus cramped, when they ought to have been at children's school and children's play. Their eyes were dimmed and weakened, for there was much dust floating about the work-rooms, arising from substances used to give "bloom" to some of the flowers. The stamping out, coloring, and varnishing were done by adults; but the work else was mostly executed by girls — such as gumming, waxing, dusting or blooming, twisting, wiring, and threading.

"DEATH AMONG THE DEW-DROPS."

One particular feature in this trade gave a startling title to a paper which appeared in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, in 1871. It was called "Death among the Dew-drops," and was from the pen of Mr. James Greenwood, better known to the reading public as the "Amateur Casual." It vividly described the squalid home of one of the humblest grade of artificial flower makers; with the consequences of long hours, bad light, bad ventilation, dusty particles, and — worst of all — the use of arsenic green or Scheele's green, in coloring the leaves; a green deadly poisonous, but used because it is brilliant, attractive, and inexpensive. One particular kind of work, in which little children can assist, is technically known as "grass work," consisting of a sort of feathery grass, a component in some kinds of artificial flower trimmings. The children do not shape or color the pieces which constitute the grass; they only fasten the "dew-drops" to it — small glass beads threaded to the "grass" to give it a sparkling appearance. So easy is the work, that little toddlers of four or five years old can help at it; and as it is done at the poorest work-people's poor homes, official inspection becomes difficult. The master of a Ragged School in a densely populated East End district found that when a particular kind of artificial flower was in fashion, the young children neglected school in order to go to "grass work." He told Mr. Greenwood that "You may always know a grass hand if he has been at the work any time, from the appearance of the hair. You will find the front part of it — that which is most exposed as the head is bent over the work — to be of a different color from the rest. If the child's hair is light colored, the patch in front, just where the parting commences, will be changed to a dull yellow; if the hair is dark, the patch will be rusty, almost of the color called caroty. If they work long and hard at the grass, the hair will fall out." The "Casual's" own observations were made in a poverty-stricken district in the northeast of the metropolis. He entered the dwelling of a family, five members of which were practical "grass hands." "This was by no means a commodious abode; being one of about thirty standing in a court that might have been stowed comfortably in a suburban back garden. The family occupied the back parlor of the tiny three-roomed house, and consisted of a woman and her four children, three girls and a boy, the eldest about ten and the youngest four or five. It was candle-light, and all five were grouped about a round table no bigger than a washing-tub, so as to make the most of the one tallow candle that feebly illuminated what was a workshop, a living-room, and a bedroom rolled into one. They were hard at work, even to the youngest, whose dull blue eyes had red rims, and whose small, pinched, white face cadaverously reflected the villainous green of the heap before it." The threading of the beads on the blades and leaves of grass, and the subsequent shaking to see that all was right, dislodged particles of arsenic green, which poisoned the air and told its tale on the poor children. When the mother was asked why she employed herself and her children in such deleterious work, she had the one answer to give — necessity. Plenty of other persons were at hand to take the work if she declined it; and she could not afford to throw up her chance till "something better turned up."

It would be incorrect, however, to infer from such a scene as this that artificial flower making is of necessity a deleterious and squalid employment. In the first place, "grass

work" — green leaves and blades of various widths, from an eighth of an inch to an inch — is only now and then in fashion; two years ago it had a great run; whereas at present brown semi-faded leaves are more in favor as component elements in artificial flowers. In the second place, arsenic is not an indispensable ingredient in green colors; chemists and color-makers know of many others, which nothing but a craving for cheapness shuts out of general use. In the third place, the kinds of work that are done, or can be done, by very young children, are few in number, and must not be accepted as types of the work generally. In the fourth place, there is an increasing tendency to establish factories on a somewhat large scale, in which the work is almost invariably better and healthier than in pent-up workshops and work-rooms where only a limited number of hands are employed. And, in the fifth place, official inspection, though at all times difficult, is gradually becoming more systematic. Under the various Acts of Parliament passed within the last few years, relating to the protection and proper treatment of women and children engaged in factories and workshops, artificial flower makers have not been forgotten. The abolition of night-work, the limitation in the number of hours' work per day, the regularity of the meal times, the proper ventilation of the work-rooms, the avoidance of overcrowding, the enforcement of cleanliness in every practical way — these are matters which the inspectors of factories and workshops are empowered to look into; and, although the progress may be slow, it will tell in the long run. The large employers for the most part assist willingly in putting the law in operation; for, irrespective of motives of kindness, they have every reason to wish that the work should receive the benefits accruing from clean and wholesome work-rooms, tidy and intelligent workpeople. Here, as in the lucifer-match manufacture, the difficulty lies in dealing with the middle-men and small masters (or mistresses), who grudge a single farthing of extra expenditure for those ameliorations which the world designates "sanitary reform," but which to them is "bother," or "stuff and nonsense." And when it comes to the case of a mother of a family, working in the one family room with her own children, it is a knotty point to determine how far, and in what way, the law can insist on inspection. In the struggle for bread, many thousands of poor families in London work terribly long hours for a very poor pittance; and when the father or the mother has brought home the work to be done at his or her dismal lodging up a frowzy court, it would be no easy matter for the law to lay down rules as to the extent to which Dick and Sally and the other children shall be employed in the work. Perhaps the School Boards may do something; perhaps — but the question is one of those that lie too deep in the organism of society to be discussed here.

We would willingly give in this place a few figures illustrative of the statistics of this branch of industry. But the official tables do not render us much help. There are classifications according to counties, according to the sex of the workers, and according to the ages of those who are not yet men and women; but we are pulled up short by the absurdity that artificial flower makers are grouped with feather makers, without any clue to a comparison of the numbers of each kind.

WAX FLOWER MAKING.

We have said in a former paragraph that England takes the lead of France in the production of wax flowers. There is no reason to believe that the French could not equal us if they chose to try: it is simply a matter of fact that they prefer the adoption of other and less perishable materials. Wax, from its very nature, is unfitted for employment in making artificial flowers to adorn the hair and dress; its colors, when dyed or painted, are somewhat fugitive; while its tendency to melt renders it ill-fitted as a decoration for heated rooms. Nevertheless, wax flowers, when skilfully made, are so beautiful, that they are likely to retain a large share of admiration as works of art.

When the first Great Exhibition was held, many persons saw for the first time the exquisite wax flowers exhibited by the Mintorns, the Peacheyes, and one or two other makers, and recognized the fitness of the material for imitating some of the more delicate features of natural flowers. The *Victoria Regia*, the fuchsias, the *mignonnettes*, the orchids, were almost life-like in their fidelity. Nor did foreign countries fail to show specimens of this art. From India came seventy varieties of wax flowers and fruit, the handiwork of the natives of Rohileund, the Mahratta country, and Travancore; from Barbadoes, a hundred and fifty wax models of bulbs, roots, flowers, fruit, and seeds, remarkable alike for correctness of detail and for artistic grouping. Perhaps the finest thing of the kind ever produced was Miss Lambert's "bank of wild flowers," shown at the International Exhibition of 1862. Besides the professional makers, many ladies practice this art, partly for amusement, partly as a possible source of livelihood. Small treatises for their guidance have been published both in English and in French.

The best white wax is required for the art — pure, and free from granulation. The consistency may need to be modified, according to the state of the weather, and the part of the flower to be imitated; it may be made firmer and more translucent by the addition of a little spermaceti, while Venice turpentine will give it ductility. In preparing the wax for use, it is melted with Canada balsam, or some kind of fine turpentine, and poured into flat tin moulds; these give it the form of quadrangular blocks or slabs about an inch thick. These blocks are cut into thin sheets or films, in one or other of several different ways — by fixing them down flat, with a screw and a stop, and slicing off layers with a kind of spoke-shave; or holding a block in the hand, and passing it along a carpenter's plane having the face uppermost; or causing the block to rise gradually above the edge of the mould, and cutting off successive slices with a smooth-edged knife.

The coloring of the wax is an important matter, seeing that in some instances the tint must penetrate the whole substance; whereas in others it is better when laid on the surface as a kind of paint. The choice of colors is nearly the same as for other kinds of artificial flowers, but not in all instances. The *white* colors are produced by white lead, silver white, and one or two other kinds; for *red*, vermilion, minium, lake, and carmine; for *rose* color, carmine, following an application of dead white (to avert yellowish tints); for *blue*, ultramarine, cobalt, indigo, and Prussian blue; for *yellow*, chrome yellow, massicot, Naples yellow, orpiment, yellow-ochre, and gamboge; for *green*, verdigris, Schweinfurth green, arsenic green (the less of this the better), and various mixtures of blue and yellow; for *violet*, *salmon*, *flesh*, *copper*, *lilac*, and numerous intermediate tints, various mixtures of some or other of the colors already named. Most of these coloring substances are employed in the form of powder, worked up on a muller and stone with essential oil of citron or lavender, and mixed with the wax in a melted state; the mixture is strained through muslin, and then cast into the flat moulds already mentioned. Or else a muslin bag filled with color is steeped for a time in the melted wax. The material dealers sell these slabs of wax ready dyed, to save the flower-maker from a kind of work which is chemical rather than manipulative. Some flowers require that the wax shall be used in a purely white bleached state, color being afterwards applied to the surface at selected spots.

The wax is, of course, the chief material employed in wax-flower making; but it is by no means the only one. Wire bound round with green silk, tinting brushes and pencils, shapes or stencil patterns, moulds and stampers, flock or ground-up woollen rag, and many other implements and materials are needed.

The building-up of a wax flower is a work of patient detail. The patterns of leaves and petals are made of paper or of thin sheet-tin, copied from the natural objects; and the wax sheets are cut out in conformity with them. Only the smaller and lighter leaves are, however, made in this way; those of firmer texture and fixity of shape are

made in plaster moulds. The patterns are laid on a flat, smooth surface of damp sand; a ring is built up around them, and liquid plaster is poured into the cell thus formed. Generally two such moulds are necessary, one for the upper and one for the lower surface of the leaf. Sometimes wooden moulds are employed, into which (when moistened to prevent adhesion) the wax is poured in a melted but not very hot state. Occasionally the entire mould is dipped into molten wax, to produce petals and leaves of peculiar size and shape. The stems are made by working wax dexterously around wires, with or without an intervening layer of silken thread. By the use of flock, down, varnishes, etc., the leaves are made to present a glossy surface on one side and a velvety surface on the other. A singular mode of preparing films of unusual thinness is by the aid of a small wooden cylinder, like a common cotton reel, or rather, ribbon-reel; this is dipped and rotated in melted wax until it takes up a thin layer, which layer, when cold, is cut and uncoiled; the difference of smoothness which the two surfaces present fits them to represent the upper and lower surfaces of a leaf or petal. The combination of all these materials into a built-up flower is a kind of work not differing much from that exercised in regard to textile flowers. The small manuals of instruction in this art point out the *modus operandi* for various kinds of flowers — the snowdrop, crocus, primrose, violet, cowslip, polyanthus, auricula, tulip, calceolaria, heartsease, hyacinth, narcissus, jonquil, pink, jasmine, daisy, forget-me-not, cyclamen, ranunculus, fuchsia, laburnum, convolvulus, passion-flower, bell-flower, honeysuckle, rose, poppy, chrysanthemum, lily, camellia, anemone, etc. Some of the practical details are regulated by the fact that the wax may be made to cement itself to other parts, by judicious softening and pressing.

WAX FRUIT AND ROOT MAKING.

Closely allied to wax flower making is that of wax fruit, some specimens of which are marvellous for their faithful imitation of nature. Here moulding or casting is of more importance than in flower-making; seeing this accuracy of form is the chief desideratum. Most kinds of imitative fruit are shaped in double moulds, one for each half, and if the fruit is irregular in its curvatures a tripartite mould may be needed. Say that an orange is to be imitated in wax. A smooth, damp surface of sand is prepared, into which exactly one half of a good orange is carefully pressed. A cordon or border of tin or stiff paper is built up around it, at about half an inch distance from the orange on all sides. Plaster of Paris, in a cream-like consistency, is poured into the cell thus made, so as to fully cover the orange. When quite firm enough to handle, this plaster half-mould is taken up, and the orange extricated. The orange is then turned over in the sand, and another half-mould made in a similar way. Whether fruit are cast solid or hollow depends mainly on the size; if large, the mass would be heavy, and much wax wasted by solid casting; in this case a core of some rough material is fixed in the middle of the mould, which gives a cavity to the middle of the fruit. Soft kinds of fruit, such as plums, cherries, and ripe pears, and some hard and unyielding fruits, require special management to extricate them from the half-moulds without injury to the fruit on the one hand or to the moulds on the other. Pomegranates, medlars, pine-apples, etc., require moulds in more than two parts. Occasionally, elastic moulds of glue are found advantageous. Generally speaking, the color of the wax employed is that of the lightest parts of the fruit, the deeper tints being afterwards laid on with brush or pencil. The chief pigments employed are such as burnt and raw umber and sienna, chrome yellow, red lead, Prussian blue, carmine lake, etc., greens being produced by various admixtures of blue and yellow. Certain small varieties of fruit, such as grapes and currants, are made of glass bulbs, carefully blown to the proper shape; these are fixed by wax to wires inserted into holes, and are then dipped into melted wax of the proper color, a very thin coating of which gives

the proper kind of semi-transparency to the glass, and at the same time a smoothness of surface not inaptly resembling that of the natural fruit. The fastening of the various fruits to imitative stems, leaves, leaflets, etc., is an affair of wires, silken thread, strips of green paper, white flock, arrow-root paste, gum, mastic varnish, with the other simple materials and tools employed in artificial flower making.

PAPER FLOWER MAKING.

One more material has still to be noticed, which the artistic artificial florist holds in somewhat low estimation, but which is used in larger quantity than any other, namely, *paper*. Paper flowers are made in enormous abundance, for decorations, festivities, street processions and ceremonials, "blazes of triumph" in the transformation scenes and stage adornments at the theatres, and the like. Those who traversed the main thoroughfares of London, on the 27th of February, 1872, when the Royal Family went to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, will not soon forget the miles of paper flowers which festooned the houses and roadways, and helped to give liveliness of tint at a season when the streets of London are not by any means too cheerful; nor will the paper flowers be forgotten which were shown at the International Exhibition last summer, dazzling in color and graceful in form.

Paper flower making may in some sense be regarded as a fancy industry for ladies; inasmuch as small manuals of instruction in the art have been published for their use, and sets of the necessary appliances prepared for sale. Nevertheless, this is but an offshoot from the larger trade occupation. The tools necessary are very simple. Pincers to hold the small pieces of paper firmly, and to assist in preparing the petals; "ball-tools" of various diameters to work the petals into a hollow form; and crimping or gaufering tools, to give the markings to leaves, etc., are the principal. Of the materials the chief, of course, is paper, used for the petals, leaves, and buds; it is sold in sheets of almost infinite varieties of color, or in pieces so far shaped, crimped, and gaufered as to expedite the labors of the flower maker. The few other materials for buds, stalks, etc., are likewise sold distinct by the flower-material dealers. The ball tools, above-named, vary from half an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter: the smaller sizes being used in preparing the rose, poppy, carnation, etc., the largest for the cactus, dahlia, etc. Taking the poppy as a typical example of a flower to be imitated in paper, — nine pieces of paper are cut out, with scissors or with some kind of stamp; some notched on the edge, some indented at definite distances apart. These pieces, intended for the nine petals, are gaufered one by one, by drawing up the edges around a finger placed in the middle. They are then threaded together at the centre with a fine wire, and cemented at the proper spots with gum; the heart, bud, leaves, stamens, pistils, calyx, etc., being fixed in their proper places. The wire is covered with green paper of the proper tint for forming the stem, by coiling a narrow strip around it, the thicker stalks being swelled out by a layer of white carded cotton under the paper. The smaller stalks, to which the buds, leaves, and flowers are attached, are fastened to the larger stalks by silken threads and paper fillets. And thus is a poppy flower built up. Select any one among a score of the beauties of the flower-garden, and the processes are in a great measure the same, the details only differing in each case. The number of pieces of paper required for the petals, leaves, buds, etc., their sizes and shapes, colors and shades, notchings and indentings, gaufering and crimping, the threading and gumming of the petals, the degree of rolling and unrolling necessary for the full-blown or half-blown condition of the flower, the imitation of the delicate tendrils of certain flowers by means of very fine twisted wire, the imitation in Indian ink of the black markings which occur in the insides of certain other flowers — all have to be attended to, if possible with real flowers as guiding patterns. Where a flower comprises twenty, forty,

or even sixty petals (which is sometimes the case), the building-up or mounting calls for the exercise of much tact. For some flowers, such as the camellia, Chinese rice paper is preferred, on account of its softness and translucency; but being brittle, it requires care and delicacy in handling.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Other materials than those treated in the foregoing description are used as the bases of artificial flowers, but not to such an extent as to call for much notice.

Whalebone is applied to this purpose, in a mode patented by M. de Bernardine some years ago. The whalebone is cut into strips by mechanical means, bleached, dyed, etc., and then worked up. It is a strong and durable material, but is more fitted for fancy basket work than for artificial flowers.

Feathers are sometimes wrought up into the forms of flowers by a careful selection of colors and shades. The visitors to the first Great Exhibition were struck with the beauty of a splendid Brazilian bouquet of feather flowers, including those of the cotton, tobacco, and coffee plants; and Madeira displayed feather flowers executed in the nunnery of Santa Clara. Later exhibitions have further illustrated this beautiful art; but the difficulty of obtaining feathers which will adapt themselves to the infinite shapes and colors of flowers, will always limit this to the condition of a fancy industry for leisure hours.

Shells are grouped together into pleasing, though not very exact imitations of flowers. Remarkable specimens of this kind have reached England from the Bahama Islands.

Insect Wings have not been forgotten for flower-imitation. Many of these, especially from South America, are exceedingly brilliant, and, so far as color goes, are as dazzling as could be wished; but their facility of adaptation in other ways would not appear to be great.

Straw is worked up by the Swiss, the Austrians, and the Italians into forms which are little studied in England. Some of the hat-trimmings and head-dresses in this material are exceedingly beautiful, comprising imitation flowers surprising for their accuracy of form, but without any attempt to imitate the colors. The day may come when ever-varying fashion will give new life to this art.

Palm-leaves are used by the ladies of the Seychelles Islands in the imitation of flowers, sometimes with considerable success.

Yucca fibres are brought into requisition in the same way as palm-leaves by some of the Jamaica folk.

Berlin Wool is used for humble imitations of flowers; the soft yarns or threads being selected of the nearest obtainable color, and twisted around in various ways into form.

Beads and Bugles, most of white and black glass, are occasionally worked up into so-called flowers, for half-mourning.

Here closes our notice of a curious and interesting branch of industry — one which not only employs many thousands of women and children in England, but is marked by an importation from foreign parts of a thousand pounds' worth per day. These round numbers happen to be singularly near the truth, for the artificial flowers imported in a recent year were —

From France	£358,376
From other countries	7,031
	£365,407

A YOUNG HERO.

"AYE, aye, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I am standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's *pluck* neither, not when it comes to a *real* scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" ask I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say *that*; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then? a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too — some on 'em at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portgee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger 'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would ye like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows: —

'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort o' chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if *somehin'* had put him out pretty considerably.

"Tom," says he, "what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway." (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"The dickens you have!" says I. "Who is he, and where did yer find him?"

"Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is too! I could a'most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked un for all that."

I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old — ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice 'fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeared

— he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk *did* say arterwards (lowering his voice to a whisper) as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street-Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like him. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he in his grimmest voice, "what's brought you here?"

"It was my step-father as done it," says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. "Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about, eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and gav me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address."

And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, "I'm too old a bird to be caught with *that* kind o' chaff;" and then he says to him, "Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here — some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!"

The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!), and says, quite quietly, "I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say."

The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. "Reeve a rope to the yard!" he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; "smart, now!"

The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, "What on earth's a-comin' now?" But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, "you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess" (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); "and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"Silence there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him*; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief-engineer to me, "d'ye think he really means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I through my teeth; "but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!"

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces;

and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he *did* go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes!" says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face *broke up* all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. "You're a true Englishman every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!"

And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together — the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge — it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good night.

THE NEW CURE FOR INCURABLES.

BY LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

ALL persons who feel a lively interest in the mitigation of human suffering, should rejoice that the very interesting essay on "Euthanasia,"¹ which originally appeared among the "Birmingham Essays," has been published in a separate form. Even those who do not altogether agree with Mr. Williams, should at least wish that the plan he suggests should be brought under discussion. His proposal is, that in cases of incurable and painful illness the doctors should be allowed, with the patient's consent, and after taking all necessary safeguards, to administer so strong an anæsthetic as to render all future anæsthetics superfluous; in short, that there should be a sort of legalized suicide by proxy. The advantages that would follow such a system are so obvious, that it is unnecessary to read the horrible instance given by Mrs. Crawshaw in her preface, to be reminded of them. Any of us may one day have to bear — many of us will certainly have to witness — either cancer, creeping paralysis, or something equally unpleasant; some may even have to endure the hardest fate of all — the fate of a mortally-wounded soldier, who wishes to die, but whose wounds are laboriously tended; so that, by an ingenious cruelty, he is kept suffering, against nature, and against his own will.² Hence, even from the most selfish point of

¹ *Euthanasia*. By S. D. Williams, Jun.; with preface by Rose Mary Crawshaw. 1872.

² It is probably from surgical cases that the strongest arguments for euthanasia may be drawn. One of the highest authorities respecting such cases, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, said that a very moderate amount of pain, if continued for a long time, would make any one heartily tired of life. He remarked also, that during his whole life he had known only two dying persons who showed any fear of death; and that both those died of bleeding. One cause of this singular circumstance probably was that in these two cases there was hardly any pain to distract the mind; and the fact is curious as showing how rare, in Sir Benjamin's experience, such painless deaths must have been.

view, we all have an interest that this question should be speedily discussed; so that, in case any change should be thought possible and right, that change may occur in our lifetime.

Still, though one fully acknowledges the ability of the essay, there are certain portions of it to which one may give only a partial assent. There will, however, probably be some readers of these pages who have not seen the original pamphlet; while with the popular arguments on the other side, all are sure to be familiar. And it may therefore be advisable that I should, so to say, hold a brief on behalf of euthanasia, and state Mr. Williams's case as strongly as I can, including one or two points to which, I may venture to think, he has not paid sufficient attention.

The evils arising from the present method, or want of method, are forcibly stated by Mr. Williams. It is needless for me to repeat his painfully graphic account of what I cannot but hope is an exceptional death-bed scene, of the agony which grows daily worse and worse, and which may "possibly culminate in almost unimaginable horror." If a summary remedy could be applied to this suffering, there would be the further advantage that persons of a morbid and brooding nature might gain confidence through life, and that, knowing that death would be deprived of its sting, they would have a sort of negative stimulus, or (if I may so say) an anti-preventive to exertion. Then, again, we must consider the friends who, besides the immediate suffering of nursing the sick man, often permanently impair their constitutions and nervous systems, and who, moreover, are thus exposed to a sort of moral suicide; I mean, they curtail their own powers of usefulness far more than a dose of laudanum would curtail those of their dying friend. It should also be observed that if, on these accounts, the legalizing of a modified *Hari-Kari* in England be reckoned a good, the good would in each case be much increased by the force of example; each person who availed himself of the new method of giving relief to himself and his friends, would be doing what in him lay to break down the old prejudice, and to make the proceeding, so to say, fashionable, and would thus be a public as well as a private benefactor. On the whole, it cannot be doubted that the benefits resulting from a change in the law would be simply enormous; so that, unless a yet more enormous advantage can be shown to follow from obliging the sufferers to die in agony, the euthanasiasts must be admitted to have gained the day. The *onus probandi* clearly rests with the opponents of the scheme. Those opponents may be roughly divided into two classes—the theological or sentimental opponents, and the more rational opponents. It is with the former class (whose objections, after all, possibly lie at the root of the other objections) that Mr. Williams deals almost exclusively; and to those his answer is overwhelming.

It is urged that Providence ordains the day of our death, and that to hasten that day is an act of rebellion against the divine will. In truth, however, as God is a good being, his will must be to promote the happiness of his creatures; and, therefore, to say that euthanasia, though tending to human happiness, is against the divine will, is like saying that it both does tend to happiness and does not. But the fact is, that when people thus speak of the divine will, they conceive it to be embodied and represented in the order of nature; just as, in like manner, a line of conduct, otherwise expedient, is so constantly objected to as not being *natural*. The truth, however, is that, since many portentous evils exist in nature, whenever we remedy those evils, we, as it were, mend nature. It is natural, and, on the hypothesis, in obedience to the divine ordinance, that when we walk in the rain, we should get wet; and yet we do that most unnatural and impious thing—we hold up umbrellas. As Mr. Williams epigrammatically puts it, "Man's whole existence, so far as it is not blindly passive, . . . consists, if the phrase quoted have any real meaning, in systematic opposition to the will of God." Indeed, St. Paul's celebrated defence of passive obedience might be almost literally paraphrased thus: "Things which be, are ordained of God; whoso, therefore,

alters things which be, alters the ordinance of God; and they that alter shall receive to themselves damnation." It is from this theological optimism that the opposition spoken of by Comte has arisen between the theological and the industrial spirit;¹ and it is enough for our present purpose to say that the arguments which would forbid the prevention of the suffering incident to death, would forbid the prevention of any suffering whatever. But, it is said, the pain of death ought to be endured, as we are told in the Bible that death is the penalty of sin. I reply, in the first place, that this argument, if worth anything, would forbid, not merely the extinction of such pain, but its partial mitigation (as by opiates). Also, as Mr. Williams argues, all suffering is represented as the effect of sin, and especially the suffering of childbirth. And the evangelicals were quite consistent in the opposition that they raised to the use of chloroform in confinements, until, fortunately, public opinion became too strong for them. May not their own logic be turned against them, if it should one day appear that the uses of the sedative in childbirth and before death involve the same principle, and must stand and fall together?

Allied to these objections is the sentimental remark that suicide is cowardly. Mr. Williams answers that a man of sound mind, who has nerve to destroy himself, whatever he may be, is certainly not a coward. But I would chiefly lay stress on the fact that here again there is no difference in kind between the suffering of a lingering death and other suffering. If it is cowardly to avoid the former, it is equally cowardly to avoid the latter. So that, according to these reasons, the mother who has taken chloroform is a double coward;² she has shirked the divinely appointed pain, and has not braved the "ills that she knows not of."

Much is also said about the sacredness of life—just as men used to talk about the divine right of kings. It is now generally admitted that the authority of kings is divine only in the sense in which all authority is divine; and, as the essayist truly says, "It may well be doubted if life have any sacredness about it, apart from the use to be made of it by its possessor." Indeed, life is the mere framework or shell of what Horace calls the *vivendi causa*. Yet all the high ends of life—all our means of general usefulness—we are willing to sacrifice for some special mode of bettering the condition of our species. And he who would devote all that makes life worth having to the common good (including his own), and yet has scruples about sacrificing for the same object a few days of agonized existence, is like a man who lavishes his grain, but treasures up the worthless husks.

But this is not all. Among the talents which men thus devote to the public good are included health and strength; and these, it need hardly be said, are potentialities of life. Statistics seem to show that the best chance of reaching old age is by living, as it were, in cotton-wool, and by exerting one's brain only just so much as may be necessary either to earn one's bread, or to keep the mind from preying on itself. Every one who does more than this diminishes the value of his life, and is what I may call a slow suicide. Indeed, it would be easy to make a goodly series of classes and conditions of men, from sportsmen to martyrs, who have acted in a way which would be regarded by any insurer as opposed to long life, and who, therefore,—if the hackneyed, but most inexact, phrase has any meaning—have taken measures "to quit their post without awaiting their commander's bidding." Of course, it may be said that the martyrs, when they die, are obeying a divine summons, as they have hastened their end from

¹ Herodotus mentions a Greek colony living on an isthmus, who wished to protect themselves against the Persians by turning their isthmus into an island; but the oracle forbade them, "for Zeus would have made it an island if he had wished." In a similar spirit, watches, according to Mr. B. den Forell, were at first denounced as unchristian, for telling the time more accurately than the sun. It is well-known that some early Christians objected to shaving, as defacing the image of God. What do orthodox shavers make of this objection?

² Unless, as has been often asserted, there is almost always a slight risk in giving chloroform (so recently as during the late war, both French and German surgeons were said to be very chary in giving it). If the risk is increased by chloroform in ever so slight a degree, whoever incurs the increased risk is morally guilty of euthanasia.

noble motives; but it may fairly be asked whether we have a right to censure the motives of a man who declines to prolong wantonly the suffering of himself and his family; in other words, "who provideth for his own, and also for those of his own house."

Nor is it only in dealing with their individual selves that men are disposed to neglect the sacredness of life. They certainly are not more scrupulous about the lives of their neighbors. "Hitherto," as the essayist observes, "man has shown as little sense of the value of man's life as nature herself, whenever his passions, or lusts, or interests have been thwarted by his brother man, or have seemed likely to be forwarded by his brother man's destruction."

There are, moreover, other instances more closely resembling euthanasia,¹ in which the medical attendant of a dying man, from however kindly motives, seems to touch the sacred thing, and should beware of the fate of Uzzah. Mr. Williams supposes an ingeniously extreme case of the sort, which shall be given in his own words:—

"Suppose, for instance, that a given patient were certain to drag on through a whole month of hideous suffering, if left to himself and Nature, but that the intensity of his sufferings could be allayed by drugs, which, nevertheless, would hasten the known inevitable end by a week; there are few, if any, medical men who would hesitate to give the drugs; few, if any patients, or patients' relations or friends, who would hesitate to ask that they should be given. And if this be so, what becomes of the sacredness of life? . . . Is it not clear that if you once break in upon life's sacredness; if you curtail its duration by never so little, the same reasoning that justifies a minute's shortening of it, will justify an hour's, a day's, a week's, a month's, a year's; and that all subsequent appeal to the inviolability of life is vain?"

I can, from my own knowledge, give an instance not unlike this. Not many years ago, in one of the eastern counties, a country gentleman died, who had long been almost hopelessly ill. As soon as his case was given up, his doctors gave him a sedative, which they refused to give him before, and which much relieved his suffering. Now, so striking are the recoveries of persons whose cases have been despaired of, that the saying, "While there is life there is hope," has passed into a proverb; and, just as Hallam speaks of that extreme form of expediency which we call necessity, so in medical matters it is an inappreciable amount of hope, which is really denoted by the word "hopeless." And, therefore, when in the present case the sedative, which had before been refused as likely to extinguish all chance of recovery, was at last given, a course was adopted which made the assurance of death doubly sure. In confirmation of instances such as the foregoing, it may be added, that I am told on medical authority that in the last stages of cancer (perhaps also in hydrophobia) it is now not uncommon to give strong narcotics, which no one would have dreamed of giving half a century ago, and which, while they much mitigate the final agony, by no means tend to prolong it.²

I have now endeavored to dispose of the chief theological objections to the principle of euthanasia; but two such objections remain, which relate to matters of detail; and I glance at these arguments, not from any sense of their intrinsic merits, but because the prejudice on this subject is so inveterate, that the air must be well cleared of its influence, before the various aspects of suicide can be properly discussed. One of the objections was raised in a quarter which, I own, a little surprised me:—

"Imagine the horror of the situation, if by some accident—and such an accident would not surely be impossible—the sufferer should not lose consciousness at once, and finding his

courage fail, as the courage of suicides often does fail, at the felt approach of death, were vainly to beg for the life which it would be then impossible to restore!"³

I apprehend that after any decisive step in one's life—marriage, for example—it is a very sad thing if one repents when it is too late. But a wise man will first determine what seems to him best, and then will not much trouble himself about the possibility of future repentance—certainly not of a repentance which may be caused by the nervous prostration of disease. Also, between marriage and euthanasia there is this difference: the husband of a scold may have to bemoan his lot through many long years; while, in the other case, if chloroform is the remedy chosen, the time available for inopportune regrets is somewhat limited. The other objection is mentioned, or forestalled, by Mr. Williams. Some persons, according to him, object, or will object, to his scheme because it would deprive us of the purifying influence of ministering at a bed of sickness; and his answer is, in effect, that there will still be sick-beds at which to minister. An opponent might, however, suggest that, if the new system were carried out to its possible consequences, some of us, at any rate, might lose this hallowing privilege. I should, therefore, prefer giving the more general answer that this objection, like so many of the preceding ones, would apply, not to mortal sickness only, but to all suffering. If pain is sent by God's ordinance as a schooling either to its victims or to its witnesses, is it not blasphemous presumption ever to try to relieve it? Much danger, according to this theory, is to be apprehended from the everlasting painlessness of heaven. And, even on earth, might it not be prudent in the government to torture for our benefit a few clergymen at stated intervals, that they may not merely excite our sympathy by their sufferings, but also set us an example of Christian resignation?

To sum up this part of the case. Either we are bound, in all possible ways, to stretch to the utmost the elastic thread of life, or we are not. If we are so bound, nearly all of us are guilty of great wickedness. But, if there are any limits to this duty, human reason must be the judge of those limits, and human welfare must be their test. In other words, the question of euthanasia should not be theologically prejudiced, but should be discussed on purely social grounds. In case this important point should not even yet be clear to all readers, I will try to illustrate it yet further as I go on.

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Lecky's work on "European Morals,"² is that in which he exhibits the contrast between the extreme indifference to suicide which prevailed in the first century of our era, and the utter abhorrence of it which was introduced by the Christian Church. Possibly, in this matter, modern liberalism is tending, as Aristotle would have said, to a mean, but inclines towards the former of the two extremes. Some one has said that the course of history, though it does not go in circles, goes in a sort of spiral; and it may be that in regard to suicide, as in regard to sundry other points, we are now coming to a curve which brings us nearer to the ancient point of view, than to the point of view of modern Catholicism. The Catholic point of view is briefly this: that suicide, essentially, is as sinful as ordinary murder; while, accidentally, it has the further little drawback that since, unless the act is clumsily done, it leaves scarce a moment for repentance, it almost certainly involves everlasting perdition.³ This Catholic dogma is clearly connected with the excessive importance which many have attached to a man's state of mind on his deathbed, and which has found expression in the sacrament of "extreme

¹ Here, as elsewhere, I use this term with special reference to the case of incurables, and I so distinguish it from the more general term, suicide.

² More than one Haglén, when travelling in hot or plague-stricken countries, where burial follows as soon as possible after death, has been known to beg that, in case anything should happen to him, his friends would apply a "bare bodkin" to his body before his interment. Need I add that any one who has entertained such a wish has committed euthanasia already in his heart? What business had he to rob himself of the few moments of smothering in his coffin, which a merciful Providence might vouchsafe to him for repentance, and to rush, with suicide in his right hand, into the presence of his offended Maker?

³ *Spectator*, March 18th, 1871.

¹ Mr. Lecky, if I remember rightly, speaks approvingly of a saying of Bacon's, to the effect that physicians should regard euthanasia (the word of course, being used in an extended sense) as the great end of their art. To attain this desirable object, do we require new anaesthetics, or merely a more thorough application of those now in use?

² The true Christian spirit is surely not opposed to euthanasia. If that spirit is expressed in the Golden Rule, and exemplified in the conduct of the good Samaritan, it enjoins us to relieve suffering, and not to leave it alone. Nor can the promise of heaven fail to offer to the dying Christian an inducement to use all lawful means to hasten his entrance thither.

unction." But with so horrible a superstition, and even with the prayer against sudden death which is contained in our own Litany, few thoughtful persons now really sympathize. There are also other signs that the popular opinion about suicide is undergoing a rapid change. One of the most curious of those signs is, that a writer so little addicted to new ideas as Archbishop Whately, should have said that suicide is merely an exaggerated form of wasting time. It is doubtless an exaggerated form, in so far as it is a kind of idleness which cannot be made up for by extra work afterwards. But, on the other hand, a suicide is far less culpable than a prolonged idler: the suicide's fault is, at worst, a negative one; while the idler is a living burden on society; for he is an unproductive consumer, or, as a distinguished writer expresses it, a do-nothing-eat-all. With this reservation, then, Whately's *dictum* may be taken as fairly expressing the opinion of the wisest of the ancients concerning suicide, namely, that the man is to blame who wantonly deprives his country of his services. But it is clear that this censure can have no reference to a dying man, who can no longer benefit anybody, and can only make his friends suffer with himself. While, therefore, we utterly repudiate the saying of Madame de Staël (in one of her earlier and less matured writings), that suicide is an "acte sublime," and while we may consider that such men as Clive, Condorcet, and Prévoist-Paradol incurred a grave responsibility in extinguishing talents which belonged to mankind, we may yet think that nothing but good could follow from the permission of euthanasia. There is another point which the Archbishop's saying suggests. Mr. Williams has striven to defend the morality of a certain form of suicide. It would, I conceive, much strengthen his case, and give, so to say, a second string to his bow, if proof could be forthcoming of what I would term the *legalizability* of suicide in general. Now, suicide, however immoral in most cases, seems to be one of those acts which relate primarily to their authors, and which the state has no power to check. Will it be said that suicide, if permitted, would extend its effects beyond the individual, since it would propagate itself by example? Of course it would, and so would idleness, and every vice under the sun. But the idle or frivolous man or woman is allowed to spread the infection of idleness and frivolity all around. The drunkard wears out his own constitution, and is of but doubtful profit to his neighbors; yet even he (so long as he only tipsles at home) is unrestrained either by the Legislature, or by private individuals with the Legislature's sanction. Who then has a right to coerce that less objectionable member of society, the would-be suicide? If we may not interfere with the do-nothing-eat-all (or even drink-all), how can we meddle with the do-nothing-eat nothing?

But it will be said that we are, at any rate, bound to restrain, not only "delirious" persons, but also such as are in an extreme "state of excitement or absorption," and that under one or other of these heads nearly all suicides will fall. I am aware that the amiable perjuries by which juries have sought to evade the provisions of a monstrous law, together with the natural wish of the suicide's friends that he may not even now be partaking of the hapless lot of impenitent sinners, have led many persons to the convenient conclusion that nearly all suicides are mad; but there is, unfortunately, only too much evidence the other way. Of course a large proportion of suicides consists of persons who have suffered from great mental depression, and between depression and madness it is not always easy to draw a line. Still, for practical purposes, such a line has to be drawn constantly; and, under the new system, it would probably be recognized that a man who was sane enough to make his will, was sane enough to decide how soon the will should begin to take effect. A man, however much out of health, so long as he is not under restraint, should be regarded as the best judge of his own happiness; just as, if his friends wished him to occupy himself, they could not, even for what they deemed his good, make him work against his will. In any such case, the old saying about the gods may be paraphrased thus: *invalidi felicius,*

invalido cura. Indeed, it may perhaps be doubted whether, when a man has seriously determined to commit suicide, his friends, even if able to stop him, always benefit him by doing so; for to a man who has once fallen into this unhappy state, length of days is often an increase of sorrow. On this last point Mr. Williams is explicit with a vengeance. He declares emphatically, in language which makes part of his essay as doleful as a Scotch sermon, that suffering is the almost constant rule in nature; and he seems to apply the rule to every animal, rational or irrational, sick or in health, past, present, or to come. In assuming this principle, he employs an instrument quite sharp enough to cut the knot about euthanasia. But, unluckily, it will cut other knots equally well. If pain is always in excess of pleasure, was not Tamerlane one of the greatest of human benefactors? And, even if a general massacre is not the only consistent end of utilitarianism, is it not in all cases most immoral to bring children into the world? I think, however, that it may be assumed—and the existence of society must involve the assumption—that the prospects of most healthy men are rather happy than the reverse; or, at any rate, that they will be so when the poor are better cared for. But it by no means follows that the balance is likely to be favorable in the case of men who wish to destroy themselves. There is yet another point to be considered. Lucretius exhorts old men to welcome death philanthropically, on the ground that nature wants the matter of their worn-out bodies, in order to make of it young and healthy bodies. And, in a somewhat similar spirit, modern science informs us that in an overcrowded population there is a sharp struggle for existence; so that an unhealthy, unhappy, and useless man is in a manner hustling out of being, or at least out of the means of enjoyment, some one who would probably be happier, healthier, and more useful than himself. Perhaps it will be thought that I am now on dangerous ground, since arguments not unlike the foregoing might be urged in defence of the Spartan custom of destroying weakly children. Yet, in truth, the two cases differ widely. The great and crushing objection to so atrocious a usage as infanticide is to be found in its extreme liability to abuse, and in the anti-social consequences that might follow it. It is even possible that, under such a system, full-grown sons might sometimes turn the tables on their aged parents, and inquire concerning them what, not long ago, a young child asked an elderly relative, namely, whether "it would not soon be time for her to go to heaven." But there is, in fact, the same sort of difference between infanticide and suicide as between wasting one's neighbor's goods and wasting one's own. Either form of wastefulness is immoral; but bystanders would regard the one form as the waster's own concern, while with the other they would feel bound to interfere.

Would, however (it is asked), the Spartan father be alone, if euthanasia were permitted, in holding a power liable to abuse? Would not the authority which it is proposed to grant to the doctor be almost equally intolerable, though exercised over a willing subject? Without dwelling on the power over life and death which is exercised by home secretaries and commanders-in-chief, I may remark that even now the issues that depend on a physician's fallible judgment are often most formidable. For example, in the performance of the painful duty of rejecting as incurable

¹ Unless we resort to the rather fantastic hypothesis that our children are likely to deduct from the mass of human misery a greater amount than they will themselves feel. It is certainly remarkable that Mr. Williams's legible opinion is in some measure supported by such writers as Herodotus, Plato, Cicero, Shakespeare (if, as M. Taine thinks, the poet is expressing his own sentiments in Hamlet's soliloquy), Milton, Bishop Butler, Byron, and Shelley. It is also singular that, if you ask a number of persons whether they would live their lives exactly over again, the majority will almost always reply in the negative: this probably is so, partly because many are misled by contrasting too strongly the shortcomings of their past life with what that life might have been, and partly because the recollection of pain is so intensely vivid that people cannot realize that they are supposed to enter on their renewed life, fresh, vigorous, and foreknowing nothing. The oddest case that I know on the other side is that of a kindly old Indian officer of past eighty, whom I asked whether he would like to live his life over again. "Live it over again!" he answered, with an enthusiasm of which I had thought him incapable, "I would live it five times over again. There is not a single day that I regret." As the Frenchman said, *C'est la façon que le sang circule.*

ble, applicants for admission into a hospital, the slightest error of judgment will take from those that have not, whatever chance of getting better they might seem to have. In the case of euthanasia, the doctor would merely have to say whether the sufferer was in such a state that, had he wished to enter a hospital, the request would have been refused. If further precautions were required, the concurrence of two or three medical men might be held necessary for granting the sick man a release from his sufferings. Something of this sort might be done if Mr. Williams's demand, and nothing more, were conceded. But, if the legal right of suicide were once fully recognized, the matter would become much simpler; for then the entire responsibility would lie with the sick man. This would be especially valuable in cases where there was a certainty of long and acute pain, and a probability, just short of certainty, that the pain would end in death.

"But, at any rate, would it not be the height of cruelty to quit one's sorrowing friends? And is not the state bound to protect them from such a base desertion?" When conviction for suicide involves loss of property—when social inconveniences attach to the suicide's relatives—when it is popularly held that all sane suicides will be damned,—when any of these conditions, having but lately ceased to exist, has left an after-glow of sentiment about the sacredness of life,—in all such cases (as also when the sufferer has insured his life) the friends are most careful to prevent him relieving his misery by a *coup de grâce* of any sort. Yet nothing is more certain than that it is not by the mere fact of the sick man's dying that so much sympathy is aroused; for, after prolonged suffering, the friends will nearly always speak of death as a merciful release. And I suspect that among the poorer classes, unless the sick man happens to be a pensioner, the equivocal affection which would wish him to linger on in agony would give way yet sooner before the labor of nursing him.¹ But, be this as it may, we may cut the matter short by repeating the substance of our former question: Has the state any right to forbid the sick man to choose his own way of severing himself from his friends, when it cannot possibly prevent him ordering (as in "Middlemarch") even his nearest relations to keep out of his sight?

I will conclude my duties as self-chosen counsel for euthanasia by adverting to two objections which have been urged by a very able, and by no means unfriendly, critic. As I have to repeat the first of these objections from memory, I will give it entirely in my own words. "Granting that such a principle as that of the absolute sacredness of life cannot be logically defended, it is certain that the opinions and actions of most men are very little determined by logic. Men are often deterred from committing atrocious crimes by traditional sentiments which are the result of very complex associations; and with these sentiments and associations it is dangerous to meddle. Thus, the duty of respecting one's own life, even in extreme cases, is a sort of outwork, by surrendering which we should much imperil men's respect for each other's lives; at any rate, it is safe policy to insist on the less obvious duty, for by doing so we obey the proverb, and *take care of the pence*." I have already touched on this subject in what I have said about infanticide; but, as the objection is by far the most serious that can be urged against Mr. Williams's scheme, I will now consider it more fully. In trying to meet this difficulty, the first point that strikes one is, that we can see but a short distance into the future of history, and that, therefore, if we rejected all reforms which might lead to contingent and remote evils, no reform whatever would be passed, and we should be in a state of Chinese stagnation. If Luther had foreseen all the consequences of the right of private judgment, he would, perhaps, never have quitted Rome. Nor is it merely ungenerous and cowardly to refuse reasonable concessions, lest they should be followed by unreasonable demands; it is

¹ This may be illustrated by an anecdote concerning a well-disposed husband in that class. His wife, dying of asthma, had been troubling him, in the intervals when she could speak, with directions of all sorts. He struggled hard with his impatience, and at last said quietly, "Dinna fash yourself, my good woman, but get on with the deeing."

often, also, unsafe. To revert to the two illustrations that I have just employed—there is sometimes a danger to the fortress in seeking to defend too long an indefensible outwork; just as there is a danger in being penny-wise. And, in the present instance, if the masses are taught to regard a proper respect for human life as involving a wanton prolongation of the death-agony, the logic may one day prove to be two-edged, and the association of the ideas to be a perilous one. Once more: soldiers, after a long and bloody campaign, come home, not perhaps with their moral sentiments much quickened or ennobled, but still without any propensity to pillage or shoot their peaceful neighbors. Why is all this bloodshed so little demoralizing? Undoubtedly because it has occurred in the name and under the protection of the law. Now, under the proposed scheme, the case of doctors, so far as it would differ from the case of soldiers, would differ from it for the better. For the doctors would be acting under legal sanction; their conduct in each case would be liable to public criticism; while, on the other hand, it would be comparatively seldom that they would have to shorten life, and, when they did shorten it, their motives would be the very kindest. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether less harm would not be done both to the doctors and to the public by the former being allowed to grant the incurable sufferer a willing release, than by their looking passively on, and often even using their skill to lengthen his pain. Will it be said that they also use their skill to relieve his pain, especially at the last stage? They do so, often by giving strong narcotics; but, as I have said, when narcotics, withheld before, are given when there is no longer any hope, it may be surmised that their probable effect will be that of, to say the least, not increasing the dying man's few remaining hours. Need I add, that, if a doctor, even at an agonized patient's entreaty, takes a course likely to hasten death, he is doing that for which, under the present law, he might be severely taken to task; nay, that he is hovering on the brink of manslaughter, if not of something worse? And, granting that human life would be much more and much oftener curtailed, if euthanasia were allowed, than is now the case, is it not yet possible that there may be less danger in a considerable curtailment, when legalized and exposed to public scrutiny, than in a far smaller curtailment, when brought about irregularly, and, as it were, by stealth?

The other objection urged by the same critic is of less consequence. Speaking of euthanasia, he says:—

"The only answer which could be made from the point of view of practical convenience was the extreme liability to abuse of such power. Dead men tell no tales; and it would be unpleasantly easy for a wife who wanted to get rid of her husband, to put an end to the unfortunate person's existence, and to set up the theory that she had acted only by the express desire of the invalid. There can, however, be no doubt that if such a system could be introduced with sufficient safeguards, it would put an end to a great quantity of human suffering."¹

While agreeing cordially with this last sentence, I would venture to suggest that safeguards could be multiplied *ad libitum*. Why should not precautions be taken similar to those which are required in order to put a lunatic under restraint? It might be held requisite that the doctor should always be present at the final scene: and, if that was not a sufficient safeguard, the law might provide that a given number of respectable persons (say householders) should be witnesses, including, perhaps, some policeman or magistrate. Why should it not be part of the recognized duty of the incumbent of the parish to be present? The notion may seem whimsical; but Sir Thomas More suggests, in sober earnest, that the priests, instead of merely witnessing such acts, should actively encourage them. I see that Mrs. Crawshay refers to the passage; but it certainly deserves to be quoted, representing as it does the opinion of one of the ablest of men and most devout of Christians. Unfortunately my space compels me to limit myself to the most important sentence:—

"When any [Utopian] is taken with a torturing and lingering pain, so that there is no hope, either of recovery or ease, the

¹ *Saturday Review*, July 18, 1872.

priests and magistrates come and exhort them, that since they are now unable to go on with the business of life, and are become a burden to themselves and to all about them, so that they have really outlived themselves, they would no longer nourish such a rooted distemper, but would choose rather to die, since they cannot live but in much misery; being assured that if they either deliver themselves from their prison and torture, or are willing that others should do it, they shall be happy after their deaths; and since by their dying thus they lose none of the pleasures, but only the troubles of life, they think they act not only reasonably in so doing, but religiously and piously, because they follow the advices that are given them by the priests, who are the expounders of the will of God to them."

BROWN PAPER VALENTINES.

AMONG the curious customs observable in various parts of the kingdom on the recurrence of saints' days, or the anniversaries of events possessing features of exceptional local interest, there is one which, as far as my observation has extended, is peculiar to two or three places in the furthest corner of East Anglia. I allude to the mode in which Valentine's Day—or, to speak more correctly, Valentine's Eve—is, and has for centuries been observed in Norwich and one or two of the neighboring towns of Norfolk. In these places, for some reason which none of the local authorities can assign with clearness or precision, it is not the "fourteenth," but the eve of that amatory festival which is celebrated. It is likewise a singular fact that the practice I am about to describe is not confined to young persons of opposite sexes, but is universally indulged in by youth and age alike. Indeed, the interchange of courtesies which then takes place is as applicable to benedict and matron, ancient squire and budding demoiselle, as the more familiar custom of inditing epistolary effusions on St. Valentine's Day is restricted to maids and bachelors.

Elsewhere the curious items of gorgeous stationery which fill the shop-windows at least a month before the day they are intended to mark, are never permitted to reach their destination before the morning of the fourteenth, when indeed that veritable army of martyrs, the *employés* of the Post Office, must look to it, for their hour has come. But in Norfolk, although the custom of sending amatory verses, with the usual accompaniments of tinsel and perfumery, hearts and arrows, hymeneal torches, and winged but ill-apparelled little boys, who look as though they had been stripped for the bath, and flown away from the ablutionary process in disgust, is diligently maintained, the so-called valentines, which occasion a serious annual demand on the purses of the community, consist of all kinds of presents, which must of necessity be delivered on Valentine's Eve.

A cockney, unaccustomed to anything more startling than the double knock which announces the embossed and scented missives that deluge London on Valentine's morn, would be astounded, could he, the night before St. Valentine's Day, be suddenly transported to the heart of the ancient city of Norwich. Ere he could realize his position, his ears would be assailed by a succession of extraordinary sounds. From every knocker on every door in every street, lane, and alley within earshot, his tympanum would be subjected to a well-sustained and alarming clamor, produced by the wildest and most furious knocking to which mortal nerves were ever subjected. I have lived long enough and travelled far enough to have heard a good many strange noises, but I can conscientiously aver that of all the horrible dins by which my auditory sense has been put in jeopardy, I have never listened to anything half so distracting as this abominable discord of street-door summonses. If the reader can imagine the noise that would be produced by the simultaneous clattering of ten thousand castanets, or the sort of effect to be anticipated from a monster chorus, in which the only instruments employed should be kettle-drums and "bones," he may form a faint idea of this overpowering din. If the cause had not been previously explained, he would either conclude that he had been dropped into a district wholly inhabited by firemen, all of whom

were being knocked up at one and the same time to attend a conflagration, or he would adopt the alternative conviction that the inhabitants generally, having lost their senses, were knocking at their own and each other's doors with the view of finding them again.

A trifling investigation would, however, acquaint him with the meaning of this terrible rapping. A cursory survey of one of the streets would reveal to his astonished vision a score or so of individuals, some of whom would be stealthily employed in depositing within the recesses of a double line of doorways an assortment of different-sized packages, the nearer inspection of which would show that the address upon each was supplemented by the words, "With Valentine's love." Others would be applying themselves to street-door knockers with the utmost conceivable violence; while the rest would either be doubling across the street like so many hunted hares, or cautiously peering out of niches and passages in which they had effected a temporary concealment. In the case of those who might be engaged in placing parcels on doorsteps, the stranger would notice that, although in some instances the messengers might be loaded with parcels all intended for the same house, every packet would be made the subject of a separate deposit, and that as soon as it had been laid upon the step, or passed beneath the door where the aperture was large enough to admit of this mode of delivery, the depositor would apply himself with a kind of maniacal vigor to the knocker for a few seconds, and then dart off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to some convenient hiding-place.

The reader will probably suppose that proceedings of this kind occasion felonious practices. This, however, is not the case; for even should any evil-minded person happen to be prowling about with a view to appropriation of other people's goods, his object would be signally frustrated by the precautions taken. When a parcel has been laid in the destined recess, and the bearer, having thundered the usual rat-tat, has made off to a place where he may watch, without risk of detection, the result of his embassy, a reasonable time is always allowed to elapse before the door is opened and the valentine taken up. The interval is universally allowed so as to afford the messenger a sufficient period to effect a safe retreat; for, as the name of the donor is, by a pleasant sort of fiction, supposed to be kept a profound secret from the receiver, it is invariably esteemed a point of honor that the bearer should be permitted to preserve his incognito. Therefore, whenever a door is opened in answer to the noisy summons which always accompanies the deposit of a valentine, the person who answers the knock, instead of looking to the front to see who demands admittance, casts his eyes in a downward direction in the hope of finding the expected parcel, and having possessed himself of this he immediately closes the door, and retires within to await another call. Meanwhile the messenger has satisfied himself that his errand has had a successful termination, and forthwith he emerges from his sanctuary to repeat, as occasion offers and as his instructions enjoin, the performance he has just gone through.

As a rule, the valentine consists of some toy or trinket which can be displayed upon the mantel-shelf or toilet table, or worn as an article of personal adornment; but it frequently assumes a totally different character, and is considered quite as appropriate to the object intended, whether it take the form of a pair of ear-rings or a chest of drawers. I have known such things as a cask of beer, a box of clay pipes, a hamper of game, a sack of potatoes, a case of wine, and a package of hardware forwarded as valentines, and left at their several addresses without the slightest clue to the name of the sender being at the time obtainable. In one case a lady friend of mine received the very acceptable gift of a magnificent piano, delivered with a strict observance of the necessary mystery. Even the humblest denizen of the poorest district would deem it an unaccountable circumstance if the night should pass without its proper quota of the accustomed valentines; and, knowing how universal the custom is, I do not envy the man who holds so low a place in the esteem of his

acquaintance as to be altogether unremembered on Valentine's Eve.

Of course in the license always taken, both in the choice of presents and in the opportunities afforded by the recurrence of the presentation season for indulgence of jocular propensities, all sorts of humorous tricks are played upon unsuspecting citizens. The mildest form of joke practised on these occasions is that of the runaway knock, which is often given by the casual passer-by as a kind of fillip to the appetites of expectant householders, and is almost invariably added as the parting salute of the individual who has previously been engaged in the deposit of genuine valentines. Another kind of practical joke is that in which a dummy parcel is attached to a piece of string, and then suddenly pulled away at the very moment the eager hand of the would-be recipient is put forth to clutch it.

Sometimes, again, a box enclosing nothing of greater value than a few stones or some shovelfuls of earth is carefully secured and forwarded to the intended victim, whose delight when he has succeeded in getting at the contents may be readily imagined. Another shape in which the humorist is fond of entrapping the unwary, is the enclosure within a large number of separate coverings of some comparatively worthless article, such as an orange, a chestnut, or even an empty pill-box. In this case each of the wrappers is separately tied and sealed, and duly labelled with some appropriate morsel of waggish chaff, the amount of fun to be extracted from the success of the hoax bearing a relative proportion to the number of envelopes, the ingenuity of their fastenings, and the amount of wit displayed in the written sarcasms. Often, too, the "sell" is put upon a wider and more daring footing, and I have even heard of a defiant and defaulting tenant forwarding to his landlord, after a successful moonlight flit, the key of the abandoned domicile. Nay, beyond this, I am told that on one occasion a baby in long clothes was left at the door of its reputed father, with a ticket on the shawl in which it was wrapped, announcing that it was sent "with Valentine's love."

It would be difficult to form even an approximate conjecture as to the amount expended in the purchase of articles presented in the manner I have indicated. All I know is that it must be very considerable, inasmuch as the trade in valentines is briskly carried on for weeks prior to the auspicious day. Upon the two or three days immediately antecedent to the eventful evening, the shops of the valentine vendors are a sight to behold. Long before the arrival of the interesting anniversary, the few tradesmen whose business happens to lie in children's toys are obliged to double their ordinary stocks, and the windows of the jewellers and dealers in fancy goods are fairly ablaze with trinkets and gewgaws specially provided for the eve of the lovers' festival. The grocers, too, go in for unlimited supplies of French plums and crystallized sweets; and even the linen-draper takes advantage of the general demand for knick-knacks, by setting out the major portions of their shop-fronts and show-rooms with motley collections of attractive bijou-ware. Woe betide the unfortunate paterfamilias who neglects to lay in a sufficient quantity of the coveted varieties ready for distribution on Valentine's Eve! Soberly, also, will it fare with the luckless wight who, having accepted the fetters of Cupid, omits this opportunity of propitiating his fair enslaver by the sacrificial offerings with which every votary is expected to approach the altar of Hymen.

Indeed, with the exception of Christmas, there is no festival throughout the year which is invested with half the interest belonging to this cherished anniversary. I have already endeavored to describe the out-door aspect of the spectacle to be witnessed on Valentine's Eve; but this is a mere nothing to what goes on within doors. In every house the family assemble round the cheery hearth, awaiting in eager and joyous anticipation the mysterious knockings which tell of long-expected gifts. Darkness being all that is needed to enable the good saint's deputy to make his noisy round, the shutters have scarcely been secured, and the evening taper lighted, ere a terrific bang-

ing at the door announces valentine number one. Perhaps it is a pair of embroidered slippers for the master of the house, a brooch or a bracelet for his better half, a box of best "six-and-three-quarters" for Miss Matilda, or a fishing-rod for Master Tom; and great is the excitement which pervades the little circle while the contents of the parcel are being brought to light. Scarcely has the string been cut, and the brown paper covering removed, than a further appeal to the knocker, accompanied probably by a violent pull at the bell, announces the arrival of a huge packing-case, nailed and corded with the most irritating regard for the safety of its contents, and filled with all sorts of desirable miscellanea. Next comes a hamper loaded with creature comforts, and this is followed at brief intervals by a succession of smaller packages, some containing naught but illusive wrappers enclosing articles of a worthless kind, while others are well stored with handsome presents, discriminatingly adapted to the wants and wishes of the several individuals to whom they are addressed.

Every now and then the course of proceeding is varied by a runaway knock, or a deceptive packet which is rudely jerked away as the hand is put forward to raise it, and then there is a laugh from the hidden tormentor, and a shout of merriment from the indoor circle to whom the hoax is explained. As the packages are opened, their contents are laid upon the table for general inspection, and there they are allowed to remain for a day or two, until they have been examined by the numerous visitors who never fail to drop in for the purpose of seeing how their friends have fared. The result is that in an almost incredibly brief space of time the names of the various donors are correctly arrived at, either by a process of shrewd and unchallenged guessing, or by the candid avowals of the givers themselves. For although, as I have stated, it is the custom to preserve at the outset an air of mystery as to the origin of every valentine, there are scores of ways in which the sender may be traced, and I have never known a case in which the secret was very long maintained. Indeed, so speedily are the anonymous benefactors tracked to their several places of concealment, that it is customary for a day to be specially set apart for the dispatch of return valentines, in cases where those who have been senders on the eve of the fourteenth have not in the usual course received the expected *quid pro quo*.

I have endeavored, but in vain, to get at the origin of this singular and, I may add, excellent custom, as well as the reasons for confining it to so limited a locality. From all I have been enabled to learn, the practice has existed in the places I have named from time immemorial. Why it is still maintained, is a question to which the tradespeople who make so rich a harvest by its perpetuation may afford an answer. I have heard it suggested that originally the custom had no connection with St. Valentine at all, but that the giving and receiving of presents on the 13th of February was a totally different ceremonial from that which is epistolarily gone through on the following day, and that in the lapse of time, and in consequence of the more general practice which prevails on Valentine's Day, the gifts interchanged on Valentine's Eve obtained the name that is also bestowed on the love-missives of the succeeding morning.

On the other hand, it is asserted that the custom arose out of the practices which prevail, with many differences, in other parts of the kingdom, and that as it was deemed an essential part of the business that the recipient should not know by whom a valentine was sent, the night preceding St. Valentine's Day was chosen as the fittest time for the delivery of the gift. But even if this suggestion be correct, I am at a loss to account for the manner in which the object of the valentine has been diverted from what it appears to have been in ancient times. Pepys, in his "Diary," notices the custom of making gifts on Valentine's Day—not, be it remembered, on Valentine's Eve. Writing in the year 1667, this quaint old recorder of seventeenth century odds and ends says, in allusion to Mrs. Stewart's jewels: "The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about eight hundred

pounds, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine of this year, a ring of about three hundred pounds." In the February of the following year, Pepys relates how "his wife showed him among her jewels a ring she had received as her valentine's gift that year — a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

A BRAZILIAN MARKET AT SUNRISE.

MORNING in Brazil — a bright, clear, winter morning in the beginning of June. At my feet, as I stand on the terrace of the Castle Hill at Rio, the silent city lies outspread like a map, and from the encircling mountains the morning mists roll off like the smoke of a battle, as peak after peak catches the broadening sunlight, till all above and below is one blaze of glory. And then, all in a moment, the grand features of the scene start into life; the boundless expanse of the smooth, sunlit bay, where all the navies of the world might ride at anchor; the purple islets that stud its glittering surface, and the forest of masts which bristles in front of the town; the gray scowling fortresses, and dainty little villas, dotted like chessmen along the further shore; the grand outline of the Serra dos Orgãos¹ looming upon the northern horizon; the vast ring of purple mountains, rising starkly up thousands of feet against the lustrous sky, conspicuous among which stand the spear-pointed crest of Pedro Bonito and the mighty ridge of the Corcovado; the wilderness of broad white streets, and waving woods, and traceried church-towers, and smooth green hill-sides, and terraced gardens, and frowning rocks, and, far to the eastward, the vast black cone of the famous "Sugar-loaf" (the Matterhorn of Brazil), to the roughness of whose granite surface my gashed fingers still bear woeful testimony.

As yet, even in this land of early rising, the great city is very silent and unpeopled; but amid the universal stillness there is an appearance of bustle in one spot — the strip of neutral ground lying between the harbor and the upper end of the Rua Direita, the Oxford Street of Rio de Janeiro. I instantly recollect the whereabouts of the great market, and recollect, too, that I have hitherto given it only a hasty glance in passing, and that now is the time to atone for my neglect. No sooner said than done; I descend the Castle Hill by a series of flying leaps from point to point, to the manifest amusement of the mulatto washerwomen who are drying their linen upon the surrounding bushes, traverse a net-work of narrow, dingy, ill-paved alleys, the very sight of which carries me back at once to Damascus and Jerusalem, and emerge upon the broad white wilderness of the Largo do Paco, with the tall candelabra-like towers of the great church on my left, the long low front of the quiet little palace on my right, and in the foreground a handful of soldiers on parade, black men and white men alternating in the ranks like a half-finished game of chess.

Abutting upon the further corner of the square is a deep quadrangular basin, forming one of three great landing-places of the town; and along two sides of this basin runs a huge vaulted piazza, the rows of stalls in front of which, as well as the Babel of mingled sounds which is already issuing from within, proclaim it to be the great public market of the capital. Halting at the corner, I take a bird's-eye view of the whole panorama; and am fain to confess to myself that, despite my previous admiration of the Stamboul bazaar at Constantinople, the Arab market in Alexandria, and the "Gostinni Dvor" of St. Petersburg, the tableau now before me may safely bear comparison with either. Fruits such as Covent Garden never dreamed of — pyramids of fresh fish, glittering like silver in the broadening sunshine — live stock in all gradations, from the bristly forest-hog to the rainbow-plumaged toucan — a ceaseless clatter of sticks and baskets, an incessant buzz of chaffering in half the tongues of Europe — human curiosities of every complexion, from the delicate mezzo-tinto of a round of buttered toast to the glossy undiluted blackness of a newly-cleaned boot, and arrayed in every variety of cos-

tume, from a frilled shirt to nothing at all — and, in the background, the clear glassy water, and the tall slender palms of the Isle of Cobras, such is the *mis en scène*.

Having taken in the general effect of the great medley, I begin to survey it in detail. To my right lies a broad flat board heaped with the daintiest of native fish; the luscious "camarao," or giant prawn, longer and thicker than a man's middle finger; the tasty flat-fish, slipping over each other like packs of cards; the leathern "bacalhao" (smoked salt fish), looking very much like a rolled-up copy-book; the square-headed turbot, and the jolly corpulent garoupa, a true alderman of the sea. But among all these, like a privateer amid a convoy of merchantmen, figure formidably the forked tail, the under-hung jaw, the huge dagger-like back-fin, of my old acquaintance the shark. Young shark is a delicacy in this part of the world, and so, apparently, thinks the portly Brazilian housekeeper at my elbow (with a bunch of keys at her girdle which might have suited Bluebeard himself) who is chaffering keenly for the ill-omened fish, which she at length succeeds in obtaining — amid terrible protestations and appeals to the saints on the part of the salesman — at little more than twenty-five per cent above its market value. As her little black henchman marches off with his prize, I bethink myself of the old West Indian story of the negro who, being reproved for breakfasting upon such a notorious feeder on dead bodies as the Jamaica land-crab, answered with a grin, "Ah, massa! land-crab eat black man — nebber mind, black man eat he!"

To my left, again, sprawls a stalwart negro boatman, with his bare and brawny limbs lazily outstretched in the sunshine, drinking off the smoking coffee which has just been poured out for him by a shrivelled old mulatto woman who is sitting over a file of cracked cups, and a battered metal coffee-pot, at the corner of the piazza. In the black's half-shut eyes, and the intense relish with which he smacks his blubber lips over the thick black decoction, you may read the fulness of enjoyment after labor. He has been up all night, ferrying off passengers to that big steamer yonder behind the island, which will sail for England in another hour; and he is now taking his morning coffee previous to lying down for a good long nap on the warm, smooth pavement of the quay.

Farther on, as I penetrate deeper into the chaos, appears a goodly store of native vegetables, whose very names are strange to a European ear; the plump smooth-cheeked abacato, looking like a pear and tasting like a vanilla ice; the delicious diabo, a cross between artichoke and vegetable marrow, meriting a better name than its Brazilian one, which means, literally, "devil;" the huge knobby yam, wearing a shillelah-like appearance, which draws a grin of friendly recognition from a passing Irishman; the mamao, a kind of expurgated ginger, with all the richness and none of the burning strength; and others besides, too many to name. Mingled with these are numbers of old acquaintances — the furry cocoa-nut, the round-waistcoated melon, the red-coated tomato, the sleek Tangerine orange, the writhing cucumber, and the odorous garlic — a catalogue that might have tasked Homer himself. For these there is a brisk demand; and the whirl of black faces and white jackets, gaping bags and huge tub-like baskets, together with the shrill cackle of bargaining that resounds on every side, are enough to make one's head reel. To the right, two basket-bearers have just come into collision and upset their loads, the vegetables rolling off in every direction with an eager, joyful alacrity, as if rejoicing at their escape, while the injured Sambos shriek and caper amid the ruin like a couple of lunatic sweeps. To the left, an old woman and her stall capsize simultaneously, and the poor creature squeals piteously beneath an avalanche of yams and water-melons, amid roars of laughter from the unsympathetic bystanders. Louder and louder grows the uproar, as fresh arrivals pour in every minute; till, at length, finding myself in constant peril of being struck deaf and crushed to pieces at one and the same moment, I am fain to beat a retreat to the other side of the market.

¹ The Organ Mountains — so called from their shape.

But in this case, as in most others of the kind, it is out of the frying-pan into the fire. I have barely changed my place, when I become aware that the din and shouting of the human occupants are suddenly reinforced by a mingled clamor of screaming, chattering, grunting, cackling, and howling, as though all the menageries upon earth had broken loose at once. I have camped in a tropical forest too often not to recognize instantaneously the various components of the music; and the different choristers, when I have time to inspect them, make a very picturesque show. Here is a very woebegone-looking "lion monkey," blending his plaintive little pipe with the deeper howl of his gaunt, black, long-armed neighbor. Overhead, a row of parrots are screeching and chattering, as only Brazilian parrots can screech and chatter; while three or four big, serious-looking gray parrots, in a separate cage hard by, are watching them with an air of grave disapproval, and ever and anon interpolating a deep, hoarse scream, as if in protest against the misbehavior of their congeners. A little further on, a colony of ducks, indignant at seeing the turkeys next door fed before them, are remonstrating with a loudness and fluency worthy of a Hyde Park meeting; while the deep grunts of a patriarchal "porco do mato," or wild pig, whose small, deep-set, cunning eye looks sideways at me through a forest of black bristles, form a bass to their clamorous treble. Far away at the end of the line, a group of magnificent toucans, in all the splendor of their gorgeous plumage, sit in stern silence, like the doomed senators of Rome amid the army of Brennus — awaiting death with a firmness worthy of a better cause. For in this land of strange dishes, where monkey-soup replaces julienne, and where parrots are made into pies instead of pets, neither fur nor feathers can long remain unscathed.

If there are fewer purchasers on this side of the market, there are more spectators; and the blending of all nationalities is in itself a sufficiently curious sight. Lean, voluble Frenchmen, sallow Spaniards, and lithe, black-haired Portuguese; gaunt, high-cheeked, keen-eyed Yankees; brawny English sailors, looking around them with that air of grand, indulgent contempt characteristic of the true Briton when among those unfortunates whom an inscrutable Providence has condemned to be foreigners; and, every here and there, a sturdy, fresh-colored, helpful looking man with the light hair and clear blue eye of the Fatherland — one of those firm, patient, indomitable fellows who are silently transforming the interior of Brazil,¹ and annexing large tracts of uncleared forest, with the same vigor and dexterity wherewith their great leader removed his neighbor's landmark two years ago.

As the morning wears on, other habitués begin to appear: sallow, nerveless men in white tunics, looking very much like cigars wrapped in paper; pudding-faced boys, struck with temporary paralysis by the tightness of their unmentionables; fat officers, whose projecting swords are suggestive of a skewer run through an over-boiled turkey; fashionable belles blossoming into the extreme plainness of youth, and portly matrons rife with all the mature ugliness of middle age. In moving aside to let the throng pass, I come suddenly upon a knot of mulatto coster-mongers with their baskets beside them, breakfasting in common from a huge bowl of black beans, the cost of the meal being chalked upon a little slate which hangs above the board. The sight naturally reminds me of my own breakfast, and, referring to my watch, I am amazed to find that it is already past nine o'clock, and not at all amazed to find that I am getting very hungry.

"Pick me out something good, for I've got a horse's appetite this morning," remark I, half an hour later, to the smart little Londoner whom I have chosen from the hotel staff as my special attendant.

"Well, then, sir," responds the expatriated Sam Weller, seizing this tempting chance of a bon-mot, "ain't my givin' you this 'ere bill o' fare somethin' like puttin' the carte afore the 'orse?"

¹ In Juiz de Fora alone, there are no fewer than fourteen thousand German colonists; and Petropolis (the Balmoral of Brazil) is literally peopled with them.

SIXTY YEARS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

It is a common mistake of persons not accustomed to write books, that when they publish the "Memoirs" of a departed friend, or "Recollections" describing their own life, they dilate upon what is either of small importance or a subject on which they are incompetent to judge, and slur over other matters which have a considerable interest. If Lady Clementina Davies, in her amusing "Recollections of Society," had stuck to the topic of fashion, she would have given us a most agreeable if ephemeral volume, whereas since she has also favored us with her views upon politics, and narrations of public events which have been already described by other pens, she has given us two, of which one is one too many. Her ladyship, as far as we can understand her rather abstruse genealogy, was the daughter of Lord Maurice Drummond, the youngest son of James, third Earl, Duke of Melfort. The earls were created by James II. when he had nothing else to do, in his retirement at St. Germain; and after his abdication (in 1695), when he had still less, he seems to have created the dukes. But notwithstanding these somewhat shaky antecedents, the title of earl was confirmed by the British Parliament to the Drummond family in 1853, in the person of our authoress's brother, while she herself was permitted by royal mandate to be called Lady Clementina. Her ladyship was born in the chateau of St. Germain, in the fourth year of the first French Republic, and in one of a suite of apartments which her family had occupied in that palace for a hundred years. "The coverlet on my grandmother's bed was, I remember, of splendid red brocade, embroidered most richly in gold with the royal arms of England; for it had served as the covering of the horse on which Prince Charles Edward rode at the battle of Culloden; and I may here mention, as a curious fact, that that unfortunate prince wore on that occasion the Drummond, and not the Stuart tartan." In the pentangular fosse were many fine carp, tame, and so old, that one bore in his gills a silver ring which proved him to be over two hundred years of age; for these rings were inscribed with the date of insertion, as well as with the name of the particular courtier who had placed them on the fish.

In 1800, the family removed to England, and shortly afterwards to Edinburgh, where our authoress was put to school. While there, she saw Sir Humphry Davy enthroned by some admiring ladies, and a laurel crown placed on his head by Mrs. Apreece, whom he afterwards married. At fifteen years old, Lady Clementina began to go "into society," and commenced with visiting, in company with her brother, the Comte d'Artois, then resident at Holyrood. He was at that time surrounded by quite a little court of French *émigrés*, but had little taste for enjoyment, since he had so lately lost "Madame de Polastron, the one woman he had loved so well, that by the side of her death-bed he declared to her confessor that she should never have a successor in his affections." Edinburgh had other materials for gayety at that time, however, more native than French princes. Catalani, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble, were all in the metropolis of the north at that period, and with the two last our authoress and her family were well acquainted. "My father, who had acted with Marie Antoinette at Trianon" (how wide a gap of years is bridged over in that fact!), "was charmed with them;" and the more so because they spoke the French tongue in great perfection. When Mrs. Siddons acted, every box and seat at the theatre was of course secured long beforehand; but, even with that precaution, our young lady nearly missed the treat, on account of the deep snow which made all wheeled conveyances useless. A sedan-chair was indeed with difficulty procured, but with only one available porter; and had not her own cousin kindly supplied the place of his fellow, she would have had to stay at home. "As we entered the theatre the first piece was just beginning, and it was 'The Gamester,' with Mrs. Siddons as the heroine. Previously, when I had met her at the house of Lady Drummond, I had thought her any-

thing but young, and much too stout to be elegant, although nothing could deprive her of that inimitable grace, that easy *pose*, the idea of which is best portrayed in Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated picture of her as 'The Tragic Muse.' But when I saw her on the stage, I forgot her age, I forgot her size, I forgot even that the hero of the piece in which she was acting was her own son, Henry Siddons. Spell-bound, I watched her every movement, and the only thing real to me seemed the agonizing drama which was proceeding on the stage; and when at last the gamster was carried in apparently lifeless, and Mrs. Siddons, as Mrs. Beverley, in an attitude of terror, of which no words can convey an idea, fell down on her knees before him, then felt for the beating of his heart, and at last, with one piercing shriek, exclaimed, 'He is dead!' I screamed too."

Sixty years ago, our authoress made her *début* on the 18th of January at what was called "the Queen's Assembly," and when Lady Buchan was the representative of her Majesty. Her viceregal husband used to boast that he was the oldest man in the town, "for I never sleep more than five hours, and I have never had one hour's illness; and when I calculate the time most people spend in sleeping and being ill, the balance makes me a centenarian at least." About the same period, Walter Scott taught her to play chess. "Never can I forget his kind but somewhat heavy-featured countenance, nor the sound of his friendly voice with its broad Scotch accent." At that time society in Edinburgh must have been rather used to "shocks," for we have a detailed account of how a widower ran away with his friend's wife, because she reminded him so of his own dear departed; and how a lady of good family and fortune, with the connivance of a Scotch peer, was within a hairbreadth of marrying a billiard-marker. The wedding-dresses were all bought, and the bridesmaids (herself among the number) all selected, when somebody (who fortunately played billiards) recognized in the accomplished Mr. Beauclerc a professional "marker" in Regent Street, whose real name was Clark. This man had been introduced to Edinburgh society by the Lord Fife of that period, and she was naturally outraged by the occurrence; but instead of an apology, his lordship had nothing to express but regret that the affair had not gone further. "What a pity, Bruce, that you were, as you say, only just in time! What a pity! What a pity! Why, you know that he is really a most agreeable fellow, and money was all he wanted. Nay, he is so very superior to other billiard-markers, that in London he always goes by the name of the 'Beau' Clark, and you yourself, Bruce, used to admire him and his curls very much. Poor fellow! I am very sorry for his disappointment — very sorry!"

Lord Fife, however, is by no means the queerest specimen among our authoress' portraits of the nobility; and, indeed, if it was not that her recollections go so very far back as to be out of the reach of the law of libel, we should almost fancy that the habit she borrows from Messrs. Pyke and Pluck in "Nicholas Nickleby" of calling her characters the Earl of H — or the Duke of B — instead of by their full titles, is used in order to evade it.

In 1814, Scotch reels and country-dances were still in fashion at Almack's, the regulations of which establishment were so entirely after those of the Medes and Persians; that when the Duke of Wellington chanced to come one night a few minutes after twelve — the latest hour permitted to visitors — he was refused admission to the ball-room. In the same year our authoress describes the ballet at the Opera as so little exaggerated in its style that it would have offered no very extraordinary spectacle in a drawing-room, while the dresses worn by the performers were "nearly down to their ankles." Lord Byron, we are told, was at this time very popular, handsome, and melancholy-looking, but so shy and retiring (probably on account of his lameness), that he could never be got to move from the side of a room where he had once taken up a position. The ladies adored him — though it was before the time that "Lady Caroline Lamb drowned herself — unsuccessfully — for his sake" — and he reciprocated their attachment. Yet, their style of dress was not calculated to set

off their natural charms: it was their custom to wear three large white feathers, such as we now see only on illumination nights in gas, "a Prince of Wales' plume, on their heads;" so that it was no proof of madness that poor George III. when his reason began to totter, should have addressed his audience at the opening of Parliament as "My Lords and Peacocks." The Duchess of Melfort, grandmother to Lady Clementina, must have offered a stranger appearance than even the rest of her sex, for she persisted in wearing, at eighty-eight, the fashions of her youth, which were those of the time of Louis XV.

When Louis XVIII. was installed in the Tuileries, the Melfort family returned to Paris, which to our authoress seemed "like fairy-land" — though it must be confessed, of a rather material sort. There she beheld the Marquis d'Ivry presiding over the roulette-table, which *government* had entrusted to him; and Talleyrand, her father's friend, putting handful after handful of gold and notes upon it, without the slightest change of feature whether he won or lost. This roulette-table was conveyed from house to house, and many ladies gambled as high as the men. Count d'Orsay — *Jeune Cupidon*, as Byron called him — was then but nineteen, and in the height of his beauty; and his sister, the Duchesse de Grammont, was, "the most lovely woman I ever saw; very like *le beau d'Orsay*, her father." At Malmaison, the residence of Josephine, Lady Clementina was a favored sister. Though no longer young, the ex-wife of the ex-emperor was "still preëminently graceful, and her pliant, though not tall figure showed to advantage in a white dress, magnificently embroidered in bright colors, that assorted well with her dark hair, worn low on the forehead, and with the fine eyes of deep violet hue, by which her expressive face was illumined. I also remember" (this is a charming bit of unconscious self-revelation) "the room in which I saw her. It was hung with crimson cloth and gold, and every fauteuil and sofa in it was ornamented with large ivory-balls — a very effective style of ornament, and one which struck me very much."

However, notwithstanding its attractions, our authoress did not confine her attention to the furniture. "One room at Malmaison was especially consecrated by Josephine to the memories of happy days passed there by Napoleon in the time before his divorce from her. It was a room then used by him as a study, whenever the cares of war and politics permitted him to seek a temporary rest in her society in that charming retreat; and when she was left there alone to mourn their separation, she would allow nobody to occupy this room but herself. In it lay the pen last used there by the emperor, which the ink had long since corroded; on a table lay the map he had last studied there, the line of march tracked out in which had long since taught Europe to feel the power of his tactics; and on the wall hung a glass case in which some of his hair was arranged in ornamental or symbolic form. It was so long since that hair had grown on his head, that the sight of it must have carried back Josephine's memory to the time when she, the widowed Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, determined on marrying its owner, the young soldier of fortune, with nothing but 'his love, and his sword, and his cloak to offer her.' Such a sanctuary, indeed, was this chamber at Malmaison to the ex-empress, that she would not allow any hand but her own to dust or move the objects in it, which had been consecrated, as she deemed, by the touch of the husband who had sacrificed her to his ambition, and in so doing had lost the guiding star, the guardian angel of his life."

When the Bourbons fled from France, Queen Hortense did the honors for Napoleon, in default of Marie Louise, who never stirred to welcome him, though he had announced to her his intention of making his triumphal entry into Paris on the 20th of March, the anniversary of their son's birth: and this lady was very gracious to Lady Clementina, notwithstanding her attachment to the Bourbons. She sent for her to the Tuileries, and while in audience with her, "We heard the sound of a hand-bell impatiently ringing. Queen Hortense rose.

"'It is necessary,' said she, 'that we pass into the next

room. You will find somebody there who desires to speak to you.'

"This mode of summoning us by ringing, so roused my indignation, that it restored my courage, and yet I knew that it was an ordinary custom of Bonaparte to use this method of calling the members of his family. . . . I rose. I followed the queen, and I was in the presence of the emperor. With his usual impetuosity he advanced towards me, and without making the least salutation to me, he took me by the hand, and conducted me to an arm-chair.

" 'Sit down,' said he to me.

"Then, instead of seating himself also, he walked away with rapid strides to the end of the salon. When he came back, he said: 'It is a long time since I have seen you, Madame. You are as pretty as ever.'

" 'But, sire,' said the queen, 'Madame is of my age.'

"This interruption was singular, for the queen was five or six years older than myself; but I replied only by congratulating the emperor on the excellent health he appeared to enjoy.

" 'And have you no congratulations to offer to me on my return?' asked he.

"This repartee, and, above all, the look which accompanied it, confounded me. Bonaparte perceived this, and continued: 'Well, Madame, was Louis XVIII. very galling?'

"I gathered up all my courage, and replied: 'I know nothing on that point, sire; but I can assure your Majesty that he never abused the superior privileges of his rank to torment a woman admitted to his presence.'

" 'Ah! I have vexed you,' he exclaimed, laughing. 'So much the better; that will avenge me a little for what you have done against me, notwithstanding that neither you nor yours had any subject of complaint against me.'

" 'Neither have I ever uttered a complaint of your Majesty.'

" 'No; but you have intrigued, caballed, plotted, conspired with people of every color — emigrants, ideologists, republicans. See the fine service you have rendered to France! for, at last, in spite of you, here am I come back, and for a long time I hope.'

This strange interview lasted for three quarters of an hour; Bonaparte on that day wore a green uniform; "the same, I was assured, he afterwards wore at Waterloo, and subsequently at St. Helena, although by that time old and ragged. In the morning, he had been reviewing troops in the Champ de Mars: his coat, his hat, and his boots were still dusty. . . . But in vain did I seek in his eyes that fiery and piercing glance which formerly illumined them. He stooped more than he used to do; his head was bent towards his chest; his complexion was sallow, his countenance sad and dreamy; and his little hat crushed down almost to the eyes, increased their melancholy expression. His movements were still brusque, but by habit, and not by hot impetuosity as formerly."

On the second Restoration, our authoress, of course, welcomed her old friends again; but anything duller than the Bourbons, in the way of social acquaintances, it is impossible to imagine. The pedantic conversation of the old king must have been woful, and yet he had the temerity to poke fun, or what he considered to be fun, at Talleyrand. He did not (as we may well imagine) much like that prince, and his humor was to attack him about his wife, who, it was well known, lived apart from him, and often threatened him with her return, unless he sent her whatever sums of money she might require. Talleyrand had come to the palace to request leave of absence from Paris, and the king in merry mood observed: "It is, I suppose, because your wife is coming to town, that you wish to leave it?" The royal laugh was, of course, echoed by the courtiers; but when it ceased, Talleyrand replied: "Yes, sire, it is my 20th of March!" — an allusion to the king's own flight — caricatured at the time by a flock of geese waddling out of the Tuileries, while the eagles were flying in — that annoyed his Majesty excessively.

About this period, General von Gräven, who had fought at Waterloo, told Lady Clementina two very curious sto-

ries, one of his commander, Blücher, and one about himself. "When the special messengers arrived to inform Blücher that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and that his services would be immediately required in the field, they were astonished to find him literally running round and round a large room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust, and in which he had immured himself, under the delusion that he was an elephant. For the time, it was feared that Blücher was hopelessly insane, or that he was so far suffering from delirium tremens that his active coöperation in the anticipated campaign would be impossible; but when the urgent news was brought him, he at once recovered himself, and proceeded to give his advice in a perfectly sound state of mind, the tone of which was thus, as by a sudden shock, restored to him."

The second story, though not of such public interest, was even stranger. The general and a brother-officer had been ordered during the recent campaign to approach the battlefield with their respective troops, the one to the right, the other to the left; after a long day's march, the former halted his men in a church, where they found beds of straw but lately vacated, and other indications that showed the enemy were nearer than had been expected. Nevertheless, they lay down to rest. At dawn of day, however, the general awoke, and found the friend from whom he had parted the previous morning standing by his side. Great was his surprise, but still greater when the latter thus addressed him: "Do not follow orders; do not proceed on your present route, for the French have already got possession of it, and are lying in wait for your approach." Then the figure vanished; but so impressed was Von Gräven by its warning, that he took quite a different route than he had designed, and thereby reached the allies in safety. His friend had been killed at the precise period when his spirit (uniform and all) had appeared to him, and almost all his men had been massacred. Lady Clementina, who believes in the divine right of kings, is no doubt by nature credulous; but still, here is a ghost-story of her own, which, since she tells it with all the appearance of *bona fides*, is worth relation.

At a ball at Chepstow, long after her marriage with Mr. Davies, her husband and herself were quartered in a certain house. "From the ball, we did not return till daylight. Our bedroom stood at the farther end of a long passage. The next night, near twelve o'clock, we were awakened by the creaking sound of heavy boots, worn, as it seemed, by somebody walking up and down this passage. The noise continued so long, that at last Mr. Davies opened the door, to look out and see who it was that made it. For a moment, the footsteps ceased; nobody was to be seen. Mr. Davies asked angrily who it was that had made so much disturbance; but he received no answer: the passage was quite empty. My husband therefore closed the door; but no sooner had he done so, than the marching up and down began again, and was all the more intolerable because, every time the steps passed our door, they seemed to pause for a moment in their heavy, creaking tread.

"Mr. Davies was determined to find out the cause of this annoyance, and to stop it; and when the next time the tramp, tramp of the heavy boots approached nearer and nearer to us, he flung open the door suddenly, and darted out into the passage, a lighted candle in his hand. But nothing was to be seen; no human being was there; the passage was still quite empty.

"There were several candles in our room; Mr. Davies now lighted every one of them, and set the door wide open, so that a flood of light should rest on the passage and reveal the intruder if he approached again. He watched, but all to no purpose; the tramp, tramp, tramp continued. The heavy footsteps passed and repassed the open door, yet nothing was visible.

"Whether from fright or not, I cannot say, but to me the room seemed so much colder than could be accounted for by the mere fact of the open door, that I shuddered terribly. I cannot describe the horrible sensation which ran through me at this unaccountable noise, which continued steadily without cessation all through the night,

until daylight came, and then it ceased." At breakfast next morning with her brother, the vicar of Chepstow, he confessed that many persons had told him of having been annoyed in the same manner, when occupying the same apartment, adding, that there was a tradition appertaining to that house to the effect, that a great sportsman (one Mr. Denison), who always wore thick creaking boots, had been robbed and murdered there.

The social and domestic stories which our authoress relates are indeed most interesting, and would form excellent foundation for more than one novel; while an experience of her own in relation to love-making, or, at all events, to marriage, would "bring the house down," if played in its integrity as a farce. Her hand, it seems, was sued for in Paris by one Baron von S—, an Austrian, with a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds, and an income of fifteen thousand pounds a year—which nobody knew how he came by. Still, that he had it, was certain; and though "short, ugly, and middle-aged," he was "encouraged" by the young lady's friends. Lady Clementina, "in her inexperience," imagined that she could get over all difficulties by marrying him, and leaving him at the church-door; and, what is still more curious, her father appears to have entertained the same sanguine expectation. At all events, when the marriage-deeds were under discussion, he addressed the husband that was to be in these astounding words:—

"Well, baron, I wish you now to tell me what you intend to settle on my daughter, in case of her dislike to live in Germany with you?"

"But the baron replied: 'I do not marry in order to live separate from my wife; and therefore I should not think proper to settle anything upon her if she did not choose to reside with me.'

"My father, who was very passionate, replied: 'Do you really think my daughter would marry an ugly ape like you, unless, if she chose, she could live independently of you?'

"The baron rushed out of the house; and in the course of the evening a letter was brought for my father. He was fortunately not at home when it was delivered. My mother and I both recognized the baron's handwriting on the cover; dreading mischief, she opened it, and inside we found a challenge."

This little matter was, however, got over, and the courtship went on as before, until one evening, after coffee, the baron tells Lady Clementina confidentially that she has no idea what a clever creature she is about to marry, and then proceeds to prove it by confessing that he owes all his wealth to an ingenious fraud upon the French government. This is too much for even a highly fashionable family, and it is decided that the baron must explain or withdraw his pretensions. But he withdrew himself, the very next morning after that inexplicable confession, from Paris, and was never seen again.

The assassination of the Duc de Berri, and the birth of his posthumous son, the present Comte de Chambord, with the false hopes and predictions it excited, are described with much detail in these volumes; but, as we have hinted, these great events, even with the addition of her reflections upon them, have not the interest for us that is possessed by Lady Clementina's merely social recollections. We do not remember to have ever read two more humorous receipts for getting into the best society than are suggested in the two following anecdotes: Mrs. L—, of E— Park, was always to be seen everywhere, no matter what difficulty much more exalted personages experienced in getting invitations. She was at the marriage of Paul Esterhazy with Lady Sarah Villiers—the prince who dropped a hundred pounds' worth of diamonds from his jewelled attire whenever he went to a ball—and saw everything, though the crowd was so great that nobody else could see anything but the person before him. This however, she contrived to do by getting into the pulpit. To obtain an invitation to Lady Londonderry's ball required greater tact. "How did you do it?" asked a friend. Mrs. L—, of E— Park, hesitated considerably before an-

swering the question, but at last answered: "Well, I'll tell you. The morning of that ball, I sent her ladyship a large van full of the most beautiful flowers; and she was so delighted with them, that she sent me back a most pressing invitation to come and see how well my flowers looked at night. My garden is my life," she added, "and I never rob that for anybody;" but for twenty-five pounds spent in Covent Garden, she found she could be asked wherever she pleased. A still cheaper method of receiving good company at one's own table was adopted by a certain "city man," who requested the honor of the Duke of Wellington's company to meet Marshal Soult, and that of Marshal Soult to meet the Duke of Wellington, *although unacquainted with either of them*; for he knew that both these illustrious warriors were so fond of "fighting their battles o'er again" with one another, that they were sure to accept. And then he invited people to meet Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington.

Of her own relative, the Viscount de Melfort, our authoress tells us an anecdote which may perhaps have suggested to Thackeray one of the greatest "situations" in his "Vanity Fair." The viscount was in prison for his wife's debts, contracted before her marriage. He had, by the bye, four wives, all, as it appears, living at once, and was deeply attached to every one of them; but this particular wife was not only in debt, which was of less consequence, since he was paying for it in person, but very ill and melancholy, as she wrote to him, which afflicted him very much. Lady Caroline M—, her cousin, called on him, however, in prison one day, with receipts for fifteen thousand pounds' worth of bills, and told him he was a free man; "But as for your wife, you shall see how ill and melancholy she is with your own eyes:" and straightway she took him to Hyde Park, where he saw the Viscountess de Melfort in very good spirits, and driving with the Princess of Wales. At this spectacle, the husband was greatly shocked.

"Calm yourself," said Lady Caroline M—; "you are not really married to that woman, for the ceremony only took place at the English Embassy in Paris, and you are a Roman Catholic. Marry me." So the viscount made her his fifth wife, accordingly; "though at a later date," writes his relative, "she had only too much cause to lament the fickle disposition of the man for whom she had made great sacrifices."

The entire unconsciousness of Lady Clementina Davies, when speaking either of herself or others, forms, in fact, one of the chief charms of her agreeable "Recollections," and immensely heightens their humor; though we cannot say that we rise from their perusal more deeply impressed either with the morality of Fashionable Life, or the advantages of a court education, than when we sat down to them.

MEMORY.

SHOULD we be gainers if the memory of the world were strengthened so that everybody could always recall at will all the things he wishes to recall? Most people will probably be disposed to think that this would be a questionable boon, unless indeed an access of memory brought with it at least an equal access of judgment and sympathy. Many persons lament their defective memory, and wish they could tell you things—"but my memory is so bad;" and we secretly settle with ourselves that "It is best as it is," for the tax on our attention will be the less. Unquestionably attention becomes more fastidious as the world grows older; we are more chary of it than our forefathers. Hence it may be observed that memory does not now hold the place it once did as an accomplishment. Nowadays a good memory meets with as little envy as any quality that can be named; where it exists it is not thought worth while to dispute it. The way is rather to magnify the wonder while denouncing it as, in injudicious hands, a dreadful engine of social oppression. A good memory is to be kept out of sight like a woman's learning, and only

aired when you are quite sure of your company. It was not always so; people used to vie with one another in exercises of recollection; opportunities were devised for its display; friends recorded extraordinary feats. In the summary of qualities in old biographies memory takes a prominent place; its triumphs are enumerated, the injurious surmises of adversaries and suspicious doubters are disproved. But perhaps people discovered that when memory was cultivated as an art it was rarely put to its best uses. The elaborate compliments gabbled over so correctly by Thomas Diafoirus were a satire on a system that did not always put the wisest foremost. Men of thought and learning were baffled and kept back for the want of verbal memory or of nerve to use it. Those lights of the Church, Hammond and Sanderson, each suffered from this cause. What might seem to be for all useful purposes a sufficiently good memory would not pass muster in either case. Hammond's memory was serviceable, not officious; faithful to things and business, but unwillingly retaining the contexture and punctualities of words; so that it was harder for him to get one sermon by heart than to pen twenty. What was hard for him utterly bothered his brother divine, owing, as he said himself, to his unmanly bashfulness. Their quaint biographer relates how the friends repaired together to a small rustic church, Hammond holding the sermon which the other was to declaim verbatim from the pulpit. The attempt was a dolorous failure, even discernible to many of that plain auditory. As the two walked homewards, Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, "Good Doctor, give me my sermon, and know that neither you nor any man living shall ever persuade me again to preach without my books." To which the reply was, "Good Doctor, be not angry; for if ever I persuade you again to preach without book, I will give you leave to burn all the books I am master of."

The real importance of verbal memory of this sort sank when the art of printing came in and reading became a common accomplishment, though its prestige lasted some time longer. People therefore are right in valuing memory now according to the use it is put to, for its practical services to its owner, or for restoring to us what is otherwise beyond our reach. What a memory retains is the sole test of what it is worth. In its moral aspect the memory may sometimes indicate an unusual warmth, tenderness, and tenacity of affection; but, on the other hand, there are vindictive memories which retain only provocations, or impertinent memories which treasure up precisely the things born to oblivion, or which we should choose to be forgotten. And so, too, there are frivolous memories which retain only trivialities, and entangle the mind in a maze of nothings. To have a verbal memory like Dick Swivelers', infested with tags of verse and cues of rhyme, is, somebody has said, as vulgar, as destructive of any train of thought worth the name, as the stable-boy's habit of whistling easy airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable.

To the man himself any strength of memory which does not hinder reflection and excuse the labor of thought is valuable; but the memory which is worth most to the world is that which keeps us supplied with a knowledge of things that would otherwise be lost. Books and newspapers tell us a great deal, and enable us often to dispense without much inconvenience with the exercise of memory; but there is one branch of study which owes more to faithful, retentive memory, than to all the books in the world. We mean the memory that retains in living freshness the sayings and doings, the look and aspect, of a past generation; that can set before us, as it unfolded itself, a scene all the actors in which are dead and gone, and bring to our ears with just emphasis the very words of feeling or passion spoken years ago. How rare this is we know from the difficulty of getting precise information as to persons or events after a brief lapse of time. The incidents that give excellence to biography Dr. Johnson found the most difficult of all things to obtain from survivors. Such incidents are of a volatile and evanescent

kind; they soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. Still there are memories that do their best to rescue a character from oblivion, that delight to renew its life in truthful description. It argues, no doubt, a disengaged, unselfish attention to note the incident at the time as telling and expressive, and this quality stamps itself on the narrative and inspires confidence in the hearer. Those who have patience to listen to these chroniclers are at once performing a pious work and accumulating a store of the best knowledge, which serves them in good stead as opportunity arises. There is no pleasanter talk than the gleanings of a student of character among the memories of the various circles and classes he has mixed with. We leave his company feeling human nature to be a livelier, cleverer, more impressive thing than we had been in the way of finding out for ourselves. Mere invention, expending itself on a past state of things, commonly falls flat; but the reproduction of the actual life of fifty or even twenty years ago is an invaluable contribution. Memory that performs feats commonly expends itself on the labored efforts of the human understanding. Memory of the higher sort distinguishes for itself what is memorable. To repeat what another has said because it was characteristic of him is a more useful exercise of the talent than to commit pages of the same man's writing to memory. Perhaps too it is a more difficult one.

In these cases the value of memory consists in its literal, even verbal, truth. There are many personal anecdotes which we feel are most probably false—if not wholly false, yet enough so to destroy their use as evidence of character. There must be a stamp of genuineness which only verbal accuracy can supply. Such memories imply habitual conscientiousness; they are respectable as well as brilliant possessions. For few memories are entirely truthful. We many of us find them false mainly to our own cost or inconvenience. We are sure we put a missing article where we did not put it, that we read a passage in the middle of a right-hand page when it turns out to be at the top of the left; the eye of memory has the most distinct recollection, and yet it is not true. The most disinterested witnesses at a trial contradict one another because each is sure of what he neither saw nor heard exactly as he thinks he saw or heard it. Nobody is willing to attach any moral taint to these involuntary errors, though a certain steadiness of observation, an habitual holding self in check, and putting positiveness to the test, might have preserved us from it. Again, certain ideas, certain forms of expression, slide into the memory unawares, and pass current for original thought, and betray people into involuntary plagiarism. We suspect that a great many persons assume to themselves a faculty of invention when they are only cheated by their memory introducing itself as an original conception, and performing its feats in disguise. Not many suffer under the reverse deception, of which Charles Lamb accuses himself when lamenting the strange fatality through which everything he touched turned into a lie; relating how he once quoted two lines from a translation of Dante which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted in a book as proof of the stupendous power of that poet. But no such lines were to be found in the translation searched for the purpose; whereupon he adds, "I must have dreamed them, for I am quite sure I did not forge them knowingly. What a misfortune," he plaintively concludes, "to have a lying memory!" On the other hand, a correct memory is the most necessary of all aids to the liar, as we are reminded by a hackneyed proverb; and it also prompts to lying in unprincipled hands. Wood tells a story of Hoskyns the Winchester boy who, having neglected to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent schoolfellow, and upon the master calling him up, said he had lost his paper, but if he might be allowed he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written; which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hoskyns had just repeated, and, being taken for the thief, was sorely whipped.

Next to the lying memory, and far more common, is the treacherous memory that fails us at a pinch, hiding itself in darkness, leaving us cognizant of its existence but eluding our grasp. Nothing is more tantalizing than this state of mind. The man who feels the fact or word or name flitting just out of his reach is a misery to himself and everybody else. Very few people have philosophy enough to give in; to reflect that what they search for in such restless persistence matters to nobody; for the time being they have lost part of themselves and worry after it; for

Memory frets
When words that made its body fall away
And leave it yearning dumbly.

This fretting is a bore, but it is also evidence of the universal regret at the failure of memory. It is one of the most pathetic facts of life, to which no use reconciles us, that so much of the prime and flower of its thought and wit should pass utterly away while still ringing in our ears; that words which range themselves in noble, touching, solemn order should slip out of our thought, never to sound with the same rhythm again; that sayings and incidents, each a revelation of personal character or of deep human nature, should have no witness capable of recording them; that each generation should know so little of its predecessors. This is the memory which men yearn after, for the want of which conversation is disappointing, and history and biography so imperfect; but in desiring which we know not what we ask. Life, in fact, has not room for such memories.

THE BARON IN ENGLAND.

IN TWO PAPERS.

I.

WHEN Louis de Rouvroi, Duc de Saint-Simon, was yet a very young fellow, he was appointed one of the pages, or officers of about the same dignity, to Louis the Fourteenth. One day, the Grand Monarch, as he was absurdly called, encountered the young gentleman of his household in the Gallery of Glasses, at Versailles. The king honored the page by entering into conversation with him; but it was not for the sake of the honor.

"De Rouvroi," said his Majesty, "do you take notes of what passes here?"

"No, sire!"

"Write no letters of description?"

"None, sire!"

"Do you keep a diary?"

"I can assure your Majesty that I never dreamed of doing such a thing."

"Good!" rejoined the sovereign. "We are well pleased with you;" and the great king passed on with a smile.

The young gentleman looked after him, also with a smile. That evening, in his own room, he addressed himself to a great work. A blank-paged writing-book was before him, and pen and ink. The smile was probably still on his face, as he remembered the questions of his royal master. "Not a bad idea, that of the king's; I had never thought of keeping a diary of court life; but I will begin at once doing so!" Some sentiment that might be thus interpreted, in all likelihood, possessed him. On that night, at all events, he dipped his pen into the ink, and wrote the first words of that marvellous work which is known to us under the title of "*Mémoires de Saint-Simon*."

For many years after the death, in 1755, of Saint-Simon, who has made live again the family and court of Louis the Fourteenth and that of the Regent Duke of Orleans, the huge manuscript (in which every one was depicted like those figures in art books, which show us the skeleton of the man side by side with the same man in full dress) was sealed up. It somehow came into the possession of Louis the Fifteenth, who allowed no one to read it but himself, and he revelled in the details of scandal and in the truthful

lights thrown into dark places. The Duc de Choiseul, his minister, would not be balked. He procured a false key, read the manuscript at leisure, and copied the parts with which he was best pleased. Gradually, detached portions got into print, but nothing like a satisfactory edition of the "*Mémoires*" appeared till 1830.

The first complete edition, founded on the original manuscript, was not published till 1856-57. It is in twenty volumes, edited by M. Chéruel, and is such a history of the times (regarding France) as nowhere else exists. We may add that there is nothing like it in other countries, etching and photographing so mercilessly accurately the scenes and the men who moved in them. The acid of the work proves the metal of the men, and under its application seemingly golden idols become mere copper captains. Saint-Simon is not more reserved with regard to the ladies. Under a peculiar lime-light of his own, we see clear into the most secret recesses, and gaze with amazement on scenes where

Round and round the ghosts of beauties glide,
Viewing the places where their honor died.

We are reminded of these things by the appearance of another court revelation — the "*Mémoires of Baron Stockmar*." With astounding recklessness, the late baron's son has published details, not offensive indeed in any scandalous sense, but details that should have been covered under the sacred veil of silence. It is said that these revelations have not a little irritated personages who may dread what else may yet be said of them. The want of taste is as great as the want of common respect for personal feelings. When we read that Stockmar was at the bedside of the dying Princess Charlotte, when we are allowed to see her agony, to witness her struggles, to hear her cries, and when we are told that she screamed to "Stocky" to help her, we are simply shocked. We find, in latter days, Stockmar resident in Queen Victoria's palace, as a sort of counsellor to herself and husband, and we are a little surprised; but when it is added that the baron was allowed to wear trousers at the royal dinner parties, as his thin shanks would have looked ridiculous in breeches, we can hardly keep from laughter.

This Baron Stockmar, whose name was utterly unknown to most of the present generation till his *Mémoires* came before them, was originally of the middle class. Born in 1787, at Coburg, of a father who was a very good scholar and a gentleman, and of a mother whose sententious humor is illustrated in her stereotyped observation, "Heaven takes care that the cows' tails shall not grow too long," this elder son of a family of two boys and two girls manifested very early his far-seeing spirit. Once, at the family table, looking at the plates and dishes, the boy seriously remarked, "Some day, I must have all this of silver." To which his mother quietly replied, "If you can manage to get it, pray do." Stockmar lost no opportunity to accomplish the end in view. He began life as a medical man; he was with the German army all through its disastrous war with the French, and he never despaired of that future of his country which has now commenced with the establishment of a German empire under a Protestant Cæsar. In the course of his medical career (every way honorable to him) he became known to Prince Leopold, who showed how he valued the man by attaching him to his personal service as body physician. When Stockmar came first to England, in March, 1816, he landed at Dover, and to avoid travelling too late at night, on account of highwaymen, he only proceeded as far as Rochester. The next day he entered London, and soon began his professional office. After the death of the Princess Charlotte the widowed Leopold induced Stockmar to promise never to leave him. The bond of union, however, was broken when Leopold became king of the Belgians. Stockmar, who had ceased to be his physician, but who was secretary, keeper of the privy purse, and comptroller of the household, soon withdrew. The Belgians would not have tolerated, however they might have respected, a foreigner holding any political office. Stockmar resigned his less important duties, but he probably saw where his future field began to display itself.

Already married himself (in 1821) — he settled his cousin-wife at Coburg, and visited her at long intervals — he was soon engaged in marriage negotiations of great personages. One would almost suppose that without him Prince Albert would not have married the Queen, nor been in anything else so successful a personage as he proved to be. In the new royal household the Baron (he had been ennobled by a Saxon patent) acted as secretary, confidential adviser, friend, and so on. Yes, "so on" is the proper phrase, for we are told that "he considered it to be his duty, in the interest of the Queen and that of the crown, as such, to resist the ministers when he perceived that the latter were acting too much from mere party motives." If this be true, and Stockmar is described as keeping the Queen in this or that attitude, it exceeds in impudence the act of the king of Prussia when he telegraphed to London to stay the execution of the murderer Müller. It is only matched by the alleged assertion that this private secretary presumed to advise the ministry to enter into confidential negotiations with the heads of the opposition on the subject of Prince Albert's regency under a certain possible contingency. It is utterly incredible. If true, there was then some ground for giving Stockmar that Mephistophelian character which he was delighted to see applied to him. The private secretary's influence at court is further illustrated in the following incident. "A rich Englishman — an author and member of Parliament — called upon him one day, and promised to give him £10,000 if he would further his petition to the Queen for a peerage. Stockmar replied, 'I will now go into the next room, in order to give you time. If upon my return I shall find you here, I shall have you turned out by the servants.'" There is no Englishman who will believe in a story so utterly absurd. Stockmar, if he ever told it, must have been under a delusion. He was often at least simple-minded. "The Princess Royal," says the son, "honored him as a second father;" and adds naively, "he had the very highest possible opinion of her." The father further remarks of the Princess, who saw in him a second sire, "I hold her to be exceptionally gifted, to be in many things almost inspired." The example given of the young Princess's inspiration is not very lively. Prince Albert's secretary, Prätorius, was not a handsome man. One day the little Princess was reading the Bible to her mother. She came upon the passage, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him;" upon which, we are told, "The child, gifted with an early sense of beauty, exclaimed, 'But, mamma, surely not Dr. Prätorius!'" We fancy that Stockmar had little appreciation of what is really humorous, though he was himself an "original." He thought the Belgian Count de Mérode was an original too, with this sample in support of the thought: Mérode was irritated by our fogs — as if Belgium had none! "*Partout le brouillard. Je découpe mon beefsteak, sort le brouillard.*"

The Baron's reason for retiring from the office he held under the Queen and Prince is very characteristic: "They have passed the point at which leading is required." They probably resisted it, for Stockmar complains (1857) that he could no longer give advice "with freshness and force," nor produce, as of old, "right impressions." Accordingly, in 1857, the Baron retired. In 1858 we meet him at Berlin, whither he had repaired to offer, unasked, his counsel as to future political action. Nobody was gratified by his appearance, however patriotic might be his intentions. He was looked upon, by those who could make no allowance for his patriotism, as the Peter of the German proverb, who scattered his parsley into everybody's soup. Count K——, who had seen a friend walking with a stranger over the bridge at Potsdam, asked him with whom he was walking? "Stockmar," replied the friend. "Ah!" exclaimed Count K——, "why did you not pitch him into the river?"

Stockmar, in March, 1863, writing to King Leopold on his severe illness, rendered a testimony unfavorable to the art which he had once practised. "The King," he writes, to Leopold, "complains of medicine. I can write no apology for the art, because I have learned to know the

exact limits of its power. In the majority of cases physicians do not know what they ought to know, and in very few cases are they able to do what the sick man requires. Hence recourse to deception, or even lying. It is only for the prevention of disease that a good and great physician can be of real use." There never was more nonsense put in so few words; but be this as it may, apoplexy put the Baron von Stockmar beyond the aid of the greatest physician in July, 1863. The old man sleeps beneath a splendid vault in Coburg, erected in honor of the sleeper, "by his friends in the reigning families of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia." If those families supposed that there slept with the old man all the confidential passages connected with them, they were grievously mistaken. The Baron's son remarks, at the end of the biographical sketch, "He was content to remain always half hidden before the eyes of posterity. Faithful to his spirit, this book also lifts the veil but a little." But who will guarantee that the veil will not be lifted higher? Let us hope that one day it may be, but not till the families enumerated above have no living heroes in the stories, when they may listen unwincingly to the Baron's queer tales of their ancestors and may feel their withers unwrung. Does the Baron's son suppose that the ill-fated Princess Charlotte thought his father would blab to the world her remark, made to him in unsuspecting confidence, "My mother was bad, but she would not have become as bad as she was, if my father had not been infinitely worse"?

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

LONDON critics will fight shy of Charles Reade in future.

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL was in Italy last month.

IN the obituary column of the London *Times* of the 17th ultimo, were recorded the deaths of seventeen persons whose united ages amounted to 1,451, making an average of more than 85 years.

BAYARD TAYLOR's new poem, "*Lars: a Pastoral of Norway*," was published simultaneously in Boston and London. Mr. Taylor is living at Gotha, Germany. On his return to this country next year, he will make New York his home.

MR. JOHN KELSO HUNTER, whose writings were popular in the North, and among Scotchmen in foreign lands, died lately at Pollokshields, near Glasgow, in the seventy-first year of his age. He wrote an autobiography under the title of "*The Retrospect of an Artist's Life*," published in 1868, the success of which encouraged him to bring out in 1870 a volume of "*Life Sketches of Character*." Mr. Hunter was a self-taught portrait-painter of some merit, and exhibited a remarkable portrait of himself as a cobbler, in the Royal Academy's Exhibition more than a quarter of a century ago.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that those who are curious regarding the moral effect of the great religious gatherings and pilgrimages of the Middle Ages on the assembled crowds have only to attend the annual commemoration of the Indulgence of Louk, a Franciscan convent about two miles from Löbau, in West Prussia, to see a concourse scarcely altered in moral and physical type from those of three or four hundred years ago. Thousands of peasants — Germans, Poles, and even Russians — flocked to the festival, the existence of which is winked at by the authorities of Löbau, though it provides them with plenty of work when the saturnalia are over. "I myself," says a correspondent of the *Gegenwart*, "have had, as district judge, to try thirty cases of crime which occurred during the indulgence; . . . and who knows how many neighboring courts of justice even as far as Russia may have to note?" Beggars to whom Edie Ochiltree would be a polished gentleman — shock-headed, rough-beard, d, savage-looking beggars — yearly stream through Löbau on their way to Louk. The burgomaster of Löbau was long sorely tried by the sight of these unkempt wayfarers, but saw no means of preventing their intrusion into his decent town; at length an idea struck him. He had them taken to the town-hall, their beards shaved, and their hair combed and cut, and then speeded them on their pilgrimage. But the smooth-faced beggars found they could not compete with their unshaven brethren, and the whole fraternity now eschew Löbau, where the burgomaster sits whetting the municipal razor in vain.

An article, headed "Dangerous Mineral Oils Sold under Deceptive Titles," in *Iron*, a new scientific journal, gives some useful information on the subject. It appears that a number of patents have been taken out in different countries for "inexplosive" gasoline, naphtha, and benzine. These oils, quite as dangerous as they were originally, are sold under such names as "liquid gas," "aurora oil," "safety gas," "puroline," "petrolin," "black diamond," "septoline," etc. The writer gives the analysis of seven such oils, from which it appears that they are mere mixtures of the ordinary light explosive oils with substances such as cascarilla bark, salt, alcohol, hydrate of lime, camphor, tar, oil of saffron, potatoes, turmeric, onions, iron, sulphur, and manganese in various quantities.

None of these additions (says *Iron*) can have any effect save to disguise the color or smell of the oils and to diminish their utility when burned in a lamp, by clogging up the wick. It is not the oil itself which explodes, but merely its vapor when mixed with a certain proportion of oxygen or of common air. Hence an oil is called explosive when it gives off vapor at low temperatures. That any addition can prevent this escape of vapor without occasioning a complete decomposition of the oil is impossible.

The writer states that these dangerous and deceptive oils are palmed off upon dealers and consumers by a very ingenious stratagem. It ought to be better known that the vapor of a volatile oil or other hydrocarbon requires to be mixed with much air to form an explosive mixture. Eight or nine measures of air to one of the vapor is the most explosive proportion, while a mixture of equal parts burns quietly, without any explosion at all. To produce at will the most explosive mixture requires much skill, while it is very easy to avoid its generation entirely. "When it is desired to prove the complete safety of a dangerous oil, its vapor," says Professor Wanklyn, "is allowed to mix with a very little air; a lighted match is then thrust in, and, as no explosion follows, the oil is recognized as non-explosive, and used as such, till some serious accident makes its insecurity manifest."

An extraordinary account of the assassination of Morales, the late President of Bolivia, is given in a letter from that country published in the *Cologne Gazette*. The assassin, Federico Lafaye, is of Irish origin, and the nephew of the late President's widow. His engaging manners made him a great favorite in Bolivian society; six years ago he married the daughter of one of the principal merchants at La Paz, and since then he has engaged in various commercial enterprises with considerable success. When Morales issued his pronunciamiento in 1871 Lafaye fought by his side, and greatly distinguished himself in the sanguinary encounter of the 15th of January, 1872, which placed Morales at the head of affairs. He was then promoted to the rank of colonel, and became the private secretary and confidant of the new President. He asserts that the assassination was in no way premeditated, but that he killed Morales under the influence of a sudden outburst of passion. On the night of the murder he was in a room of the palace where some officers and others were playing at cards. Shortly after Morales came in, and asked for his aide-de-camp. The latter, who was seated with the others at the card-table, immediately rose, but Morales struck him in the face and ordered the window to be opened, exclaiming that he would throw him into the street. An officer advanced to obey the order, upon which Lafaye rushed in between Morales and his aide-de-camp, and begged the President to be calm, adding that if the aide-de-camp had committed any fault he should be arrested and tried by court-martial. Morales, however, persisted in his determination, and called upon another of his aides-de-camp to assist him. A scuffle followed, in the course of which Morales struck at every one who came in his way, and Lafaye having again attempted to interfere, the President knocked him down. "This insult," concludes Lafaye, "so provoked me that I fired the seven barrels of my revolver at Morales; I then ran to the barracks to take steps for preserving order among the troops, and afterwards went home. This is my declaration, to the truth of which I swear before God and on my sword." Lafaye is now at Tacun, in Peru, and the correspondent says that the death of Morales having been announced to the Assembly, Dr. Frias, an eminent citizen of La Paz, was provisionally elected head of the government until a new President should be appointed. There are three candidates for this post—Casimir Corral, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs; Adolphus Ballivan, and General Quevedo. The correspondent thinks that if the elections pass off quietly, and the troops do not interfere, Ballivan will be the successful candidate.

SPEAKING of Whittier's new volume, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," the London *Athenaeum* says: "It must be with no small feeling of triumph that Mr. Whittier, who nearly half a century ago sang the wrongs of the slave, now finds himself

able to utter a psalm of triumph over the accomplished fact of freedom. His 'Pennsylvania Pilgrim,' which forms the chief poem of the little volume before us, is founded on the character and career of Francis Daniel Pastorius, who emigrated as a young lawyer, from Germany to America, in 1683, and joined the Society of Friends in Philadelphia. The first protest against negro slavery made by any religious body was uttered by the congregation to which he belonged, that of Germantown. The early Quakers of America appear to have extended the same toleration to opinion as to complexion; and in many ways their mild régime contrasted remarkably with that of the Puritans the inner light, by which alone they profess to be guided prompting them to disregard Scriptural injunctions, which, taken literally, approve the institution of slavery and dictate the destruction of witches. The picture presented to us in this little poem is full of a tender charm. We see the pious community peacefully reproducing the old-world home in the new surrounding themselves with the accustomed fruits and flowers and deriving their mental and spiritual nourishment from the old accustomed sources. There is no action or progress in the poem. It is but a picture, bright with gleams of a quiet, kindly spirit, yet here and there kindling into playful sarcasm, as the bigot or the hypocrite occupies the canvas. Mr. Whittier is never more happy than when showing how the —

Ranter, pure within,
Aired his perfection in a world of sin,

and —

Turned like Lot at Sodom from his race,
Above a wrecked world with complacent face,
Riding secure upon his plank of grace,

or twits with their narrowness —

The slaves of form and rule
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool.

Yet, with true charity, the poet seeks a reason for the difference between the mild Friend and the stern Puritan in the conditions of the respective climates where they dwell, suggesting that perhaps it was the

Careless air, the brooding love
Of tenderer skies . . .
Green calm below, blue quietness above,
Still flow of water, deep repose of wood,
That, with a sense of loving fatherhood
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,
Softened all hearts.

While, on the other hand,

Who knows what goodings in their sterner way,
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blow round the men of Massachusetts Bay?
What hate of heresy the east wind woke?

He can make a picture, too, with a touch, as when he tells how, at family prayers,

The black boy grimaces by the hearth
To solemnize his shining face of mirth;

or how

Op den Graaf
Teased the low back-log with his shodden staff,
Till the red embers broke into a laugh
And dance of flame.

Of the smaller pieces we should not be surprised to find 'Chicago,' 'The Sisters,' and 'King Volmer' become favorites."

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

[No. 13.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

XI.

VOLINZOFF got up at ten o'clock. On hearing to his great surprise that Leschnieff was seated on the piazza, he sent word for him to come in.

"What has happened?" he asked him. "You were going home, I thought."

"True; but I met Roudine. He was tramping alone through the fields, with a most agitated expression on his face. I thought it over for a moment and then came back."

"You came back because you met Roudine?"

"That is to say—to tell the truth—I don't know myself why I came back; probably because I thought of you. I wanted to sit with you again. I shall have time enough to go home."

Volinzoff smiled bitterly.

"Yes, one can't think of Roudine any longer without thinking of me. . . . Bring us some tea!" he cried to a servant.

The friends sat down to breakfast. Leschnieff talked about farming and of a new way of lining barns.

Suddenly Volinzoff sprang from his chair, hitting the table so violently that all the cups and saucers rattled.

"No," he cried, "I can't stand this any longer. I shall call this genius out; either he will kill me, or I shall lodge a bullet in his intellectual brow."

"What's the matter now?" said Leschnieff coldly.

"What makes you cry out in that way? You made me drop my pipe. . . . What ails you?"

"Why, I can't hear his name mentioned without getting into a passion; all my blood flies to my head."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense; aren't you ashamed of yourself?" answered Leschnieff, picking up his pipe. "Don't think of him any more. Let him go!"

"He has insulted me," continued Volinzoff, walking up and down the room. "Yes, he has insulted me grossly. You must acknowledge it yourself. At first, I paid no attention to it myself; I was too much surprised, and, in fact, who could have expected it? I am going to show him I am not to be trifled with. Cursed philosopher! I'll shoot him like a partridge."

"A good deal you'll get by that! I won't speak of your sister; under the influence of such passion, how could you think of her? But with regard to another person, do you expect to advance your interests much by shooting the 'philosopher,' as you call him?"

Volinzoff flung himself into a chair.

"Then I shall go away. I don't care where, only away from here! My heart is so heavy that I can find no peace here."

"You want to go away? . . . That is another matter. I agree with you there. And do you know what I propose? Let us leave together; let us go to the Caucasus or only to Little-Russia, and eat dumplings. That is a capital idea."

"Yes; but what shall I do with my sister?"

"And why should not Alexandra Paulovna go with us? Heavens, that would be delightful! I will take care of her. She shall want for nothing; if she cares for it, I'll see that she has a serenade beneath her window every evening; I'll perfume the postilions with Cologne water; I'll line the road with flowers. As for us, my brother, it will be as if we were born again; we will give ourselves wholly up to enjoyment, and we'll bring such fat paunches back with us that love will have no chance to touch us."

"You are always joking, Michael."

"I am not joking at all. That was a brilliant suggestion of yours."

"Don't let us talk of it any more," cried Volinzoff; "I want to fight him."

"Again? You've lost your wits to-day."

A servant entered with a letter.

"Who is it from?" asked Leschnieff.

"From Roudine—from Dimitri Nicolaitch Roudine. It was brought by Madame Lassounski's servant."

"From Roudine?" repeated Volinzoff. "For whom is it?"

"For you."

"For me! Hand it here."

Volinzoff seized the letter, tore it open and began to read it. Leschnieff watched him closely. A strange, almost joyous surprise appeared on Volinzoff's face. He let his arms drop by his side.

"What does he say?" asked Leschnieff.

"Read it," said Volinzoff faintly, handing him the letter.

Leschnieff began to read it. This is what Roudine had written:—

"SIR,—To-day I leave Daria Michaelovna's house, and I leave never to return. This will probably surprise you, especially after my visit of yesterday. I cannot explain to you my motives for acting thus, but it seems to me that I ought to give you notice of my departure. You do not like me, and you consider me a worthless man. I have no intention of defending myself. Time will do that. In my opinion it is unworthy of a man, and at the same time use-

less for him to try to convince a prejudiced person of the groundlessness of his prejudices. Whoever is willing to understand me, will forgive me; as for any one who is neither willing nor able to understand me, his accusations are to me a matter of indifference. I have been deceived in you. In my eyes you will always be, as heretofore, a noble, honorable man. My error was in supposing that you could raise yourself above the circle in which you have been brought up. I was mistaken. But of what importance is that? It is neither the first nor the last time in my experience. I repeat it, I am going away; I wish you all possible happiness. Confess that this is a thoroughly disinterested wish. I cannot refrain from hoping that you will be happy henceforth. Perhaps time will alter your opinion of me. Whether we shall ever meet again, I do not know; but I still remain

"Your sincerely attached friend, D. ROUDINE.

"P. S. I will send you the two hundred rubles I owe you, as soon as I reach my home in the Government of T—. Please do not mention this letter to Daria.

"P. P. S. A last, and important request. Since I leave at once, I trust that you will make no allusion to my call on you in the presence of Natalie."

"Well, what do you say to that?" asked Volinzoff, when Leschnieff had finished the letter.

"What can one say?" answered Leschnieff. "The only thing one can do is to cry, 'Allah! Allah!' like a Mussulman, and put one's finger in his mouth as a sign of astonishment. He is going away—very well. May his path be smooth before him! It's curious to notice how duty alone induced him to write this letter, and it was from a feeling of duty that he called upon you. . . . These gentlemen are always finding some duty to perform, some debt to discharge at every step," continued Leschnieff, pointing with a smile to the postscript of the letter.

"What phrases he invents!" cried Volinzoff. "He has been deceived in me; he expected to find me rise superior to the circle in which I had been brought up. . . . Heavens! What stuff and nonsense! it's worse than poetry!"

Leschnieff did not answer; in his eyes alone was a smile perceptible.

Volinzoff arose.

"I want to go to Daria Michaelovna's," he said, "and see what it all means."

"Don't hurry, brother; give him time to get off. Why should you run across him again? He's going, you know. What more do you want? You'd better go to bed and get some sleep; I am sure you spent the whole night turning and tossing in bed from one side to the other. Now things are looking better." . . .

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I think so. But go and get some sleep. I will go and sit with your sister."

"I don't want to sleep. Why should I? . . . I would rather go out to the fields," added Volinzoff, smoothing his coat.

"Very well, my friend, go out to the fields!"

And Leschnieff went to the other half of the house, to Alexandra Paulovna. He found her in her drawing-room.

She greeted him kindly; she was always glad to see him, but to-day her face bore a sad expression. She was disturbed by Roudine's visit of the day before.

"Do you come from my brother?" she asked Leschnieff. "How is he to-day?"

"He is very well; he has gone out to the fields."

Alexandra was silent.

"Tell me," she began, examining carefully the border of her handkerchief; "don't you know why" . . .

"Why Roudine came?" interrupted Leschnieff. "I know why; he came to bid good-by."

Alexandra raised her head.

"What! To bid good-by!"

"Yes; haven't you heard? He is going away from Daria's."

"Going away?"

"Forever,—at least that's what he says."

"But what are we to think of that after all?" . . .

"Ah, that is another question. We can't understand it, but that's the case. Something must have happened. He has probably stretched the cord too far, and it's broken."

"Michael!" answered Alexandra. "I don't understand you at all; it seems to me you are making fun of me."

"I swear I am not. . . . I tell you he's going away, and he sends his friends word of this by letter. Regarded in a certain way, it is, if you choose, a fortunate thing; but his departure nevertheless prevents the carrying out of one of the most remarkable undertakings, which your brother and I were just discussing."

"What was this undertaking?"

"You shall hear. I proposed to your brother a journey for the sake of distraction, and to take you along. I said I should take it upon myself to care for you."

"That is delightful!" cried Alexandra. "I see what sort of care you would take of me. You would let me starve to death."

"You say that, Alexandra Paulovna, because you don't know me. You think I am a stock, a perfect stock, a sort of wooden man; but if you knew that I could melt like sugar and pass whole days on my knees!"

"I must say I should like to see that."

Leschnieff arose suddenly. "Well, marry me, Alexandra, and you will see it."

Alexandra blushed crimson.

"What did you say, Michael Michaelovitch?" she said with embarrassment.

"I said," answered Leschnieff, "what has for a long time been on the tip of my tongue. I have now said it, and you can act on it as you please. In order not to embarrass you, I will go away. Yes, I'm going . . . if you consent to be my wife . . . if that is not disagreeable to you, send some one after me. I'll understand."

Alexandra wanted to detain Leschnieff, but he went quickly into the garden without his hat, and leaned on a little gate, letting his eyes wander in the distant prospect.

"If you please, sir," said a maid-servant behind him, "my mistress told me to ask you to come in."

Michael Michaelovitch turned around, took hold of the girl's head, much to her astonishment, and kissed her forehead; then he entered the house.

(To be continued.)

EASTLAKE'S HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD TASTE.¹

By some accident or other the first edition of this most useful and opportune book escaped our notice. We are very glad to make acquaintance with it now in its enlarged and revised form. Its great value seems to us to consist in its simplicity and persuasiveness. Mr. Eastlake expresses what are the general, not to say universal, convictions among all who have paid much attention to questions of practical art. There is no novelty in his remarks or criticisms. They are neither original nor very brilliant. But they are well timed, and very suggestive and instructive. He has, moreover, a broad artistic sympathy, and plenty of good humor. Many readers who would be repelled by an array of stiff principles and a code of austere canons of taste will be carried along, almost without perceiving it, by Mr. Eastlake's unpretending and familiar disquisitions. It is much the same with æsthetical as with theological propagandism. He makes the most converts who is learning himself while he teaches others, and who makes his disciples feel that every fresh step is, as it were, a new discovery made by them and by himself in common. In this pleasant and informal way Mr. Eastlake goes in detail through most of the minor branches of decorative art, pointing out what seems to him to be wrong and bad, and suggesting what in each case would be more in accordance with truthful and natural principles of design.

A handsome book, well printed and with attractive illustrations, and such that, open it where you will, you light upon some interesting discussion on common matters of taste that affect every one who lives in a house or who uses furniture, is sure to command a large audience. It is purposely meant for the "general public." Those who know anything of art would scarcely be satisfied with the slight and informal manner in which the subject is treated. They would require something more systematic, and in particular would wish for pictorial representations of all the forms and ornaments condemned or commended. It is not easy to express shapes by words only. We confess that we ourselves desiderate many more wood-cuts. Nothing is so effective in art-teaching as the appeal to the eye. Indeed, it is the eye alone which can judge ultimately of those forms of art with which this volume is concerned. We doubt whether any single book ever did so much to reform public taste and opinion in the matter of architectural style and the decencies of church arrangement as Pugin's famous "Contrasts." On one side that exquisite draughtsman gave us a Gothic interior in a complete ideal "restoration;" on the other, you saw what that vision of beauty had become by centuries of neglect and ignorance, or of wilfully injurious treatment. Why did not Mr. Eastlake "contrast" in this way all the details of modern furniture? He would have converted hundreds by his pictures, while his letter-press will not persuade more than tens. As it is, the illustrations of the volume before us are arbitrarily chosen and of very unequal merit. Sometimes, we fear, undue prominence has been given to the modern designs of such artists or manufacturers as may have offered wood-cuts to the work. For some of these, we fancy, are already familiar to us. At other times we confess that, on looking at the cuts, we are not always sure whether we are meant to approve of them or to execrate them. Occasionally we are even inclined to think that the author's own designs, though they avoid many faults of design, have new defects of their own. But, after all, as we have said, this inequality of the book is perhaps one of its most useful features.

Mr. Eastlake, by his own personal predilections, would seem to be a strict mediævalist. His own designs at least are always of the strictest sect of the school. We observe however, that in his preface he disclaims any exclusive

allegiance to the Gothic style, and only argues for the true spirit and sound principles of ancient design. Here he is quite right. In household furniture especially the types of design may allowably vary according to individual taste, so long as the construction is honest and good and appropriate, and the details are fitting and truthful. The eminent French architect and *littérateur* M. Viollet le Duc has expressed the true law that ought to regulate design in those branches of art so admirably in the sentence chosen by Mr. Eastlake for his motto, that we venture to transcribe it:—

Parmi ces splendeurs à bon marché, ce faux goût et ce faux luxe, nous sommes ravis quand nous trouvons un banc bien fait, une bonne table de chêne portant d'aplomb sur ses pieds, des rideaux de laine qui paraissent être en laine, une chaise commode et solide, une armoire qui s'ouvre et se ferme bien, nous montrant en dedans et en dehors le bois dont elle est fait, et laissant deviner son usage. Espérons un retour vers ces idées saines, et qu'en fait de mobilier, comme en toute chose, on en viendra à comprendre que le goût consiste à paraître ce que l'on est, et non ce que l'on voudrait être.

Incongruity and falsity of design, dull mechanical uniformity of detail, in which every individual touch of the living artist is destroyed, and general degeneracy of manufacture, are the patent faults of almost all the common furniture and implements which we are obliged to use in daily life. Is there any remedy? We are not so hopeful on this point as we once were. At any rate, the only possible remedy consists in the wider spread of true artistic feeling and culture. It is easier to supply at a low price a vulgar article, multiplied *ad infinitum* by machinery, than to produce on moderate terms objects of art-workmanship in each of which skilled design and the skilled labor of the individual artificer are to be combined. And therefore our manufacturers, with a few honorable exceptions, compete with one another in mere cheapness of production of the meanest types of form and ornament. When our art teachers have created a demand for better workmanship, we do not doubt that it will be supplied. Meanwhile there has been no serious attempt, except in ceramic manufacture, to produce articles of good design and execution at such low prices as shall compete with the base patterns which have present possession of the markets. Mr. Eastlake gives many most telling instances of the prohibitive cost of any improvement whatever upon the common types. He tells one story in which an upholsterer asked considerably less for a chair overburdened with a quantity of expensive ornamentation than for the same design before any ornament at all was added. Undoubtedly the vicious principle which deliberately tries to promote trade, as it is called, by producing articles which are not strong enough to last and must soon be replaced, has much to do with many of the absurd changes of fashion in matters of household furniture and decoration. We believe that in this matter our tradesmen and artisans would find that the old proverb is true, and that honesty is the best policy in the long run.

We now propose to give some idea of Mr. Eastlake's method of treating his subject. After a few introductory remarks, he proceeds to discuss in a general way our street architecture; and then, going in-doors, he examines in detail the several rooms of an average modern house, with their fittings and furniture. He ends with supplemental chapters on Crockery, Table Glass, Dress, Jewelry, Plate, and Cutlery. The entrance-hall first invites notice. Our author here inveighs with almost needless warmth against *graining*. Surely graining is in its way a nearly harmless sham; for it makes no pretence to be oak. Its practical advantage, in a London house, is its cleanness and brightness, and its fitness for varnishing. Preserve us from the muddy stains — chocolate or umber — with which so many of our mediæval architects defile the deal which they use for cheapness' sake! After all, what is wanted in a smoky town is light and cleanliness; and this is not given, so far as our experience goes, by the flatted colors affected by the extreme mediævalists. Common sense is, as we have always argued, at the bottom of really good taste. We

¹ *Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and other Details.* By Charles L. Eastlake, F. R. I. B. A. Third edition, revised. London: Longmans & Co., 1872.

A very elegant reprint of this work, edited, with Notes, by Charles C. Perkins, Esq., has been published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

observe that Mr. Eastlake pleads for the retention of the knocker on the hall-door of a London house. There is a school which advocates its supersession by the bell, as carrying the sound away from the living-rooms to the offices where the servants live whose duty it is to open the door, and who say, let knockers be reserved for fashionable doors behind which a hall-porter lurks in readiness to open them at a moment's notice. On the other hand, the knocker has a practical advantage over the mechanical, monotonous bell which appeals to the master and the mistress of the smallest no less than of the largest household. One great object of the premonitory noise is to afford the *visitee* full opportunity to be in or out of the way as he judges most convenient, and, in concert with an experienced ear, the knocker seldom fails in this duty. But the bell is totally deficient in tact, and gives the same stereotyped tingle to the dun, the bore, the tax-gatherer, and the friend of one's bosom. Among the few articles of modern furniture which have preserved traditionally a good method of design and construction, Mr. Eastlake singles out the bucket, the bedroom towel-horse, and the common "Windsor" chair. Here we quite agree with him. We do not remember that he points out, in his remarks on chairs, the extreme folly of abandoning cross-pieces and stays to strengthen the legs. Nothing can be more absurd than a chair with its four legs unconnected by any tie or bond. The leverage on each leg is excessive; and the chair must break sooner or later unless it is unnecessarily unwieldy. No one can deny the picturesqueness or the sound construction of the old carved high-backed chairs and sofas such as Mr. Eastlake figures from Cothele and Knole. But can he seriously advise us to revive them? We are luxurious enough to think that a modern easy-chair is really an improvement on the furniture of our forefathers. One has only to go into Filmer's, or Howard's, and see the rows of easy-chairs of fifty or sixty different patterns, and try to choose the one which shall best suit one's self, to find out how much one person's idea of comfort differs from another's, and how much may be done, and has been done, to provide comfort and ease. It would seem to be a safe conclusion that in the good old times all were uncomfortable alike. Surely, too, the stiff old high-backed sofas of the seventeenth century are equally unsuitable for reproduction. Is there any more pathetic sight than to see the very aged poor, or perhaps some consumptive patient, living, and at last dying, in chairs in which they cannot even recline? Why, there are few London parishes, we suppose, in which easy-chairs are not kept to be lent out to the sick. We argue then that the easy-chair is a true comfort; and it is preposterous to wish to bring back an article of furniture like a Jacobean chair, that has been fairly improved off the face of our homes. Mr. Eastlake ought rather to have shown us how to lend to our modern chairs and sofas better and more artistic forms. Agreeing with our author as we do in most of his criticisms, we naturally select for notice points in which we differ from him. Among these is the telescope dining-table. We confess we think this modern invention a most ingenious and useful device, only second to the expanding circular table. Provided that it is well made, it really provides us with a firm, solid table, of which we can, with very little trouble, vary the size according to the numbers who are to be seated at it. Now, not to speak of the smallness of London rooms, is it not desirable to be able to dine four, or six, or eight persons, as it may be, all within reach and hearing of each other? Mr. Eastlake positively recommends us to bring back the long Jacobean tables such as remain in college halls and in some old farm-houses. In the first place, an average-sized dining-room would be always blocked up with such a table; and, in the next, a party, unless the whole table were occupied, would always seem scattered and incomplete. Next, we must dissent from Mr. Eastlake's own design for a library book-case. There seem to us three conspicuous faults in it; cupboards with clumsy doors which leave useless and objectionable corners behind them; shelves of the same depth for quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; and worst of all, a prodigious waste of space in the cornice with a meaningless, unap-

proachable cupboard in the pedimented roof. Once more we object to chimney-pieces so high that it is difficult to reach them; and we contend that mirrors are a beautiful and fitting ornament of living-rooms; and we protest against bed-hangings under any form whatever. But these after all are very unimportant matters. If they provoke discussion and suggest thought, a great deal has been gained. When people begin to argue on matters of taste, it will go hard but that sound principles will win their way with the more intelligent.

We heartily commend, then, Mr. Eastlake's genial and suggestive book to those who are about to marry or to furnish. They need not agree with all he says; but they will learn from him many a true and useful lesson. And the mere cultivation of their taste in the homely matters of household furniture and ornamentation will be the source of much pure and healthy enjoyment.

THACKERAY.

THE pure humorist is one of the rarest of literary characters. His nature is not content with detecting foibles, nor his pen with pointing them out for derision; his purpose is infinitely higher and nobler. The humorist must have emotions, nerves, sensibilities, and that marvellous sympathy with human nature which enables him to change places at will with other members of his species. Humor does not produce the sneer of Voltaire; it rather smiles through the tear of Montaigne. "True humor," it has been wisely said, "springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting as it were into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature." Without humor society would exist in Icelandic snows: wit, like the winter sun, might glint upon the icebergs, but they would not be plastic in his glance — calm, lofty, and cold they must remain. But humor is the summer heat that generates while it smiles — the power which touches dead things and revivifies them with its generous warmth and geniality. Wit engages and amuses the individual intellect; humor knits hearts together; is, in truth, in a broad sense, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Now the world may be regarded as being composed of three classes, namely, those of us who laugh, those *with* whom we laugh, and those *at* whom we laugh; and the tenderest solicitude is experienced by each unit of humanity lest, through some fortuitous circumstances, he should irretrievably find himself a denizen of the last-named class. To some of the first class is given the power of directing the laughter of others, and this power is current as wit; when to the faculty of originating ridicule is added the power of concentrating pity or pathos upon the subject, this may be styled humor. But the irony must be subjugated to the feeling. The heart must love while the countenance may smile. It will, then, be perceived, in view of these distinctions, how the humorist may assert a claim in all great and essential things superior to that which can be advanced by the wit. Humorists are the salt of the national intellectual life. England, who occasionally claims a questionable superiority in some respects over other nations, may, in the growth of genuine humor, be allowed the preëminence, Germany approaching her perhaps in the nearest degree. What other literature, since the days of Elizabeth, can show such a roll of humorists as that which is inscribed with the names (amongst others) of Richardson, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith? Yet after the closing names of this galaxy a dearth was witnessed like that which immediately preceded their advent. It appears as though the soil of literature, having grown to its utmost capacity the product of humor, demanded time to recuperate its powers. During the past thirty or forty

years another growth sprang up, and Hood, Lamb, and other inheritors of the marvellous gift, have enriched the world with the perfume of their lives and works. Amongst the latest band of humorists, however, there is no name more remarkable or more justly distinguished than that which is now under consideration.

From the operation of various causes, the works of Thackeray have not hitherto enjoyed a circulation commensurate with their intrinsic merits. The sale of the best of his writings in his life-time fell far short of the popular demand for the works of Scott or Dickens. But their hold on society, and the recognition of their permanent value and excellence, have gone on steadily increasing with each succeeding year, and very recently a new and complete edition of them has been issued, which is within the reach of all readers.¹ At this period, then, it may be fitting to consider the life's work of this deepest and purest of modern English satirists.

It was in these pages that the first substantial recognition of the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" appeared: a quarter of a century has elapsed since then; but in the short period between that epoch in his career and his death, a rapid succession of brilliant works issued from his pen — a pen facile to charm, to instruct, and to reprove. These works have fully justified the terms of praise in which we referred to his first great fiction. Yet it would be difficult to name a writer of fiction of equal excellence who had so little of the inventive and imaginative faculty. Keeness of observation and a nice appreciation of character supplied him with all the materials of his creations. He wrote from the experience of life, and the foibles of mankind which he satirized were those that had fallen under his notice in the vicissitudes of his own career, or might sometimes be traced in the recesses of his own disposition. The key, therefore, to Thackeray's works is to be found in his life, and few literary biographies would be more interesting, if it were written with a just and discriminating pen. We would venture to suggest to his accomplished daughter, who has shown by her own writings that some at least of his gifts have descended to her by inheritance, that she should undertake a task which no one else can fulfil with so natural and delicate a feeling of her father's genius. Probably it might already have been attempted, but for the extreme repugnance of Thackeray himself to allow his own person to be brought before the world, or to suffer the sanctity of private correspondence to be invaded. Nobody wrote more amusing letters; but he wrote them not for the public. As it is, even his birth and descent have not been correctly stated in the current works of the day. His great grandfather was in the Church, once master of Harrow, and afterwards an archdeacon. He had seven sons, one of whom, also named William Makepeace Thackeray, entered the Civil Service of India, became a Member of Council, and sat at the Board with Warren Hastings, some of whose minutes he signed. The son of this gentleman and the father of our novelist, was Richmond Thackeray, also a Civil servant, who died in 1816 at the early age of thirty. Thackeray himself was born at Calcutta, in 1811, and was sent to England when he was seven years old. On the voyage home the vessel touched at St. Helena, where the child saw Napoleon Bonaparte. The black servant who attended him attributed to the ex-Emperor the most ravenous propensities. "He eats," said the sable exaggerator, "three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on." The joke figured years afterwards in one of Thackeray's sketches. This early connection with India left its mark in his memory, and the pleasant allusions to the great Ramchunder and the Bundeelcund bank were suggested by the traditions of his own infancy. He inherited from his father (who died when he was five years old) a considerable fortune, part of which had fortunately been settled on his mother, who was re-married to Major Carmichael Smyth. The remainder was left at his own disposal, and rendered him an object of envy and admiration to his less fortunate contemporaries.

¹ The Kensington edition in 12 vols., to which the writer here alludes, is published in this county by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

The boy was sent to the Charter-house, where he remained for some years; and here again the reader familiar with his works may trace a multitude of allusions to his school-days under Dr. Russell, then the master of that school. About the year 1828 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend and contemporary of Tennyson, Venables, John Mitchell Kemble, Charles and Arthur Bul-ler, John Sterling, R. Moncton Milnes, and of that distinguished set of men, some of whom had preceded him by a year or two, who formed what was called the Society of the Apostles, though he was not himself a member of that society. It must be confessed that at Cambridge Thackeray gave no signs of distinguished ability. He was chiefly known for his inexhaustible drollery, his love of repartee, and for his humorous command of the pencil. But his habits were too desultory for him to enter the lists of academic competition, and, like Arthur Pendennis, he left the university without taking a degree.

At the age of twenty-one he entered upon London life; he visited Weimar, which he afterwards portrayed as the Court of Pumpnickel; and he was frequently in Paris, where his mother resided since her second marriage. His fortune and position in society seemed to permit him to indulge his tastes and to live as a gentleman at large. But the dream was of short duration. Within a few months he contracted a sleeping partnership which placed his property in the hands of a man who turned out to be insolvent, and the fortune he relied on was lost before he had enjoyed it. The act was one of gross imprudence, no doubt, and he suffered bitterly for it; but it is not true, as has sometimes been supposed, from his lively description of scenes of folly and vice, that he lost his money by his own personal extravagance. Thus then he found himself, at two or three and twenty, with very reduced means, for he had nothing to live on but the allowance his mother and grandmother were able to make him; with no profession, with desultory tastes and habits, and with no definite prospects in life before him. His first scheme was to turn artist and to cultivate painting in the Louvre, for he now resided chiefly with his relations in Paris. But in the art of design he was, in truth, no more than an accomplished amateur. The drawings with which he afterwards illustrated his own books are full of expression, humor, grace, and feeling; but they want the correctness and mastery of the well-trained artist. He turned, then, with more hope, at the age of thirty, to the resources of the pen. But it is remarkable that all his literary productions of this, his earlier period, were anonymous; and his literary efforts, though not wanting in pungency and an admirable style, were scattered in multifarious publications, and procured for him but small profit, and no fame. These years, from thirty to seven-and-thirty, which ought to have been the brightest, were the most cheerless of his existence. He wrote letters in the *Times*, under the signature of Manlius Pennialinus. He wrote an article on Lord Brougham in the *British and Foreign Review*, which excited attention. But political writing — even political sarcasm — was not his forte; and when politics ceased to be a joke, they became to him a bore. Amongst other experiments he accepted the editorship of a London daily newspaper, called *The Constitutional and Public Ledger*, but — like its namesake, which had been started and edited, a few years before, by another man of great literary genius, destined to achieve in after-life a more illustrious career — this journal lingered for ten months and then expired. The foundation of "Punch" was a work after Thackeray's own heart, and he contributed largely to the earlier numbers. But it was not till 1841 that he really began to make his mark in literature, under the well-known pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, a name in which the dream of the artist still haunted the fancy of the humorist. In the midst of these perplexities, with that genuine tenderness of feeling which lay at the bottom of all his sarcasms, Thackeray fell in love, and married a young lady who might have sat for the portrait of his own Amelia, but who was not better endowed than himself with the world's goods, and much less able than himself to battle with adverse fortune. But his domestic

life was overclouded by a greater calamity than these, and the malady of his wife threw a permanent cloud over the best affections of his heart, which were thenceforward devoted to his children alone. Such was the school in which the genius of Thackeray was educated. It was not imaginative; it was not spontaneous; it was the result of a hard and varied experience of life and the world. It left him somewhat prone to exaggerate the follies and baseness of mankind, but it never froze or extinguished his love and sympathy for justice, tenderness, and truth. In 1847, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, he braced himself up, for the first time, for a great and continuous literary effort, and he came before the world, which hitherto had known him only as a writer of jests and magazine articles, as the author of "Vanity Fair." His style, which was the result of the most careful and fastidious study, had now attained a high degree of perfection. In the comparison which was naturally drawn between himself and Dickens, then in the heyday of popularity, it was obvious that in the command of the English language Thackeray was incomparably the master. His style was to the style of Dickens what marble is to clay; and although he never attained to the successful vogue of his contemporary in his life-time, it was evident to the critical eye that the writings of Thackeray had in them that which no time could dim or obliterate.

With this novel, then, so surprising in its frankness and in its knowledge of human nature, commenced a career which could know no repression. A mine of gold had been struck, and the nuggets were cast up freely by the hands of the hard and honest worker. In the writing of books admired by every hater of pretence, and the delivery of lectures which were as new in their style and treatment as his novels, the rest of the life of Thackeray passed away. The last fifteen years of it were years of success, celebrity, and comparative affluence. He had attained a commanding position in literature and in society, though it must be acknowledged that except in a very small circle of intimate friends, he rarely put forth any brilliant social qualities. How he impaled snobbery in "Punch," and gave a new impetus to serial literature by his editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, are facts too widely disseminated to be dilated upon. A most good-natured editor, conscientious as well as kind, was Thackeray; but the work was not to his taste, and after a short period he relinquished it at a large pecuniary sacrifice. To that terrible person, the owner of a "rejected contribution," he was frequently most generous, breaking the literary disappointment with the solace of a bank-note in many instances. But he found it painfully difficult to say "No" when it became imperative to reject would-be contributors, and fled from the field in despair accordingly. To a friend he said on one occasion, "How can I go into society with comfort? I dined the other day at —'s, and at the table were four gentlemen whose masterpieces of literary art I had been compelled to decline with thanks." So he informed his readers for the last time that he would "not be responsible for rejected communications." On Christmas Eve, 1863, came the event which touched the heart of Britain with a genuine grief. The not altogether uneventful career of one of the truest and best of men was closed. When it was known that the author of "Vanity Fair" would charm the world no longer by his truthful pictures of English life, the grief was what we would always have it be when a leader of the people in war, arts, or letters is stricken down in battle — deep, general, and sincere.

Postponing for the moment a consideration of what we conceive to be the leading characteristics of Thackeray's genius, a certain measure of insight into the author's mind may be gained by a glance at his works — premising that they are not taken in strict chronological order. First, with regard to his more important novels. The key with which he opened the door of fame was undoubtedly "Vanity Fair." Though other writings of a less ambitious nature had previously come from his pen, until the production of this book there was no evidence that Thackeray would ever assume the high position in letters now unanimously awarded to him. But here, at any rate, was demonstrative

proof that a new star had arisen. And yet general as was this belief, no intelligible grounds were for a time assigned for it. The novelist himself always regarded his first work as his best; though we think that in this respect he has followed the example of Milton and other celebrated authors, and chosen as his favorite that which is not absolutely the best, though it may be equal to any which succeeded it. Probably the book was one round whose pages a halo had been thrown by various personal circumstances. But the famous yellow covers in which the "Novel without a Hero" originally appeared were not at first sought after with much avidity. Soon, however, it became known that a new delineator of life was at work in society, and one whose pen was as keen as the dissecting knife of the surgeon. An author had sprung up who dared to shame society by a strong and manly scorn, and by proclaiming that it ought to loathe itself in dust and ashes. The world was not unwilling to read the reflection of its foibles and its vices mirrored with so much wit, originality, and genius. How account otherwise for the favor which the work subsequently attained, when it lacked as a novel many of those characteristics for which novels are most eagerly read? To the initial difficulty of a story without a hero, the writer had voluntarily added that of a lack of consecutiveness and completeness. It was probably begun by the author not only without a hero, but without a plot. We doubt whether any of his novels were written on a plan. Some of them evidently turned under his pen into something quite different from what he had originally intended. His mode of narrative consists in a series of pictures, after the manner of Hogarth, but their popularity sufficiently attested their accuracy. There is no one character in "Vanity Fair" which can be deemed perfectly satisfactory — not that the public always cares for that, preferring sometimes the most thorough-paced villainy (viewing authorship as a question of art) to the most superlative virtue. Becky Sharp, the unprincipled governess, has been as unduly detested as Amelia Sedley has been too lavishly praised. There is nothing in the earlier chapters to prove that Becky Sharp was naturally and entirely unprincipled and unscrupulous, and it was evidently the intention of the author to show that society might justly assume a great portion of the responsibility for the after-development of those qualities. With certain ground to work upon, and given conditions as adjuncts, the influence of society on natures like Becky Sharp's would be to encrust them with selfishness, and superinduce complete hypocrisy. If heroine there be in the novel it is this clever adventuress, and except on some half-dozen occasions it is scarcely possible to avoid a pity approaching to contempt for the character of Amelia Sedley, who is intended to personify the good element an author generally casts about to discover in concocting a story. Captain Dobbin is overdrawn, and one is well-nigh tempted to wish that he had a little less virtue and a little more selfishness. While we love him, he has a tendency to make us angry. The most masterly touches in the volume are those in which the portraits of the Marquis of Steyne and of Sir Pitt Crawley are sketched. The aristocracy furnish the villains and the most contemptible specimens of the race, while the excellent persons come from the rank of the middle class and the poor — their namby-pambyism, however, now and then reducing their claims to our regard. The author speaks for the most part in his own person, and herein lies one of the principal reasons for the success of the book. We feel the satirist at our elbow; he is not enveloped in thick folds in the distance; as we read his trenchant observations and withering sarcasms we can almost see the glances of scorn or of pity which he would assume when engaged in his task. Well might the world exclaim that this was no novice who thus wrote of its meannesses and its glory, its virtues and its vices. This novel lifted him at once, and justly, into the position of one of the ablest writers of subjective fiction. It is especially remarkable, in connection with "Vanity Fair," to note the extremely little conversational matter in a tale of this great length; another proof that the strength of the author lay not in the conventional

groove of the novelist, but in those other powers of Thackeray — rare observation, an acute penetration of motives, an abhorrence of sham or pretence, and an entirely new and genuine humor.

In "Pendennis," the next great work by Thackeray, there is not only some approach to a consecutive plot, but we are inclined to think finer drawing of individual character than in its predecessor. There is not so much brilliancy of writing, but there is a considerable advance in the art of the novelist. With all the graphic touches which took form in the features of Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedley, and Captain Dobbin, there is nothing in the earlier work to compare with the portraits of George Warrington, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. The hero Arthur is one who succumbs to the ordinary temptations of life, and has very little attaching to him of that romance in which a hero is generally expected to be enshrined. Because it was so natural, the book was not regarded at first as very successful: nothing could be truer to the original than the manner in which Arthur Pendennis is sketched, and his love passages with Miss Fotheringay, the actress, are naïvely related; but it was of course impossible to become inspired with the same feelings towards him as were excited by the chivalric heroes of Scott. A man who resorts in the morning to a bottle of soda water to correct the exuberant spirits of the night before is not calculated to awaken much personal adoration. He is too fallible, and the novel-reading community demands sinless heroes and heroines ere it consents to raise them to the lofty pedestal accorded to its greatest favorites. There is no exaggeration in a single portrait to be found in "Pendennis;" all are true — are true to the minutest detail, and the author has simply acted as the photographer to his clients; he "nothing extenuates, or sets down aught in malice." The early follies of Pendennis, and his university career — which was chiefly noticeable for splendid suppers and dealings with money-lenders at a hundred per cent. — are described with no sparing pen. The case is typical of thousands now, and is no credit to the youth of the universities. "Only wild oats," the apologists for undergraduate extravagance remind us; but there is no natural necessity that this particular university crop should be sown; many men, worthy men too, are compelled to go through life without the satisfaction of having ruined their friends by their follies. The result overtook Pendennis which righteously succeeds, we suppose, to dissipation and neglect of study. When the degree examinations came, "Many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high place in the honors or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator! Ah, where was Pen the widow's darling and sole pride? Let us hide our heads and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumor rushed through the university that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked." Yet though he fled from the university, the widow went on loving him still, just the same, and little Laura hugged to her heart with a secret passion the image of the young scapegrace. So inexplicable and so devoted is the character of woman! The little orphan paid the debts of the dashing, clever hero. More sketches of society with its hollowness and pretence follow this revelation, and then we find Arthur in the modern Babylon, soon to become the friend of George Warrington, who was destined to be his guide, philosopher, and friend. The brains of our hero now became of service, and in dwelling on his intellectual labor Thackeray details the secret history of a literary hack, together with the story of the establishment of a newspaper for "the gentlemen of England," the prospectus of which was written by Captain Shandon in Fleet Prison. Brilliant indeed were the intellectual Bohemians who wrote for that witty and critical journal. There are no more interesting or amusing sketches in the whole of the author's novels than those relating to this paper, and the intimate knowledge displayed in the details of the schemes of rival printers and publishers was a part of the author's own dearly bought

experience. Arthur is strangely consoled in his endeavors to live by the aid of literature by his uncle, Major Pendennis, who assures him that "poetry and genius, and that sort of thing, were devilishly disreputable" in his time. But success waits on him, and he can afford to smile at the eccentric officer. Were it not for the closing pages of "Pendennis" we could almost feel angry with Thackeray for challenging our interest in Arthur. But the lesson he had to teach compensates for all disappointments. No stones are to be unnecessarily thrown at the erring, and the shadows in Pendennis's life are to teach others how to avoid similar errors. The unworthy often run away with the honors. The history of Pendennis closes with fruition for the hero, while the nobler character, George Warrington suffers disappointment. But then the novelist justly observes:—

"If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know that it has been so ordained by the Ordainer of the lottery; we own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of right and wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail; we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil, and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

Passing by temporarily the lectures on the humorists in order to preserve the chain of novels unbroken, we come to a work which is perhaps the most satisfactory of all Thackeray's writings, regarding them purely in the light of literary art. There are few productions in the world of fiction which exhibit the finish of "Esmond," for the author has not only drawn his characters with unusual skill, but delighted the reader with repeated bursts of natural, unaffected eloquence, in language sedulously borrowed from the age of Steele and Addison. As regards style, indeed, "Esmond" is an incredible *tour-de-force*, and is by far the most original of all his books. For the first time the author transplants us to that age which afterwards became of such absorbing interest to him that he could not tear himself away from it; so imbued was he altogether with the literature of the time of Queen Anne and George I., that at last he seemed to live in it. At his death he had another work in contemplation whose period was fixed in the eighteenth century. It is easy even to the uninitiated to discover that Thackeray wrote his history of Esmond, a colonel in the service of her Majesty Queen Anne, thoroughly *con amore*. He revelled in his theme and in the associations it brought with it. Genial, witty Dick Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison are introduced to us, and we see them, along with Esmond, drinking the Burgundy, which, says Addison, "my Lord Halifax sent me." We are carried through portions of Marlborough's campaigns, and the spirit blazes with enthusiasm at the pluck which wrought such valiant deeds, and brought undying honor on the British arms. The avarice and ambition of the brilliant Churchill are forgotten as the plans of his consummate genius are unravelled. Esmond's career with General Webb is traced with intense interest, and the scenes become as real to us as they undoubtedly seemed to the author. The plot of the book is not of the happiest description, the machinations of the Jacobites being interwoven largely with the thread of the narrative. The hero loves in the outset Beatrix Esmond, daughter of a viscount, and the devotion he exhibits to the idol of his heart and his imagination is something extraordinary even in comparison with the loves of other heroes. Beatrix, however, was unworthy of it: homage she would receive, true passion she seemed incapable of returning. Self-willed to a degree, the noble nature of such a man as Esmond was as a sealed book to her. His gravest feelings she treated with levity, and at length her conduct with the Pretender broke the spell, and threw down from its lofty pedestal, once and forever, the idol he had set up. Like the marble,

it was beautiful to the eye; like the marble it was cold and insensible to the touch. Finally Esmond contracts a union with Beatrix's mother, Lady Castlewood, still handsome and comparatively young, and who had always cherished the memory of Esmond as one whom she dearly loved in his youth. Her affection for him had never waned. The volume closes with their settlement on the banks of the Potomac, in a calm and serene happiness. The autobiographer, in describing their Virginian estate and transatlantic life, says: "Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations, and into negroes, the happiest, and merriest, I think, in all this country; and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world." In reading "Esmond," so cleverly is the story told, and with such ease and truthfulness, that the reader does not stay to note what a difficult task the novelist has set himself in venturing to deal with a plot more than commonly unattractive. Thackeray, however, is nowhere the slave of a plot; and in sometimes deliberately fighting against conventional construction and probability, he has proved by his success in enlisting interest and sympathy that he wielded the pen of a master. The world can forgive its hero for not doing what ninety-nine heroes in a hundred perform, when his history is related with the fidelity and ability which distinguish "Esmond." There are more characters carefully and vividly drawn in this book than are to be found in the entire novels of many popular writers; and that pungency of Thackeray's pen which cuts through individualities as sharply and clearly as the diamond cuts through the glass, is here in full operation. It was as superior to its predecessor as the latter was to almost all the novels of the time. In regard to historical portraiture it has never been excelled; to read it once is to be struck with its eloquence and power; to read it a second time is to be impressed with its fidelity and photographic accuracy.

Thackeray rose to the perfection of his art in fiction in "The Newcomes," and it is such books as this which show us what a fine teacher and instructor the novel may become in the hands of genius. In the representation of human nature this story is worthy of Richardson or Fielding. It is the *chef d'œuvre*, in our opinion, of its author. There is not lacking that infinite sarcasm observable in previous works, but the writer has touched more deeply the springs of human sympathy. Within the whole scope of fiction there is no single character which stands out more nobly for the admiration of readers to all time than that of Colonel Newcome. The painter of that portrait alone might well lay claim to an undying canvas. As faithfully and as naturally as though limned by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, the features of the old soldier appear before us. Having written "The Newcomes" Thackeray may be said to have shaken hands as an equal with the two or three great masters of fiction. If it be the province of the novelist to depict human nature as it is, it must be conceded, at any rate, that there was nothing else left for the author to do to entitle him to the highest honors of his class. Nor is it a little singular too, that in the story just mentioned Thackeray has given us the best female character which has proceeded from his fertile brain, — Ethel Newcome. She comes to us as the sweet teacher of more goodness and religion than a whole company of preachers. We are inclined to agree with her cousin Clive Newcome that to look into her eyes would be almost too much for such unworthy, imperfect creatures as men, and that she is one of that rare class of beings sent into the world occasionally to tell us that Heaven has not altogether forgotten us. What a story of society "The Newcomes" is! First we have the Newcome family, with Sophia Alethea, whose mission and self-imposed duty it was "to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the

right way; to head all the public charities of her sect; and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen," all which she did "womanfully" for nigh fourscore years. Then we have the Honeymans, with the singular story of the Rev. Charles. Clive Newcome's uncles occupy a large portion of the narrative, and Sir Barnes Newcome appears and contrives to earn our unmitigated contempt. Grey Friars looms into view, with the hero Clive at school within its precincts. Good James Binnie is introduced, and honest J. J. Ridley. Electioneering contests, with all their humor, are portrayed, while the scheming members of society are also flayed for their snobbery. From the heartlessness of vampires and fools, — the Floracs, the Kews, etc., — we are pleased to hurry away and to light upon such passages of sweetness and beauty as this, where the colonel on his arrival in England from India is welcomed by his little niece Ethel: —

"He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the grizzled moustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards as though they looked at him out of heaven) seemed to shine upon him after five-and-thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own — and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. . . . Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or weeping in a post-chaise; it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth closes close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side, — yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora."

The book has its love passages — in some cases sad and miserable. Chapters of pathetic interest abound, where the world is exhibited at its old tricks of topsy-turvy — Lady Clara loving Jack Belsize and being beloved madly in return, while her hand is sold to Sir Barnes Newcome, "society," forsooth, blessing the bargain. Clive married to Rosey Mackenzie, whom he loves in a way, though his real devotion belongs to his cousin, who is put into the matrimonial auction and knocked down to an idiotic member of the peerage. As for the marriages which "have been arranged," who has not heard uttered, as our satirist asks, "the ancient words, 'I promise to take thee,' etc., knowing them to be untrue; and is there a bishop on the bench that has not Amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?" Hypocrisy and humbug are succeeded by disaster in the novel. The grand old colonel is ruined by the failure of the celebrated Bundelcund Bank, but when there comes in his need a check from one whom he had helped in days gone by, the bankrupt colonel only exclaims, "I thank my God Almighty for this!" and passes on the check immediately to another sufferer. The story rapidly progresses. The death of Colonel Newcome is told with a pathos almost unequalled, and dear old Grey Friars becomes once more the witness of a scene to be ever held in remembrance. After this sad incident the novel speedily ends, with the united happiness of the two children whom the colonel had most dearly loved. It is one of the few books which we close with regret when we have finished them. Genial, generous, and noble in its sentiments, we seem almost to touch the mind of Thackeray while perusing it. It gives us full assurance that his mission was of far wider import than that of a mere scourger of society. It is evidently written by a man who loves the world, though he hates its follies. He has scorn for its dissimulation, indignation for its oppression, smiles for its happiness, and tears for its woes.

In continuation of his previous novel "Esmond," Thackeray returned to the historical vein in "The Virginians," which follows the fortunes of the Esmond family after its migration to America. It was one of his characteristics that the creations of his art acquired so complete a reality that he could not part from them, and they continued, as it were, to live on, and reappeared in his later works long after the fiction which had given birth to them had come to a close. Thus his "Virginians" grew out of "Esmond," and it is one of the pleasantest of his works. The course of true love pursues a devious way, and the follies of one character serve to set in bold relief the heroism of others. The fairer sex have no reason to complain of the treatment they receive at the hands of our author, and in this story two of their species are immortalized in a setting for which we shall be forever grateful. But while we are interested in much love we are also admonished by much morality, though the moralizing of Thackeray on all occasions is anything but offensive. He has the gift of so exhibiting foibles and weaknesses that there is no need for him to lash himself into a furious state of indignation, as the manner of some is; that calm, sneering smile is sufficiently effectual; heavy, clumsy weapons or bludgeons may make much demonstration, but it is the light, piercing touch of the pointed steel which is the most dangerous. Thackeray manages to find the one vulnerable point in our armor; he introduces the rapier of his sarcasm, and we are slain. There is no withstanding his weapon. Surely the world should be the better for the fearless work which this man accomplished! Honestly has he besought it to discard its deceit and selfishness, and who knows? but vast results have followed the teaching of the life-long lesson? Does he not ask us, brother man, to be more true to ourselves, to our own nature; to drop the cloak which we perpetually wear when we step forth into the world? He would have man walk abroad upright, strong in his own virtue, and not ashamed to meet his fellows, as though in the great game of life he was determined to revoke through every trick in order to seize upon the stakes. And is it so very inhuman to help a friend or a brother that it has become so uncommon? Are the heavens always to appear as brass when the cry for help is raised? Harry Esmond Warrington "in his distress asked help from his relations; his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. . . . My Lord and Lady Skinfint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together and talk nose to nose — what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among thieves and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?" Brave writer! these are manly words, but the world in great part still practises the selfish principle. It takes a long time to make it understand that a religious tract, though possibly very cheap, is not very filling to the hungry stomach, nor does it go far in clothing the shivering limbs. Cropping up here and there in his sparkling leaves, such are the lessons Thackeray would teach. In novels like "The Virginians" they are subordinate to the more leading purposes of the story, but human nature has changed little since the period when its scenes were fixed. Graphic pictures of American scenery abound in its pages, and celebrated characters of the reign of George II. appear on the stage. The philosophy of the novel may not be profound, but it is always plain and unmistakable. If there be any failure perceptible, it is a failure possessed in common with the greatest writers and dramatists, who, in attempting to depict the men, the morals, and the manners of a preceding age, have never been able entirely to get rid of their own.

The remaining works of fiction produced subsequently to "The Virginians" are somewhat slight in their construction (with the exception of one to be named), but generally exhibit great power. The exception, as regards length and plot, is "The Adventures of Philip," a work worthy almost

to take rank with any of those which are more widely known, on account of its extremely realistic pictures of life, and its depth of human interest. In the sketches of those "who robbed Philip, those who helped him, and those who passed him by," we come upon varieties of love, passion, and duplicity, drawn with wondrous skill. The sad parts of the story are written with indelible ink, and all through that fine nervous sensibility which should distinguish the highest novelist is strikingly apparent. The same remark applies to that beautiful story of the "Hoggarty Diamond." Of the memoirs of that extraordinary youth, Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that they are told with no diminution of vigor; all the later short stories of Thackeray, in fact, are written in English noticeable for its simplicity and purity. The wine is not so tart, does not sparkle quite so much, but it is mellow and there is greater body in it. What could more conclusively exhibit this than the story the author left unfinished, "Denis Duval?" Here we have the last lines he ever wrote — lines which triumphantly dispose of the taunt that Thackeray was writing himself out. Of few can it be said that their later works exhibit a strength and genius undimmed by time. Yet Thackeray was one of these. The period of decadence had not set in with him. He had only just reached the top of the hill, he had taken no steps on his descent. To his powers of perception, and his possession of the critical faculty in no small degree, "The Roundabout Papers," the inimitable Paris, Irish, and Eastern Sketches, and his imitation of contemporary authors, bear ample testimony; while "The Snob Papers," burlesques and ballads, overflow with comic humor. As regards the authorship of ballads alone, we have no writer of *vers de société* at the present time who could be put into competition with him. "Pleasantman X." is famous; yet even Præd or Father Prout can show nothing better than "Peg of Limavaddy," "At the Church Gate," and "Little Billee." Novel, sketch, ballad, or essay, Thackeray has summed up in great part the lessons he would inculcate in verses which will be within recollection: —

"Oh, Vanity of Vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

"Though thrice a thousand years are past,
Since David's son the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing,
Fresh comments on the old, old tale,
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

In noticing the various works of Thackeray thus briefly, we have purposely left the lectures on the Four Georges and the English Humorists till the close, as they belong to a new and entirely distinct class of effort. Probably this was the first occasion on which a writer assumed the lecturer and the critic in one. Those who were privileged to hear the author deliver his lectures in person will remember how he took the town by storm, and the same enthusiasm was manifested when Thackeray came to Edinburgh and visited the principal towns in England and America, where the whole of the intellectual classes of the population flocked to hear him. To hear the opinions of a well-known literary man on his distinguished predecessors delivered *vis à vis* was naturally attractive, and the imposing form of Titmarsh with his snowy hair has not yet passed out of the recollection of his auditors. We heard him on the age in which he was thoroughly at home. He had made that period in a manner his own by an intimate knowledge of all its leading spirits, and he appeared to strike a chord of self-satisfaction when he said, "I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I." This immediately takes him to the time of Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Pope, and Swift, and he is

happy. He then goes on to talk pleasantly of the times and manners of the Four Georges, not sparing the gall of satire, however, when he deems it necessary to mix it with his ink. As a citizen of the time he thus describes the advent of the first George, and the facts of history but too fully justify the sweeping condemnation.

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegg and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling, too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William — betrayed King James I. — betrayed Queen Anne — betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; there are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster."

But foolish as the foreign gentleman was, he was astute enough to see through loyalty of this description. The bargain with England was that she wanted a Protestant puppet, and as George was not unwilling, for a consideration, matters were arranged. Though not without his faults, George I. had, as Thackeray points out, the counter-vailing virtues of justice, courage, and moderation. In introducing his immediate successor, the essayist sketches a memorable scene. An eager messenger in jack-boots, who had ridden from London, forced his way into a bedroom in Richmond Lodge, where the master was taking a nap after dinner. With a strong German accent and many oaths, the man on the bed, starting up, asked who dared to disturb him? "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert. "I have the honor to announce to your Majesty, that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his Sacred Majesty King George II., but that was how he came to be monarch, nevertheless. The second George was more wrongheaded than his father, and England was saved during many years of his reign by the strong will of that strange mixture of courage, dissoluteness, statesmanship, and meanness, Sir Robert Walpole, and by the good sense and tact of Queen Caroline. Brave the king undoubtedly was, but in and around his court there was the old sickly air of corruption, fed rather than suppressed by a sycophant clergy. The trenchant words of the great satirist are not a whit too strong in which to describe the godlessness and hypocrisy of the period. And when the sovereign died, some of the divines carried their cant behind the grave, and referred to their master as one too good for earth. They had crawled in the dust before his mistresses for preferment, and having got it, must of course pay for it somehow. Diving beneath the surface of society, Thackeray wisely says, "It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England; the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by the hope of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age." With these classes pure and sound, kings and puppets may sport with impunity; the kingdom is safe; it is when the middle classes are corrupt and worthless that the foundations of society begin to break up. Pleasant gossip of the good but obstinate King George, the third of his name, is vouchsafed to us, with glimpses of his pure court — would it had always been so! — within whose precincts many a battle was won over his opponents by the dogged monarch. Then we come to the period of his terrible malady, and in describing the closing scene of all, the essayist breaks out into a passage of touching eloquence, which we transcribe here, as being in his most successful vein:—

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch

Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America — 'O brothers! speaking the same mother tongue — O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain.' Driven off the throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost — oh! let him pass — he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

"Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

The lectures on the English Humorists, a subject peculiarly adapted to the bent of Thackeray, commence with Swift, the genius who had a life-hunt for a bishopric and missed it. The bitterness of a generation of mankind seemed to be concentrated in that one spirit. We scarcely understand him now, or if we do, then genius is miserably weak and vulnerable in some point, if strong as adamant in others. He did not succeed, and it was his constant habit, we are assured, to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. Yet there are some aspects in which we like to regard him. We like his utter scorn at times, his contempt for the tinsel, and the power of his eagle eye to pierce to the heart of things. He could also crush pretence, at once and effectually. A bumptious young wit said to him in company, "You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!" "Do you so?" said the Dean. "Take my advice and sit down again." Thackeray mistrusts the religion of Swift, and mentions as one of the strongest reasons for doing so, the fact of his recommending the dissolute author of "The Beggar's Opera" to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the bench. But this master of irony varied so in his moods, that it is impossible to know whether this advice was not simply the result of that intense chagrin which possessed him, rather than of a deliberate recklessness of the good. That Swift suffered, mentally, more than almost any man history takes note of, may be accepted, but it was partly due to the workings of an "evil spirit." It is justly said of him that "He goes through life, tearing like a man possessed of a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage of long agony! what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain." And this pain went through life — in darkness, rage, and misery he spent his days; no light broke through the starless night. The end came, and terrible is the story, — the witty, the eloquent, the gifted, the godlike in intellect, the devilish in heart, Swift passed away in a state not unlike that against which he had prayed in a letter to Bolingbroke, when he said, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Pleasant gossip follows this sketch — gossip of Congreve and Addison, with wise critical remarks interspersed by the author, who may be said to have established a prescriptive right to the age of which he wrote. Somewhat too much, we are inclined to think, Thackeray made of Pope, though the executive ability of the young poet was of the most marvellous description. Poor Dick Steele, that bundle of failings and weaknesses, has a paper all to himself, and we rise from its perusal with our love for the kindly miserable sinner intensified. It was surface wickedness with Steele entirely: his heart was tender, and his character simple as a child's.

For the genius and character of Fielding, Thackeray had of course the highest admiration. Very few lines need be read before it is apparent that the modern novelist had studied his predecessor minutely. He quotes Gibbon's famous saying about Fielding with intense relish. "The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren (the Fieldings) of England: but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial Eagle of Austria." But here our pleasant reminiscences of the English Humorists must end, and some observations of a general nature be made upon the genius of him who has bequeathed to us his thoughts and judgments on his illustrious predecessors.

The first characteristic which strikes the reader of Thackeray is unquestionably his humor. It does not gleam forth as flashes of lightning, rare and vivid, but is more like the ever-bubbling fountain, the perennial spring. It is a kind of permeating force throughout all his works, now lashed into sarcasm and anon dissolved in pathos. It is one of the great mistakes regarding this author that he is satirical and nothing else. No critic who thus represents him can have either studied his works or caught the spirit and purpose of the man. He is one of the best of English humorists simply because his nature is sensitive at all points. What Carlyle has said of Jean Paul may be said of him. "In his smile itself a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears: He is a man of feeling in the noblest sense of that word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth, in sympathy with gladness and sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation. Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness, awakens in his bosom a response; nay, strikes his spirit into harmony." It must ever be so. But when the first satirical papers of Thackeray were published the world had only seen one side of his humor. The Snob papers and burlesques, and the memoirs of Mr. Yellowplush, gave place in due time to a richer vein in more important works. The sparkling Champagne was followed, as it were, by the deep rich Burgundy. As Dickens was his superior in the faculty of invention, so was the former eclipsed by the greater depth of Thackeray's penetration. Truth to life distinguishes nearly all the characters of Dickens, those at least which belong to the lower classes; but this truth is the surface truth of caricature rather than of reality: Thackeray takes us below the surface; we travel through the dark scenes of the human comedy with him, he makes his notes and comments without flattery and with astounding realism, and when we part company from his side we wish human nature were somewhat nobler than it is. But his wit does not preclude him from being fair and just. He is ever scrupulously so, and to the erring kind and tender. It used to be said occasionally of his works as they appeared, "Ah, there's the same old sneer,"—so ready is the world to follow the course in which its attention is directed. Speaking of the maligners of society, he says, "You who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business,—do not raise a shout when one of these fall away, or yell with the mob that howls after him." Surely these are noble words to come from one whose intellectual current was set in the direction of contempt! With all his keen sense of the ridiculous and his scathing powers of invective, there is no one instance where for the sake of the brilliance of his satire he ever cast a slur upon truly philanthropic labor, or perilled his reputation for the worship of the pure and the good.

If ever man's humor were useful to instruct as to delight, it is that of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. When he laughs we know he will do it fairly—his eye wanders round all, and neither friend nor foe, if vulnerable, can keep out the arrows of his wit. His position, as a humorist, is certainly that of the equal of most of the wits of

whom he has written, and one scarcely inferior to even Swift or Sterne.

A second quality that is observable in him is his fidelity. And to this we do not attach the restricted meaning that the persons of his novels are faithful to nature—though that they incontestably are—but the wide import of being true to the results of life as we see them daily. He does not allow the development of a story to destroy the unities of character, and in this respect he resembles the greatest of all writers. Take an example. At the close of "The Newcomes," instead of preserving alive the noble colonel to witness the happiness of the family in its resuscitated fortunes, Thackeray causes him to die, and that in the humblest manner. With most novelists we could predict a very different ending, but one not so true as Thackeray has had the courage to adopt. Sorrow we may indulge that the death should thus occur, but we must acknowledge that it is more consonant with our daily experience than any other conclusion would have been, however pleasant as matter of fiction. The same thing is noticed in the character of Beatrice Esmond; we are first interested in her; then our faith is gradually shattered; and, finally, we are thoroughly disappointed by the catastrophe. The result is contrary to that which we expected; it is other than would have been given by most writers, but it is none the less true. Take the whole of his creations, let the test of fidelity be applied to each, and it will be found that the writers are very few indeed who have been so thoroughly able to disentangle themselves from the common method of adapting character to plot, or who have made their individualities so distinct, and kept them so to the end. To place him in comparison with other authors who are distinguished for their delineation of character as character—as witnessed at certain points or stages—is unfair both to him and to them. Conversations, with one, stamp individualities, and the test of their fidelity is the absence of contradiction in the outward forms of speech and action whenever the individuals are introduced: this was the life-painting of Dickens, for instance. With Thackeray the case is different. He does not depend so much on the conversational or descriptive recognition of character. He gives us more of their mind or heart than of their person. He does not tell us what they look like, but what they are; and through all his novels they answer to the bent and the natural instincts we have been led to associate with them. It is this elevated form of fidelity that we would insist upon as preëminently to be noticed in Thackeray; and were it on this ground alone we should not hesitate to place him in the very first rank of novelists. In this essential particular, in truth, he has no rival. Others may excel him in various arts of fiction, but with this passport, even his superiors in minor detail will accord to him a perfect equality, if not a superiority, in the manifestation of the cardinal principle of novel-writing.

The subjectiveness of Thackeray is another quality which has greatly enhanced the value of his works. It is generally admitted that subjective writers have a more powerful influence over humanity than those of the class styled objective. It is natural, perhaps, that the external descriptions of circumstances or scenery should not move us nearly so much as the life-record of a breathing, suffering, rejoicing human being. Be his station what it may, we are interested in every individual of the species whose career is faithfully pictured. The author of "Vanity Fair" is one of the few men who have been able to endure their characters with being and motion. When there were few writers who had either the courage or the gifts to be natural, Thackeray gave a new impetus to the world of fiction. So eminently subjective are his works, that those of his friends who knew him well are able to trace in them the successive stages of his personal career, and to show in what manner the incidents of his own life operated upon his novels. There are but few incidents in the whole series that were not drawn either from his personal history or the history of some one of his friends or acquaintances. This is, doubtless, one of the most influential causes of the reality of his stories. No stiff, formal record of events, dispassion-

ately told, is to be witnessed. If the reader reads at all, he must perforce become interested in his work. There probably never were novels written in which there was so little exaggeration of coloring. His dear Harry Fielding has been his guide, but the author of "Tom Jones" has been almost outstripped by his pupil. The latter has been able to throw away more effectually the folds of drapery in which character has generally been presented to us. In his model he was happy, for, previous to Thackeray, Fielding was the most subjective writer in the annals of fiction. One can understand the charm which those writings exercised over his successor, and the desire which he felt to construct his novels after the fashion of which he had become so greatly enamored. But the pupil has the greater claim to our regard, in the fact that his work is such that not a line of it need be excised in public reading. He is Fielding purified. All the vivacity and the life-giving strokes which belonged to the pencil of the earlier master are reproduced in the younger, and the interest is also preserved intact. But with the later age has come the purer language, and Thackeray may be said to stand in precisely the same relation to the nineteenth century as Fielding stood to the eighteenth. The absence of exaggeration in Thackeray's drawing of character is very remarkable. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his personages, there are not two which in any sense resemble each other. The faculty is very rare of being able to transfer the lineaments of commonplace people in such a manner as that others will care to study them. Yet this is the result which Thackeray achieves, and without labor. Nothing transcendental, or that which is beyond human nature, is thrown in as a means of bribing the reader into closer acquaintanceship. As men passed Thackeray he observed them; as they interested him he drew them; but in doing so he felt that to add to the original would destroy the identity, and the consequence of his consummate art is that throughout the whole of his varied picture-gallery there is no portrait which bears the impress of falsity or distortion. To say the truth, and to describe what he saw before him, was always the novelist's own boast. There could be no nobler ambition for any writer, but there are few who have attained the perfect height of the standard.

Leading out of his subjectiveness, or rather being a broader and grander development of it, we come to the fourth great characteristic of Thackeray—his humanity. That is the crown and glory of his work. And yet this man, who was sensitive almost beyond parallel, was charged with having no heart! Shallow critics, who gave a surface-reading to "Vanity Fair," imagined they had gauged the author, and in an off-hand manner described him as a man of no feeling—the cold simple cynic. It will be remembered that the same charge of having no heart was made against Macaulay; but its baselessness was discovered on his death, when it became known that "the heartless" one had for years pursued a career of almost unexampled benevolence. So superficial are the judgments of the world! Against Thackeray the charge was doubly cruel; he was one of those men who are naturally full of sensibility to a degree. Those who understood him best knew that it cost him an effort to subdue that part of his nature which hastened to sympathize with others. Selfishness was as foreign to him as insincerity. The man was true as the light of heaven to the generous instincts of his nature. To veil at times this side of his character was essential, in order to give play to that satire which kills. If his mission was to exalt the good and the pure, it was also as decidedly his mission to abase the false. To do this he must necessarily appear severe. But who that reads him well can fail to perceive that the eye accustomed to blaze with scorn could also moisten with sympathy and affection? What man without heart could have written such passages as that episode in the "Hoggarty Diamond"? Titmarsh is describing his journey to the Fleet Prison, accompanied by his wife:—

"There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it, and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear

wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face—aye, and took heaven too into the Fleet Prison with me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but, be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman! I declare before heaven, that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride, with my wife's cheek on my shoulder, down Holborn to the prison! Do you think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite? No, by the Lord! I kissed her and hugged her—yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over her eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison-door, as if she were a princess going to the queen's drawing-room."

Or is there to be found in all fiction a scene more pathetic than the one describing the death of Colonel Newcome? To have written that alone would have deservedly made any name great. Though it is doubtless familiar to every reader, it will be impossible to illustrate fully the human tenderness of the author without quoting some portion of it here. The scene is at Grey Friars:—

"Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke. She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly, 'Take care of him when I'm in India; and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Léonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep. At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

The principal defect alleged against Thackeray is that he is a mannerist. But when it is considered that the same charge could be laid against every writer in the roll of literature, with the exception of the few imperial intellects of the universe, it must be conceded that the charge is of little moment. All men, save the Homers, Shakespeares, and Goethes of the world are mannerists. There is not a writer of eminence living at the present day who is not a mannerist. Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle are all mannerists. It is impossible to quarrel with that which sets the stamp of individuality and originality on the literary productions of the intellect.

To assign Thackeray's ultimate position in literature is a difficult task, for nothing is less certain than the permanence of literary attractiveness and fame; but we think that his works will be read and as keenly enjoyed after the lapse of a century as they are now. Fielding has survived longer than that period, and weightier reasons for immortality than could be advanced in his case might be advanced in favor of Thackeray. If his works ceased to be read as pictures of society and delineations of character, they would still retain no inglorious place in English literature from the singular purity and beauty of their style. It is style even more than matter which embalms a literary reputation.

To the faithfulness with which he spoke the English tongue we believe future generations will testify.

Whatever was good, honest, and true, found in him a defender; whatever was base, unmanly, or false shrank abashed in his presence. A man with less pretence, less assumption, less sham, never existed; he revolted from appearing that which he was not. His works were the reflex of the man, and like a shaft of light, which, while it pierces into the deepest recesses of dissimulation and vice, smiles benignantly upon those aspirations and feelings which are the noblest glory of humanity.

THE BARON IN ENGLAND.

IN TWO PAPERS.

II.

STOCKMAR etches, both gracefully and vigorously, the personages at court, whom he seems to inspect as if they were purposely called up for exhibition. Queen Charlotte is done in a single stroke: "Small and crooked, with a true mulatto face." All her sons, except the Regent, are described as talkative; the Duke of Sussex, however, is left out of account altogether. The Duke of Clarence is said to be the one who most resembled his small and crooked mother. The stout Regent is credited with fine figure and distinguished manners, great appetite, devotion to drinking, and "a brown scratch wig, not particularly becoming." He spoke French fairly, as did the stouter Duke of York, whose accent, however, was bad. Many men yet remember the handsome but unintelligent face, the huge body, thin legs, the bald head, and the too upright carriage, which gave him the air of being about to fall backwards. His wife, a Prussian princess, with restless lips and blinking eyes, was a good-humored, loud-talking loud-laughing lady, who took her husband's infidelities with patience and kept his accounts honestly, and with a vain hope of getting him out of debt. Stockmar draws her at full length. "As soon as she entered the room she looked round for the banker, Greenwood, who immediately came up to her with the confidentially familiar manner which the wealthy go-between assumes towards grand people in embarrassed circumstances. At dinner the Duchess related how her royal father had forced her, as a girl, to learn to shoot, as he had observed she had a great aversion to it. At a grand *chasse* she had always fired with closed eyes, because she could not bear to see the sufferings of the wounded animals. When the huntsman told her that in this way she ran the risk of causing the game more suffering through her uncertain aim, she went to the King and asked him if he would excuse her from all sport in future, if she shot a stag dead. The King promised to grant her request if she could kill two deer, one after the other, without missing, which she did."

Stockmar says the Duke of Clarence was the least good looking of the brothers; but he describes the tall, strong, Duke of Cumberland, "with a hideous face; can't see two inches before him; one eye turned quite out of its place." Clarence again is "as talkative as the rest," while the Duke of Kent (who as much resembled his father as Clarence did his mother), "is the quietest of all the dukes." In one page he is described as being as bald as a man can be; but this was only on the crown of his head. In another we are told that the Duke "dyed his hair," and, what is quite as bad, or indeed much worse, that he also died over head and ears in debt. We wish we could add that the creditors had since been paid. The youngest brother, Cambridge, like the eldest, wore a dandy blonde wig, and talked German, French, and English, with a rapidity which rendered him almost unintelligible. Of the cousin of these princes, the son of the Duke of Gloucester (brother of George the Third), and his wife, Lady Waldegrave, Stockmar "signalizes" him, as if he were making out a passport: "Prominent, meaningless eyes, a very unpleasant face, with an animal expression; large and stout, but with weak, helpless legs. He wears a neckcloth thicker than his head." All this is true, but this Duke was a thoroughly honest man. He loved his wife, Mary, youngest daughter of George the Third, with an almost romantic love, although they married late in life; and, oh ye unpaid creditors of some of the other free-and-easy dukes! when Gloucester died, he owed no man a farthing.

The late Duke of Wellington is still too well remembered to need reproducing. "At table he sat next the Princess" (Charlotte). "He ate and drank moderately, and laughed at times most heartily, and whispered many things to the Princess's ear which made her blush and laugh." The Marquis of Anglesea is done to the life, and we learn that

just before Waterloo he was sitting for his full-length portrait. It was finished except one leg, when Lord Anglesea, who was about to join the army, said to the artist, "You had better finish the leg now, I might not bring it back with me." He lost that very leg. Stockmar saw in handsome Castlereagh, who spoke English almost as ill as he did French, "a thoughtless indifference," which some people mistook for statesmanship of a high order. The visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas (afterwards the Czar) to Claremont, added another portrait to Stockmar's collection. "He ate, for his age, very moderately, and drank nothing but water. When Countess Lieven played after dinner on the piano he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies present as peculiar but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could not cease praising him . . . 'He is devilish handsome!' . . . When it was time for bed a leathern sack was filled in the stable with hay for the Grand Duke by his servants, on which he always sleeps. Our English friends thought this affected."

We wish we could congratulate the editor of Stockmar's book, Professor Max Müller, on having taken the trouble to correct the most absurd of the Baron's errors. The grossest is under date of the year 1817. Speaking of the prevailing distress and discontent, Stockmar says that "There was little to cheer the people in the sight of the blind and insane king," as if poor George the Third was exhibited to the public like the mad patients in old Bedlam. It would have been some proof of good taste if half the chapter containing details of the confinement of the Princess Charlotte had been omitted. To say that the details are painful is to use a very mild term. The chapter, however, throws light on the character of Stockmar. He never loses an opportunity of praising himself. His reiterated assertions of his modesty are unerring proofs of a vain man. "I never allowed myself," he writes in 1818, "to be blinded by vanity, but always kept in view the danger that must necessarily accrue to me if I arrogantly and imprudently pushed myself into a place in which a foreigner could never expect to reap honor, but possibly plenty of blame." Here is a correct portrait of the painter, painted by himself. Stockmar had vanity, but he was too clever to be blinded by it. He pushed himself, but he did not arrogantly or imprudently push himself into anything. He declined, as a physician, to have any part whatever at the confinement of the Princess Charlotte; "but," says the prudent and modest Baron, "as after the course of the first three months of the period, I, as a daily observer, thought I could detect errors in the treatment, I gave the Prince a long lecture, and entreated him to make my observations known to the physicians of the Princess." He is not arrogant; he only lectures his princely master at length! He will have nothing to do with the physicians in attendance, as their colleague, but he tells the Prince that they are wrong in their practice. Stockmar, so modest, will incur no responsibility; and Stockmar, so prudent, made the Prince Leopold the mouthpiece of his censure! The Rose of England, as she was so fondly called by the people, lay withered and dead; "but," writes our Baron, after the catastrophe, "all blame was averted from the man who had abstained from hunting after honor and emolument. . . . Every one would be now rejoicing over my interference, which could never have availed anything." And the not at all arrogant Baron complacently winds up his remarks by oracularly exclaiming, "It is impossible to resist the conviction that the Princess was sacrificed to professional theories,"—and he washes his hands of the whole affair.

It is a pity, seeing the mentor-like influence which Stockmar exercised over the greatest personages, he was unable to keep his pupil, or friend, or master, Prince Leopold, out of debt. When the Prince, by the grace, favor, and counsel of the Baron, was helped to the throne of Belgium, he was £83,000 in debt; £16,000 of which—debts of the Duchess of Kent—he had taken on himself. England had settled on the Prince an annuity of £50,000 a year. A man having such an income, and not choosing to measure his expenses by it, subjects himself to be called by a very ugly name. When the Prince became a foreign king, he gave up the annuity

which he could not have retained, with or without honor, for no English government would have paid such an income to the sovereign of a foreign state. After all, England had to pay Leopold's debts out of the annuity thus surrendered, and various other items, including a pension to Stockmar himself, besides the expenses of keeping up the Prince's estates in England; so that the English treasury did not profit by the matter to a greater extent than £20,000 a year. In all this the only dishonorable part was the indebtedness of Leopold; for it is dishonorable for a man with a competent income to keep a poor creditor waiting for his due. One such creditor makes many, and there is a chain of misery that finds its origin in the selfish and guilty recklessness and indifference of men — princes, peers, or commoners — who live beyond their means.

Of the Baron's two great works, the moulding and making of Prince Leopold and of Prince Albert, it is not easy to say of which he is the prouder. If he lets a shadow in upon his portraits it is unconsciously. So, when we hear of King Leopold, in 1888, talking over with his nephew, Prince Albert, the subject of a marriage with Princess Victoria, Stockmar quotes a passage from a letter he received from Leopold, describing the conversation. The passage certainly is one to excite surprise. "He" (Prince Albert) "considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great and worthy object than for trifles and miseries." The Belgian King calls this, looking at the question, by the Prince, "from its most elevated and honorable point of view." To us it seems "worldly." The philosophy of it is that of Skimpole, Mantalini, Micawber, Turveydrop, Pecksniff, all in one; and we are disposed to believe that the King must have misunderstood his nephew.

The proposal to endow Prince Albert with £50,000 a year was met by a query from blunt Joseph Hume, as to what a young German lad would do with such a sum in his pocket. On the motion of the ultra-Tory, Colonel Sibthorpe, the sum was reduced to £30,000. Stockmar was leaving the palace after the news of this result, and he met Lord Melbourne entering. The former was shocked at the result brought about by the Tories, but Melbourne frankly told him that the Prince need not be angry with the Tories alone. It was done, he said, "by the Tories, the Radicals, and a great many of our own people." With Melbourne and other ministers, Stockmar seems to have exercised a sort of back-stairs influence, not to be disguised by any fine name put upon it. What is far more astounding is that he seems to have exercised what he himself calls an "ascendant" over the English press. When the question of the regency (in case of the demise of the Queen) was about to be brought forward, Stockmar feared that the friends of the Duke of Sussex might be troublesome. What he wrote to the "Fourth Estate" we cannot make out, but he ends a note on the matter with these remarkable words: "The short but friendly article in to-day's *Times* proves that I still have some ascendant over the obstinate nature of my old friend Barnes" (the then editor).

The regency affair was settled, and Prince Albert, should the contemplated contingency arise, was to be at the head of it. Meanwhile, Stockmar was employed in drawing up a memorandum for the education of the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. In that document is the following passage: "Down to the present day, England honors the memory of George the Third, because he cultivated the domestic virtues. History is already taking the liberty of questioning his services as a sovereign, but praises without exception his private life. But George the Third either did not properly understand his duties as a father or he neglected them. Three of his sons, George the Fourth, the Duke of York and William the Fourth, were all brought up in England; the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, and Cambridge, for the most part abroad. The faults committed by George the Fourth, the Duke of York, and William the Fourth, already belong to history. Unfortunately, they were of the most marked kind, and we can only explain them by supposing either that the persons

charged with their education were incapable of inculcating principles of truth and morality in their youth, or that they culpably neglected to do so, or, lastly, that they were not properly supported in the fulfilment of this duty by the royal parents."

We are told that when the last surviving of the fifteen children of George the Third, the Duchess of Gloucester, used in her old days to tell stories of her early family times and the family doings, she used to end her stories with the remark, "The fact is, there were too many of us." Stockmar thinks that the conduct of the princes lowered the national respect for monarchy; and that George the Fourth was saved from exclusion from the throne by the strength of the constitution. Of William the Fourth the Baron's judgment is, that he was "for no part of his life either a moral or a wise man," and he wonders that the King became popular, and "obtained at the end of his reign the flattering sobriquet of 'the good old sailor king.'" William, certainly, was never as wise as Leopold, but the "sailor king" in his mature years never manifested such principles, or exhibited such practices, as made many Belgians say, "As a king, he suits us; we cannot complain. But, as man, do you see? that's his affair, and does not regard us."

But let us return to England. The royal household there was not in such confusion during the reign of William the Fourth as it was at a preceding period. There were no four o'clock in the morning suppers or breakfasts given at Carlton House by certain officials below stairs to actors and actresses; but the disorganization which existed was a result of the old free-and-easy time. In the early days there were men in the King's service who seriously thought that the most reckless hospitality was in accordance with the place and its master. The lord chamberlain, lord steward, and the master of the household, had jurisdiction within the palace, but where their limits began or ended they could not tell. Stockmar was employed to examine into the matter. He found that the outside of the palace was under the Woods and Forests. The inside obeyed the lord chamberlain, to a certain extent. My lord could order his Majesty's windows to be cleaned on the inside, but, says the Baron, "The degree of light to be admitted into the palace depends proportionably on the well-timed and good understanding between the lord chamberlain's office, and that of the Woods and Forests." So housekeeper and maids were ruled by the chamberlain, while the livery servants were placed under the control of the master of the horse, and the rest of the servants obeyed the lord steward. "The last official," so wrote the Baron, "for example, finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it." Stockmar was one day sent by her Majesty to Sir Frederick Watson, the master of the household, to complain that the dining-room was always cold. Sir Frederick gravely answered, "You see, properly speaking, it is not our fault. The lord steward lays the fire only, and the lord chamberlain lights it." In like manner the lord chamberlain found the lamps, but the Lord Steward trimmed and lit them. It cannot be said that the routine of the circumlocution office has yet ceased. We might describe in Stockmar's own words the means by which small wants in the palace are still satisfied or dissatisfied. He tells us that if a pane of glass or a cupboard door in the scullery wanted mending, the chief cook had to draw up and sign the requisition, which was countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, who took it for further signature to the master of the horse, who sent it to the lord chamberlain for his authorization; from whose office it went before the clerk of the works, under the office of Woods and Forests, by which office the broken pane of glass or the cupboard-door was mended in the course of time — perhaps! Even now a visitor, let us say to that quiet and mysterious office, the Board of Green Cloth, may by chance find his foot entangled in an old mat. The mat is rarely trodden, the office doors do not give frequent access to that mat, and above the door might be fittingly inscribed, *Janua amat limen*. But to get that mat repaired, and to obtain official authority to procure a new one, would

require a time, during which a fellow's hair might become thinned and turned gray. So careful are we now of the public money, that if in the Houses of Parliament a new lock and key should be required for any of the doors, application must be made for the former at one seat of power, but permission to have a key must be officially sought for at another.

It is not many months ago that some palings were required for official fencing in Ireland. The wood might have been bought there for next to nothing, but the rails were bought in England, and a ship was chartered to carry them to Dublin quay.

As the great officers who were supposed to have control in the palace were seldom there, and were not represented by deputy, there was practically no control at all. Servants did very much as they liked, and yet it is with wonder that we read how illustrious visitors have been negligently received, left to find their own apartments, and, on issuing from them, to wander helplessly about the corridors in search of the dining-room. Stockmar remarks that when the boy Jones was discovered, at one o'clock in the morning, under a sofa in the room adjoining her Majesty's bedroom, nobody was responsible. The lord steward was not to blame, as he had no control over the pages near the Queen's person. The lord chamberlain was not blamable, because the porters were not within his department. But Jones got in when porters should have detected him; and if the pages had had their eyes open the rascal would never have reached one of her Majesty's sofas.

Stockmar suggested reforms which were, for the most part, adopted, and these, with others additional, were carried out by Prince Albert with unexampled strictness, not to say rigor. Waste and extravagance and disorder were stopped. Order reigned within the imperial palaces, but there came with it a system which savored of meanness. We have heard of a wealthy tradesman who, having been paid his account at the proper office in one of the royal palaces, expressed a desire, just for once in his life, to taste the Queen's ale. No objection was made, but as, on lifting the glass to his lips, he was told that the liquor would be duly booked, with his name, as the recipient of it, he straightway set the glass down and left it untasted. This story has a parallel in that of the gentleman abroad who, out of respect for the memory of the Duke of Kent, from whom he had received some essential service, sent to the Queen a cask of rare wine. Presents are generally declined now by sovereigns, but it is said that this wine was not only received and acknowledged, but that the sender was required to pay the import duties. If this be really true, the demand was certainly an act of official impertinence.

Stockmar, who formed and reformed princes, saw and foretold the fate of nations, and comprehensively embraced everything, from political constitutions to rules and regulations for royal kitchens, saw through and through all the English notabilities with whom he came in contact. Peel thought the Baron by far too free, and, to show how correct was that thought, Stockmar says: "One day I had brought him to talk of an important political event in which he had himself been concerned. He was just about to make some uninteresting disclosures; only the last word of the secret was wanting, when he paused. To help him I exclaimed, 'Well, don't gulp it down.' This disconcerted him; he made an odd face and broke off." Stockmar never suspected that Peel was amusing himself with the Baron's inquisitiveness, disappointing it just as the German gentleman thought the secret was about to be divulged. How does the Baron avenge himself? By agreeing to the verdict of Peel's enemies, that he was "the most successful type of political mediocrity." We are bound to say Stockmar adds, "that ninety-nine hundredths of the higher political affairs can be properly and successfully conducted by such ministers only as possess Peel's mediocrity." One high-flying genius may bring political affairs to a particularly happy issue, but also he may bring them, Stockmar thinks, to something quite the reverse.

We see a particularly high-flying genius when we behold the Baron seated at the side of Louis Napoleon. It was after 1840, when the dynasty of Louis Philippe seemed perfectly safe, Louis Napoleon remarked that the dynasty was not safe at all, and that Louis Philippe would be unable to maintain himself. Stockmar asked, "And what then?" The Prince replied with confidence, "Then it will be my turn." This showed, Stockmar thinks, "a firm faith in his own star," adding, "It is no more than human, if the star will not rise quickly enough, to help it on a little."

Years ago Victor Hugo—who has written hymns in praise of Henry the Fifth, and has been of every shade in politics by turns, from ultralegitimist, when he saw a miraculous child in the little Duc de Bordeaux, to ultra-republican, at which he remains, at least for the present—advocated an alliance between Germany and France, in order that Germany, with her arm stretched on one side, might smite the Moscovite, and France, with her sword pointing in another direction, might give a mortal thrust to dear old England. Stockmar, at the period of the Crimean war, had another idea, namely, a union of Prussia, Austria, and the Western Powers, in order to destroy the preponderating influence of Russia, and to keep France back from excesses. Prussia, however, is a power with which no other nation would form an alliance without much forethought. Prussia was never yet faithful to a friend or generous to a foe. Of France, allowing all her merits, Stockmar has little to say that is not disparaging. He evidently as much believed in her civilization as he did in that of the Fiji Islanders. In a mass, he looked on them as children imperiously demanding the moon, crying because it could not be had, whipped for the crying, and then sulkily acknowledging the justice of the whipping, yet swearing to have revenge for it.

Altogether the impression which this book leaves of Stockmar's character is not so satisfactory as the son seems to think it. If the Baron was not as much detested by the people of England as royal favorites and palace factotums generally are by the people among or over whom they move, the reason is, that Stockmar was not only discreet, but he was not a man who hungered and thirsted after ostentatious honors, and he was an honest man. Nevertheless, he was so near the throne and so busy about and about it as to cause his presence and his acts to be questioned. A less discreet man would have come to grief; but Stockmar was a busybody affecting to have nothing particular to do with anybody. Yet, in his own mind, he certainly thought that he, the ex-Coburg doctor, pulled the strings that moved the foremost puppets of the world. In his mind he was the better self, first of Leopold, next of Prince Albert; these were Stockmar-manufactured, according to Stockmar's idea. Repudiating all influence, he never seems to have missed an opportunity of exercising it when he could get a prime minister or a secretary of state by the button. His hints or his advice must have often appeared amusingly impertinent to some of our ministers; but what could be done in the way of snubbing a man who was authorized to come to the royal dinner-table in trousers when breeches were the only wear, and who might retire after dinner whenever he chose, without observing the etiquette which keeps men imprisoned till the sovereign's self has withdrawn? We strongly suspect that Stockmar was rather a bore, except to the princely personages whom he loved to serve and who loved him for his service. It is very certain that to him a court was the only true Elysium; to be with princes was to the twice-patented Baron a far more exquisite delight than any delight he could find in home. A man who marries, and yet who voluntarily dwells far away from the home in which he plants his wife, and who spends his years with princes, and performs moments of penance in flying visits, few and far between, to the wife who never accompanied him abroad, and to the children who could hardly have known their father with children's intimacy, may have been an excellent, honest, trustworthy servant of princes, but he does not come up to our idea of a man who accomplishes his duty within the circle where are marked the not unimportant duties of a parent and a citizen.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

IN the last instalment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's exposition of the philosophical system which is to give us an explanation — so far as an explanation can be given — of the whole universe, we meet with an interesting passage upon the passion of love. The advocates of the evolution hypothesis are sometimes called materialists. That word is too often used, as "atheist" is used in theological, or a good round oath in popular discussion, simply to indicate disagreement coupled with moral disapproval. The fallacy which it involves in this case might be easily exhibited. The genuine materialists of the last century were in fact given to maintaining that our loftiest sentiments were merely modifications of the most earthly instincts.

Lust through some certain strainers well refined
Is gentle love,

according to Pope; and some very equivocal sermons have been preached upon his text. Superficial readers have fancied that, because Mr. Darwin or Mr. Herbert Spencer believes that man has been evolved by inconceivably minute changes from some inferior organism, therefore our emotions and thoughts are nothing but transformations of the blind sensations of the lowest forms of life. The misconception is palpable. Science might conceivably show under what conditions intellect first manifested itself, but it would not be one step the nearer to discovering what was the essence of intellect. It might explain the how, but can throw no light upon the what. Thus we find that Mr. Herbert Spencer's description of the passion called love has nothing in it calculated to shock the most spiritual philosopher. It is, he says, an emotion of the highest complexity, and consequently of the greatest strength. Around the purely physical elements gather all varieties of powerful emotions which blend and unite in the closest harmony. First come all the impressions which are produced by the beautiful, the explanation of which would involve a long and most difficult analysis. Then we have the sentiment of affection, which may exist between persons of the same sex, but which undergoes a special exaltation when existing between lovers. Next come the sentiments of admiration or reverence; and, beyond them again, the love of approbation, which is keenly excited by the knowledge that we are preferred to all the world, and preferred by one whom we admire beyond all others. Allied to this is the sentiment of self-approval, when we are flattered by the sense of the great merits to which we owe so great a triumph. Beyond this is the "proprietary feeling," or the pleasure of mutual possession. And, finally, there is an exaltation of the sympathies when our pleasures are heightened by the close participation of another person in all our enjoyments. We need not inquire whether the analysis is complete or accurate; at any rate it illustrates pretty fairly the amazing complexity of a passion which we are apt to describe as simple. When a young gentleman at a ball sees the young lady who is above all other young ladies enter the room, he is conscious only of a keen thrill of emotion, so vivid and powerful as to displace every other sentiment for the time. If Mr. Herbert Spencer were standing by him, and were to propose to give him a lecture on the constituent elements of his passion, we fear, though we mean no disrespect to Mr. Spencer, that he would consider the philosopher to be a bore. But perhaps a few years afterwards, or possibly on the next day, if his suit should have come to an untimely catastrophe, he might be inclined to take his passion to pieces, and he would recognize the justice of most of the remarks which we have summarized. In that case he would perhaps find the explanation of some phenomena which are a little puzzling to bystanders, though the lover himself has not the leisure to attend to them.

Thus, for example, everybody is puzzled by the extraordinary caprices of love-making. The ladies who say in novels that they cannot understand "what he could see in her" are generally held up to ridicule as obviously blinded by jealousy. And yet their want of perception is not only

sincere, but is shared by perfectly impartial spectators. When we see the way in which marriages are brought about in the world, we wonder that the pursuit of match-making should be found so interesting by amiable persons. Of course match-making as a variety of fortune-hunting is only too intelligible; but there is a match-making of a much less sordid variety. All amiable women take the keenest delight in attempting to pair off their friends and relations according to their own views of the fitness of things. And yet they are always meeting with the strangest, and, at first sight, the most unaccountable disappointments. The man of intellect has an extraordinary taste for stupid women; the handsome man of fashion is carried off by a poor, ugly, and commonplace woman ten years older than himself: the pompous prig secures the brightest and liveliest of her sex; fox-hunters attract poetesses, and poets marry wives who can do nothing but mend their shirts.

Such strange contrasts have led to the development of the plausible theory that people are attracted rather by qualities complementary than by qualities similar to their own. This doctrine, however, fails by being too comprehensive. We must admit that like often attracts like; and if we add that like also attracts unlike, we have a theory which explains nothing, because it explains everything. Every match that ever was or ever will be made may be brought under one category or the other; but until we can give some reason for telling beforehand which set of causes is likely to be operative in a given case, we are no nearer an explanation than we were before. The only general rule at which we have been enabled to arrive by experience is the rather discouraging one that people whom we like always marry people whom we dislike. Friends seem to have a perverse delight in forming new combinations which may be as discordant as possible with their ancient ties.

We do not, however, see our way to erecting any philosophical theory upon this experience, unless as it goes to illustrate Artemus Ward's doctrine of the "cussedness" of things in general.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's analysis may perhaps help us to understand some of the conditions of the problem, though the philosopher has yet to arise who will be able to tell us from the inspection of a young lady or gentleman what will be the character of his or her future partner. In the first place, it is to be remarked that some of the elements which he describes do not enter into the passion in many cases, or at least do not enter into its earlier stages. Self-esteem, for example, is the reward of successful love-making, and strengthens the passion when it has once been formed; but it cannot be the primary cause. Mere contiguity is very often a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. A man and woman brought together in Robinson Crusoe's island would almost inevitably fall in love, however unpromising their characters might be. And, though London is very unlike a desert island, there are frequently situations, even in the most crowded societies, where conditions substantially similar are reproduced. There are circumstances under which it would be almost a breach of good manners not to indulge in a little flirtation. A human being has such a variety of strong feelings in a state of solution that any object will be sufficient to determine their crystallization. This is, indeed, the primary axiom on the subject. We have all a vast amount of disposable emotion; we all long to admire and to be admired; we are grateful for compliments; we wish to have something to call our own; we want our sentiments to be confirmed by sympathy; and therefore, when once any accident has, so to speak, drawn the sluices, a whole torrent of emotion rushes into the channel provided for it, and we attribute to the one external and assignable cause what really results from our own states of feeling. Because a particular match has exploded the magazine, we absurdly argue that no other match would have done equally well. We set up the first idol that comes to hand, and suppose that its perfections are the sole cause of our worship, when, in fact, the desire to worship something has prepared us to prostrate ourselves before any

shrine that offers itself. Love being a compound of so many forces, any one which is set in action draws all the rest after it by the principle of association. But all this does not answer the question as to how our choice is first determined.

A young gentleman in London may see some hundreds of young ladies before he is brought down by one who is perhaps amongst the least apparently attractive of the whole number. That is the puzzle which is constantly recurring; and a solution of it would be of immense value to all match-makers, whether of the loftier or the baser variety. What is the most promising method of attack? Which of all the causes that may precipitate the passion is the most generally available? If philosophers could tell us that, they would have taken the first step towards placing an occupation, now pursued on purely empirical principles, upon true scientific grounds.

To such a question we can of course give no satisfactory answer.

It may be observed, however, that it has been very much obscured by the labors of novelists. Novels are supposed to be the embodiment of the author's knowledge of human nature; a supposition to which there is the trifling objection that very few novelists know anything of human nature, and that at most they are familiar with particular instances and not with general principles. They of course go upon the general assumption that their hero and heroine are to be as attractive as possible; and they lay particular stress upon the merit most easily described—that of personal beauty. "Jane Eyre" for a time set the fashion of ugly heroines, but we have long since reverted to the old system. Accordingly an exaggerated estimate is placed upon the charms of beauty, and upon the amiable qualities of mind and person which form part of the ordinary ideal of feminine merit. The error involved in this doctrine is that it lays far too much stress on the objective as distinguished from the subjective causes of falling in love. It assumes that the passion is determined by the external rather than by the internal impulses; that a person falls in love because an attractive object is presented to him or her, and not because he or she is prepared for a passion of some kind. When the true principle is firmly grasped, it is obvious that the most successful match-makers must be those who adopt a different line of attack. Amongst the passions, for example, which go to form the aggregate, is the desire for sympathy. Suppose, then, that a young gentleman has a taste for political economy, or pigeon-shooting. He may be assailed more effectively by a plain young woman who will submit to hear him lecturing on the theory of rent and the incidence of taxation, or who will applaud his successful slaughter of birds, than by the most beautiful girl who will not condescend to take an interest in his pursuits. The great art of flattery provides the most efficient instruments for bringing down game of this kind. A clever man often prefers a fool to a clever woman, because the fool has the one talent of listening, and the clever woman may have the vanity to keep opinions of her own. The brilliant man of fashion is attracted by the apparently uninteresting old maid, because nothing is more flattering than that humble adoration which other women are too proud to bestow. Almost all cases of perverse matches may be explained after the event by the skill or the accidental felicity with which a commerce of reciprocal flattery has been established. Once put two people in that relation, and all the associated emotions may easily be introduced. It is as easy to produce an æsthetic admiration by working upon the desire for sympathy as to proceed in the inverse method; and the assumption that we should always begin with what is supposed to be the natural beginning is the cause of half our perplexities. But though these seem to be the first principles of the science, we admit that its complexity baffles all attempts at a systematic deduction of its remoter doctrines.

Luckily or otherwise, some people have developed so much practical skill in applying the most efficient methods that a philosophy of the art seems to be superfluous as well as chimerical.

•AEROSTATICS IN FRANCE.

THE last days of the International Exhibition in Paris were enlivened by the ascensions of a captive balloon in the Avenue Suffren, near the Champ de Mars. The French, as a people, have always taken an eager pleasure in all that concerned aerostatics. A book published in France in 1804, "Paris in Miniature," attributes this airy taste to their natural and national levity; but without going so far for an explanation, it would perhaps be more fair to remark that balloons were first invented in France, and that the interest taken in them by the French public is quite explicable by the concern which all inventors must feel in the progress and developments of their own inventions. The affection of the Parisians for aerial voyages had, however, been hitherto rather of a platonic kind. The announcement that a balloon would ascend from the Hippodrome, the Champ de Mars, or the Esplanade of the Invalides was always sure at any time, and no matter how often the advertisement was repeated, to draw crowds; hats too and pocket-handkerchiefs were sure to be waved when the cables were loosed; but here the public enthusiasm generally ended, and the choice spirits who consented to entrust their lives and limbs to the weak-looking cars were for the most part few and far between. Perhaps the enormous fare of a trip to the clouds had something to do with this. The cost of ascension in one of Godard's or Nadar's balloons was a thousand francs, £40 English! and forty pounds is a large sum for a voyage of which the dangers are certain, but the advantages decidedly open to question. There was nothing very encouraging either in those bulletins which the aeronauts invariably issue at the end of their journeys. Unlike, in this respect, to the directors of railways, who would be delighted, if they could, to hush up all the accidents that take place on their lines, the proprietors of balloons evince a naive good faith in all their proceedings. They note with scrupulous exactitude the bruised shins, the bumps, the sprained ankles, and the influenzas incurred by their passengers, and, for the edification of the public, proclaim these mishaps in the columns of *The Times* and the *Moniteur Universel*. When a balloon returns to earth with nothing but half its instruments broken, the hats of two scientific gentlemen crushed flat, and the collar bone of a third put out, the voyage is pronounced to have been "good," and the descent "excellent;" if the whole party reach the ground after having merely raked off the roof of a cottage with the barb of their anchor, or sent a few bags of ballast through the glass top of a conservatory, the whole thing has been a success, and the report says, "Came down without accident."

Without being cowards, the Parisians might be pardoned under such circumstances for feeling more at ease on their boulevards than risking their necks in company at the rate of a thousand francs a head; and the "Géant" and the "Godard" in their most famous excursions rarely took up more than eight or ten passengers, their average number being six or five.

The case has been very different, however, with the balloon of the Avenue Suffren, the first, we believe, that has ever put aerial trips within the reach of ordinary purses and ordinary courages. The cost of ascension was twenty francs, and although this sum entitled one to no more than a five minutes voyage, yet the car rarely went up without its full complement of a score or two dozen passengers. It is true there were no dangers here. The balloon, an immense brown silk globe of twenty-one metres diameter, was held in by a cable of three hundred metres (1,200 feet) length and weighing nine hundred kilogrammes (1,800 lbs. English). This cable was wound round a windlass turned by a powerful steam machine of 50-horse power which prevented it from unrolling itself too abruptly; nevertheless the ascensions were extremely rapid; the balloon, filled with hydrogen pure instead of common gas, did not take a minute to run out the whole length of its tether, and had it been allowed to go free it would have shot up

and been out of sight in less time than it takes to count a hundred.

The sensation experienced in rising is of a very exuberant kind. There is something almost intoxicating in that prodigious flight into the cold, pure air, some nine hundred feet above the highest trees and monuments; one's pulse beats faster by twenty to thirty throbs a minute, and it is with real regret that one feels the balloon come to a standstill; four out of every five people who ascend find themselves wishing that the cable would break, and this, be it observed, is a purely physical sensation, quite independent of the enthusiasm caused by the magnificent panorama beneath one. For this reason we should not recommend balloon riding to every one; with women of nervous organization the excitement might very well produce hysterics, and men of weak temperament have been known to be seized with that strange impulse which prompts one, upon the border of a precipice, to throw one's self down. If this impulse is not irresistible, it is yet sufficiently strong to trouble one's mind in a very high degree. A German chemist of great learning, and of well-tryed personal courage, who had ventured upon a scientific ascension from Brussels, a few years ago, lost his head completely when he had got out of sight of land, and screamed hideously for a whole minute; his companions contrived to tranquillize him; but the shock had been very severe, and we have little doubt that from that day he has fought shy of balloons.

We have said that balloons were invented in France. It is to the brothers Montgolfier that the discovery is attributed; but this, it must be added, is only the common version, and it is not surprising that in these days of pretentious erudition the claims of the two brothers to the full merit of their invention should have been more than once called into question. Shakespeare, it has been contested, never wrote, and never could have written, the long series of plays ascribed to him; the true author must have been Sir Francis Bacon. Printing, it is urged, was discovered in China many centuries before the birth of Gutenberg. A member of the Académie des Sciences in Paris has lately been trying to prove that Sir Isaac Newton is a plagiarist of Pascal, and scarcely has the tomb closed over Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, than two Frenchmen step forward to plume themselves with his feathers. In the same way it has been maintained that the discovery of balloons remounts to Dædalus, the well-known artificer of Athens, who planned the labyrinth of Crete, and is supposed to have been the contriver of masts and sails. According to mythology, he had a son whose name was Icarus, and this boy, in trying to fly from the island of Crete to that of Sicily, soared too near the sun, which melted the wax that had been used to stick together the feathers of his wings, and so caused him to fall into the Mediterranean Sea. Ingenious controvertists, who dislike all that savors of miracle, allege that these so-called wings must have been aerial balloons made to ascend (as the first contrivances of the Montgolfiers were), by means of heated air, and the catastrophe of Icarus was consequently nothing more than a first instance of what happened in the last century to the unfortunate Pilatre de Rosiers. It would seem to us more simple to let the quaint legend alone, and to treat it in its proper light of fable; but men of science have a disdainful antipathy to such unlearned explanations.

We must admit, however, — for there is no doubt of the fact, — that the ideas of ascending into the air first germed in men's minds at a very remote period of the world's history. What animals are able to do, men wish to do also, and just as the frog is said to have given man his first lesson in swimming, the lark, the pigeon, or the eagle, probably first suggested to him the possibility of flying. A great many men have, at different times, endeavored to contrive wings, and made ludicrous attempts to keep afloat in the air. Froissart, who lived in the fourteenth century, alludes to an apprentice of Valenciennes, who made himself a pair of wings, "*cinq coudées hautes*," i. e., six feet and a half high, and requested the count of Flanders to

be allowed to try them in his presence. Of course the count assented, and, in some curiosity, came out with his whole court to see the sight; but the performance was exceedingly meagre. After tying his wings to his shoulders, the apprentice was taken up to an embrasure that overlooked the castle drawbridge, and he was just on the point of leaping forward, when the countess became nervous, ordered him to an embrasure that crowned the moat, so that in case of accident he should only get a ducking. This turned out to be a good precaution, for, upon jumping from the battlements, the venturesome youth tumbled head foremost into the water. "*Mais point ne furent mesme un foy ses ailes déployées et tomba tout en une masse*," says the chronicler, which means that he had no time to clap his wings, but went down like a plummet, and at once. Writers of memoirs have noted many other similar attempts during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but, as men became less ignorant, they doubtless learned that even with the lightest and most skilfully contrived mechanism, the strength of man is quite inadequate to keep him afloat even a fraction of a second in the air. Birds are peculiarly and specially conformed for flying; their specific lightness is extreme. All their bones are hollow, but, nevertheless, of great solidity; their feathers offer all the conditions of buoyancy, flexibility, and soundness combined; and the strength of their pectoral muscles relatively to the weight and size of their bodies is enormous. A swan, it is known, can break a man's leg with a stroke of his wings, and the speed of an eagle, even against a furious north wind, is about twice faster than that of an express train. Man, on the contrary, is at once the weakest and heaviest of animals, considering his size — and, granting even that he were born with wings, he would require to be ten times stronger than he actually is, and five times lighter (or ten times lighter, and five times stronger) to make use of them.

When once these truths were established, men turned their thoughts to other modes of aerial ascension than those dependent upon unaided corporal exertions, and it was then that aerial navigation began to be dreamed of, and also to take its place amongst those knotty problems known as "the squaring of a circle," "perpetual movement," and "the philosopher's stone." So early as the year 1640, that is, nearly a century and a half before the construction of the first "Montgolfière," we find that a Frenchman named Cyrano Bergerac had set his mind very seriously to the subject. The name of Bergerac is little known in France, and is possibly quite ignored in England; nevertheless this man was a personage in his day, and passed, with reason, among his contemporaries, for one of the most learned, most clever, but also most eccentric men of France. He was a soldier by profession, and served with distinction, as an officer, at the sieges of Monjou and Arras in the last war undertaken by Cardinal Richelieu. He acquired then a great renown for personal courage, and became chiefly famous for a long and somewhat discreditable series of duels; but his favorite occupations lay rather in the study than in the field, and all the moments he could spare were devoted to researches in philosophy and astronomy, exciting pursuits to a mind of such imagination as his. In the early years of the reign of Louis XIV. he wrote a comedy, "The Pedant Hoaxed" (*Le Pédant Joué*) which was played with immense success in Paris, and which worked something like a revolution in the traditions of the French stage. He was more occupied, however, about the moon than about the earth, and his literary successes here below elated him but little. He had come somehow to suspect that the moon must be inhabited, and this thought, once it had got lodged in his brain, left him no peace. Whether he ever positively contemplated a voyage to our satellite is doubtful, but in the sort of monomania produced by his constant conjectures upon lunar affairs, he shut himself up in his house and wrote a very quaint and humorous book called the "History of the States and Empires of the Moon and Sun." This work is the model from which have been written since, "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift; the "Worlds," by Fontenelle, and "Micromégas," by Voltaire, and it abounds with wit, caustic

satire, and facile erudition. We should be glad to quote at length from it, but as we are dealing with the question of balloons, we must confine ourselves to the few lines which have a direct reference to our subject.

Speaking of his first imaginary voyage to the moon, Bergerac says :—

I had tied round me a number of phials filled with dew, upon which the sun darted its rays with so much force that the heat, attracting them, as it does the clouds, caused me to rise so high that I found myself at last above the mean region. But as the force of attraction was drawing me up too fast, I broke a few of my phials, until I felt my weight outbalance the attraction and drag me to the earth again.

Bergerac was "on the scent" of balloon discovery when he wrote this apparent nonsense; but what follows is much more important :—

. He filled with smoke two large vases, which he sealed hermetically and fastened under his wings; hereupon the smoke, which had a specific tendency to rise, but which was unable to penetrate the metal, pushed the vases upwards so that they rose into the clouds, carrying with them this great man. And he, when he had reached to twenty-five feet above the surface of the moon, untied the vases he had girt as wings around his shoulders, and allowed himself to fall. The height was great, but he wore a long and ample gown, into the folds of which the wind engulfed itself, and thus bore him softly and slowly to earth.

As it has been remarked by writers upon aerostatics, these lines contain the original theory of balloon ascensions, and had Cyrano Bergerac only put his ideas — with slight modifications — into practice, he would have invented not merely balloons, but also parachutes. For the whole theory of balloons rests upon this principle, that whenever a body is plunged into a fluid of weight superior to its own it floats. Thus, a cork rises to the surface of water, and a cannon-ball to that of quicksilver. By the same law, too, clouds float in the air; with this difference, however, that they do not keep upon the upper surface of the layer of air which surrounds the globe, but rise to a height where a volume of air of the same extent as their own has a precisely equal weight. For, differing in this point from liquids which are but very slightly compressible, the lower strata of the atmosphere, loaded with all the weight of the upper strata, have a much greater density than these last; that is to say, that a cubic foot of air, for instance, taken at the surface of the earth, weighs considerably heavier than a cubic foot taken at fifty, a hundred, or two hundred feet above the earth.

Thus, if a body of any kind be lighter than an equal volume of air at the surface of the earth, it will rise; but, meeting successively with layers of air, which grow lighter and lighter as it ascends, it will end by remaining stationary at the point where, the respective volumes being equal, the weight of the air will be the same as its own.

That Cyrano Bergerac understood this principle is evident, but it remained for the Montgolfiers to put it into operation. These two brothers, James and Joseph, were paper manufacturers at Annonay, and they had already distinguished themselves by the invention of a machine known as the "hydraulic ram" (*belier hydraulique*) when they contrived their first balloon in the year 1783. This balloon was of enormous size, being 35 feet in diameter, 110 feet in circumference, and able to hold 25,000 cubic feet of air. It was made of canvas, lined with paper, and weighed 500 lbs. The excitement occasioned by its first trial in public was extraordinary, for people made up their minds that the secret of aerial navigation had been discovered, and that henceforth the high-roads of the heavens would be open to everybody. The first balloon, however, ascended alone, without carrying any one with it. A large aperture had been contrived in the lower part, and under it was lit a straw fire, which introduced into the canvas globe 22,300 cubic feet of hot air, much lighter consequently than the surrounding atmosphere; for, it is one of the properties of heat to dilate all the bodies which it penetrates, and to make them fill a much larger space than when they are cold. It is thus that a volume of air, heated at a temperature of boiling water

(i. e., 100° Centigrade, or 212° Fahrenheit), is greater by $\frac{1}{10}$ than at the temperature of 0° Centigrade (32° Fahrenheit), and that at the temperature of 250° Centigrade (350° Fahrenheit) it becomes almost double. The hot air thus dilated inside the balloon tended to rise, and met with no resistance but that of the canvas covering; by degrees, however, it became so light that its weight, added to that of the balloon, was less than an equal volume of surrounding air, whereupon, to the astonishment and delight of the spectators, the "*Montgolfière*" rose majestically from the earth and soared aloft to a height of two or three hundred feet.

This experiment was repeated everywhere with equal success, and on the 15th October, 1783, M. Pilatre de Rosiers and the Marquis of Arlande ventured themselves courageously into a car fastened beneath the balloon, and rose several times to a height of 300 feet. The balloon was held in by cables. This success emboldened them, and on the 21st November — a great day in aeronautical annals — the two intrepid noblemen determined upon a free ascension. The starting-place appointed was at the Bois de Boulogne, and all Paris turned out of doors to witness the sensational spectacle. As the Marquis of Arlande was stepping into the car, Louis XVI., who was present, spoke with some concern of the dangers which might attend the experiment. "Sire," answered the marquis, who was an officer, and who had been long waiting for oft-promised but oft-deferred promotion, "sire, your Majesty's Minister of War has made me so many promises in the air, and has suffered me to build so many castles in the same place, that I am going up to take a look at both." The balloon rose magnificently, soared to a height of nearly 1,500 yards, and, after crossing right over Paris, fell, at the end of seventeen minutes, at six miles from its starting-point. It is needless to add that the marquis obtained his promotion, the king saying, as he gave it him in person, "*You have gone higher, sir, of yourself than I can ever raise you.*" ("*Je ne vous élèverai jamais, Monsieur, si haut que vous êtes monté tout seul.*")

During the next eighteen months more balloons were sent up in different parts of France, and without accident; but on the 15th June 1785, an appalling catastrophe occurred, and led to a radical change in the science of aerostatics. Messrs. Pilatre de Rosiers and Romain had contemplated crossing the Channel between France and England. For this purpose they started from Boulogne in a car attached to two balloons, the one filled with hydrogen gas and the other with heated air. At the height of about 2,000 feet, however, the fire that was supplying the latter with the hot air communicated itself to the canvas, and in a minute the whole contrivance was in a blaze; the ropes snapped, and the unhappy aeronauts were hurled, frightfully burned and mangled, to the ground. This deplorable event caused a most painful impression in France; but — as often happens in the case of calamities — it bred good by making future aeronauts more careful, and inducing them also to make use of nothing but hydrogen in their ascensions. It was the experimentalists, Charles, who first imagined this improvement, which has two advantages; that of greatly adding to the safety of balloons, and that of facilitating a considerable reduction in their bulk, for, the first *Montgolfières*, being filled with air of which the weight was but $\frac{1}{4}$ less than that of the surrounding atmosphere, were necessarily enormous. It is true the cost of balloon ascensions was notably increased by the new system; but questions of life and limb go before those of pounds and pence.

The operation of filling a balloon is very simple, although it often requires a long time, especially in the case of monster globes like the "*Géant*" of Nadar, and the "*Aigle*" of the brothers Goddard. This is how it is practised: The balloon, hanging limp and collapsed, is hooked up by the top to a rope fastened to two lofty poles. Around it are a number of barrels into which have been thrown a quantity of iron shavings with some sulphuric acid and water; the barrels are hermetically closed. The water then decomposes itself, its oxygen unites itself to the iron,

and the hydrogen thus formed escapes by a metallic pipe and gradually fills the balloon, which is kept from rising before the time by strong cables fastened to weights of 200 lbs. or 300 lbs.

Amongst the most remarkable ascensions of the last century may be noticed that of the two Englishmen, Blanchard and Jeffries, who crossed from Dover to Calais on the 7th January, 1785, six months before the catastrophe of Pilatre de Rosiers. In a subsequent ascension in France, the first woman who had ventured into a balloon, a Madame Rainier, fell out of the car and was killed. This accident ought to have excited a considerable amount of commiseration for the fate of the victim, and should have bred also a feeling of well-merited sympathy for the bereaved husband, an officer of engineers; but somehow the French, who were fonder of jesting than they are now, took the thing from a diametrically opposite point of view, and gave vent to sundry inspirations in doggerel, which, to say nothing else, partook but little of the character of elegies.

One of them, appended to a comical work on balloons, published in 1785, and on the frontispiece of which was a picture of a woman falling out of an aerial car, whilst her husband smoked his pipe in peace and watched her go, began like this (it is the author who speaks) :—

Je cours, madame,
Mener ma femme
Se promener en ballon ;
Monsieur, pourquoi ?
Eh ! eh ! ma foi !
C'est commode un ballon !

Upon my life,
I'll take my wife
A ride in a balloon ;
And pray, sir, why ?
Eh ! madam, aye !
A fine thing a balloon !

This does not precisely teem with wit, but the purport is clear enough.

On the 18th June, 1786, took place the ascension of the physicist Tester, which was attended with somewhat comical results. After starting from Paris alone, and in a balloon of small dimensions filled with hydrogen, the learned man came down at the village of Montmorency. He descended, however, in a field of nearly ripe corn, and the proprietor, indignant at the damage done, came out with a number of his peasants to clamor for compensation. Tester refused obstinately to pay anything, on the not very sane ground that the harm done was accidental; whereupon the laborers, with the view of dragging him before the local magistrate, seized hold of one of the ropes and towed the balloon after them, whilst a farm boy, in order to prevent the experimentalist from escaping, climbed into the car and took his seat opposite him. After going half a mile, Tester began to reflect that, being clearly in the wrong, he should in all probability be forced to pay; but this idea being in all ways uncongenial to him, he as soon set to planning his flight, and threw out at once a large portion of his ballast; this done, he opened his knife and quietly cut the rope by which he was being hauled before justice, upon which, to the immense stupefaction of the rustics, who understood nothing of the new invention, and to the unspeakable disgust of the farm boy, the balloon rose swiftly into the air and disappeared in the clouds. It is said that when the farm boy descended an hour later, and a few leagues off, in the company of the aeronaut, his hair had turned gray. Up to a very recent date there were old men in the village of Montmorency who remembered this episode, and spoke of it as something strange and unearthly, nearly akin to a miracle, or to a deed of darkness.

It would take us too long to chronicle even the most remarkable amongst the aerial ascensions which occupied the attention of the French public during the last few years of the old Bourbon monarchy; but we must observe, in conclusion, that it is an error to suppose—as many people do—that balloons were first adapted to military reconnoitring purposes during the recent American war. As early as 1794, that is, during the reign of the Republican Convention, and under the war Ministry of Carnot, a corps of "aerostiers" was formed to assist the army of "Sambre et Meuse" in its operations. The commanding officer was an engineer, Colonel Coutelle, and the services

he rendered at the sieges of Maubeuge, Charleroi, and Fleurus, were so great that the government appointed a second corps of "aerostiers" to assist the army on the Rhine. There was, however, a great difficulty to contend against, that of keeping the balloons stationary above the towns where it was needful to reconnoitre. Colonel Coutelle made a great many attempts to surmount this difficulty; but it was soon found to be insuperable, at least by such means as science was then able to dispose of, and it was recognized then, as it still is now, that balloons must be useless, or nearly so, until means shall have been found of directing them at will through the air. Is it materially possible to invent such means? This is a question which many learned men are doubtless endeavoring to solve at this very minute, the problem being, to invent a machine endowed with sufficient strength to surmount by the velocity of its oars or sails the resistance of the air and atmospheric currents, and, at the same time sufficiently light not to outweigh a volume of air of identical bulk.

This, men of the present day say, is impossible; our grandchildren, or our great-grandchildren, however, may prove the contrary; but, meanwhile, considering the total and startling revolution which aerial navigation must inevitably work in the condition and habits of mankind, we may be excused for saying that the world can well afford to wait yet a few years more for a solution.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN ON THE DUTY OF SUICIDE.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN, in a letter¹ which we print elsewhere, declares that he feels no hesitation in asserting suicide to be sometimes a *duty*, and he intimates that this opinion is somewhat widely spread amongst cultivated persons, but suppressed, from the odium attaching to the profession of such opinions. We attribute very little importance to scattered expressions of opinion of this kind from persons who have not weighed the whole question in all its bearings, and whose imagination is probably greatly influenced by the painful impression produced by a mere individual case of hopeless suffering. All it seems to us to show is, what we have long known, that the importance attached to visible utilitarian consequences as compared with the

¹ Sir, — I write to you at the request of Mr. Lionel Tollemache, who decides, rightly or wrongly, that I have something to say which may interest you.

He remarks that you seem to regard it as a *reductio ad absurdum* to his views of euthanasia that they would make out suicide to be sometimes a *duty*. Many years ago I had full reason to believe that a friend of mine (a man morally and intellectually deserving high esteem), in an illness lingering and hopeless, withdrew himself from life somewhat prematurely by means of chloroform. I have no doubt whatever it was under a sense of duty. It led me to sound persons now and then as to what they thought of this terminating life, in case of hopeless disease, especially insanity; and the prevalent reply was to the effect, "I give no opinion; but there are many who think a painful, useless, and hopeless life ought to be ended." If the present discussion should lead to freer avowals, without fear of odium, it will be valuable. I should like to have the Commissioners who visit lunatics anywhere called on authoritatively for their sincere opinions on the subject.

Somewhat earlier, in reading travels, perhaps Mungo Park's travels and accounts of North American Indians, I was led to meditate on such cases as that of a party forced to travel rapidly through forest or desert where one of them suddenly falls in strength. If the rest stay to carry him, all will perish. They reluctantly leave him behind. Sometimes he begs to be killed, lest he perish of slow starvation, or by vermin devouring him. The fact, I confess, led me to the conviction that we overstrain our reluctance to shorten life. But to fear to leave a human being to perish alone, especially at command, when else others will perish carelessly for him, seemed to me the case which very often occurs in sickness, where tending the sick risks the health of those round him; where the strong and young are crippled, that an old person may miserably linger a few months longer. I, for one, look with horror on allowing tender kindfolk to sacrifice youthful life in order to add days or weeks to my life when worn out.

Of course it is evident that irregular and stealthy self-destruction, against the moral opinion of a community, has contingent evils far greater than could occur if such practice were publicly sanctioned under fixed conditions. I take it for granted, that as marriage, adoptions, wills are in every well-organized state registered under public officers, so if euthanasia were legalised, it would be with like securities against abuse. The registrar would be required to interrogate the patient before witnesses, who would attest his desire of death; and medical testimony be added as to the hopelessness of recovery. Near kindfolk now earnestly desire the death of a patient, who he is suffering agony, or even delirium and painful delusions, without his doing it, he does not understand how any one can fear abuse, if death were legalised under deliberately planned restrictions such as I have hinted. — I am, Sir, etc.

Weston-super-Mare, February, 1878.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN

re excited by spiritual instincts, is rapidly increasing, and at irresponsible individual opinion is much more apt to hasty now in underestimating the weight to be attached unreasoned recoils from unnatural acts, and in overestimating the argument from calculable and visible results, as it used to be. Probably, however, the very persons whom Professor Newman has found half favorable to suicide, or to the policy of extinguishing the life of sufferers for whom there is no hope, would not only shrink from backing their opinion, as Mr. Tollemache and Professor Newman have done, by a publicly avowed conviction, but would on reconsideration that theirs was not a conviction at all, but a hasty impulse of pity for the suffering involved in particular case. However, in the present article we wish limit ourselves strictly to the subject of suicide. We observe that Professor Newman, though his letter ends by intimating on the formal assent of the patient, really implies much more, when he suggests that the commissioners who in lunatic asylums should be consulted as to the humanity of putting a term to hopeless sufferings; and when he refers to the very natural wish of the friends of persons suffering agony or even delirium and painful delusions "that the end may come soon, as testimony in his favor. In both cases, the testimony is evidently genuine only to the vindication of the policy of extinguishing the life of others. An insane, delirious, or lunatic patient is just one whom it would be a mockery to consult about his own fate; while the hopeless paralytic, whose power of communicating with the external world is at an end, could not be consulted. Professor Newman, therefore, must hint at legalizing, not merely voluntary and deliberate suicide, but the termination — by relations or friends — of the sufferings of others, and we pointed out last week what we confess we think an unanswerable argument against that course. As it is obvious, however, that the strength of the position of the euthanasianists lies in the case of suicide deliberately decided upon by a mind in possession of its reason, and if it fails there, there will be little chance for them of success in their advocacy of the benevolent murder of patients unable to give a rational consent, we will confine ourselves at we have to say to-day strictly to the discussion of Professor Newman's position — that suicide may be right even a positive duty, and, of course, that in such cases it is simply wrong to interpose the veto of the law, and the moral opprobrium which the veto of the law carries with it. Professor Newman's conviction of what he regards as the right or even the occasional duty of suicide is grounded, of course, on the serious sacrifices which are sometimes required from those who are not, or, at least, would not otherwise be, in any danger of death, in order to prolong, or that sometimes very slightly, the lives of those who are in such cases the sufferer sometimes begs to be killed, or gives us two instances: In travelling rapidly through desert or desert countries, if the health of one of the party is such that either all must seriously endanger life, perhaps all perishing, through waiting to help him, or they must leave him helpless, to encounter a still more certain death. In such cases the sufferer sometimes begs to be killed, or to perish by a much slower and more painful death, or of starvation, or by the attacks of wild animals. Are we to sacrifice the lives of all to no purpose for his sake? or to leave him to a certain death, yet refuse to shorten the time of that death? or to sanction his suicide? Again, Newman puts a case, not nearly so strong on its humane side, but intended, we suppose, to be stronger on the side of duty, of an aged man dying of a slow disease which is out of the health of those who tend him, though that health is far more important to the happiness and future prospects of those who sacrifice it, than the brief prolongation of a worn-out life can be to the happiness of the individual, and he says boldly, "I (for one) look with horror on requiring tender kinsfolk to sacrifice youthful health in order to add days or weeks to my life, when worn out." In other words he declares it would be the duty of such an invalid to liberate his nurses by putting an end to his own life. It is surely it is obvious that in the former case, — that of a sick traveller in jungles or deserts, — there is no new moral element at all which is not present in almost all

cases of proposed suicide. The really delicate question is that which bears upon the duty of abandoning the sick man rather than throwing away apparently the lives of all by delaying the march; but that is not a question of the morality of suicide; it is a question of a conflict of duties of a very impressive kind; and the decision that would be right for one such party of explorers might very well be wrong for another, — a great deal depending on the sort of tie between the different members of it. It is both natural and, no doubt, a duty, to risk a far greater danger for one to whom there is a very close tie, than any it would be natural or a duty to risk for a comparative stranger to whom you have no intimate ties of feeling at all, while there may be very close ties to those interested in your welfare at home. But even if the question be determined in favor of abandoning the sick man to his fate at his own request, there is no advance at all towards the solution of the question of the right and duty of suicide. If suicide is right for an invalid suffering from hopeless disease at home, it is right here. If it is wrong for such an invalid, it is wrong here. The mere heightened terrors of a lonely, desolate, and perhaps horrible death can make no difference of kind in the problem. The agony may be worse than the agony of cancer and frequent delirium combined, but if it is right to endure the one agony patiently, it is right to endure the other. It is impossible to say in such a case that it is a man's duty to cut short his own life. He is clearly showing far more fortitude and trust in waiting for death than in anticipating the end of his own pangs. Whatever else you said of a man who had endured to the end the lonely agony, no one would say of him that he had failed in his duty, that he ought to have sooner ended his own sufferings. There will always be a hesitation and a doubt about the motives of the man who terminates his own sufferings; there will never be any about the motives of him who suffers on bravely to the end.

But Professor Newman grounds the motive of the second case of suicide he puts, distinctly on the disinterested obligation of your duty to others. You ought not, he says, to let tender kinsfolk sacrifice youthful health in order to add days or weeks to a worn-out life. And he cordially approves of the high sense of duty shown, in his opinion, by the friend who, as he has reason to believe, "withdrew himself from life somewhat prematurely by means of chloroform." Now, first, that sense of duty, if it were one, would surely be a very revolutionary sense of duty, supposing it were to spread much amongst the people. Where is the distinction between the duty of liberating anxious friends from painful and, for their particular purpose, fruitless demands on their strength and health, and the duty of our helpless pauper population of diminishing the pressure of the rates on the poorer rate-payers, by a similarly disinterested act of abdication? If such an act be a duty at all, it must surely be a duty for every man to calculate whether he is more burden, or more help and pleasure, to the world in which he lives, and if he decides that he is the former, then in case he can remedy the mischief by no other mode, he should accept the duty of suicide. Here is a stringent mode indeed of providing for the unproductive classes by early educating their sense of duty. If a sick man is surrounded by "tender kinsfolk," he is, at least, at whatever loss of health and happiness to them, exercising some of the very highest affections and virtues, — disinterested love, patience, and self-sacrifice. But the wretched paupers who are not surrounded by tender kinsfolk at all, who see no good arising out of their sufferings, and who may know that they are costing much to fellow-sufferers, not more able to bear the burden than themselves — would not they be bound even more than the aged invalid whose case Professor Newman considers so clear, by the same rule? If, then, there is to be a duty of suicide, it would surely be a duty by no means exceptional. It would be a duty affecting all who believed themselves to be, on the whole and without remedy, a burden and trouble to their fellow-creatures, instead of a blessing. Indeed, we are clear that if life is not to be regarded as a trust which we have no right to lay down, either merely at our own discretion or only

because we think that it is the cause of more pain than pleasure to our fellow-creatures, a totally new and most dangerous class of questions, which might acquire a most serious significance for any nation that entertained them, would at once arise. If there be such a thing, as Professor Newman thinks, as the duty of suicide at all, it is a duty of enormously wide sweep, for it is hardly too much to say that a considerable portion of every population on the globe might have quite as much reason as his aged invalid to think themselves a mere burden on the face of the earth, a cause of irremediable sorrow to others and no cause of joy to themselves. And once let the duty turn on such a doubtful subjective balance of considerations, and where would this stream of apparently inexpensive but ultimately costly spiritual emigration end? Does Professor Newman think that people would be deterred from suicide by a registrar's refusal to grant a *bene decessit* in their case, if they had once got rid, by the help of the law itself, of all scruple as to the morality of self-destruction?

But, next, to go a little nearer the root of the question, the fallacy, as it seems to us, in the assertion that a man ought to shorten his own life in order to defeat the tenderness and abridge the self-sacrifices of his kinsfolk, lies here, — that it denies the duty to live in itself, as distinguished from the duty of doing good to others and ourselves. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why, if that be so, it would be otherwise than a noble act for the heir to a great fortune and estate, who was persuaded that his younger brother would fill it inestimably better than himself, but that nothing would persuade him to fill it during his own life-time to make a vacancy by suicide. It would be said very justly that a man could not know enough of his own and his brother's qualifications to decide on this so positively, that it would be great presumption, and putting himself in the place of Providence, to do so. No doubt; but that applies also, though perhaps in a less degree, to the case of the suicide who puts an end to his life to save his kinsfolk from sacrificing their health and happiness. How does he know that the sacrifice of his life will not prematurely stop up some vein of affection and self-denial in the character of some of those kinsfolk, of the importance of which he had no knowledge? Professor Newman's and Mr. Tollemache's theory is founded really on the belief that man is as good a judge of the time to terminate his life as he is of its other duties, — that his conscience can tell him as clearly when he should take the step into the next world, as when he should take any specific step in this. We hold, on the contrary, that God sets limits to our judgment and conscience, where He sets a limit to our sight. We cannot choose *as a duty* to go into a world into which we do not even know the conditions of right entrance. We cannot say that between the duty of fortitude for ourselves and for others, and the duty of taking a leap in the dark, the latter is the higher. There is a clear duty to be fulfilled in bearing misery well ourselves, while we are miserable, and also even in enduring with humility to be the cause of pain and suffering to others, where God has granted us no mode of alleviating it except a leap in the dark against which even nature rebels. The reaction against the theology which makes obedience and submissiveness the first of virtues, goes much too far when it encourages us to take into our own hands the discretion of giving up life itself, — on the strength of a blind and probably worthless calculation of the profit-and-loss account which the remainder of life is likely to yield.

THE CURLER.

We are in a bleak bit of winter landscape in a Scottish county, where the highlands and the lowlands meet. Low grassy hills, breaking down to meadows that would be swamp if they were not frozen; a sheet of ice glancing in a chilly sun and reflecting a steel-blue sky; some plank bridges with rude hand-rails flung here and there across a fosse; a railway running alongside, with a scrap of a

wooden shed that might possibly shelter thirty people; and at a standstill in front of it, or shunted on weed-grown sidings, some three or four trains, the last-arrived of them pouring forth scores of muscular mortals abounding with life and vigor. This melancholy station is plainly the end of the journey. They are bent on pleasure, and seem extremely likely to find it. Although the air is almost keen enough to freeze the laughter on their lips, already they are flinging shaggy "big coats" from their shoulders, or unwinding their voluminous plaids. Most of them wear rough homespun, warranted to turn any amount of weather; but there are others who appear in smooth broadcloth. Some are voluble of Gaelic, or translate their guttural vernacular into English, marked with a childish lisp strangely at variance with their manly looks. Others indulge in a wide range of broad Lowland patois, from honest Low Scotch to a villainous Glasgow twang. It is a Babel of Scottish speech, Highland and Low Country, gentle and simple, where every one chimes in and is hail fellow well met with every one else. Each has his personal luggage, and all the luggage is alike: a pair of ponderous boulders of stone, weighing on an average some five-and-twenty pounds apiece, and looking as if they had been vaguely modelled on Stilton cheeses. Some are in the rough — coarse whinstone or native granite — with a rude iron handle riveted in the upper surface. Others, and these are the majority, are got up with a certain coquetry. They are sculptured from flawless material with an eye to artistic effect as well as use. The upper side is highly polished; the lower much less so. The handles may be fitted to the one side or the other, according as the ice may be keen or "drug." They are of mahogany or ebony, relieved with bands of brass, and with shields sculptured with monograms or armorial bearings. These more sumptuous stones are protected from risk of chipping by strong cases of close-wove wicker-work. And these are all curling stones; and their owners — streaming about the ice by the time like scattering strings of frozen-out wild duck — are curlers. It is the grand match of the winter, played between the Lowlands and the Highlands. And this is the trysting place, the ponds of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

Not even cricket blends classes like curling — not even golf is played by men of more various age. The votaries of the game seem to cling to it the more for the change of times and seasons. Men talk sadly of the good old years when you could count confidently on so many weeks of black frost. But they are only the more eager to snatch at such flying blessings as Providence may send them, and the first promise of frost sets the whole parish on the qui vive. The frost has been biting for some nights past at the fish curling pond on the bleak plateau, and at length it has laid fast hold. Even in warmer nooks and more sheltered situations, the inhabitants wake to see thick rime on their window-panes and the "dubs" by their doors bound in iron. As they step out to make assurance doubly sure, anticipation catches at the breath that curls up in clouds upon the air. Men with no nerves to speak of make some what less hearty breakfast than usual, and Geordie Meikleneive, tenant of the croft of Windygoul, has left an imperial quart or so of porridge in the bottom of his mighty bicker. Then he pushes it impatiently aside, while the gude-wife lifts her plump arms in comic sympathy with his excitement, and he shuts her lips with a resounding kiss as she knots a great red comforter round his neck, and thrusts a great package of cheese and oatcake into his capacious pocket. There is yet a touch of night rawness in the air he steps into, though it will soon dry and crisp in the sunlight. Through a floating veil of gray haze the sun is just showing over the ridge of the neighboring hill; and, casting a satisfied look towards him, Mr. Meikleneive distinguishes a large looming figure approaching. And through the mist comes a hearty greeting, and Meikleneive recognizes Braidacres, who keeps three yoke and a half of horses, "forbye the hill pasture for his hogs." Although independent enough, Meikleneive feels a certain grateful satisfaction at the cordial manner of the wealthy farmer.

pair have a common topic that lies close to both their hearts, and with Braidacres' "I'm thinking the ice will be grand order, George," behold them launched in animated talk. No fear of the theme palling, though they've a long two miles of walk before them. Besides, the party gathers like a rolling snowball. There are five of them following each other in single file when they take the short cut through the shaking moss, and they can see the cubs rising to their laughter from the bit of running water that skirts the moss half a mile ahead.

On the other side they strike the high road, in time to affright the muffled occupants of a jogging gig, "Airy-ow" and "Mossydivots," so called from the names of the four residential farms. Then they turn their heads to the rear and of sharp ringing hoofs behind them, approaching the action very different to those of Airyknowe's ancient pony. It is the laird himself in his double dog-cart, his kilt-superannated forester seated by his side, his butler driving his head gamekeeper behind. His groom he has sent ahead.

The walking party range up by the roadside, removing air hats in a rustic salute. There is something besides a pair of curling-stones balancing the dog-cart—a case of Glenisla whiskey, considerably over proof, the very thing to correct any quantity of chill. "Lord be here, ye're at it already, sirs!" exclaims Mr. Meikleneive, as his ear catches a dull, softened roar in the interval of vociferations they have been listening to for long. Hastening on their steps, the next turn shows them the struggling sunbeams brightening up a merry group, some sweeping away the ice with ardent care—(we should have said that each of our companions of the road carries a besom of oom under his arm)—others stooping with hands on knees, like fielders at cricket; others, again, with their backs to the players, talking and gesticulating. That last sight reassures our friends. "They'll only be trying the new," ejaculates Braidacres, with a deep sigh of relief; and it proves.

Social equality is the order of the day, and yet as the laird has announced his arrival they pay him the tribute of waiting for him for a few minutes. Social equality is the order of the day, and Saunders Strangarm, a blacksmith, the hero of the ice. The laird can curl as well as all, but Saunders can curl better; moreover, though not very bright in a general way, he has the instinct of the game, and somehow proves himself the abler strategist. Saunders makes the most of the circumstances, and in a gruffly good-humored greeting he addresses to his landlord there is a certain dignified consciousness he does his best to suppress. Naturally he stands forward to do the honors of the ice. And round him are clustered farmers and crofters and shepherds, with the schoolmaster, who has persuaded the laird to ask a holiday for the "bairns," and the "merchant" from the parish shop, and the doctor, who has laid out his beat for the day so that its line shall cross the curling pond. There are enough of them present already to make up three "rinks" or parties—ten players to each—and belated ones had better look sharp, for there is but room on the ice for four. The laird and the blacksmith act skips or captains on opposite sides, and when they are hard at it. At a distance of twenty-two yards are the "tees" or marks, and round each of these as a centre is described a series of three circles. The object of either side is to lay its stone or stones nearest the tee. Consequently, when a stone is well placed, the next object is to guard it with others so that the enemy shall not be able to disturb it, and when the centre way is so thoroughly locked that little or none of the object stone is visible, the science comes into play. You take "an inwick" off the other stones—that is to say, you make a cannon from the side edge that shall land you where you desire to go, or else with an adroit turn of the wrist you send your stone curling round the others, turning the positions of the enemy, and insinuating itself behind the guards by the help of the bias you have lent it. But we have no time to dwell on technicalities; we can only touch on effects. The play is at its height, though drawing to its close; the last

game is being keenly contested, and as you look on you confess that curling well deserves the epithet of the rousing game.

It is being keenly contested, and no wonder. Not only honor depends on it, but the dinner-supper of beef and greens and whiskey toddy that is to be defrayed by the losers. It is not often you catch a Scotch countryman betting in any shape, and when you do, the excitement is proportionate to the rarity of the event. Long ago our friend Meikleneive has recklessly cast away the comforter his helpmate wound so fondly round his neck.

Now he is skipping along the ice lightly and easily as a veteran dray-horse, sweeping vigorously before the stone of his friend Mossydivots. Strangarm, his skip, with his "Scoop it up, man; scoop it up," is urging him unnecessarily to increased exertions while performing a frantic *pas seul* round the spot he longs that the stone may reach. Nay, in his excitement he lays a broad, unhallowed hand on the chest of the laird, thrusting him backwards, and if the laird resents it, it is only because he is as anxious as the blacksmith to see the result of Mossydivots' play. For himself, the laird is coughing in a manner that shakes every fibre of his athletic frame, and fully justifies the warnings of his wife and the doctor against his facing a long day's frost. Who cares for coughs or cold? Not he, and certainly no one else. Not one of his tenants or dependants cares to affect a sympathy they have no time to nourish.

And at last the game is over, and just in time, for the falling shades of night are dimming the figures at the other end of the pond into groups of frantic, noisy phantoms, and the laird is beaten, and Strangarm has justified his great reputation, and is in tremendous feather accordingly. Yet with "pawky" shrewdness he contrives to glorify his party indirectly by generously praising the play of his enemies, and, indeed, the game was so close that they have no reason to be ashamed. Moreover, there is no certainty in human things; there is a grand promise of frost to-night, and their fate to-day may be his to-morrow.

And now an excellent—we do not say the better—part of the day's enjoyment is to come. The party adjourns to the village inn, where the mistress serves the banquet in her accustomed sumptuous style, as next week's county paper will tell you. What appetites and what jollity! The beef and greens disappear as if the guests were so many Indians who had dropped into a drove of buffalo after a month's short commons. The lips of the most silent are unloosed, and the game of the day furnishes matter of conversation on which every one can interest and excite himself. Jokes are served up that are all the more welcome for having done duty year after year; nor is sly humor wanting of a fresher quality. The worthy gentlemen of the Liquor League would turn pale at the consumption of stiff brimmers of whiskey toddy. The laird does not, although he would set his face against anything like excess; nor does the minister, who has just looked in for half an hour. They know very well that temperance is relative—that any one of the cheery convives would walk away easily under a load of liquor that would set many Southerners staggering. As the flow of soul and spirits goes on, the party grow the merrier and more good-humored, and they break up at last, discreet as judges, if scarcely as grave. They have some good games afterward, but no more dinners. And here they are, the smith and the laird, at the Caledonian curling pond—each with his quartette of followers. But this time the local rivals are brothers indeed, and stand shoulder to shoulder for the honor of the parish and the North. And some hundreds of Scotch parishes have sent forth their champions as well, following them with their ardent aspirations, and solemnly entrusting the local honor to their charge. And the news of the event of the day will carry joy or chastened lamentation to thousands of households, and will form matter of discussion until some future general gathering shall furnish opportunity of appeal.

THE NEW EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE two hundred volumes which give directions for every act of an Emperor of China's life are no doubt very dry and dull reading, and it is rather difficult to find any one who is well up in their details. The various accounts, coming from different sources, which were given to me of the marriage ceremonies, formed a good illustration of this. No two of them ever agreed, and it was hard for an outer barbarian to decide as to which was the correct statement. The ceremonies connected with the Emperor's ascension to the throne seem to be equally subject to uncertainty. No doubt every particular is in the pages of the two hundred volumes, but the difficulty is to find some one who has read and studied that important work. From every quarter where you inquire, a different story is given, and under such circumstances one can only repeat what the best authorities do not seem to differ upon.

One cause of the uncertainty is owing to this being an exceptional case. Emperors of China have generally been married before they came to the throne; but there are now two exceptions. One occurred some centuries ago, and the other is the present Emperor, the details between the marriage of an Imperial Prince and that of an Emperor being no doubt very different; and hence the difficulty to learn the precise programme for the event. Even the Board of Rites seem to have got distracted in the midst of so many complicated ceremonies. They made a blunder in a letter or character in the new titles just conferred on the two Dowager Empresses, and the *Peking Gazette* announces that "Their Majesties are inadvertently styled 'Hwang-how' instead of 'Hang-t'ai-how.'" For this piece of extraordinary negligence, the clerks and secretaries of the Council who committed the blunder, and the Grand Secretary of State charged with the examination of such documents, are handed over to the Board of Civil Office, "to be dealt with." Whether this means a present of a silken cord, or suicide by swallowing gold leaf, I know not, but it is evident that those queer-looking characters which we are familiar with on tea boxes, are most important matters when they have to do with the titles of an Emperor or Empress in this country.

Some time ago the two Empresses issued a proclamation that the young Emperor would take the supreme command of the Government early in the new year; and they ordered the Astronomical Board to find out a propitious day for the event. The 23d of February was the day selected. The first part of the ceremonies is the presentation of a petition to the Emperor, asking him to ascend the throne. This is, no doubt, a mere formality, but it would be a curious point to know who assumes the right to petition an Emperor of China to come to the throne. It seems to imply a right of opinion somewhere as to whether he should come to the throne or not. A proclamation, announcing the event to the whole empire, figures largely in the ceremonies. The Phoenix is about as important a heraldic figure in China as the Dragon. It is one of the Imperial insignia, and on this occasion one of gold appears with the proclamation hanging to its beak. The Emperor first worships at the tablets of his ancestors; then the officer of the Astronomical Board announces that the auspicious moment has arrived. The Emperor then ascends a golden chariot, elephants and guards in attendance; the members of the Board of Rites are there to guide every movement. When the procession reaches the Great Hall, the President of the Board of Rites kneels and prays the Emperor to ascend the throne. This he does sitting with his face towards the south. Gongs and music now sound through the hall, and the whole court fall on their knees, and perform the Kow-tow—that is, they strike their foreheads nine times on the ground. He is now Emperor, or "Vicegerent of all under Heaven," and worshipped as such. It has then to be declared to the Universe, and the proclamation is taken from the beak of the Phoenix. The Imperial Seal had been placed on a table; it is applied to the proclamation, and the President

of the Board of Rites comes forward, and kneeling, receives it in a golden vase. The Emperor has now finished his part of the ceremony, and he retires on his golden chariot to his private apartments in the palace. The proclamation is next taken to a raised platform, from which it is read, every one kneeling all the time. It is then returned to the golden vase, and carried back to the golden Phoenix, from whose bill it is again suspended. It is afterwards taken, with many ceremonies, to be copied and sent to all parts of the empire.

That is a very rough sketch of the ceremony, but I believe that it contains the main features of what is to take place. It is equivalent to coronations in Westminster Abbey; but there is no anointing oil, and no putting of a crown on the head. Here we have a bird—the Phoenix—a sort of celestial creature, a messenger from heaven bearing the proclamation, or declaration, that the "Son of Heaven" is to reign. When an Emperor of China dies and departs on "the great journey," he "ascends on the Dragon, to be a guest on high;" such is the official language in which it is expressed. When a new Emperor mounts the throne, the Phoenix comes from above to announce his advent. This close and constant intercommunication with the next world may seem strange to Europeans, but it is familiar to the people of this country. We boast of our railways and our facilities for travelling from one country to another, but here, when an Emperor of China dies, the great Dragon performs the part of a special train to heaven. We cannot telegraph beyond the narrow limits of this small globe of ours, but here, when a new Emperor comes to the throne, the Phoenix appears with the latest telegraphic despatch, or official document, from "on high," containing the appointment. There is even a banking or money-order office system between this world and the next. Deceased ancestors seem to be very poor, or in the regions which they inhabit perhaps the prices of everything may have gone up of late, for large remittances have to be continually sent. Everywhere we can see paper imitations of Sycee silver, which are cast in ingots of the form of an ancient shoe. The imitations are made of silvered paper, and look exactly like the cast ingots. By burning a number of these at an ancestral tablet an equivalent sum is transmitted to the defunct individual. There must be a very large quantity of these paper shoes used, if one may judge from the supply visible in the shops. The bullock which is burned at the winter solstice at the Temple of Heaven is supposed to ascend to the celestial regions; and, if I mistake not, the Chinese believe this of all sacrifices which are consumed by fire.

A new sovereign ascending the throne of China must be an important event, not only to China itself, but to the whole world. One may to a certain extent estimate its importance by comparing it with similar events in Europe. A new monarch, the creation of a new empire, or the fall of an old one, gives matter for talk everywhere; diplomatic notes are flying about, and special correspondents are despatched to the scene of the event, while illustrated papers are blazing with pictures of everything connected with it; and yet the whole of Europe put together, is not larger than the country Tung-chih now commences to rule over. The generally accepted figure for the population of China is 360,000,000, which is very nearly double that of India. With the exception of the Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, the empire is at peace, and is prosperous. The country desolated by the Taepings is returning to its old condition, and the production of silk, which was all but annihilated by the war at that time, is slowly resuming its old proportions. Foreign trade is steadily increasing, and there is no political question of the moment to ruffle the smooth surface of affairs. Even the Audience question, whatever way it may be settled, will in itself be only matter for talk. Such is the apparent condition of things under which the young Emperor commences his rule; and yet I should not hesitate to say that the present reign is likely to be an era in the history of China. Changes, and important ones too, are clearly visible ahead. Whether these changes will be worked out by peace or by war, it

night be rash to say. In disease, the use of the knife is often the first necessity; but repose is the essential condition of cure. Such may be the case here. China has been entirely separated from the civilization of the West. The Himalayan Mountains and the desert region of Tartary have formed an impenetrable barrier to war and conquest going eastward. Alexander the Great, in quest of new worlds to conquer, reached somewhere about Samarcand; he then retraced his steps and went south into India. Aryan conquest and civilization at various epochs naturally took this direction, while nothing beyond a broken ripple of it could ever by any possibility reach China. In this we have one of the reasons, if not the main one, why that country has so long retained its primitive condition. The invasions of China have always been by kindred Mongols; they came in as comparative barbarians, making little or no change in the institutions of the country. They, on the contrary, became civilized up to the point reached by the Chinese. Now the Himalayan range is no barrier between East and West; the great sandy deserts of Mongolia have not to be traversed to reach far Cathay. The ocean is the great path of conquest, commerce, and civilization. The most distant East can now be reached in a floating palace with speed and security, and what Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have called "A' the comforts of the saut maret," along with you. That which has never taken place before in the history of China has come to pass. The men of the West now confront the men of this far-away East. The sea has removed all that stood between them. The most ancient form of Turanian civilization has met face to face with the highest form of civilization the Aryan race has yet reached. That is the new epoch in the history of China; and the struggle between these two forces must begin. Tung-chih's reign, supposing it to have an average length, cannot pass away without seeing some great changes resulting from this new condition of things.

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

I.

THERE are parts of our earth of which we know less than of the moon, or even of some of the planets. The eyes of the astronomer have looked upon the unattainable summits of the lunar mountains; he has studied the arid wastes which lie within the lunar craters; he has measured the light which these regions reflect—nay, even the degree to which they are warmed under the blazing sun of the long lunar day. Passing beyond the moon, the astronomer has studied the lands and seas of a world which has justly been termed a miniature of our earth; he has watched the clouds which form over the continents and oceans of the planet Mars and are dissipated even like our own by the solar rays; he has determined the very constituents of that planet's atmosphere. But more than this, the astronomer has actually studied the condition of parts of Mars, where (if analogy can be trusted) the very inhabitants of that world are unable to penetrate. The ruddy orb (which when these lines appear will be shining conspicuously in our skies after a long absence from the earth's neighborhood) presents to the astronomer its Arctic and Antarctic wastes. He is able to watch the gradual increase of either region as winter prevails alternately over the northern and southern hemisphere of Mars; he can measure their gradual reduction with the progress of the Martian summer; and he can infer from their aspect that even in the height of summer there still remain ice-covered regions so wide in their range as doubtless to defy the efforts of the Martialists to penetrate to the poles of the globe on which they live. So that where most probably no living creature on Mars has ever penetrated, the astronomer can direct his survey; and questions which no Martial geographer can pretend to answer, the terrestrial astronomer can discuss with a considerable degree of confidence. It is the same even with the more distant planets

Jupiter and Saturn. Despite the vast spaces which separate us from these orbs, we yet know much respecting their physical habits; and whereas our knowledge of our own earth is limited by certain barriers as yet unpassed, and probably impassable, there is no part of the surface of either of the giant planets which has not come under the astronomer's scrutiny.

These considerations suggest in turn the strange thought that possibly the unattained places of our earth have been viewed by beings which are not of this world. We say *possibly*, but we might almost say *probably*. It seems in no degree unreasonable to suppose not merely that the earth's sister-planet Venus is inhabited, but that some creatures on Venus possess the reasoning powers and the insight into the secrets of Nature, which have enabled the inhabitants of earth to study the orbs which circle like herself around the sun. If this be the case—if there are telescopists in Venus as skilful as those inhabiting our earth—they are able to answer questions which hitherto have baffled our geographers. They may not, indeed, have the means of ascertaining details respecting the structure of our continents and oceans. They cannot know, for instance, whether the region to which Livingstone has penetrated is, as he supposes, the head of the river we terrestrials call the Nile, or, as others suppose, is in reality the head of the Congo. For certainly no telescopic powers possessed by our astronomers could give us information on such points, if our position were interchanged with that of the inhabitants of Venus. But astronomers in Venus can, without excessive telescopic power, inform themselves whether our polar regions are like the corresponding regions in Mars—or whether, as many geographers suppose, the Arctic regions are occupied in summer by an open ocean, while in the Antarctic regions there is a large continent.

A new interest has recently been given to inquiries respecting the condition of Arctic and Antarctic regions, by the circumstance that the expedition of the Challenger is expected to bring us information respecting the latter regions, while application has been made, and will probably be received, for government assistance towards an Arctic expedition. We propose to consider, now, some of the questions which are connected with Antarctic research, and in particular to discuss the probability of the existence of great continental lands within the Antarctic circle.

Before proceeding to consider these points, however, we have a few remarks to make on the question of government aid to this branch of geographical research.

It should be remembered by those who discuss the subject, that the first explorations of the polar regions of our earth had a commercial origin. It was supposed that by finding a passage round the northern shores of the American continent, communication with China and the East Indies would be facilitated. A way had been found round Cape Horn, but the way was long, and the storms which rage in Antarctic seas rendered the route uninviting to the contemporaries of Magellan. The natural supposition in those days was, that voyagers from the great maritime northern countries—from England, from Spain and Portugal, or from the Netherlands, would find their advantage in sailing northwards rather than southwards. Hence the long and persistent efforts made to discover a northwestern passage. Nor were the more directly Arctic voyages of Hudson and Richardson conducted with any other primary purposes. It is indeed manifest, as any one will perceive on examining a terrestrial globe, that a northeastern course would avail nearly as well as a northwestern, for reaching Eastern countries from Europe; and that a directly polar course would be better than either—if only (as Hudson hoped) a safe passage might be found through the Arctic seas.

Gradually, as the hope of finding a northwestern passage available for commerce died out, other circumstances encouraged persistence in the efforts which had been made to penetrate the regions lying to the north of the American continent. There was much, indeed, in the desire to

accomplish what had foiled so many; and it may be questioned whether this desire had not a good deal to do with the appeals which were made for government assistance, as also with the ready response of government to those appeals. Nevertheless, a real scientific interest had become associated with the search after a northwest passage. The magnetic pole of the earth was known to lie somewhere amid the dreary archipelago, with its ice-bound inlets, and glacier-laden shores, through which our Arctic seamen had so long attempted to penetrate. There, also, lies one of the northern poles of cold; while the configuration of the isothermal lines (or lines of equal temperature) in the neighborhood, shows how some influence is at work carrying relative warmth from the Atlantic towards the North Pole, and leaving the regions on the west of that course exposed to a degree of cold greatly more intense. To these considerations, others connected with the whaling trade were added, though we are not prepared to say that (so far as the question of government assistance was concerned) these considerations had very great weight.

It cannot be denied, however, that at a certain stage in the history of Arctic voyaging, the mere barren ambition to attain or approach the North Pole of the earth was set in advance of more practical considerations. We find, for instance, that in the case of Parry's boat and sledge expedition from Spitzbergen polewards, certain sums of money were set as a reward for reaching such and such northern latitudes, the sum of ten thousand pounds being the prize for attaining the North Pole itself.

It appears to us that those have done well who, during their recent discussion of the subject, have laid stress upon the scientific value of the results which may be obtained during successful Arctic and Antarctic voyages. It is unworthy of a great country to appeal to the national honor on a matter so insignificant as the actual approach which has been made to either pole of the earth — to reason that because England has been thus far fortunate, in that sons of hers have made the nearest approach as well to the Arctic as to the Antarctic pole, and because Germany, Sweden, and the United States seem likely to send their ships as near or nearer to either pole, *therefore* England should send out an expedition to forestall the seamen of those countries. A better reason should be given for expeditions into the dangerous polar regions; and such a reason has been found, we think, in the scientific interest and value of such voyages.¹

This remark might have been applied with special force to Antarctic voyages if an attempt had been made, somewhat earlier, to penetrate to regions where Antarctic observing stations might have been established for watching

¹ We would venture, however, to speak somewhat earnestly in opposition to the attempt which has been made to attach meteorological importance to polar voyages in connection with solar observations. A persistent effort has recently been made to show that, by the study of the sun, an answer may be given to the long-veiled question whether the weather can be predicted; and assertions have been very confidently made as to successes already achieved in this inquiry. It cannot be too strongly insisted that there is nothing to encourage the hope of such success, or rather, that there is every reason to feel assured that no success can be obtained. It has been shown, indeed, that in a certain subtle way, and by no means to an important degree, rainfall is associated with the great cycle of solar spot changes. It has also been shown that probably the hurricanes of tropical regions are somewhat more numerous during the periods of great solar disturbance than at other times. Moreover, terrestrial magnetical disturbances are connected with solar disturbances, and are known to be more numerous during periods of sun-spot frequency than at other time. That a connection should thus have been traced between terrestrial phenomena and the most marked of all the cyclic changes affecting the sun's surface is not surprising. But so far is the circumstance from encouraging the hope to which we have referred, that it is altogether discouraging, and indeed seems to negative absolutely all hopes of success in forming any weather presages from the stud. of the sun's surface. For be it noticed, that not one of these effects gives us any absolute information as to the weather, either as respects rainfall, wind, or magnetical phenomena. We only know that probably there will be more or less rainfall with certain winds, a greater average annual number of hurricanes, and an excess of magnetical activity on the whole. Such information is all but valueless, and yet it is all we have obtained from the most striking of solar phenomena. How utterly hopeless, then, must it be to expect results of value from the study of solar details relatively quite insignificant. We venture to speak strongly on this point. It is known that government has been singularly liberal in affording aid to researches promising results of meteorological importance. Ten thousand pounds per annum have long been paid for observations based on hopes of the sort, and, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the results have had no scientific value whatever. Neither our men of science nor our government can well afford to repeat the experiment where the chances of success are even more hopelessly chimerical.

the transit of Venus in December 1874. This important astronomical event could have been observed with great advantage from the Antarctic regions. It is easy to show why this is the case. Regarding our earth as a globe-shaped house, whence observations can be made as from different rooms, we see that in December, when the south polar regions are enjoying their summer — or, in other words, are turned sunwards — the Antarctic regions are very suitable *lower rooms*, as it were, for observing Venus crossing the sun. It is as seen from these lower regions that she will seem to traverse the sun along the highest course. Now the determination of the sun's distance by observations of Venus in transit, depends wholly on getting (i.) as *high* a view, and (ii.) as *low* a view of the planet as possible, and noting the different effects thus perceived. Astronomers are going as far north as they can — indeed, they are going to stations which, as seen from the sun at the time, would seem to be at the very top of our terrestrial house — but they are not going to occupy the lowest rooms. They will go no nearer than Kerguelen Land — if so near; for, by an unfortunate mistake, it was announced several years ago that in 1874 it would be useless, owing to certain effects depending on the earth's rotation, to visit any Antarctic stations; and, as a matter of fact, Antarctic voyages were deferred until the approach of the transit of 1882, when it was supposed that the circumstances would be more suitable. Three years ago geographers and Arctic seamen were invited to prepare for voyages in anticipation of the latter transit (for it will be understood that several years are required for suitable preparations), when, to the astonishment of the astronomical world, it was discovered, that whereas observations at Antarctic stations in 1874 would have been highly advantageous, such observations in 1882 would scarcely have the slightest chance of success. The preparations, therefore, for observing the latter transit were countermanded; but though the discovery came in good time to save England from the discredit of undertaking dangerous expeditions on the strength of erroneous calculations, it was too late for utilizing Antarctic stations during the transit of 1874.

Nevertheless a considerable amount of scientific interest attaches to Antarctic exploration, especially since it has been decided that a government expedition shall devote some of its energies to researches upon the borders of the Antarctic regions. The general instructions to this effect are contained in the following passage from the Report of the Circumnavigation Committee of the Royal Society: "It is recommended . . . to pass . . . across the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope; thence by the Marian Islands, the Crozets and Kerguelen Land, to Australia and New Zealand, going southwards, *en route*, opposite the centre of the Indian Ocean, as near as may be with convenience and safety to the southern ice-barrier. . . . This route will give an opportunity of examining . . . the specially interesting fauna of the Antarctic sea. Special attention should be paid to the botany and zoology of the Marian Islands, the Crozets, Kerguelen Land, and new groups of islands which may possibly be met with in the region to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope. Probably investigations in these latitudes may be difficult: it must be remembered, however, that the marine fauna of these regions is nearly unknown; that it must bear an interesting relation to the fauna of high northern latitudes; that the region is inaccessible, except under such circumstances as the present; and that every addition to our knowledge of it will be of value." We find, also, among the suggested physical observations, the remark that "It is in the Southern Ocean that the study of ocean temperatures, at different depths, is expected to afford the most important results, and it should there be systematically prosecuted. The great ice-barrier should be approached as nearly as may be deemed suitable, in a meridian nearly corresponding to the centre of one of the three great southern oceans — say to the south of Kerguelen Land — and a line of soundings should be carried north and south as nearly as may be." And it need hardly be said that observations of meteorological

ogical and magnetic phenomena in the southern seas will not be neglected.

It will be seen that direct Antarctic exploration will not be attempted. No effort will be made to penetrate within the ice-barrier, to which these instructions refer as to some line of demarcation separating the known from the unknown. Nor would it be easy, perhaps, to assign any sufficient reason for the renewal, by a scientific expedition, of those arduous explorations in which Wilkes, D'Urville, and especially the younger Ross, discovered all that is known about the Antarctic ice-barrier. There was much, indeed, in the results obtained by Ross to invite curiosity on the one hand, and on the other to show that the Antarctic regions can be penetrated successfully in certain directions. It seems far from unlikely that other openings exist by which the southern pole may be approached, than that that great bay, girt round by steep and lofty rocks, where Ross made his nearest approach to the southern magnetic pole. We shall presently indicate reasons for believing that the Antarctic, as well as the Arctic regions are occupied by an archipelago, — ice-bound, indeed, during the greater part of the year, but, nevertheless, not altogether impenetrable during the Antarctic summer. Yet there is little to encourage any attempts to explore this region otherwise than in ships specially constructed to encounter its dangers.

It is singular how confidently geographers have spoken of the great Antarctic continent, when we remember that only an inconsiderable extent of coast line has even been seen by Antarctic voyagers in any longitudes, except where Ross made his nearest approach to the South Pole. There is absolutely not a particle of evidence for believing that the ice-barriers which have been encountered — Sabine Land, Adélie Land, Victoria Land, and Graham Land — belong to one and the same land region. It is not, indeed, certain that all the mapped coast line is correct — for it must not be forgotten that where Commodore Wilkes harked down a coast line, Ross found an open (or only ice-encumbered) sea, and sailed there.

Yet Dr. Jilek, in the "Text-Book of Oceanography," in use in the Imperial Naval Academy of Vienna, writes thus confidently respecting the Antarctic continent: "There is now no doubt," he says, "that around the South Pole there is extended a great continent, mainly within the polar circle, since, although we do not know it in its full extent, yet the portions with which we have become acquainted, and the investigations made, furnish sufficient evidence to infer the existence of such with certainty. This southern Antarctic continent advances farthest in a peninsula in S. E. of the southern end of America, reaching in Unity Land almost to 62 degrees south latitude. Outwardly these lands exhibit a naked, rocky, partly volcanic aspect, with high rocks destitute of vegetation, always covered with ice and snow, and so surrounded with ice that it is difficult or impossible to examine the coast very closely."

A singular, and indeed fallacious, argument has been advanced by Captain Maury in favor of the theory that the Antarctic regions are occupied by a great continent. "It seems to be a physical necessity," he argues, "that land should not be antipodal to land. Except a small portion of South America and Asia, land is always opposite to water. Mr. Gardner has called attention to the fact that only one twenty-seventh part of the land is antipodal to land. The belief is, that on the polar side of 70 degrees north we have mostly water, not land. This law of distribution, so far as it applies, is in favor of land in the opposite zone." Surely a weaker argument has seldom been advanced on any subject of scientific speculation. Here is the syllogism: We have reason to believe (though we are by no means sure) that the Arctic regions are occupied by water; land is very seldom found to be antipodal to land; therefore, probably, the Antarctic regions are occupied by land. But it is manifest that, apart from the weakness of the first premise, the second has no bearing whatever on the subject at issue, if the first be admitted: for we have no observed fact tending to show that water is very seldom antipodal to water, which would

be the sole law to guide us in forming an opinion as to the regions antipodal to the supposed Arctic water. On the contrary, we know that water is very commonly antipodal to water. We have only to combine what is known respecting the relative proportions of land and water on our globe, with Mr. Gardner's statement that twenty-six out of twenty-seven parts of the land are antipodal to water, to see that this must be so. There are about 51 millions of square miles of land and about 146 millions of square miles of ocean. Now about 49 millions of square miles of land are antipodal to water, accounting, therefore, for only 49 millions out of the 146 millions of square miles of ocean surface; the remaining 97 millions of square miles of ocean are, therefore, not antipodal to land, but one half (any we please) antipodal to the other half. In fact, we have this rather singular result, that the ocean surface of the globe can be divided into three nearly equal parts, of which one is antipodal to land, while the other two parts are antipodal to each other. This obviously does not force upon us the conclusion that an unknown region must be land because a known region opposite to it is oceanic; and still less can such a conclusion be insisted upon when the region opposite the unknown one is itself unknown.¹

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is said that Russia will soon appear in the market as borrower. The sum required will be a trifle of twenty-five millions.

A MEMBER of the London Exchange, who has a habit of winking every time he speaks, has been christened "the eye stutterer."

M. BICHARD, the French painter, started from Paris last month for Madrid, as special artist for the *Graphic*; so we may expect some good pictures of the events now occurring in Spain.

THERE is reason to believe that the long-lost portrait of Molière, painted by Sebastien Bourdon, has been discovered among the Ingres collection at the museum of Montauban, and that it was restored by the latter painter, who purchased it at a dealer's sale.

AN extraordinary accident lately occurred in Paris. A man was walking quietly along smoking his cigar, behind a man who was hawking about a bundle of those little red balloons which are the delight of the rising generation, when a puff of wind suddenly drove the india-rubber bags against the cigar, and all exploded. The poor smoker was suddenly enveloped in a mass of flame which burned off his big mustache and beard, and singed his face.

It appears that the Japanese have come to the determination to resist some of the follies which afflict an over state of civilization. The last mail from Japan brought the intelligence that the Mikado has ordered actors, jugglers, and acrobats to bring their performances to a close in the course of three years, when they must find some more honorable employment for their time. It is doubtful, however, whether the Mikado will be able to put down the theatre.

A GOOD but not particularly new story relating to Lord Selborne has been going the rounds of the Bar. A few days ago a favorite parrot of his lordship made its escape into a garden, and perched itself on a high tree. Great was the consternation of the servants when they found that they could not induce the truant bird to return. At length the escape was made known to the Lord Chancellor, who at once went into the garden and

¹ Whether the relation above mentioned respecting land regions is noteworthy may very well be questioned. It will be seen that Captain Maury regards it as seemingly a physical law "that land should not be antipodal to land." Now this is by no means satisfactorily indicated. As a question of probabilities it is not certain that the present relation, by which twenty-six parts out of twenty-seven of the land are antipodal to water, can be regarded as antecedently an unlikely one, when nearly three fourths of the whole surface are occupied by water, and when, also, the bulk of the land and water regions consist of such great surfaces as those we call continents and oceans. Granted these preliminary conditions, it would appear, indeed, that only by a very remarkable and, as it were, artificial arrangement of land and water could any but a small proportion of the land be antipodal to land. The stress laid by Maury on the observed relation seems to us, indeed, as unwarranted as that laid by Humboldt on the fact that the great southerly projections of the land lie nearly in the same longitude as the great northerly projections.

placed himself in view of the parrot. Polly instantly alighted on his lordship's shoulder, and, looking him in the face, said in its gentlest tones, "Let us pray!"

MEISSONIER will have a remarkable picture, "The Sign-Painter," in the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition. An English writer says: "It is not only a *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist in point of exquisite finish and fine color, but larger than most of his pictures, being two feet high by twenty inches broad. The subject is an itinerant sign-painter of the olden time in France showing his work to mine host of a country inn, in the court-yard of which apparently he has been engaged in painting the signboard, as this forms the background of the picture. The landlord, who is a wonderfully characteristic figure in huge jack-boots and rough homespun coat, stands looking at his new signboard, chewing a straw, and evidently has some misgivings as to the propriety of the work, for the artist has replaced the plump and jolly Bacchus of his house into a lean and hungry figure astride upon a wine-cask. The artist watches the face of his patron with a most humorous expression of chuckling satisfaction at having his revenge for the quantity of bad wine he has had to drink while at his work. This capital subject Meissonier has treated to the life, with infinite humor and a mastery of painting if possible beyond anything he has hitherto accomplished. The picture, while it was in progress, was, we believe, seen by Mr. Wallis, of the French Gallery, who at once agreed to purchase it at the price named by the painter—namely, 100,000 francs—£4,000—and, on its completion, has just been sent over from Paris, where a few persons interested in the works of the famous painter had the opportunity of seeing it. Amongst these was Mr. Bolckow, M. P., who was fortunate in being early in the field, and is to be congratulated on the addition of this masterpiece to his collection."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is very angry because his lecture on the Irish question, delivered in Toronto lately, was reported by the newspapers. In a "literary note" in the February number of the *Canadian Monthly Review*, of which, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he is editor, the case is stated as "a question of some importance to the literary world." Mr. Smith, it appears, on agreeing to lecture, stipulated that his lecture should not be reported, as he "wished it to appear in an authentic form under his own supervision." Reporters were, nevertheless, present: and before beginning, he explained "the conditions" to them, and "appealed to them to respect his literary property." The appeal was only attended to by "one of our two leading journals." "The other suppressed the appeal and published the lecture." The conductors of that journal vindicated their procedure on the ground that their representatives paid for their tickets, and were entitled "to carry away anything they could, and make any use of it they chose." Mr. Goldwin Smith's reply to which is that "legal right is not moral right," and that the offending journal has violated the "law which men of honor make for themselves." But he is not satisfied with the effects of that law, and predicts that "public lecturing will cease, and that this fountain of popular entertainment and culture will cease to flow" if "the vulgar lust of publicity," which is rampant in the States, and rapidly spreading in Canada, be not checked. He accuses the reporters of reducing his "utterances to a wash of unobjectionable milk-and-water," but he says "a fatal effect is being produced (by the system) on manliness of character and boldness of moral bearing." As a remedy, he suggests that "a notice in the advertisements and on the tickets that the right of publication is reserved should be equivalent to registration of copyright in the case of a book."

A DISAGREEABLE little deformity has turned up at Rome. According to the *Swiss Times*, the questura has just discovered an association of thieves in the city, organized and trained by a very clever old dwarf. This venerable and afflicted being, it seems, had enrolled in his troupe as many idle fellows in the city as he could get, and sent them on different missions according to each one's ability. Some of them were best qualified for the committing of robberies from carts, others were placed at the railway station to lay hold of portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and purses; others again were specially told off for watch robberies, while to others was deputed the highly responsible business of robberies from shop-windows. The dwarf, who, to do him justice, seems to be a most hospitable creature, provided dinners, lodgings, and other necessities for his employes when they returned without prey, and when they returned laden with a rich booty nothing could exceed his kindness and liberality towards them. The products of the sale of stolen objects the dwarf reserved for himself, and had thus surrounded himself with home comforts. In fact, his home had become a complete bazaar, and was stocked with a great variety of goods—umbrellas, hams, sausages, toys, lace, pieces of satin, of linen, furs,

china, overcoats, shoes, etc. All this plunder was seized by the questura, and the dwarf, together with about a score of his agents, has been locked up. It is a touching circumstance that he was fond of children, and among his staff are some boys not ten years old. The number of his pupils is estimated at rather more than one hundred. The questura are in possession of their names, and other captures will no doubt be effected. Assuming Rome to be the seat of the Beast, it really seems as though the dwarf may be the veritable animal, in which case an apology is due to the Pope from Dr. Cumming.

THERE seems to be considerable danger that the Japanese Government may make the mistake of loving the spirit of reform "not wisely, but too well." The mail brings, as usual, a long list of new laws and regulations, some of which, it is feared, will interfere so directly with the national and rational habits of the people, that considerable uneasiness has been excited in the minds of both foreigners and natives by their enactment. Preeminently among these is to be noted the order for the abolition of the soft mats with which all native houses are floored. To appreciate the disturbing nature of this command, it must be remembered that these mats serve the purposes of chairs, tables, and beds, and that if they be removed the people will have to choose between sitting, eating, and sleeping on the bare floor, and buying wooden furniture. In addition to which it will oblige housebuilders to introduce a new system of measurement in lieu of the old-established custom of estimating the size of a room by the number of mats it would contain. The women, also, are as little likely to listen complacently to the command which bids them dispense with the services of professional hair-dressers. Further, the immediate advantage which would doubtless otherwise accrue by the exchange of the English for the native calendar will certainly be marred by the hasty way in which the innovation is to be enforced. The new year is the time at which it is customary for native merchants to pay off all outstanding claims, and it is possible that some who might have been well able to meet the demands of their creditors on the 9th of February (the Japanese New Year's Day), would be in difficulties when called upon to do the same on the 1st of January. The law prohibiting kite-flying in the streets of Yeddo and other large cities will, no doubt, be an unmixed good to all but the kite-makers, for whom, however, abundance of employment might be found in editing some of the numerous newspapers which are daily springing up like mushrooms all over the country, or in making hats to cover the naked crowns of the male portion of the population who have been robbed of their up-knots by Imperial order.

A WINTER FANTASY.

(IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.)

YOUR veil is thick, and none would know
The pretty face it quite obscures;
But if you foot it through the snow,
Distrust those little boots of yours.

The tell-tale snow, a sparkling mould,
Says where they go and whence they came,
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name.

Who runs may read! On twinkling feet
You trip where all may soon detect you;
And where, still rosy-cold, you meet
The nested Loves—they quite expect you!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ASTHMA!—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated the disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

EVERY SATURDAY.

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DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

XII.

WHEN Roudine reached home after meeting Leschnieff, he locked himself up in his room and wrote two letters: the first to Volinzoff, which the reader has already seen, the other to Natalie. Over this second letter he worked a long time; a great deal of it he scratched out and altered; and when he had copied it on a sheet of his best letter-paper, he folded it into as small a compass as possible, and put it into his pocket. Having finished this task, he began to walk up and down his room with a gloomy expression on his face; then he sat down in a chair near the window, resting his chin upon his arm, while the rising tears quivered on his eyelids. Suddenly, and as if he had just formed a final resolution, he arose, buttoned his coat up to his neck, called his servant, and bade him ask Daria Michaëlovna whether she could see him. The servant came back saying she was awaiting him. Roudine followed him. Daria received her guest in her boudoir, as on the day of his first appearance, two months before. But now with this difference, that she was not alone. Pandalewski, as modest, smug, and humble as ever, was with her.

Daria received Roudine graciously, and he, for his part, greeted her with apparent composure; but with the first glance at both of the smiling faces, any man who knew the world would have easily detected behind their polite and friendly manner genuine constraint and coldness. Roudine knew that Daria was offended at him, and she suspected that he already knew how she felt.

Pandalewski's report had angered her; it had touched her pride. Roudine, the poverty-stricken, humble-born, unknown Roudine, had had the presumption to have a secret interview with her daughter — the daughter of Daria Michaëlovna Lassounski!

"Even granting he's a clever man, a genius," she said, "what difference does that make? According to that, any one might hope to become my son-in-law."

"For a long time I could not believe my eyes," answered Pandalewski. "I could not comprehend that he did not understand either his position or yours."

Daria was very angry, and Natalie had to suffer from it.

She asked Roudine to sit down. He did so at once, but no longer like the Roudine of old times, when he was almost the master of the house. He did not even sit down

like a mere acquaintance whom one is glad to see, but like a stranger who is paying a call of ceremony. This was merely the work of a moment, but no longer time is needed to change water into ice.

"I am come, Daria Michaëlovna," began Roudine, "to thank you for your hospitality. I have just received important news from my estate, and I must leave to-day."

Daria looked at Roudine attentively.

"He has got the start of me; he certainly suspects something," she thought, "and he wants to dispense with any embarrassing explanation. So much the better. Long live the clever people!"

"Indeed?" she said aloud. "That is really very sad. But if you must . . . I hope to see you this winter at Moscow. We shall be going back soon."

"I don't know when I shall be able to get to Moscow, Daria Michaëlovna; but if I find the means, I shall consider it my duty to call on you as soon as possible."

"Oh, ho, my friend!" said Pandalewski to himself, "it's not very long since you spoke like lord and master, and now you have to express yourself in this way."

"So the news you have received from your estate is not perfectly satisfactory?" he asked, with his usual affection.

"No," answered Roudine, dryly.

"A bad harvest perhaps?"

"No . . . something else. . . . Believe me, Daria Michaëlovna," continued Roudine, "I shall never forget the time I have spent in your house."

"And for my part, Dimitri Nicolaïtch, I shall always recall our acquaintance with pleasure. . . . When do you leave?"

"To-day, after dinner."

"So soon? . . . Well, I wish you a pleasant journey. If your business does not detain you too long, perhaps we may see you again here."

"That is hardly possible," answered Roudine, rising. "Excuse me," he added, "I can't at once pay the amount I owe you, but as soon as I have reached my estate" . . .

"Don't let us speak of that, Dimitri Nicolaïtch," Daria broke in, "you would pain me. . . . But what time is it?" she asked.

Pandalewski drew from his waistcoat pocket a little enamelled watch; and carefully bending his rosy cheek over his white, stiff collar, he said, —

"Thirty-three minutes past two."

"It is time for me to dress," said Daria. "*Au revoir*, Dimitri Nicolaïtch."

This whole conversation between Daria and Roudine was peculiar. In the same way actors rehearse their parts, and diplomats interchange their carefully prepared phrases.

Roudine went out. He now knew from experience how the worldly throw over people whom they can no longer use, or rather, how they drop them, like old gloves, or lottery-tickets that fail to win.

He packed up his things quickly and waited impatiently for the moment of departure. All the people of the house were much surprised when they heard of his sudden plan; even the servants looked at him coldly. The ingenuous Bassistoff could not hide his grief. It was evident that Natalie avoided Roudine. She even tried to keep out of his sight; but he succeeded in handing her his letter. At table Daria Michailovna again expressed her hope of seeing Roudine before she left for Moscow, but he made no reply. Pandalewski talked more with him than did any of the others, and Roudine more than once felt a longing to fall on him and slap his rosy cheeks. Miss Boncourt often glanced at Roudine with that very strange and crafty expression which may be seen on the face of pointers.

"Ha, ha!" she seemed to say, "so that is the way they treat you to-day."

At last six o'clock struck, and Roudine's carriage drove up to the door. He bade a hasty adieu to every one. He was very ill at ease. He had not expected to leave the house in this fashion; it seemed to him as if he were turned out of it. . . . "What has happened? why need I hurry so? There must be an end to everything." Such were the thoughts which kept running through his head as with a forced smile he made his bow to them all. He cast one last look at Natalie, and his heart was moved within him. Her eyes were fastened upon him with a sad, reproachful expression.

He ran quickly down-stairs and sprang into his carriage. Bassistoff had offered to accompany him as far as the first station, and took his seat by his side.

"Do you remember," began Roudine, as soon as the carriage had rolled out of the court-yard into the broad highway, bordered by pines, "do you remember what Don Quixote said to his squire as he left the castle of the duchess? 'Liberty, friend Sancho, is one of the choicest gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man. Happy is he to whom Heaven hath given a morsel of bread without laying him under an obligation to any but Heaven itself!' I now feel as Don Quixote felt then. . . . May God grant, my dear Bassistoff, that you may never come to feel in this way!"

Bassistoff pressed Roudine's hand warmly, and his honest heart beat strongly within his breast. Until they reached the station Roudine talked about the dignity of men, of the meaning of real freedom; his words were warm, noble, and true; and when they were taking leave of one another Bassistoff could not help falling on his neck and sobbing. Roudine too shed a few tears, — but not on account of leaving Bassistoff. His tears were those of wounded self-love.

Natalie had gone to her room to read Roudine's letter.

"Dear Natalie," he wrote, "I have decided to go away. No other course was possible. I decided to go away before I was openly ordered off. My departure will put an end to all misunderstandings, and no one will miss me. Why hesitate, then? . . . All that is true, you will think, but why write to you?"

"I am taking leave of you, probably forever, and I write because it is too bitter for me to think that I am leaving behind me a worse reputation than I deserve. I do not wish to justify myself, nor to accuse any one except myself; I only want to explain my conduct as much as possible. . . . The events of the last few days were so unexpected, so sudden. . . .

"To-day's interview with you will always serve me as a lesson. Yes, you are right; I thought I knew you, but I did not. In the course of my life I have met a great many women and young girls, but in you I found for the first time a really pure and honest soul. That was new to me, and I did not appreciate you. From the first day of our acquaintance I felt myself drawn towards you; you must have noticed it. I passed many hours with you, and I did not get to know you; nay, I did not even try to know you . . . and yet I imagined that I loved you. For this error I am now punished.

"Before this I loved a woman and was loved in return. . . . My feeling for her was complex, like hers for me. Could it be otherwise, since hers was not a simple nature? The truth had not then manifested itself to me, and the day it appeared before me, I did not recognize it. . . . Afterwards I recognized it, but it was too late. . . . The past does not return. . . . Our separate lives might have become one — and they are separated forever. How can I convince you that I could have loved you with true love when I do not even know whether I am capable of such love?"

"Nature has been generous to me; I know it, and I will not assume airs of false modesty before you, especially now, in this hour, which is one of the bitterest and most humiliating of my life. . . . Yes, nature has accorded me much, but I shall die without making any proper use of my gifts — without leaving a trace of any good done in my life here below.

"All my riches will have been wasted in vain; I shall never reap the fruit of my exertions. I lack . . . I cannot myself say exactly what it is I lack — but it is probably that which is indispensable for moving the heart of men and winning that of a woman; and to rule over the intelligence alone is 'as uncertain as it is futile. My fate is a strange one, it is almost ridiculous. I should like to give myself up absolutely, without reserve, entirely, and yet I cannot give myself up. I shall end by sacrificing myself for some folly, in which I shall not believe. . . . Heavens! Thirty-five years old, and still preparing for action!"

"I have never before spoken so frankly to any one — this is my confession.

"But enough about myself; I want to speak about you. to give you some advice. That is all I am good for. . . . You are still young; but, however long you live, never fail to follow the impulse of your heart; never let yourself be controlled by your own reason, nor by that of others. Believe me, the narrower and more monotonous the circle in which our life moves, the better it is; it is not for us to seek new paths of existence, but to try to have all its phases accomplished in the right time. 'Happy he who is young in the time of his youth!' But I notice that this advice is more suitable for me than for you.

"I confess, Natalie, my heart is heavy. I was never mistaken with regard to the feeling which I inspired in

Daria Michaëlovna; but I still hoped that I had found a brief refuge here. . . . Now I must go out again into the world.

"What can replace for me your sweet voice, your presence, your attentive, intelligent face? . . . The fault is mine; but acknowledge that fate has seemed to be jesting with us. Only a week ago I hardly suspected that I loved you. The other evening in the garden I for the first time heard from your lips . . . but why recall what you said then? . . . And now I am going away, covered with shame, humiliated, after a cruel explanation, without carrying the slightest hope. . . . And yet you do not know how guilty I am towards you. . . . I am so foolishly frank, so inclined to make a confidant of every one. . . . But why speak of that! I am going away forever."

(Roudine began to tell her about his visit to Volinsoff, but after a few moments of reflection he scratched the passage out and wrote the second postscript to the letter to Volinsoff.)

"I only remain in the world in order to give myself up to other occupations, to occupations more worthy of me, as you said this morning with a cruel smile. Alas! if I could but give myself up to them, if I could but overcome my indolence! No, I shall all my life be the incomplete being I now am. . . . At the first obstacle, I shall crumble into dust. What has passed between us proves that. If I had at least sacrificed my love to my future activity, to my occupations; but no, I only hesitated before the responsibility I should have to assume, and the certainty that I was unworthy of you. I do not deserve that you should leave your sphere for me. . . . Besides, all that has happened is doubtless for the best. This experience will leave me probably purer and stronger than before.

"I wish you every happiness. Farewell! Think of me sometimes. I hope that you will hear of me yet.

"ROUDINE."

Natalie let Roudine's letter fall into her lap, and sat for a long time motionless, staring at the floor. This letter convinced her more clearly than all possible testimony, how right she had been in her involuntary cry on leaving him that morning, that he did not love her. But this fact brought her no consolation. She sat without moving; it seemed to her as if dark, noiseless waves were closing over her head and she were gliding, cold and numb, to the bottom of an abyss. The first disappointment every one finds hard to bear, but it is almost crushing to a candid soul, which is unfamiliar with exaggeration and frivolity, and which is averse to deceiving itself. Natalie recalled her childhood, and thought of the evening walks she used to take. She always used to prefer going in the direction of the glowing sunset, and she instinctively turned her eyes away from the gloomy east. Now life stood dark before her; she had turned her back on the light. . . .

Tears stood in Natalie's eyes. Tears are not always a relief. They are refreshing when, long restrained, they at last burst forth — at first, burning and bitter, then more abundant and readier. In this way the dull pang of grief is assuaged. . . . But there are cold tears, which fall one by one, as if pressed from the heart by some heavy burden of sorrow. Such tears are unconsoling; they bring no relief. They are the tears of despair, and only he who

has shed them has been unhappy. On that day Natalie learned to know them.

Two hours passed. Natalie calmed herself, arose, dried her eyes, and lit her lamp; then at the flame she set fire to Roudine's letter. When it was wholly burned she threw the ashes out of the window. Then she opened at random a volume of Pouchkine's poems, and read the first lines that met her eyes; she often consulted the book in this way. She came upon these words, —

"Whoever has felt deeply
Is incessantly pursued by the phantom
Of days irrevocably passed;
For him life has lost its charm;
He is gnawed by remorse for the past."

She remained standing a moment; she glanced with a cold smile at her image in the glass, bowed her head slowly, and went into the parlor.

As soon as Daria saw her, she asked her to her boudoir and made her sit down at her side. She caressed her cheeks kindly, and gazed at her eyes attentively, almost inquisitively. Daria was secretly perplexed. For the first time in her life it occurred to her that she did not understand her daughter's character. When she heard from Pandalewski of her daughter's meeting with Roudine, she was less angry than surprised that her sensible Natalie should have consented to take such a step. But when she summoned her and began to blame her, not like a woman of society, but with a very strident voice and vulgar manners, Natalie's firm answers and resolute air confused and almost intimidated her. Roudine's sudden and not perfectly explicable departure removed a great load from her heart; but she had expected tears and hysterics . . . and Natalie's outward calm consequently led her into new misconceptions.

"Well, my child," began Daria, "how do you feel today?"

Natalie looked at her mother.

"He is gone — that gentleman. Do you know why he left so suddenly?"

"Mamma," answered Natalie calmly, "I give you my word that if you won't speak of him, you shall never hear me say a word about him."

"You see then how ill you treated me?"

Natalie bowed her head, and repeated, —

"You shall never hear me say a word about him."

"Very well," answered Daria, smiling, "I believe you. But do you remember the other day, how . . . Well, we won't speak of that. That's all dead and buried and forgotten. Is it not? Now I recognize you once more. I was all in confusion. Well, kiss me, my dear, good child." . . .

Natalie raised Daria's hand to her lips, and Daria kissed her daughter's bowed head.

"Always listen to my advice, don't forget that you are a Lassounski and my daughter, and," she added, "you will be happy. Now you can go."

Natalie went out in silence. Daria looked at her and thought, "She's just what I used to be — she will let herself be carried away; but she has less enthusiasm than I had." And Daria buried herself in thoughts of the past — of a very distant past. Then she sent for Miss Boncourt, and sat conferring with her for a long time. After she was dismissed, she summoned Pandalewski. She wanted

to find out the real reason of Roudine's departure. It may be readily understood that Pandalewski satisfied her completely. It was in his rôle.

The next day Volinzoff and his sister dined at Daria's. She had always been very kind to them, but that day she received them with exceptional warmth. Natalie was very melancholy. Volinzoff treated her, however, with such respect, he was so modest when he spoke to her, that she could not help being profoundly grateful to him.

The day was quiet and without incident; but they all felt, when they separated, that they had fallen into the old path, and that is a great deal.

Yes, the old life had begun for all, except Natalie. When at last she was alone, she dragged herself to her bed, and, worn out, buried her head in the pillow.

Life seemed to her so bitter, so hollow; she was so ashamed of herself, of her love and her sufferings, that at that moment she would probably have been willing to die. . . . Many sad days, many sleepless nights, many keen sufferings awaited her: but she was young; her life had but just begun, and sooner or later, life with its duties and distractions is sure to get the upper hand. Whatever blow may fall upon a human being, he cannot help—reader, forgive the brutality of the phrase—he cannot help eating on that day or the next, and that is the first consolation. Natalie's sufferings were bitter; she suffered for the first time. . . . But neither the first sufferings nor the first love can be repeated—and for that we ought to thank God.

(To be continued.)

GUSTAVE DORÉ AT WORK.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

It was on the 25th of October of last year, while we were listening at the open grave of Théophile Gautier to the sharp vibrations of the voice in which the younger Dumas was recounting the claims of "the great Theo." upon the love and gratitude of all who valued letters and the arts, and his forty years of labors, that I turned to Doré, and thought how hardly he had been used by critics, who had thanked him for his prodigious capacity for work, by describing him to the world as an artist *à la minute*. I found him one day over the fourth plate of his "Neophyte," the three, already far advanced, having been put away because in some of the fine work they did not satisfy his fastidious conscientiousness. He glanced up at me from his copper, and said quietly, answering my look of surprise, "I have the patience of the ox, you see—as I have often told you."

Yea, it is the patience of the ox, forever fed by an imagination of the most fertile power and the most extraordinary impulsiveness: an imagination that has been directed by study in the company of Dante and Milton, and by the inspiration of the Bible: that has revelled in the *joyeusetés* of Rabelais and the "Contes Drolatiques:" that has caught warmth from Don Quixote and from travels in his glowing land: and that has travelled with the Wandering Jew and lived in fable and legend, in history and poesy, through more than twenty years of working days. The unthinking world and the careless critic look upon the marvellous accumulation of the poet's dreams and fancies, which he has cast upon paper or wrought in color, as evidence of the fleetness of his hand, and not of his valiant, patient spirit, that dwells in art forever through all its waking hours. The page to which Doré has given a week's thought, and upon which he was working when the

critic was in bed, is described as another example of the rapidity—and therefore the carelessness—with which the artist tosses off a poem, or embodies a legend. A caricaturist has had the audacity to draw the illustrator of Dante with pencils in both hands and between the toes of both feet—ignorant of the necessity under which a fervid and incessantly creative imagination, like Gustave Doré's, exists.

I repeat, Doré cannot get out of his art. He is almost incapable of relaxation. While you sit at table with him, you note the sudden pauses in the conversation, in which his eyes wander from the company to his land of dreams. On the instant he is away from you, and his face wears an expression of dreamy sadness, at which a stranger will start, but that is familiar to his friends, who humor him back to them with a laugh. His Rabelais, his "Contes Drolatiques," and his Don Quixote proclaim that he has humor. It is of a grim kind often, in his work, as the reader may see in the splendid new edition of his Rabelais, just published by Garniers Brothers. But it is boisterous, free, and sometimes fine and delicate; as his admirers can testify who remember his albums and his contributions to the *Journal pour Rire*. In the new Rabelais—a noble production, rich in the various qualities necessary to the illustrator of the great *raillieur* of the Middle Ages—we find, in conjunction with the young work of the artist (1854)—rough, but brilliant and joyous, laughing with the laughing text—the finer pencilling and the richer brain of his maturity. The two superb volumes, in which all that Doré has to say with his pencil on François Rabelais is set out richly by printer and binder, comprehend examples of the ranges of observation, the circles of dreams, and the styles and effects that are to be found in his extraordinary work as an illustrator. Rabelais is nearer, in general quality, to the "Contes Drolatiques" than any of Doré's other works; but it is superior to the Balzac interpretations in this, that it contains samples of the artist's highest work, as the ark in the origin of Pantagruel, in Pantagruel defying the three hundred giants; or, again, Pantagruel's entry into Paris; or, in short a score of examples I might cite from "Gargantua." Rabelais and Don Quixote I should instance as the fields in which the artist has delighted most, as Dante and the Bible are the stores on which the highest force in him has been lavishly expended—never in haste, as I am able to testify. Before the pencil approached either of these labors, the artist's mind had travelled again and again over the pages; his imagination had dwelt upon every line, he had talked and thought about his theme in his walks and among his intimates. Patiently and incessantly the work coming in hand—the work next to be done—is investigated, parcelled out, put together, and pulled to pieces. There is not the least sign of haste, but there is labor without intermission, which, to the sluggish worker, produces a quantity that proves haste. I have known many artists, many men of letters, many scientific men, and many wonder-workers in the material world; but in none of them have I seen that capacity for continuous effort, and that impossibility of getting clear of the toil of production, which Doré possesses. He will never escape the charge of haste, because he will never slacken to the average hours of production. His entire heart and being lie within the walls of his studio. It is a place of prodigious proportions. Every trowell of it has come out of his brain-pan, and his ardent and intrepid spirit fills it to the rafters, and turns to account every ray of light that pours through his windows. The student of Gustave Doré must understand his thoroughness and vehemence as a creator, and be able to count the hours he spends in giving shape to his creations, before he can estimate the artist's conscientiousness and, I will say, his religious care to do his utmost, even on a tail-piece to an appendix.

As his fellow-traveller through the light and shade of London during two or three seasons, I had many fresh opportunities of watching the manner in which Doré approaches a great subject. The idea of it germinates slowly in his mind. We dwelt on London, and the ways

in which it should be grasped, many mornings over the breakfast-table; and through the hours of many excursions by land and water. Before any plan of pilgrimage had been settled, Doré had a score of note-books full of suggestive bits, and had made a gigantic album full of finished groups and scenes; while I had filled quires of paper. *Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.* We picked up straws, feathers, pebbles, clay, and bit by bit made the nest. You wonder how the swallows build the solid cups they fix under your eaves. These appear to have come by enchantment when for the first time you notice wings fluttering above your windows. But the birds have been at work with every peep of day — have never paused nor slackened.

It is in the Doré Gallery, however, rather than in the illustrated works — marvellous as these are — of the artist, that his untiring power is most strikingly manifested; at the same time it is here that he has been most grievously misunderstood. Half the critics have begun by expressing their astonishment at the rapidity of the painter; and then they have gone on to remark that it is a pity he does not give more time to his pictures. This shows marks of haste; that is crude, thin, and in parts scarcely half developed; the other is a mere sketch. But here is the product of twenty years: for in all his life Doré has covered only fifty-three canvases!

No wonder that men stand astonished, confounded by the prodigious labors gathered under the fire of one man's genius into a gallery, and filling it. No wonder, again, that these should come into the gallery jealous, carping, poor artists turned critics, crying "Rubbish!" A writer in no less a journal than the *Athenæum* observed, as the result of his visit, speaking of the "Neophyte" — "This picture will stand M. Doré in good stead; *the rest is trash.*" Then this writer turned to the portrait of Rossini after death: —

As to the much bepraised *post mortem* portrait of Rossini, we confess to sickening at it. One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling. Irreverent of the dignity of death, if one did so deeply sin against love, it would be in a very different way from this — not by propping the poor corpse on pillows, neatly parting its hair, ordering its hands, putting a crucifix above the lately-beating heart, closing the eyes, and painting it, not well, with all sentimental accessories. Had the painter's art carried us beyond this travesty of sorrow, an old master's example might have been pleaded, but the things differ not less in heart than in pathos. The master who did a thing not unlike in subject to this was a master, and did not display his work with the advantages of an "exhibition light." This is one of those things which they do not do better in France than in England.

That it has been much "bepraised" seemed to turn what spare allowance of milk of human kindness the critic might carry with him, at once. The delicacy with which the great artist dwelt on the subject, and shrank from the exhibition of it, is known to all who have had the slightest personal contact with him. It is the unenviable privilege of coarse natures to wound all those who are of finer metal whom they touch. The reader is besought to dwell on the astonishing lowness of the following sentence: "One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling." The charge implied in this is unjustifiable, because it is one that the individual who will feel it most acutely, must disdain to answer. Among gentlemen there could not possibly be two opinions as to its taste; among men of heart there could not possibly be two opinions as to the unwarrantable nature of the imputation.

Mark again the clodhopper hand, when the description is intended to be strong. "Neatly parting" the hair of Rossini! The ignorance implied in this passage is condemnation enough. "Ordering its hands, putting a crucifix upon the lately-beating heart!" Has the writer yet to learn that the crucifix is put upon every lately-beating heart, and that the seemingly disposition of the hands is the attitude with which all who have stood in chambers of death, in the country where Rossini died, are familiar?

Was not the disposition of the body of the emperor in the *Graphic* the other day, exactly that of Rossini? The contriver of clumsy phrases, generally thorny and spiteful save about a certain few, did a positive harm to Doré in this instance. The people who know Doré's gallant life; his sensitive, delicate, highly-wrought mind; and his passionate love of Rossini's art (of which Doré is so brilliant a connoisseur and so accomplished an executant) will dismiss the clownish condemnation against which I have felt bound as an Englishman to protest.

It would seem that on a certain morning, the *Athenæum*, on the lookout for an anatomist in matters artistic, fell in with a slaughterman.

The *Saturday Review* is in advantageous contrast to the *Athenæum* in its attitude towards Doré. In the *Review* the many sides of the best-known artist of our epoch are considered. "Gustave Doré stands just now as the most startling art-phenomenon in Europe; his genius at each turn changes, like colors in a kaleidoscope, into something new and unexpected."

Surely this is truer than the statement that, the "Neophyte" apart, the Doré Gallery is trash — or was when the critic visited it. In the one instance there is prejudice, coarseness of feeling, jaundice; in the other there is a liberal outlook upon the whole of the art-life of a man of genius.

The foregoing remarks on Doré as a worker have been provoked by a pictorial summary of the events of last season, in which he is represented as one of our distinguished visitors, armed with pencils and brushes at all points. He is painting, drawing, and sketching (I wonder he is not eating and drinking also) at the same moment. The caricaturist's level of criticism is about as true and just as that of the *Athenæum* critic.

Let the reader now contemplate the last and greatest effort of the poet-artist's power, — "Christ Leaving the Prætorium."

The canvas is thirty feet by twenty. In regard to execution it is a marvellous *tour de force*: and the depth and pathos of the conception are extraordinary. The beholder is fairly startled and bewildered by the prodigious tumult that encompasses the sublime central figure, which commands an awful quiet round about it — a quiet that impresses like the agonizing stillness which is the centre of a cyclone. The reality of the prodigious host that hems the Saviour round about after judgment, and his distance from the brutal soldiers, who guard Him and lead the way, are effects which only genius of the highest order could conceive. The stages by which the fervid dream grew to this mighty thing — the child of one brain, formed by one pair of never-resting hands — return vividly to me while I sit wondering — who have looked upon the canvas hundreds of times, during the slow process of years which has covered it; and which has filled every square foot of it with the heat and glow of life, and sublimated the whole with the sacred tragedy that is the centre and impulse of it. The patient drawing of groups; the days and nights spent in endeavors to realize the dream of the One Presence amid the multitude; the painting and repainting; the studies of impulse to be impressed upon each of the crowd of men and women; and the exact poise of light and shade — were accomplished with a fervor that burned through every difficulty, and swept away every hindrance. Hasten I, who remember this most solemn sum of work, in nearly all its particulars, and used to speculate so often and anxiously on the fate of the great canvas, while the Germans were throwing shells into Paris; who watched the ever-heightening excitement with which, after the war ended, and the picture had been disinterred, the toil was resumed and carried triumphantly to an end; who have seen the righteous thought which has preceded the fold of coarse garment, and the articulation of every limb; and lived in the excitement which filled the last days the canvas was to remain under the artist's hand — still wonder more than any outsider at the vast expenditure of power that is spread before me. Aye, in this, the hands answered to the brainpan of the poet with "the patience of the ox." They were trained upon the "Neophyte," and upon the "Triumph of

Christianity" — to this crowning effort, in which may be seen traces of the Byzantine school, of Raffaele, of study, in short, of the great styles of the past — but in which the genius of Doré shines with a lustre all its own.

The idealist and the realist are before us. While the turbulent host appears to move upon the spectator, and the ear almost strains to catch the deep murmurs of the passionate mob, the sublime motive of the whole fills the mind with awe. There may be many opinions on the means and methods by which the thrilling effect is produced; but there can be only one as to the extraordinary force of it upon the mind. It compels an emotion deeper than any which painter has produced in our time. The daring of the gifted man who produced it compels the spectator's respect, in these days, when so many artists are content to dwell in prettiness forever — to follow the fashion of the day, and to execute to order with the obedience of the sign painter.

By heroic work from dawn to dusk, through the boyish years most lads give at least somewhat to pleasure, the long path has been travelled to this gallery. It has been more than a journey round the world. The tentative work scattered by the way is prodigious, but a pure thirst for the highest fame has been the unswerving incentive.

As in illustration Doré has been schooling himself through many years' study of Rabelais, Dante, and Cervantes to Shakespeare, which is to be presently his *magnum opus*: so in painting he has been gallantly fighting his way *per ardua ad alta*. NEVER IN HASTE, BUT ALWAYS AT WORK — should be upon the shield of my illustrious and gallant friend.

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY."

CIVILIZATION, for our present purpose, means the increase of the means and appliances of life — material, intellectual, social — which the accumulation of wealth, the progress of science, and the consequent growing facilities of communication of all kinds, have placed, and are placing, more and more within the reach of men and women in our time. With reference to this civilization, I should wish to consider, so far as the limits of these addresses will allow, how far it has improved this nation; what are its shortcomings; by what influences these may be set right.

The test of improvement which I recognize is, the relations of persons, and of classes of persons, to each other. Are these better or worse? Have the family relations been strengthened? Do parents and children, husbands and wives, friends, connections, understand, respect, love each other better? Or again, have relations outside the family been strengthened? Are the various classes of the community on better terms? Do masters and servants, employers and employed, rich and poor, buyers and sellers, look more kindly upon and deal more uprightly with each other than they used to do? The opinions of one man on such subjects will of course be influenced by his education, and the standpoint from which he looks; but they may at any rate help you to check your own. The subject, however, must still be narrowed, so that I may not be straying about over the whole world, and indulging in speculations, which may be tempting, but can scarcely be profitable. I propose therefore to confine myself to our own country. These islands, besides being our own native land, and therefore more dear to us than all the rest of the globe, are undoubtedly the battle-field upon which many of the most interesting "problems of civilization" will have to be worked out. There are of these more than enough to occupy us for, not two, but a hundred nights. It is necessary, therefore, again to make a selection amongst them, and your rules supply a sitting machinery for this purpose. We may set aside at once then all those problems which have become mixed up with party politics. The loss will not be great;

for the deepest and most human questions — those which affect us more as men and Englishmen, than as Tories or Whigs, Radicals or Conservatives — have not yet claimed the attention of the front benches. Of those which remain we may also pass by the various speculations as to forms of government, and proposals for remodelling our institutions, which have been propounded of late with more or less noise and ability. The more violent of them have elicited no response from the nation. The moderate ones — which have for their aim in one way or another to supersede party government, to make the best brains of the nation available for the permanent administration of its affairs, and to avoid by some readjustment of details the necessity of obtaining the consent of the majority of English householders to everything which is done in relation to public business by their nominal rulers — might be considered to flavor of politics, and are scarcely fit subjects for treatment before a general audience.

And so at last, by the process of exhaustion, we approach those "problems of civilization" upon which I propose to speak to you. Our process of selection has reduced us, you will see, to those which are the most common; about some of which every person in this room must have been thinking in the past year, and will have to think again and again in this and future years, if they mean to do their duty as Englishmen and Englishwomen. They may be classed generically as "social" problems, and are, to my mind at least, of more vital importance than all others. For if, on the one hand, society has for certain purposes become all-powerful, and there is no fear amongst us of changes which will put in hazard law and order, life and property, yet he would be a bold man who would deny that most of the old bonds which held communities of men together are giving way, in England as elsewhere; or, as Dr. Newman puts it in his last book, that "Alterations of a serious kind are taking place in the structure of society." This fact must be looked bravely and squarely in the face. The only safety for society lies in turning plenty of light on to the processes by which these structural alterations are being wrought out. Social forces, like the forces of nature, are terrible to those who will not study and understand them; but he who will may make the lightning carry his messages, and the sun paint his pictures.

Accepting, then, as undoubtedly true, the statement that disintegration is the danger of civilization, and that its various processes are more active than ever before in our modern English society, let us look a little at the causes which have produced this state of things. I believe that any person entering on this inquiry in earnest will find himself confronted at a very early period with the fact of the astounding increase of wealth in the country within the last few years. He will have to make up his mind about the bearings of this fact, and, unless I am mistaken, will be forced to the conclusion that most of our social problems have their root here. The rapid accumulation of material wealth is one great disintegrant, one cause of the serious alterations in the structure of modern society. Let us first look for a moment at the bare facts. These were brought out vividly by Mr. Gladstone in his Christmas speech at Liverpool, which has drawn upon him so many, and such alarmed criticisms, from our daily and weekly instructors. "It may surprise you to hear," said the Premier, "but I believe it to be true, that more wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century — that is, within the lifetime of many who are still amongst us — than in all the preceding ages, say from the time of Julius Cæsar. And again, at least as much wealth in the last twenty as in the preceding fifty years. If we ask where is this to end, when is this marvellous progress to be arrested, when will this great flood-tide begin to ebb? I for one know not. I am by no means sure that we are even near high water." The "leaps and bounds" of our material progress, to which Mr. Gladstone refers, are well illustrated by the reports of the Board of Trade for 1872. The people of these islands, according to Mr. Chichester Fortescue and his "Registrar-General," "Accountant and Controller General," and other returning officers, imported

¹ Abridged from a lecture delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh.

for their consumption between the 1st of January and 31st of December, 1872, £353,375,740 worth of foreign and colonial merchandise, being an advance of nearly twenty-three millions on the previous year (£330,754,359), and of more than sixty millions on the year 1870. During the same twelve months our exports of British and Irish produce amounted to £255,961,000, showing an increase of thirty-two millions over those of 1871, and of fifty-five millions over those of 1870. This is of course only one item, though the largest, in the wealth producing and accumulating powers of the country. So far from these being likely to decrease, it would seem to be much more probable that the rate will increase at least as rapidly as heretofore, in spite of the labor war which is raging so bitterly amongst us. In the past year, by the adoption of one invention in our iron-working district*, hand puddling is likely to be superseded, and the producing power of the country more than doubled, while thousands of workmen will be left free for other occupations. What Danks' puddling furnace is doing for the iron-master, other inventors are doing for other industries. If the past twenty years have been equal to the previous fifty, and the two together (as Mr. Gladstone calculates) equal to the 1,800 years since Julius Cæsar, it is almost certain that the next ten years will in their turn equal the past twenty.

This marvellous piling up of wealth is generally considered to afford us English a subject for unlimited self-complacency. It accounts, at the same time, we are wont to think, for the jealousy and dislike with which foreigners regard us. It does indicate, doubtless, great prosperity — of a kind; wealth well made and well spent being, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's words, "as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain-side" — an unmixed blessing to men, societies, nations. But then it must be "well made" and "well spent," and one or two considerations occur as to this.

It is now just thirty years ago since Mr. Carlyle startled those of us who are old enough to remember them by the opening sentences of his "Past and Present." "This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs as yet to nobody. Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In poor and rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our lives, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth, no man of us can touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give up their name."

Have thirty intervening years, during which our material progress has been such as Mr. Gladstone has pictured, improved the state of things which Mr. Carlyle was then denouncing in the tones of an old Jewish prophet? Can we honestly answer "Yes," with any confidence? Improvement in many directions all will admit, particularly that central and all-important fact, behind which we may look for all good in the end — the wakening up of the national conscience. But the connection of this with our material progress is by no means clear, and in the region of wealth, in the methods of getting and spending, I question whether we are not in most respects worse off than our fathers; whether England did not, comparatively speaking, rule her wealth in their time, and is not ruled by it now.

Take the first test, the relations between employers and employed. Has the immensely increased production, the result of their joint work, improved these? The industrial war which has broken out afresh, and with increased bitterness, in England, is the answer. Thirty years ago the old small-master system was still strong in many trades; there was not a single amalgamated trades society in existence; the employer often worked with his men — generally had some personal knowledge of them. Now, in almost every trade the large shops have swallowed the small; the big manufacturers have shouldered the small men out of the markets. The workmen are organized in great industrial armies, while the individual scarcely knows

his employer by sight; acknowledges no relationship between them, except that which is discharged weekly at the hole in the pay-office, through which the wages are thrust by a clerk.

But apart from the labor question (to which I shall have to return again), are there, in the various walks of life, more human beings who look with confidence and pleasure on the possessors of wealth because of their possessions? Are there more upon whom they look with confidence and pleasure? If not, the wealth still continues enchanted. It is not performing the one useful function in the world for which it was intended. And here again the facts of our daily lives form a sad comment on their increasing luxury and sumptuousness. Domestic service, which should be, and undoubtedly at one time was, an inheritance, a valued relationship handed down through generations, was never, so far as one can judge, in so inhuman a condition as now. As wealth increases, the number of servants is multiplied, and their wages rise; but no money can buy willing and faithful service, which is now as rare as it is precious. In London, at any rate, an evil kind of trades unionism exists amongst servants, which not only endeavors to exact the maximum of wage for the minimum of work, but does not discountenance customs which carry awkward names in police courts. Master and man, maid and mistress, live indeed together, but have no common life, and would seem to be rather awaiting sullenly the time when some new arrangement will free both sides from an irksome yoke.

Outside the household the same loosening of bonds, or disintegration, is apparent on all sides. The phrase "Feudalism or business," which has almost passed into a proverb in the South of England, the movements as to game and tenant right, show how the process is working in the upper regions of country life; while the Agricultural Laborers' Union tells the same tale below.

I am sure you will all recognize the truth of what I have been saying, and will be able to fill up the picture from your own experience, even though we may differ as to the extent to which it can be directly traced to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the last half-century.

Another set of problems are caused by the three factors of our modern civilization, which are, in the opinion of many persons, even more serious than those already noticed. The chief of this group is the tendency of our population to accumulate in great cities. I do not propose to attempt an accurate estimate of the displacement which is thus going on, but roughly speaking, more than three fourths of our people are now dwellers in towns, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole population of the country. It would seem, indeed, from the most trustworthy returns, that there has been for some years no increase at all in the rural population of these islands, notwithstanding the large excess of nearly 300,000 a year of births over deaths. Our towns are thus growing, not only by their natural increase, but by the absorption of the whole surplus of the agricultural districts. Put side by side with this fact the returns of the Registrar-General, which, as a general rule, prove that the death-rate varies according to the density of the population; remember, too, that in the second generation at any rate, the dwellers in towns deteriorate unmistakably in size, health, and vigor — and you will admit that there is serious cause for apprehension here. It is perfectly true that money is made in towns, not in the country; but this is a price which we cannot afford to pay even for the sake of keeping England the richest country in the world. "There are two important things," says one of the most thoughtful writers¹ on the subject, "which money cannot buy — a sound mind and a sound body — without which, and compared to which, all riches and all luxury are worse than useless. Therefore, not only Christian morality but common sense says, 'Give us freedom for body and mind — air, space, life for both; perish wealth, manufactures, commercial greatness, the instant they interfere with these. Give us wealth, but let it be wealth in the old full sense of the word — wealth meaning the substance of weal; not

¹ J. Martineau: *Country, Cities, and Counties*. Longmans.

wealth in its miserable, narrowed, perverted sense of material possessions — lucre, which may be the means of mere gluttony and enervating luxury — degradation, woe — not weal at all."

But as the "progress of civilization" draws more and more of our people to the great centres of population, so when it has got them there it seems inevitably to divide them more and more into separate communities. The rich and poor are further apart than ever. The larger a city grows, the more sharply the line is drawn. The new quarters are occupied exclusively by the rich, the ground being too valuable to waste on any but those who can pay heavy ground-rents. To these quarters migrate, gradually but surely, the employers of labor, merchants, professional men, who used to live in the old quarters side by side with the poorer classes. At last, as in the East-end of London, there are great districts in which the only residents left above the rank of petty tradesmen, are the parson, and an occasional doctor. Their rich are the publicans, marine store dealers, and pawnbrokers, who thrive too safely in such neighborhoods.

This migration brings about inevitably the state of things which the clergy, schoolmasters, city missionaries, have been describing so vividly of late years, in Bethnal Green and other East-end districts. The life in them is utterly unnatural. Pauperism, mendicancy, drunkenness, thrive, while all manliness and womanliness dwindle and pine. The main object of the men who are left as a forlorn hope in a well-nigh hopeless struggle, is to get hold of the children; to train them in their schools to regard with fear and loathing the practices and habits which form the staple of the life of their homes; and, at the earliest possible moment, to send them clean away from the place of their birth, and the associations of their childhood.

Again, it is in these neighborhoods that the class of "roughs" is reared and brought to perfection, which is becoming a serious menace to order in many large towns. The records of the Home Office and of Scotland Yard are scarcely needed to support the conclusion, which the most casual observer may gather from glancing at the police reports in the daily papers, that this class is growing in numbers and unruliness, and that its treatment must before long form one of the serious "problems of civilization."

I think I have now said quite enough for my purpose on this part of our subject. I am quite aware that to many of you, indeed to all who have given serious attention to social questions, all this is quite familiar. But I do not pretend to be telling you new things, or to put old things in any startling light. I simply wish to put before you plainly, and without exaggeration, a sufficient number of well-known and admitted facts to indicate to you the grounds upon which I maintain, first, that the most marked tendency of our modern civilization is disintegration — a loosening of the old bonds of society; and secondly, although many causes have helped to bring about this state of things, some of which, such as the great advance of science, go perhaps deeper, yet that the great disintegrator has been our material progress; this unprecedented increase of wealth, not in the high and true, but in the vulgar sense of the word — exciting a feverish haste to be rich, and lowering the morality of all engaged in the pursuit; and that that increase in this half-century, during which it has equalled that of the previous 1800 years, instead of knitting together, has divided families, divided households, divided classes, and therefore must have weakened instead of strengthening the nation.

If this be so, then the first question which the student of the "problems of civilization" is bound to ask is, Why? No one seriously denies that the abundance of those things which we can see, and taste, and handle, which we use to satisfy our hungers of different kinds, *ought* to be a blessing — as pure a blessing (to use again Mr. Goldwin Smith's words) as "the rill which runs from the mountain-side." What hinders, then? We English have to answer the question somehow at our peril. Riches have been the subject of religious and philosophic denunciation ever since the world began; and societies and nations have found

them troublesome enough to deal with in many parts of the world. But never before, that I know of, was the problem placed so sharply before any time as before this time; and of all nations, ours is that one which is in most jeopardy if it cannot find the true answer. To get command of our riches instead of letting them get the command of us, is in short the great task which is set us, and will bring the solution of most other problems with it. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," says the poet, but as we can't help ourselves in this matter, as we must perform get and spend, how are we to do it so as not to lay waste but to economize our powers, and to make both getting and spending a strength instead of a weakness?

It is, of course, a truism to say, that wealth, to be a blessing, must be well got and well spent. But truisms will often bear looking into with profit; and in our present inquiry we must be content to start from this one, and to ask, in the first place, how far our riches are "well gotten" or "well spent."

They are gotten, as we all know, by the industry of our people in producing and exchanging the products of their labor; in other words, in manufacturing and trading. And here one may at once note that if our people had not at some time worked harder, and traded more honestly, than other people, we should not be in the position which we still occupy. No doubt geography and geology count for a good deal. If we had not been born in an island; if we had not been free from foreign invasion for many generations; if we had not had iron and coal in abundance, the task would have been much more severe. But these advantages alone would not have enabled us to do what we have done, if they had not had hard work and upright trading — harder work and more upright trading than could be found elsewhere — behind them. They will disappear, slowly, perhaps, but surely, when they have them no longer.

Is there any sign, then, that they are failing us? I wish I could answer "No" unhesitatingly. Of work I shall have to say something hereafter. Of our trade I have already said something, but must here, without pretending to accurate estimates or measurements, or prying curiously into its usages, ask you to look for a moment at one or two notorious facts which lie on the surface. Our cotton trade is the greatest of our industries; we still weave and distribute over the world more fabrics of cotton than all other nations put together. The material well-being of England depends perhaps more upon the texture and durability of our cloths and sheetings than upon any other branch of commerce. And, this being so, we have allowed a large trade to grow up side by side with it, the main, if not the sole object of which is, to adulterate these cotton fabrics of ours — to introduce foreign materials into our goods, which deceive as to their texture, and injure their durability. I would gladly be convinced of my mistake if I am in error; but I have asked many cotton-spinners, both masters and workpeople, to explain to me the use and meaning of "sizing;" what it effects for the goods they produce so diligently; how it adds, not to their selling, but to their wearing value, and the answers have landed me sorrowfully enough in the above conclusion. They have shown me also that the "sizer's" trade has been growing more rapidly than ever of late years. The wealth which comes out of "sized" cotton, or any such product, cannot be said, I think, to be in any sense "well-gotten."

I will take one other instance from the other end of our empire. The great main-stay of our Indian revenue is the government monopoly of opium. This drug England manufactures and sells to the Chinese people chiefly, with the full knowledge that it is the cause of untold misery to the purchasers, and against the strenuous and oft-repeated protests of the government of that country. Does it strike you that the wealth which comes from opium can be well-gotten wealth, or that this is the kind of example which the richest nation in the world should be setting to her sister nations, who are toiling after her up the great trade ladder?

I fear that the conclusions which Mr. Emerson drew some years back from the state of trade on the other side

of the Atlantic, apply here with at least equal force. "I content myself," he says, "with the fact that the general system of our trade (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions, denounced and unshared by all reputable men) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism; but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not what a man delights to unlock to a noble friend, which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather what he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of spending it. I do not charge the merchant or manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual; one plucks, one distributes, one eats; everybody partakes, everybody confesses — with cap and knee volunteers his confession — yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it. What is he? An obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice — that no one feels himself called upon to act for man, but only as a fraction of a man. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their natures must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year." One is glad to hear that this is so in America. It must come to be so in England; for until it is so, the national conscience will not be touched; until the national conscience is touched the abuses will not be reformed; our wealth will remain ill-gotten. As yet I fear there are more and more of our "ingenuous souls" rushing into these ways every year, with their eyes shut, impelled by the modern gad-fly of haste to make money. On the other hand, happily, we are not without signs that an awakening of the national conscience against the trade gospel is going on, at least amongst the great masses of our wealth producers. I shall have to speak of this in connection with the labor question. Meantime, we must look for a few moments at the other branch of the present inquiry. Do we, then atone for our manner of acquiring riches by our manner of expending them? Are we getting better or worse in this matter?

Take first the great masses of our people. It is perhaps hardly fair for a nation which has till within the last three years given them no voice in legislation — which, in legislating, in education, in administration, has followed the law of *laissez faire*; and, in theory and practice, has treated men's labor as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market with as little danger or compunction as bales of cotton or sacks of corn (ignoring steadily the fact that laborers have wills, and passions, and consciences, which bales of cotton and sacks of corn have not) — to expect wise forethought or noble thrift from its poor. Instead of finding matter for blame in their thriftlessness, I am rather inclined to wonder at, and be thankful for, the amounts, which the returns of the registrar of Industrial and Friendly societies, of the savings banks, and of the trades unions, prove to have been set aside out of their wages. At the same time I cannot honestly acquit them of thriftlessness in the face of notorious facts. The great strike in South Wales shows how few, even amongst highly paid workmen, are more than a week or two before the world. And if they do not save, neither do they spend wisely. I am not sure that statistics which you may have seen, showing that the amount per head spent by the poor in articles of clothing and furniture has been decreasing in the last few years, can be relied on. At any rate, I have not been able to find any trustworthy evidence on this point. But there are the excise returns which can be relied on, and these show, that in the past year the amount of home-made spirits retained for consumption as beverages only (and which must have been consumed chiefly by them) exceeded that of 1871 by more than two millions of pounds sterling, and reached the astounding total of nineteen millions. On the other hand, it is notorious that, in England at least, even our very poor will buy

nothing but the finest wheaten bread, and reject Australian meat. These may be proofs of prosperity, as is often urged, and I am not going to argue the point. All I say is, that they are not proofs of wisdom. No one will call this wise spending. But if the income of our wages-earning classes cannot be said to be well spent, how stands the case with those classes who should be an example to them? We have no concern now with that part of the national income which goes in sustaining and developing industrial enterprise. Often the investment may indeed be questioned from a national point of view, as where great districts are straining every nerve to double and quadruple their mills, and multiply their shafts and furnaces, without an apparent thought of the health of the population, or of the beauties of nature which they are destroying by polluting the air and the water. But of the balance, of our superfluous income, what can be said? What do we do with it? No one can travel in these islands without noticing one chief use to which it is being put just at present. Like the rich man in Scripture, every one of us is pulling down his barns and building greater. We can't live in houses which served our fathers. If this expenditure were more on public edifices than on private dwellings — on churches, town halls, colleges, galleries, museums — one could look on it without misgivings; but in their private dwellings classes, like men, may be overhoused. When every man who makes his fortune must have a barrack to live in as big as that of a great noble, one is driven to think of what it entails — of the multiplication of wants, and the armies of people required to minister to them — of the enervating atmosphere of great houses, and the effect on those who are bred in them. An inquiry into the antecedents of the occupants of our workhouses would bring out some startling revelations as to the proportion of paupers recruited from the ranks of domestic service in great houses.

Let us admit, however, that the difficulty of getting rid of superfluous wealth must be a very serious one; and that those who have to solve it are to a great extent the slaves of custom, and have almost no voice in the matter. A rich man of genius may sometimes strike out a new method, such as the Eglintoun tournament, which some of you may remember; but, for the most part, it must run in grooves, which are always wearing themselves deeper.

A busy professional friend of mine had lodgings some years ago in the West-end of London, opposite the house of a lady of high fashion. While thus housed a niece from the country was entrusted to him, a bright girl of fifteen, who required advice from London physicians. He was absent all day himself, and had no one to take charge of her. All he could do was to provide her with a good supply of books, and to suggest that she might vary her occupation, and add to her knowledge, by observing the afternoon arrangements of their opposite neighbor. He returned home in the evening with some misgivings, but found his little niece very bright and cheerful. He asked her how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh, very much indeed," she answered, for she had been watching all the afternoon the callers on the great lady opposite. "And what have you learnt?" was the next question. "Well, uncle, I have learnt how many men it takes to get a lady out of her carriage up to the drawing-room. It takes just five men; and, now I really understand it, I don't see how it could be done with one less." One should be thankful that some amusement may be got out of what those who suffer under it must find such a grievous infliction.

One other illustration of this part of our subject will be sufficient. A curious ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given afternoon some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-hand Club muster in Hyde Park. The coaches are built on the model of the old Tally-hos and Quicksilvers of forty years ago, and therefore entirely answer the purpose of being quite useless except for show. Each of them cost perhaps £500, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses, worth at least another £1,000. Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches,

top-boots, and coats, neither of whom stands there under from £80 to £100 a year. When they are all mustered they start with much solemnity, and often no little difficulty, and proceed at a very moderate pace, not, I imagine, without serious interruption to the ordinary business traffic, to Greenwich, where — they dine — that is all. I am not saying, remember, that there is anything morally wrong in all this. I only quote these as some of many methods of ingenious and useless expenditure.

But do not let it be supposed that I am taking instances from one class only, or that I think any special blame attaches to that class. The grooves run, and grow deeper and deeper, wherever property accumulates in masses. Look at our city companies, the heirs of the old guilds. An enormous proportion of their funds, as we all know, goes in feasting with no object whatever. The best members of these companies deplore the fact. Many of the companies (at least in London) are making efforts to get out of the old groove, are for instance trying to establish schools of technical education in their particular trades. The extreme difficulty which they experience in this laudable effort only proves how deep the grooves of expenditure are in an old country and a complicated civilization. The same remark applies to our noblest institutions; for instance, to the university to which I have the honor to belong. It is commonly rumored that the commission now inquiring into its revenues will report that they amount to upwards of £400,000 annually. But the number of students educated there does not on an average of years reach 1,300, and almost all of these must expend, in addition, large sums of their own, in order to avail themselves of the education offered by the university. All the best minds of Oxford are dissatisfied, and intent on the problem of how to use their revenues in the most effectual way for the higher education of the nation. But here, too, custom is fearfully strong, and the ancient grooves very deep.

But why need we travel away from home in this matter, my friends? Which of us is not the slave of custom in his own household? Who does not spend the greater part of his income for conformity? Let him who can answer "I," cast the first stone at our millionaires, our corporations, our universities. "When riches increase, they are increased that eat them; and what comfort hath a man of them, save the beholding of them with his eyes?" was said 2,000 years ago, and will be true 2,000 years hence.

It has often struck me that Emerson's wonderful contrast of the maker and the inheritor of riches, applies with equal force to communities as to individuals. I make no apology for quoting it at length, as I know not how I could sum up the matter so vividly or so tersely.

"Consider further the difference between the first and second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust, timber by rot, cloth by moths, provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves, an orchard by insects, a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle, a stock of cattle by hunger, a road by rain and frost, a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a-fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected, in one estate to his son — house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hardware, woodenware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money — and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full — not to use these things, but to look after them, and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What

a change! Instead of the masterly good-humor, and sense of power, and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, and beast and fish, seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down-beds, coaches and men-servants and women-servants, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends, to the prosecution of his love, to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the enlargement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment; and he is now what is called a rich man — the menial and runner of his riches."

And what, then, is the remedy for all this? No one, I hope, who owns our name, is going to sit down quietly in the belief that the English race is for the future to live on as the menial and runner of the vast riches it has accumulated. One suggestion occurs at once. "O rich man's son," says another American poet —

"O rich man's son, there is a toil
Which with all others level stands :
Large charity can never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

"O poor man's son, scorn not thy state
There is worse weariness than thine
In only being rich and great :
Toil only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign."

Large charity! Well, but does not the word charity stink in our nostrils? Have not all our best social reformers been preaching for years — have they not proved to demonstration — that by far the greater part of our lavish expenditure in our vaunted charities has been mischievous, fostering the evils it was meant to cure, until we have come to doubt whether it would not have been better for the nation had all the money so applied been put in a bag and thrown into the sea? I fear that this is so; but only because we have misused the word, and perverted the idea. We have given our checks, large or small, as a customary toll, and felt a kind of virtuous self-complacency in seeing our names printed in subscription lists, without the honest care and thought which alone could make the gift of any value. We have yet to learn the meaning of the phrase, which has become cant in our mouths.

It is not so in Mr. Lowell's. The "large charity" he speaks of is "a toil" — a toil "level with all others" — a work which will tax intellect and heart as severely as the most arduous careers which the state, professions, commerce, hand labor, offer to their servants. That is what the guiding of wealth must come to if this nation is to hold her own; and the time surely presses; to-day is "the day of her visitation." Why should it not come to be so? Our highest born, our ablest, our most cultivated men, give themselves gladly to the most arduous toil for the commonwealth. Our Secretaries of State ask for no Nine Hours Bill, have no private ends to serve, leave office poorer than they enter it; are ready, all the best of them, to sacrifice popularity, to endure obloquy, misrepresentation, the storm of angry faction, so only that they may be true to their trust. The owners of counties and of millions must come to look on their calling in the same spirit, and to work in it with like zeal. Here and there already we hear of such men — of some great landlord whose whole energies are devoted to building up a better and nobler life in the many homes which stand on his domains; of some successful merchant or manufacturer, who, like Sir Josiah Mason, pours back without stint the streams of gold which his enterprise has attracted, and watches and guides them with

his own eye and word. They may be rare enough to-day. We may still have to wince under stories of men cleared off the land that game may abound; of the lust of our proprietors to add field to field that they may be alone in the land; of the ambition of our successful traders to found families and make what they call "a place" — "*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" But the signs are in the air that the end of all this is at hand.

And what openings, what careers, does England offer to the man who will hold his wealth as a trust, and work at his trust as a profession! Here is a Whitechapel, a Bethnal Green, a St. Georges in the East, lying in shameful misery and squalor, almost in mid-London, preyed on by the owners of the wretched hovels which do duty for houses. Almost every great town has its own squalid and therefore dangerous end; and there are dozens of young men amongst us at this moment, any one of whom might resolve to-morrow, quietly: "This junketing, four-in-hand, dawdling life is too hard for me. By God's help I will rebuild Whitechapel." Half a million of money, ten years' work, with a strong will and a clear head, and it would be done.

There are hundreds of miles on our coasts which the bravest sailors pass with anxious brow and compressed lips in bad weather. Another of our *jeunesse dorée* might well say, "This coast, rugged though it be, is not so rugged that it cannot be mastered. If money and persistence can do it, I will make harbors of refuge here, which shall be open in all weathers to the ships of all the world."

Mines and mills are fouling and poisoning the streams in many a fair English vale, in which the fathers of this generation caught trout and grayling. "They shall run as pure and bright as ever, if I live another ten years," would be a resolve worthy the life of a brave man to accomplish. Such undertakings as these would no doubt tax the will and the brain as severely as the purse. The man who with the money at his command could rebuild Whitechapel, or cleanse the streams of a manufacturing county, must be one of great capacity. But no one has ever denied the possession of ability or energy to our richest class, and there are besides many other more obvious outlets for work of this kind opened to less ambitious millionaires. For instance, we read in the papers only the other day that the £130,000, the remains of the Lancashire Relief Fund, is to be applied to the erection of a Convalescent Hospital in that great county. Unless I misread the accounts, it would seem that there is no such institution at present in Lancashire. That one fact speaks volumes of the arrears of work. Convalescent hospitals are rare all over the kingdom, and yet they are precisely a kind of institution to which none of the hack objections apply. To build and endow one of sufficient capacity to receive the convalescent patients of a great hospital would be, one would think, well worth the expenditure of a few years' income, and would not tax too severely the brains of any man. A very moderate amount of common sense and business-like attention to detail would be all that would be required.

But whether it be in the ways suggested, or in some other, the thing must be done, unless we would see a dangerous state of things follow these years of prosperity. Respect for vested interests, for the institution of property, is strong amongst us, stronger probably than in any other nation; but there are signs, which we should do well to note, that there are strains which it will not bear. Of these I will only instance one — the aggregation of land in fewer and fewer hands. I believe you have instances of the same kind here in the North as we have in Southern England, of great capitalists — sometimes peers, sometimes new men — who are literally buying up all the land in certain districts which comes into the market. Within my own memory and observation almost all the yeomen, and a large proportion of the smaller squires, in the neighborhood I knew best as a boy, have been bought out in this way. The last time I was there, there were three or four squires' houses uninhabited, and tenant farmers, or bailiffs, or gamekeepers, in the old yeoman's houses. Now, the chief argument for a landed aristocracy is, that it places a highly cultivated person, a man of fortune and leisure, at the head of each small

section of the community, whose own influence and the influence of his family will spread refinement, courtesy, and the highest kind of neighborly feeling into the humblest homes which surround his own. But all this vanishes when one man owns estates in half a dozen counties. If he has houses in each he can't live in them all, any more than he can eat four legs of mutton at once. More probably the houses have been first allowed to fall into decay and then pulled down; so that a great man's ownership is more likely than not, nowadays, to involve the loss of just that element of old-fashioned country life which was most valuable and humanizing. The land with us is so limited in area, so necessary to human life, so much desired, that this kind of monopoly of it, if carried much further, will prove, I am convinced, the most dangerous weakener of the respect for property, and with it of the position of the aristocracy, that has yet made itself felt. If rich men with the land fever will not limit themselves to one big house and one estate, the law will before long do it for them, and they will be lucky if it stops there. The case was pithily put the other day by a writer, arguing that absolute freedom of contract in the case of an article indispensable to the community, and of which there is a monopoly, cannot be endured: "If John Smith owned the air, John Smith would have to sell the air on terms endurable to the majority, or John Smith would be hanged — not unjustly, for states have rights of existence — on the nearest lamp-post."

But I am straying from my subject, so, without marshalling further proofs, would only express my own conviction that there are other methods of spending, common enough amongst us, not obviously vicious and degrading (such as horse-racing, as it is now practised), but, on the contrary, held in esteem and respect, which are likely, if persevered in, to prove dangerous.

Therefore I say that those who have the deepest interest in things as they are would do well, even by way of insurance, if for no higher motive, to devote some attention and careful labor to this matter of spending well. That there is urgent need of getting in the first place clear ideas on the subject, all will allow who have glanced at a controversy in the press, raised by an expression in the recent lecture by Mr. Goldwin Smith already referred to, to the effect that unproductive expenditure — on luxurious living and superfluous servants, for instance — "consumes the income" of so many poor families. One had supposed that the distinction between productive and non-productive expenditure, and that the one benefits the community and the other does not, had been pretty clearly established for a generation or so in the minds of all who study such questions. But it has now again been maintained, by serious writers in serious journals, that this is all delusion — that the wages of the soldier, the policeman, the judge, and the valet, must all stand in the same category, and are all postulates and conditions without which production could not go on! This may be consoling doctrine for the plutocracy, for all indeed who keep valets; but I am certain it is dangerous to the community.

And, I must say, I am myself hopeful that we are on the way to a far better state of things in this respect. Whence the impulse comes is not easy to determine; from many sources, no doubt, possibly to some extent from example. Upon most social problems we have perhaps little to learn from our American cousins, but upon this particular one much. Few things struck me more in the United States than the scale upon which private citizens are undertaking and carrying out great works for the public good. Girard's College in Philadelphia, Harvard College in Massachusetts, are well-known instances of what past generations have done while the country was poor and struggling; but now that it is growing at a pace which will soon make it the richest and most populous of nations, there is every sign of a growing public sentiment, that it is disgraceful in those whom society has enabled to gather vast riches, not to return to society with an open hand.

I might multiply instances, were there need to do so. It seemed to me, I must say, that whereas with us a Sir Josiah Mason is a somewhat rare phenomenon, with our cousins he

is becoming quite an ordinary product of the soil. It may be that the difference of social institutions accounts in great measure for this; that while wealth is made there as rapidly as in England, the English temptation to "found a family" and "make a place" is wanting; and that the natural desire to leave a mark expends itself in Cooper Institutes and Cornell Universities. But whatever may be the cause, there is the fact, and it is a fact from which I think we may at least draw this encouragement: that extreme democratic institutions do not apparently cripple or narrow public spirit in this direction of money-spending. And I cannot but think that, as well considered and public-spirited expenditure becomes larger and more common, a good deal of the purely burdensome and conventional part of luxurious expenditure will drop off. When it becomes the correct thing for our rich men to build harbors and endow colleges, it won't take five men-servants to get their wives out of their carriages and up to their drawing-rooms. But again let me repeat that the richest class are no more sinners than the rest of us. To live simply, to master and control our expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround us, the ideas in which we have been brought up, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the lecture to which I have already referred more than once, the best thing they can do is to let go — the only thing indeed which will give themselves any comfort or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbor on the right spends on carriages, or their neighbor on the left in upholstery, they will find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth, that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-creams. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We cannot sweep our whole street. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep his own doorstep, and, if he will do it quietly and regularly, anon his right and left hand neighbors follow, and before long the whole street is swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all those social tangles which we have been glancing at casually this evening be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the *Nation* the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget (the Irish servant girl, or help) against her numerous accusers. "My good friends," he argued, "what else have you any right to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence, and honesty; but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment;" and the words come home, I fear, with singular force to us islanders also in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true for us also. "Whenever the sound of the new gospel which is to win the Nations back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family."

ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS.

MR. MILVERTON, who is, we suppose, the special spokesman of the author of "Friends in Council," remarks in the course of the earnest, lively, and often humorous

conversations which have just appeared on the subject of "Animals and Their Masters,"¹ that if men are to be damned for this and that sin, as theologians so freely expect, there is more reason to think they will be damned for their sins of cruelty towards "those creatures who have been given into our complete dominion, and for our conduct to whom we shall be fearfully answerable," than for almost any others. And really we should heartily agree with him, wherever the sins of cruelty and barbarity can be referred to specific intention, and not to that habit of heedlessness which arises from the inattention and hurry of the day, and the tendency to believe — what so many people have a reason for wishing to believe — that even the highest animals do not suffer at all as human beings do under the same circumstances. Cruelty in the strictest sense of the term, the infliction of pain for the sake of giving suffering is, as far as we can see, more completely destructive to the soul of man, more completely a death-stroke to the spirit of love, and therefore to the vision of God, than any, even the worst sin not involving deliberate cruelty. But it is quite certain, as the "friends in council" show, that a good deal of barbarity is not so much cruelty, as the result of silly and false theorizing on the nature of the lower animals. Even in our own day, there has been a partial revival of Descartes' absurd theory, that the lower animals are very elaborate and delicate machines, constructed to move about and utter cries, — and that as they never learn how to do what they do by instinct, they may be supposed to be constructed so as to act in a certain way on a certain thing being done, and so that what looks like feeling in them is only the working of their mechanism; indeed, the present writer has heard a certain amount of hypothetical value attributed to this theory in relation to the lower orders of creatures by one of the most eminent of our living physiologists, — oddly enough, too, one who heartily accepts Mr. Darwin's theory of the descent of man. Thomas Aquinas is quoted by "Friends in Council" as saying, "*Animalia bruta non delectantur visibilibus, odoribus, et sonis, nisi in ordine ad sustentationem naturæ*," a remark which seems to show conclusively the very interesting though negative biographical fact that Thomas Aquinas did not keep either cats or dogs, — or if he did, did not observe them. Dogs are not only delighted by sounds which are not sounds of a kind to interest them through their appetites, but they are also not unfrequently very much distressed by such sounds. There are plenty of dogs which will howl whenever a gong or bell rings. There are others which detest music, and some passionately fond of it. Some distinguish between the human voice and instrumental music, and will howl at the latter only when it is unaccompanied by the former, evidently as a protest against the Cartesian notion that animals are crying machines. Such dogs — the present writer possesses one of them — probably regard crying machines as preternatural portents, but have no objection to the cries of living beings, even when not at all superior in melody or harmony. If the false theories which make men indifferent to the sufferings of animals could be got rid of finally, there would be more chance of getting rid of the shameful neglect and inattention to their welfare which is so severely but justly criticised by those friends "in council," and of getting sportsmen, and even scientific men in search of fresh knowledge, to consider that animals, like human beings, have rights to be violated, and that their rights are grossly violated when you compel them to bear quite needless suffering, and treat their sufferings either as excuses for a stimulating chase, or as the subjects of mere scientific curiosity. Sir Arthur Helps gives weight to his book by his experience of the working of the regulations of the Privy Council in relation to the transit of animals, and shows, we think, at least as cogent reason for the interference of the state on their behalf as there is for its interference on behalf of ignorant children, and on precisely the same ground — that they are not able to assert their own rights. If it is a duty to interfere to preserve children from the hands of baby-farmers, surely

¹ Strahan & Co.

it is in a less degree — a less degree only because of the less moral evil involved — right to preserve geese not only from the tortures involved in the manufacture of *pâtés de foie gras*, — not, we trust, an English torture, — but from such tortures as are inflicted on them in Englishmen's hands, some of which are thus described in this book : —

"At seven o'clock on the night of the 7th inst., thirty-six boxes of live geese arrived at Waterloo Station from St. Malo, via Southampton, consigned to Mr. —, Leadenhall Market. Each box appeared to be three feet four inches long, two feet wide, and sixteen inches deep; and all were made of rough jagged-edged deal planks, left with openings between each plank at the top and sides. In every box, so far as I could tell, from nine to twelve geese were huddled together so closely that none could move except by trampling one over another; or by getting a neck, head, or wing out of one of the openings. Some of the geese were screaming, many were lying down with heads and necks extended, seemingly quite exhausted; several were dead. I could count three, but believe there must have been more, the boxes being so placed in a mass on the platform that I could only examine closely those that were outermost. It was painful to see heads, necks, and wings protruding from the boxes so firmly fixed in openings that moderate force could not remove them. But it was still more painful to see how eagerly those geese which could get their heads out freely drank up some water the porters sprinkled on the boxes. The geese were so crowded together it would have been impossible to give them either food or water in the boxes, and I greatly fear they must have been left in them all night, as there was no preparation for their removal when I left at twenty minutes past eleven. I could not learn how long they had been in the boxes. . . .

Milverton: 'I want the whole subject of the transit of living creatures to be reconsidered. Nothing in this world is an un-mixed benefit. The increased facility of locomotion by railway has introduced new elements of difficulty into the whole question. How I should endeavor to meet this particular case, is by the adoption of some general rules, similar to those which have been introduced into the Passengers' Act, 1855, and subsequent Acts, with relation to the transit of human beings. Don't let us talk about ducks, or geese, or any such small fry; but let us contend for a provision of this kind — that in all cases of transit of living creatures a certain space should be allowed, bearing some proportion to the size of the creatures respectively.'"

Some one will, perhaps, quote against us the French aphorism, "*Le droit dérive de la capacité*," and maintain that only those animals have rights which can prove capacity to exercise their rights, like the sorrel nag *à propos* of which Mr. Milverton tells so admirable a story : —

"There have been a few wise horses in the world. I knew one myself of a sorrel color. He did not kick, or rear, or pursue any of those fantastic devices for getting rid of his rider; but when he objected to him, he always rubbed him off against a wall or a cart-wheel. No human being, who made himself objectionable to this horse, was ever known to "*remain*." You do not understand the allusion? A Frenchman, who had taken to riding in England, was asked how he succeeded in this mode of locomotion, so novel to him. He replied, "When he goes easy I am (*j'y suis*); but when he jumps hard, I do not remain." Now nobody could "*remain*" upon the horse I have been telling you about. But, alas! a wise horse, like a wise man, often keeps all his wisdom to himself; and this wise sorrel (was not the wisest horse that Gulliver met with in his sojourn with the Houyhnhnms a sorrel nag?) did not impart his secret to his brother boys or grays.'"

But then if in this sense a right can be only made good by a capacity, what are we to say to our children's right to teaching? Certainly they do not make good their capacity for learning before they are taught. Evidently the French maxim does not exactly cover the most serious class of rights at all, — the rights of the weak and the incapable to protection, at the hands of those who are strong and capable, from the sufferings incidental to weakness and incapacity. The "capacity" from which their right derives, is the capacity of appreciating the difference between suffering and enjoyment, and that capacity is none the less for their inability to make others understand it. There are certain rights which first make themselves felt in the shape of other persons' duties, but they are not the less genuine rights of the creature which, unlike the sorrel

nag, is unable to force them on the attention of its fellow-creatures.

And by far the best way to make the rights of the lower animals felt is to bring the imagination, the fancy, and the emotions of men to play round the actual lives of those creatures with which we have most intercourse, after the pleasant and humorous fashion of these conversations of the "friends in council." Indeed, the only fault we have to find with the author is that from a certain weariness of the stories of animal character, he enters too little into the indications of individual feeling in the animal world, and confines himself too much to the subject of the treatment by man of his dumb fellow-creatures. We should have liked more of this sort of humorous interpretation of the feelings of dogs, for instance : —

"*Ellesmere*: 'All animals I have known intimately have had a great appreciation of fun; and that is why I like the animal creation so much. If I were to pretend to throw Fairy into the water, a proceeding which she knows that I know she dislikes, she would perfectly understand that this was a mere demonstration, similar to that of an independent member asking a question of a minister in the House, the whole affair having been arranged an hour or two before at the minister's official residence in Downing Street, and Fairy would thoroughly enter into the joke. I can hardly tell you how much I see in this. It impresses me more than hundreds of those stories showing the sagacity of animals which are current in the world. Milverton has been wonderfully merciful to us, in not giving us hosts of these stories.'"

We are not sure about the wisdom of Milverton's mercy in this respect. At least it depends on the mode in which the stories might be treated. If a little playful imaginative insight had been brought to play upon them, as here, where the admirable comparison between the feelings of "Fairy" and the feelings of "the independent member" who aims a concerted blow at government, develops the real tie of sympathy between the dog and the man, such stories would do far more than any formal expression of opinion to deepen that sense of a common nature between man and the lower animals, which is the best conceivable security against the possibility of barbarity.

In this connection we may regret that Sir Arthur Helps has not given more prominence to the qualities of the lower animals as good companions. The discussion between the "friends in council" wanders off into a discussion on the qualities of good companionship, in which the lower animals are completely forgotten, and the characteristics of the human world come to the surface. We are told that the basis of good companionship rests on personal liking, early association, similarity of pursuits, and the like; that the means of continuing it depend on perfect mutual confidence in the higher sense, without any morbid seeking for "confidences;" and that for "high companionship" there must be an interest in many things, at least on one side, and on the other, a great power of receptivity. Even ignorant people will be extremely good companions to the most highly intellectual, if they are receptive, easily interested in the subjects which fascinate the latter, and keen, vigilant listeners who catch the proper points. Lastly, good companions should care more for the present and the future than for the past, and never indulge in needless and unmeaning detail. A "bore," on the contrary, is one who prefers hearing himself to eliciting what is good; who repeats himself largely; who is very fond of the past and its minutiae; and who expatiates in superfluous detail. Now, observe how nearly perfectly all the conditions of good companionship are fulfilled of the companionship between the man and the dog, — at least, the better class of dogs, for we admit the existence of a class of canine "bores," — the class who prefer hearing themselves bark to the pleasure of eliciting good conversation, who repeat themselves largely, and who are so far devoted to the past that they insist punctiliously on the exact rehearsal of old traditions. On the other hand, a genuine friendship with a dog is created by personal liking, early association, and similarity of pursuits. Indeed, in regard to the last head, the best excuse — we will not call it a

defence — we know for some kinds of sporting, is that if it inflicts needless suffering on one class of animals, it is almost essential to the complete friendship and intimacy with another. While dogs are what they are, no one gets quite so near to their hearts as the sportsman, — so that the very pursuit which violates one class of animal rights, really breeds the friendship which guards and consecrates another. Then, again, what friend gives, like the dog, the most absolute confidence, without any of that morbid exigence which insists on the exchange of "confidences" on all sorts of petty subjects? And even for the purposes of "high companionship," where is the friend who has such receptivity for learning of you as the less self-opinionated and the more docile kind of dogs? There are self-opinionated dogs, — we suspect the Scotch colleys, with all their high intelligence, are usually amongst the number, — who will not condescend to study human beings whom they find so inferior in instinct to themselves. But look at the Irish water-spaniels, — the kind to which Cowper's dog "Beau" belonged, who cropped for the poet the water-lily he admired half an hour after his unsuccessful attempt to get it; where is there their equal for studying the moods of their master's mind, and truly interpreting his thoughts, and even his genius? The greatest cat of our own day, whose story our own readers had an opportunity of reading some year or so ago, though in all probability purely a Saxon cat by descent, was a fervent Irish patriot, so strongly did he sympathize with his master. Indeed, Nero was seen one day to jump on the table and put his paws round a fine bust of Wolf Tone, in the enthusiasm of his hero-worship. Could you not speak of him as a splendid companion, in Sir A. Helps' very words? — "It is not exactly that his knowledge has made him so; it is his almost universal interest in everything that comes before him," with the recommendation of his master's admiration. Of such a one as Nero or Beau you may safely say that, like Lord Palmerston, on whose capacity for companionship Sir A. Helps passes so strong a eulogium, he does not dwell much on the past, but lives in the present and future. Of such a dog as Cowper's you might surely say, as was said of Burke, that if you had met him taking shelter under an archway, you would at once find out that you were in the company of a really great dog, and not merely that, but that you had met with a good companion also, "with one whose society you would long for, as it would fulfil all the conditions for evoking and maintaining the rare felicity of high companionship." The author of the "Friends in Council" has written a humorous and delicate plea for the due protection of animal rights. But he might have made it still more effective if he had condescended to let his fancy and humor play more steadily round the rudimentary germs of true human character in the other orders of the animal world, than he has deigned to do. Still, what he has written is humorous, wise and good; and, unlike the Frenchman on the jumping horse, it will "remain."

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

II.

So far, indeed, as the geographical evidence extends, it seems probable that there exists within the Antarctic Circle an elevated region bearing somewhat the same relation to the great promontories terminated by Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, as well as to the relatively elevated region indicated by the islands south and southeast of Australia, which the Hindoo Koosh bears to the great mountain ranges of Asia. We seem to have in the Antarctic high lands, the great central elevation whence three great lines of elevation extend. That the great mountain range which forms the backbone of South America, is continued under water, rising again in the South Shetland Isles and Graham's Land, would indeed seem altogether probable; and it may be remarked as a coincidence of some importance that the mountains seen by Ross on the other side of

the Antarctic Circle — Mounts Sabine, Crozier, Erebus and Ross — lie in a chain tending in the same direction. But although we might thus be led to regard the Antarctic regions as forming a great central region of elevation, it by no means follows that this region is of the nature of a table land.

Meteorological considerations have been urged by Maury for the theory of Antarctic lands in large masses, "relieved by high mountains and lofty peaks." He considers that it is to such mountains (performing the part of condensers) that the steady flow of "brave" winds towards the South Pole is to be ascribed. "Mountain masses," he says, "appear to perform in the chambers of the upper air the office which the jet of cold water discharges for the exhausted steam in the condenser of an engine. The presence of land, therefore, not water, about this south polar stopping-place is suggested." And he attaches considerable weight, in this connection, to the circumstance that the barometric pressure is singularly low over the whole Antarctic Ocean,¹ — as though there were here the vortex of a mighty but steady whirlwind. "We may contemplate the whole system of 'brave west winds,' circulating in the Antarctic regions, in the light of an everlasting cyclone on a gigantic scale — the Antarctic continent in its vortex — about which the wind in the great atmospherical ocean all round the world, from the pole to the edge of the calm belt of Capricorn, is revolving in spiral curves, continually going with the hands of a watch, and twisting from right to left." However, it would be unsafe to base the theory of an Antarctic continent on speculations such as these. And still less can we assume with Maury that Antarctic volcanoes play an important part in the economy of southern meteorological phenomena. There is no reason for supposing that active volcanoes have any special action in determining atmospheric relations. Capt. Maury suggests that we may, "without transcending the limits of legitimate speculation, invest the unexplored Antarctic land with numerous and active volcanoes," and this certainly may be granted, for two volcanoes (one in action) have been seen there. But it would be unsafe to infer that such volcanoes are "sources of dynamical force sufficient to give that freshness and vigor to the atmospherical circulations, which observations have abundantly shown to be peculiar to the southern hemisphere." Volcanoes would need to be so numerous and so active, in order to produce the imagined effect, that the whole southern continent would be aglow like a gigantic furnace. A hundred Etnas would not produce the thousandth part of the indraught which Maury ascribes to Antarctic volcanoes. Assuredly, we may say with Maury, but more significantly, that "volcanoes are not a meteorological necessity." "We cannot say that they are," he proceeds, "yet the force and regularity of the winds remind us that their presence there would not be inconsistent with known laws." He believes, in fact, that the steady winds may be partly formed as an indraught feeding volcanic fires. It is as well to remember, when ideas so wild are mooted, that, as Maury himself remarks, "we know, ocularly, but little more of the topographical features of Antarctic regions than we do of those of one of the planets." "If they be continental," as he proceeds, "we may indeed, without any unwarrantable stretch of the imagination, relieve the face of nature there with snow-clad mountains, and diversify the landscape with flaming volcanoes; but we must not forget that this is a work of imagination, not a theory which can be insisted upon as though it represented a geographical fact.

While on this subject, however, we cannot refrain from quoting a very striking passage from a letter by Captain Howes of the Southern Cross, because, although it re-

¹ This curious circumstance cannot be explained, as Maury supposes, by the existence of upflowing currents of air, however occasioned. The total pressure of the air over any region, is not affected by motions taking place within the air, any more than the total pressure of water upon the bottom of a tank is affected by motions taking place in the water. There are reasons for believing that the true explanation of the low Antarctic barometer lies in the fact that the ocean surface in Antarctic regions above, and in Arctic regions below, the mean level. The excess of ocean surface in the southern hemisphere indicates an overflow. As it were, of water southwards, which must lead to such a relation.

lates in reality to the phenomena of an Aurora Australis, it presents a scene such as we might conceive to accord with the conception of an Antarctic region covered with volcanoes whose combined action made the whole continent at times as one vast furnace. Apart from fancies such as these, the description is full of interest: "At about half past one," he says, "on the second of last September, the rare phenomenon of the Aurora Australis manifested itself in a most magnificent manner. Our ship was off Cape Horn, in a violent gale, plunging furiously into a heavy sea, flooding her decks, and sometimes burying her whole bows beneath the waves. The heavens were as black as death; not a star was to be seen when the brilliant spectacle first appeared. I cannot describe the awful grandeur of the scene; the heavens gradually changed from murky blackness till they became like livid fire, reflecting a lurid, glowing brilliancy over everything. The ocean appeared like a sea of vermillion lashed into fury by the storm; the waves, dashing furiously over our side, ever and anon rushed to leeward in crimson torrents. Our whole ship—sails, spars, and all—seemed to partake of the same ruddy hues. They were as if lighted up by some terrible conflagration. Taking all together, the howling, shrieking storm, the noble ship plunging fearlessly beneath the crimson-crested waves, the furious squalls of hail, snow, and sleet driving over the vessel and falling to leeward in ruddy showers, the mysterious balls of electric fire resting on our mastsheads, yard-arms, etc., and above all the awful sublimity of the heavens, through which coruscations of auroral light would often shoot in spiral streaks and with meteoric brilliancy—all together presented a scene of grandeur and sublimity surpassing the wildest dreams of fancy."

The enormous icebergs which come from out the Antarctic seas suggest interesting conclusions respecting regions as yet unexplored. This will be understood when it is remembered that all the larger and loftier icebergs have in reality had their origin in vast glaciers. Vast masses of ice are formed, indeed, in the open sea. Each winter the seas which have been open during the summer months (December, January, and February) are covered over with ice of enormous thickness, and when summer returns the ice-fields thus formed are broken up, and the fragments, borne against each other during storms, become piled into gigantic masses. But the agglomerations thus formed, vast though they be, are far exceeded in magnitude by the true icebergs. "Among the drifting masses of flat sea-ice," says Tyndall, "vaster masses sail, which spring from a totally different source. These are the icebergs of the polar seas. They rise sometimes to an elevation of hundreds of feet above the water, while the height of ice submerged is about seven times that seen above." "What is their origin?" he proceeds, speaking of those met with in the northern seas. "The Arctic glaciers. From the mountains in the interior the indurated snows slide into the valleys, and fill them with ice. The glaciers thus formed move like the Swiss ones, incessantly downwards. But the Arctic glaciers reach the sea, and enter it, often plunging up its bottom into submarine *muraines*. Undermined by the lapping of the waves, and unable to resist the strain imposed by their own weight, they break across, and discharge vast masses into the ocean. Some of these run aground on the adjacent shores, and often maintain themselves for years. Others escape, to be finally dissolved in the warm waters of the ocean."

Now, it is important to notice that the Antarctic icebergs are vaster and more numerous than those formed in Arctic seas. How large these last are, will be understood from the instance referred to by Tyndall, who, citing Sir Leopold McClintock, describes an Arctic iceberg 250 feet high, and aground in 500 feet of water. But Captain Maury speaks of Antarctic icebergs in the open sea, hundreds of feet high and "miles in extent." "The belt of ocean that encircles this globe on the polar side of fifty-five degrees south latitude is never free from icebergs," he adds; "they are formed in all parts of it all the year round. I have encountered them myself as high as the parallel of thirty-seven degrees, . . . and navigators on the voyage

from the Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne, and from Melbourne to Cape Horn, scarcely ever venture, except while passing Cape Horn, to go on the polar side of fifty-five degrees." As he justly remarks, "The nursery for the bergs to fill such a field must be an immense one; such a nursery cannot be on the sea, for icebergs require to be fastened firmly to the shore until they attain full size. They, therefore, in their mute way, are loud with evidence in favor of Antarctic shore-lines of great extent, of deep bays where they may be formed, and of lofty cliffs whence they may be launched."

It is remarkable, however, that Maury fails to notice that the evidence of these enormous icebergs is opposed to the theory of an Antarctic continent, or is, at least, by no means in favor of that theory. It might at once be objected, indeed, to the inferences derived by Maury from the Antarctic icebergs, that similar reasoning would show the unknown parts of the Arctic regions to be mainly occupied by land-masses. But, apart from this, all that we know of glaciers teaches us to recognize the fact that they are formed only in regions where vast mountain ranges exist, and where the lower levels are reached by ravines and valleys gradually diminishing in slope as they descend. Now, wherever this is the contour of the land, we have in the surrounding regions one or other of the three following conditions: either (i.), flat land regions around the base of the mountain ranges; or (ii.), inland seas upon which the valleys debouch; or (iii.), and lastly, open sea, in which the mountain ranges form islands or pinnacles complicated in figure. It is clear that only the third of these formations corresponds to the conditions indicated by the Antarctic icebergs. There must be a communication between Antarctic seas and the mountain-slopes of Antarctic lands, and this communication must be by long and deep valleys, descending to fiords, bays, and gulf. It is thus as certain as such a matter can be until the eye of man has actually rested on these regions, that the Antarctic shores are extremely irregular; and it seems altogether more probable that the land-masses of Antarctic regions consist of a number of large islands like those in the seas to the north of America, than that there is a great continental region, broken along its border, like the Scandinavian peninsula, into bays and fiords.

But, strangely enough, Captain Maury actually recognizes the necessity for a suitable region within which the icebergs are to be formed, but seems to feel bound (by the opinion of geographers respecting the unknown Antarctic regions) to reconcile the existence of such a region with the theory of a great Antarctic continent. "Fiords, deep bays, and capacious gulfs loom up," he tells us, "before the imagination, reminding us to ask the question, 'Is there not embosomed in the Antarctic continent a Mediterranean, the shores of which are favorable to the growth and the launching of icebergs of tremendous size? and is not the entrance to this sea near the meridian of Cape Horn, perhaps to the west of it?' But the condition of the Antarctic seas will not permit us to adopt such a view of the origin of southern icebergs. Even if the imagined Antarctic Mediterranean were not ice-bound, it would be sufficiently difficult to conceive that the glaciers formed around its shores would pass out in stately procession through the imagined straits south and west of Cape Horn. How should currents sufficiently strong be generated to bear these glacial masses away? How could collisions, blocking up the mouth of the strait often for months together, be avoided? And when the consideration is added that an Antarctic Mediterranean would almost certainly be frozen over, the whole year through, the theory that it is within such a sea that Antarctic glaciers are formed becomes, in our opinion, altogether untenable. If such a sea exists, it must be blocked up with ice too completely for any considerable movements to take place within it. Even the glaciers on its borders must be unlike the glaciers known to us, because the downward motion of the ice-masses composing them must be so checked by the resistance of masses already accumulated, as to be scarcely perceptible even in long periods of time."

If we consider the nature of the Antarctic seas, and particularly the circumstance that the Antarctic summer is far colder than the Arctic summer, it will appear most probable that within the Antarctic regions land and water are so distributed that, while the shore-lines are of great extent, there is very free communication with the open Antarctic Ocean. In other words, it seems reasonable to conclude that there are many large islands within the Antarctic circle, that these islands are separated from each other by wide passages, and not by straits readily blocked up and encumbered with ice in such sort as to impede the outward passage of the great icebergs. And nothing which has been ascertained by Antarctic voyagers is opposed to this conclusion. It is indeed very easy to fall into the mistake of inferring otherwise from the study of an ordinary chart of the Antarctic seas. If, for example, we look at the chart in Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," we are apt to imagine that the boundary-line indicating the limits of Antarctic explorations points to the existence of a continuous barrier of ice, the advanced line of defence, as it were, behind which lies as continuous a barrier of precipitous shore-line. But a very slight study of the records of Antarctic voyages will suffice to show how erroneous is such an impression. We find that long before coast-lines have been seen, the hardy voyagers have found themselves impeded and often surrounded by masses of floating ice. Wilkes, Ross, and D'Urville, when struggling to advance towards the southern pole, were repeatedly compelled to retreat without seeing any signs of land. Land has not been seen, indeed, along more than one sixth part of the circuit of the Antarctic barrier, and it has only been in the neighborhood of Victoria Land that a continuous coast line of any considerable extent has been discovered. Wherever land has been seen, it has been mountainous and rugged—a circumstance which suggests great irregularity of outline in the land regions, and the high probability that these regions are broken up into islands resembling those in the north-polar seas.

Certainly, there is much in what has been learned or may be inferred respecting the Antarctic regions, to suggest the wish that further explorations may one day be undertaken. When we consider what has been done with sailing ships, it seem by no means unlikely that, with steamships, suitably constructed, the Antarctic seas might be successfully explored. We would not encourage the idle ambition to penetrate so many miles farther southward than has hitherto been found practicable. But there are many and legitimate considerations in favor of further exploration. "Within the periphery of the Antarctic Circle," says Captain Maury, "is included an area equal in extent to one sixth part of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. With the appliances of steam to aid us, with the lights of science to guide us, it would be a reproach to the world to permit such a large portion of its surface any longer to remain unexplored. For the last two hundred years, the Arctic Ocean has been a theatre for exploration; but as for the Antarctic, no expedition has attempted to make any persistent exploration, or even to winter there.¹ England, through Cook and Ross; Russia,

through Billingshausen; France, through D'Urville; and the United States, through Wilkes, have sent expeditions to the South Sea. They sighted and sailed along the icy barrier, but none of them spent the winter, or essayed to travel across and look beyond the first impediment. The expeditions which have been sent to explore unknown seas, have contributed largely to the stock of human knowledge, and they have added renown to nations, lustre to diadems. Navies are not all for war. Peace has its conquests, science its glories; and no navy can boast of brighter honors than those which have been gathered in the fields of geographical exploration or physical research."

It does not appear that Antarctic voyages would be attended with any excessive degree of danger. No ship has hitherto been lost, we believe, in explorations beyond the Antarctic circle. It may be said, indeed, that such attempts are rather arduous than dangerous. It may even be found that the Antarctic barriers are impenetrable; but this has certainly not as yet been demonstrated. And it is far from being improbable that, if success could be achieved, an important field of commercial enterprise would be opened. The Antarctic regions are not mere desert wastes. The seamen under Ross found Possession Island covered by penguins standing in ranks like soldiers, and too little familiar with the ways of man to attempt escape. More valuable animals live and thrive, however, in Antarctic seas. Whales and seals exist there in abundance; and, as Captain Maury has well remarked, "Of all the industrial pursuits of the sea, the whale fishery is the most valuable." In Arctic fisheries, he tells us, three thousand American vessels are engaged, and "If to these we add the Dutch, French, and English, we shall have a grand total of perhaps not less than six or eight thousand, of all sizes and flags, engaged in this one pursuit." There are reasons for believing that whale fisheries in Antarctic regions would afford a richer, as they would certainly afford a far wider, field for maritime enterprise.

THE IRISH COURT.

HAVING an occasion of business with a country cousin, who had placed his family in lodgings near Merriem Square, I called at the street-door one morning, at an hour too early for ceremony. My knock was promptly answered by a rustic servant, who was also an importation from home, and who—knowing my intimacy with the household—ushered me, abruptly and without notice, into the drawing-room.

The sight which there met my eyes was striking and uncommon. *Materfamilias*, a portly dame, stood erect in a majestic attitude under the gas-lustre, courtesying and smiling graciously but gravely at one of her daughters. The stately condescension of her manner seemed a little exaggerated towards her own child, who, on her part, however, seemed in no degree less ceremonious, but swept across the carpet, salaaming at every stride, and keeping her full front assiduously turned to the matron, just as the young May moon may be observed to *envisage* the full-

there would be no difficulty whatever in again effecting a landing at the same place, namely, on Possession Island, off the coast of South Victoria, in latitude seventy-two degrees south; and that, with good huts, a party "could pass the winter very comfortably, and would have a pleasant prospect before them, and plenty of penguins to live on." But to have recurred the forwarding of such an expedition, the attention of government should have been directed to the matter as long before the transit of 1874, as in the actual case the transit of 1882 was anticipated (that is, in 1866, or thereabouts). Unfortunately, however, even at that very time, the mistake we have referred to led to the reiterated assertion that the transit of 1883 was alone worth observing at Antarctic stations; and again in 1868 the statement was repeated, that the method for which Antarctic voyages would alone be made "falls totally for the transit of 1874" (*Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. xxix. p. 33). It is now admitted that this was an over-hasty inference, but the admission comes too late. To observe the Transit of December 8, 1874, successfully, in the Antarctic regions, Possession Island should be occupied in January, 1874, at the latest, by a party provided with the means of wintering there (the winter months being May, June, July, and August). Unless our Australian cousins make the attempt, there is now, unfortunately, little hope of this being done. Government, at least, could scarcely be moved in time; though even now, immortal honors might be gained by any who, having adequate means, should fit out a stout steamship for the purpose. The instrumental means, and astronomers to use them, would be forthcoming at once.

¹ We cannot refrain from touching here once again on the unfortunate circumstances relative to the transit of Venus in 1874 and 1882, because not only astronomy but geography must suffer seriously from them. When we consider what was about to be undertaken for the transit of 1882, and how small was the promise of astronomical results, even under the misapprehensions to which we have referred, we see how much might have been secured (even before this present time) if the more abundant promise of the earlier transit had been recognised in due time. In 1882 there are only two Antarctic stations to be thought of for a moment, and at one of these the sun will be only four degrees or so above the horizon at the moment when Venus enters on the sun's face, while at the other the sun will only be seven degrees above the horizon at that time. The least haze near the horizon, or the existence of mountains of moderate elevation lying on the south of the selected station (and it is suspected that lofty mountains exist in that direction) would render the observations futile. In 1874, on the contrary, there will be a high sun at three or four Antarctic stations, and every circumstance would tend to make the observations successful and useful. It has even been said, by one well qualified to express an opinion—to wit, by Commander Davis, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his southern voyages, and had himself landed at one of the stations suggested—that the meteorological chances of observing the transit would be greatly more favorable in this Antarctic station than at Kerguelen Land. He considers, also, that

blown orb of day. The evolution was one of some difficulty, for the fair damsel's waist was encircled in an enormous counterpane, which trailed at great length along the floor.

I would have fancied that she had been making an unwelcome visit to the kitchen, and that the cook, according to ancient usage, had surreptitiously fastened a 'dishclout to her tail;' but the size and weight of this appendage forbade such a surmise; and, moreover, it was evident that she was not unconscious of the encumbrance, for whilst she moved, with her eyes still fixed deferentially upon the mistress of the ceremonies in the middle of the room, her right heel, "insidiously aside," employed itself in kicking the quilt away to a respectful distance, lest, being twisted about her limbs, it might impede the freedom of their course.

Another blooming creature, similarly equipped with what seemed an under-blanket, stood at the opposite end of the room near a window, waiting apparently for her turn to take up the same ground; and the younger olive-plants, raised upon chairs by the wall in mute admiration, contemplated the whole proceeding through mouths and eyes opened to the widest stretch of both. Having heard in my younger days of Catalani and her shawl-dance, it occurred to me that this might be a modern adaptation of that movement to an envelope of another and more familiar denomination. "Who knows," quoth I wittily to myself, 'but they may be doing Sir Roger de Coverley in a new figure?'

So profoundly were the party absorbed in the ceremonial, that I was able to take in the whole of it before the charming Dorabella (we called her Dolly in Tipperary), finding her retreat cut short by a sudden collision with my shins, uttered a little shriek, and then, bursting into a wild fit of laughter, appealed by an eloquent glance to her mother to explain the situation.

The matron did not accept the intrusion quite as pleasantly as her daughter.

"Didn't I tell you, Mick Rafferty," she said, turning wrathfully upon the page, "that I wasn't at home to gentlemen any day before three o'clock, and never to ladies, till you got orders to put on your button-jacket and wash your face?"

The state of Mick's complexion was certainly *primâ facie* evidence that he had not been authorized to admit a lady that morning; and I am bound to record that it wanted a good hour and a half of the time appointed for the other sex. He pleaded, however, that there was "a difference between a gentleman and a neighbor; and he thought Mr. Connor" (that's me) "was free of the house and welcome to run in and out at all hours," as he knew me to do at Castle Brody.

"It was my fault, my dear Mrs. Brody," I exclaimed, willing to excuse the stammering youth, notwithstanding the invidious distinction he had drawn between me and a gentleman proper; "I rushed past my old friend Mike, after my thoughtless fashion, without taking time to recollect that you are a town lady now. But as I am here, allow me to ask, what new kind of drill is this at which I find you employed?"

Mrs. Brody was (and is, I am happy to say) a cheerful, good-tempered woman, with no light perception of the ridiculous; and her brow being quickly smoothed of the angry wrinkle which had contracted it, she too broke into a hearty laugh.

"Why then, Roddy Connor," she said, "since you must know, I may as well tell you that the girls and myself are laid out to be presented at the *Drawing-room* to-morrow evening, and I am just putting them through their evolutions. This drill, as you say, is called kicking out the train."

"Kicking out the train!" I cried in my ignorance; "what, in the name of whatever is courtly, is that, Mrs. Brody?"

"You must understand," explained the matron, "that a lady has to appear in Dublin Castle the same as at the Queen's Court, in full-dress, with as good as two yards of

a tail dragging after her over the carpet, into the room where the Lady Lift'nant stands to receive her company. But, my dear, that's not the worst of it. There is a circle, as they call it, in that room, only it is in the shape of a half-moon, drawn up on each side of her Ex-scellency, composed of the Lord Chancellor and his wife, the Primate and his lady, Judges and judgeses to no end, my Lord Bishop this and my Lady Bishop that, with the Dean of St. Patrick's, all the grantees and little-ees who have the privilege of the *ongthreë*. There they stand one and all, winking and tittering among themselves, and staring at every young woman who passes in' at one door and out of the other."

"A most trying ordeal," I remarked. "I wish my young friends here safely over it."

"And what should hinder them, I'd like to know?" replied the lady, bridling. "They can do it as well as another, I suppose. What did they learn dancing and deportment for, if they'd be afraid to walk across the floor of the biggest room in Ireland?"

"My life on Miss Dorabella, at all events," said I. "After the stone wall she rode over at Coolairry, show me the bishop, or the bishop's wife either, that can stop her."

"Ah, but this is another pace altogether, Mr. Connor," interjected the subject of my praise. "I'd sooner face the Pound at Ballinasloe on Mad Bess, than carry the two yards of muslin ma was telling you of out of that room."

"Aye, that is the rub," pursued the matron; "for when the gentleman at the door has spread out your train for you at the end of his stick, making it as wide as a peacock's tail, anybody might walk up to her Ex-scellency, or for that matter to her Majesty, with dignity and composure; but to get out of that and vanish through the opposite door without once showing your back to the presence, or your profile to the circle, and at the same time not to tear off your skirt bodily, or else trip up your own heels—that is what I call the rub. It is not natural, but it must be done; like many other unnatural things that people must do, who are determined to take a lead in this world."

"I now understand," said I, "why young ladies preparing for that presence must be instructed how to kick out their trains, and such was the exercise at which you were engaged when I so unseasonably broke in upon you."

"Yes, that was our manœuvre," said the stirring dame; "and now, with your leave, we will finish the lesson. You'll find Mr. Brody, if you want him, going through his sword-exercise in some of the passages below."

Miss Leonora (vernacularly Nelly), whose turn had come, was tightening the blanket round her slender waist, when I was thus politely dismissed. Before my departure, however, it was gently signified that knowledge acquired by surprise, as I had obtained it, was not fairly current in society, and I had no difficulty in promising an honorable reticence. From that day to this I have not made the affair a subject of private tattle or gossip. If I now relate it, it is in the performance of a public duty, to which considerations of mere personal obligation must, of course, give way. In our new and improved morality, family secrets are not to stand in the way, when they can be brought out to the aid of a great policy; nor can Mrs. Brody complain of broken faith, if after an interval of a dozen years her daughter's *pas en arrière* is drawn into the light to "adorn a tale."

The reader will not be sorry to hear that I have very lately seen the same young lady, nothing the worse for her castle experience, but much more becomingly girdled with a neat white apron, out of which she and her two little girls were dispensing oats, with no sparing hands, to the poultry in the farmyard attached to her husband's parsonage. When I hinted that I had once seen her differently accoutred, she laughed, and said: "What a goose I was then, to be sure, to think that I was going to be a fine lady all at once, because nothing would satisfy poor dear mamma but that I must be brought out at Court!"

It was some time before I made out my friend Brody in an area beyond the kitchen. He was hastily unbuckling himself from a sword nearly four feet in length, with which he had been strutting and fretting his hour, to acquire the art of carrying such an appendage, so that it should not come between his legs before the vice-regal nobility. He also was rehearsing for the Drawing-room, and being a short fat man, and scant of breath, the exertion had brought a more than usual amount of redness into his face. His speech also was hurried and stammering, whilst he tried to laugh at himself—a most unsuccessful haw-haw, I must add—for playing the fool at his time of life.

"But you know, my friend," said he, "when the ladies take a thing into their heads there is no resisting them; and the mistress here will have it that the girls are nothing till they 'come out.' So we must leave our comfortable home, and pack ourselves into expensive lodgings in Dublin, that the world, seeing that they appear at the *Cassle*, may understand they are something."

"And what do you expect them to gain by going to the Castle?" I took the liberty of asking.

"A bill for feathers and *guippure*, if you know what that is—I don't—that would clothe the whole family decently for a twelvemonth."

"What! no more than that?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal more. There is the chance of making the acquaintance of half-a-dozen young swells, who will lounge all the morning on your sofas, eat your dinners and drink your wine *ad libitum* every evening if you ask them, and accompany the young ladies to theatres and concerts as often as you accommodate them with free tickets. In the rear of these advantages halts the forlorn hope of an astonishing or impossible marriage with a scion (the French, with greater propriety, would style him a *rejeton*) of 'The Ten Thousand,' not worth a thousand brass farthings; and the connection is to counterbalance all the bother and expense of making your daughter and yourself the envy of the Barony of Eliogarty."

"If that be the value you set upon the speculation," I asked him, "how is it that you take a personal share in it, tying yourself on to that toasting-iron and masquerading in point-lace, ruffles, and a silk cocked-hat? You must be aware that you look more of a gentlemen—aye, and feel it too, from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot in—your tweed jacket and clouted brodekins."

"Wait till you are married, my fine fellow, and have a nursery full of girls. Then you will understand the reason why. Would you have me let them go the *Cassle* by themselves? No; I must first go to the Levee to qualify myself for admission into better company, and then attend my wife and 'the Misses Brody' to the drawing-room. I bless my stars the first part of the programme is past and gone, for I appeared at the Levee yesterday."

"Oh, then," I said, "yours was really that little round body which I saw in a covered car on Cork-hill, panting inside an over-tight doublet of brown poplin. You reminded me of a soldier-crab who has outgrown its shell, and strains every muscle to burst through it into the cool air and liberty."

"Upon my word, you are complimentary," replied Mr. Brody; "but them was my feelings undoubtedly, however you managed to decipher them. An excruciating yoke it was, and most expensive. For though I did not go the length of buying a court-dress, out and out—which Heaven forbid!—the hire of one was equal to an entire *shoot* of broadcloth, which you could forever after call your own. And when the clothes were hired, they were—as you sharply observed—too tight in every way for a man of my girth. I declare I felt like a lunatic in a strait-waistcoat all the time they were on my back, to say nothing of the continual dread of bursting out of them, which would, of course, have doubled the cost, to say nothing about the exposure."

"Well," I remarked, "that must have been distressing in itself, and adverse besides to the ease and freedom which are so essential to the proper carriage of a gentleman."

"Indeed and you may say that," answered Mr. Brody, "whether you are in jest or not. Mighty awkward it was, I assure you. But what was all that to the trouble my nether garment was to me when my turn came to make a bow to the Lord Lift'nant!"

"What! you don't say there was danger of a rent there also?"

"That same was on the cards," he continued. "It might; but it didn't. Every other sense of danger, however, went clean out of my mind, in the confusion of the moment, when, bending forward to perform my obeisance, a glimpse of my lower members deprived me of all recollection. In haste, whilst dressing, I had surveyed my figure superficially in the glass. It was nothing to boast of, that shadow of a 'bare forked animal,' which there confronted me. But I had no leisure to dwell on the reflection; for Manus O'Brien, who was joined with me in the expense of the car, was singing out in the street, and bringing all the neighbors to the windows with his asseverations that 'the Voiceragal Court was waitin' for us.' Scarcely allowing myself time, therefore, to bring buckle and tongue together, I bounded into the vehicle, and what between Mannus's gabble and the novelty of the situation, I forgot, long before we passed the *Cassle*-gate, what manner of man I was. I hope there is no irreverence in the expression. No wonder afterwards if, in the flare and the excitement of the presence, the sight left my eyes at the second view of my infamy man. A horrible fancy seized me that I had forgotten the most material covering of all, and come away in my drawers. 'Good gracious!' says I, 'what made me go leave mee trousers beehind?' His Excellency and suite indulged in an audible titter at this original remark. Small blame to them for that. I laughed myself afterwards till I cried again; and the mistress had like to be choked with a spoonful of soup, when I told her of it at dinner. But the distress at the moment was literally *inexpressible*. How I did envy a major of Highlanders who was advancing towards the spot, which I made haste to evacuate! how I envied his fillibeg! and what would I not have given to be a parson, like Jammy Martin our curate, who had just passed through the room, with his *casack* so conveniently let down all round, that he was able to roll up his trousers knickerbockerwise, and make believe that he wore shorts and knee-buckles."

"Ah! that is one of the many advantages enjoyed by the Church," I said; "but military men also are in this matter as in most others, highly favored beyond civilians. They find it easier and less costly than any other class to pay their court to the great, while their costume is incomparably more becoming."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Brody answered, "I see that now. Indeed, I was made sensible of it yesterday, when young Cassidy from Ballinamuck, the brewer's son, swaggered about like a field-marshal, and he only a full ensign in the *Myo* Maleetia. But if Mrs. B. insists on another season at Court, I'll manage to figure as a soldier myself."

"Is it as a *Light Bob* you mean?" I saucily inquired.

"That will depend upon the company, sir," my friend gravely answered, and in rather a severe tone of voice. "I may have a commission in the Ossory Rifles for asking, and that would entitle me to face the Queen's representative in a tunic and continuations, like a Christian. But now I ask you, Roily Connor, as a friend, if a man's wife wears the smallclothes at home, does that circumstance give her a right to put her husband into such an apology for them as she sent me out with yesterday?"

It is a delicate matter to tender an opinion, even when pressed to do so, on subjects matrimonial. I therefore dodged my friend's question, and in a general way commended his idea of joining the defenders of his country, though it were for no better reason than that he might enjoy the privilege of wearing his trousers at the *Cassle*. As there is no competitive examination for the militia service, nor any important inquiries about spelling to be satisfied at Chelsea, there seemed no doubt that his interest with the county authorities might easily procure for him such a distinction.

"DOUBLES."

THE "doubling" of parts, or the allotment to an actor of more characters than one in the same representation, was an early necessity of theatrical management. The old dramatists delighted in a long catalogue of dramatic personæ. There are some fifty "speaking parts" in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," for instance; and although it was usual to press even the money-takers into the service of the stage to figure as supernumerary players, there was still a necessity for the regular members of the troupe to undertake dual duties. Certain curious stage directions cited by Mr. Payne Collier from the old extemporal play of "Tamar Cam," mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under date of October, 1602, afford evidence of an early system of doubling. In the concluding scene of the play four-and-twenty persons are required to represent the nations conquered by the hero — Tartars, Bactrians, Cataians, Pigmies, Cannibals, &c. — and to cross the stage in procession in the presence of the leading characters. The names of these performers are supplied, and it is apparent that Messrs. George, Thomas, Marbeck, Parsons, W. Parr, and other members of the company, were present early in the scene as nobles and soldiers in attendance upon the conqueror, and later — sufficient time being allowed for them to change their costumes — as representatives of "the people of Bonar, a Cataian, two Bactrians," &c.

In proportion as the actors were few, and the dramatic personæ numerous, so the system of doubling, and even trebling parts, more and more prevailed. Especially were the members of itinerant companies compelled to undertake increase of labor of this kind. It was to their advantage that the troupe should be limited in number, so that the money accruing from their performances should not be divided into too many shares, and as a consequence each man's profit reduced too considerably. Further it was always the strollers' principle of action to stick at nothing, to be deterred by no difficulties in regard to paucity of numbers, deficient histrionic gifts, inadequate wardrobes, or absent scenery. They were always prepared to represent, somehow, any play that seemed to them to promise advantages to their treasury. The labors of doubling fell chiefly on the minor players, for the leading tragedian was too frequently present on the scene as the hero of the night to be able to undertake other duties. But if the player of Hamlet, for instance, was confined to that character, it was still competent for the representative of "the ghost of buried Denmark" to figure also as Laertes, or for Polonius, his death accomplished, to reappear in the guise of Osric or the First Grave-digger, to say nothing of such minor arrangements as were involved in intrusting the parts of the First Actor, Marcellus, and the Second Grave-digger to one actor. Some care had to be exercised that the doubled characters did not clash, and were not required to be simultaneously present upon the scene. But, indeed, the strollers did not hesitate to mangle their author when his stage directions did not accord with their convenience. The late Mr. Meadows used to relate that when in early life he was a member of the Tamworth, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Warwick company, he was cast for Orozumbo, the Old Blind Man, and the Sentinel in "Pizarro," and took part in a mutilated version of "Macbeth," in which King Duncan, Hecate, the First Murderer, and the Doctor were performed by one actor; the bleeding soldier, one of the apparitions, and Seyton by another; and Fleance, the apparition of a crowned head, and the Gentlewoman by the juvenile lady of the company, the characters of Donalbain and Siward being wholly omitted.

Harley's first theatrical engagement was with Jerrold, the manager of a company at Cranbrook. His salary was fifteen shillings a week, and in a representation of the "Hon-eymoon" he appeared as Jaques, Lampedo, and Lopez, accomplishing the task with the assistance of several wigs and cloaks. In "John Bull" he played Dan, John Burr, and Sir Francis Rochdale; another actor doubling the parts of Peregrine and Tom Shuffleton, while the manager's wife

represented Mrs. Brulgruddery and Frank Rochdale, attiring the latter in a pair of very loose nankeen trousers and a very tight short jacket. The entire company consisted of "four white males, three females, and a negro." Certain of the parts were assigned in the playbills to a Mr. Jones. These, much to his surprise, Harley was requested by the manager to assume. "Between you and me," he whispered mysteriously to his young recruit, "there's no such person as Mr. Jones. Our company's rather thin just now, but there's no reason why the fact should be noised abroad." Other provincial managers were much less anxious to conceal the paucity of their company. A country playbill, bearing date 1807, seems indeed to vaunt the system of doubling to which the impressario had been driven. The comedy of the Busy Body was announced for performance with the following extraordinary cast: —

Sir Francis Gripe and Charles	Mr. Johnston.
Sir George Airy and Whisper	Mr. Deans:
Sir Jealous Traffic and Marplot	Mr. Jones.
Miranda and Scentwell	Mrs. Deans.
Patch and Isabinda	Mrs. Jones.

Among other feats of doubling or trebling may be counted the performance, on the same night, by a Mrs. Stanley, at the Coburg Theatre, of the parts of Lady Anne, Tressell, and Richmond, in "Richard the Third." A Mr. W. Rede once accomplished the difficult feat of appearing as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Fag, and Mrs. Malaprop in a representation of "The Rivals," the lady's entrance in the last scene having been preceded by the abrupt exit of Sir Lucius and the omission of the concluding passages of his part. The characters of King Henry, Buckingham, and Richmond, in Cibber's edition of "Richard the Third," have frequently been undertaken by one performer.

Actors have often appeared in two, and sometimes in three, theatres on the same evening. This may be the result of their own great popularity, or due to the fact of their serving a manager who has become lessee of more than one establishment. For twenty-eight nights in succession, Grimaldi performed the arduous duties of clown both at Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden Theatres. On one occasion he even played clown at the Surrey Theatre in addition. It is recorded that "the only refreshment he took during the whole evening was one glass of warm ale and a biscuit." A post-chaise and four was waiting at the Surrey Theatre to convey him to Sadler's Wells, and thence to Covent Garden, and the post-boys urged their horses to a furious speed. It is well known that while fulfilling his double engagement he one wet night missed his coach, and ran in the rain all the way from Clerkenwell to Holborn, in his clown's dress, before he could obtain a second vehicle. He was recognized as he ran by a man who shouted, "Here's Joe Grimaldi!" And forthwith the most thoroughly popular performer of his day was followed by a roaring and cheering mob of admirers, who proclaimed his name and calling, threw up their hats and caps, exhibited every evidence of delight, and agreed, as with one accord, to see him safe and sound to his journey's end. "So the coach went on, surrounded by the dirtiest body-guard that was ever beheld, not one of whom deserted his post until Grimaldi had been safely deposited at the stage-door of Covent Garden, when, after raising a vociferous cheer, such of them as had money rushed round to the gallery doors, and making their appearance in the front just as he came on the stage, set up a boisterous shout of 'Here he is again!' and cheered him enthusiastically, to the infinite amusement of every person in the theatre who had got wind of the story."

At one time Elliston, engaged as an actor at Drury Lane, had the additional responsibility of two theatrical managements, the Surrey and the Olympic. His performers were required to serve both theatres, and thus frequently appeared upon the stage in two counties upon the same night. In 1834, the two patent theatres were ruled by one lessee, whose managerial scheme it was to work the two houses with a company and a half. The running to and from Drury Lane and Covent Garden of actors half attired, with

rouged faces, and loaded with the paraphernalia of their art, of dancers in various stages of dress, of musicians bearing their instruments and their music-books, was incessant, while the interchange of mysterious terms and inquiries, such as "Who's on?" "Stage waits," "Curtain down," "Rung up," "First music," etc., was sufficiently perplexing to passers-by. At the season of Christmas, when the system of double duty was at its height, the hardships endured by the performers were severe indeed. The dancers were said to pass from one theatre to the other six times during the evening, and to undergo no fewer than eight changes of costume.

In the same way the performances at the summer theatre, the Haymarket, at the commencement and close of its seasons, often came into collision with the entertainments of the winter houses, and the actor engaged by two masters, and anxious to serve both faithfully, had a very arduous time of it. How could he, possibly be present at the Haymarket and yet not absent from Drury Lane or Covent Garden? As a rule the patent theatres had the preference and the summer theatre was compelled for a few nights to be content with a very scanty company. On one occasion, however, Farley, the actor, achieved the feat of appearing both at the Haymarket and Covent Garden on the same night, and in the plays presented first at each house. The effort is deserving of particular description.

At Covent Garden the curtain rose at half past six o'clock. In the Haymarket the representation commenced at seven. At the former theatre Farley was cast for one of the witches in "Macbeth." At the latter he was required to impersonate Sir Philip Modelove, in the comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." It was a question of fitting in his exits at Covent Garden with his entrances at the Haymarket. A hackney-coach was in attendance, provided with a dresser, lighted candles, the necessary change of costume, and the means of altering his make-up. His early duties as a witch at Covent Garden fulfilled, the actor jumped into his coach, and, with the assistance of his dresser, was promptly changed from the weird sister of the tragedy to the elderly beau of the comedy. He duly arrived at the Haymarket in time to present himself as Sir Philip, whose first entrance upon the stage is in the second act of the play. This part of his task performed, he hurried again to Covent Garden, being transformed on the road from Sir Philip back again to the weird sister. Again he left the patent theatre, and reached the Haymarket in time to reappear as Sir Philip on the second entrance of that character in the fifth act of the play. The actor acquitted himself entirely to the satisfaction of his two audiences, who were perhaps hardly aware of the extent of his labors, but with very considerable strain upon his nervous system. For to add to the difficulties of his task, his coachman, indifferent to the counsel that the more haste often signifies the worst speed, turning a corner too sharply, ran his fore-wheel against a post, and upset coach, actor, dresser, candles, costumes, and all. This untimely accident notwithstanding, the actor, with assistance freely rendered by a friendly crowd, secured another vehicle, and succeeded in accomplishing an exploit that can scarcely be paralleled in histrionic records.

But if doubling was sometimes a matter of necessity, it has often been the result of choice. Actors have been much inclined to undertake dual duty with a view of manifesting their versatility, or of surprising their admirers. Benefit nights have been especially the occasions of doubling of this kind. Thus at a provincial theatre, then under his management, Elliston once tried the strange experiment of sustaining the characters of both Richard and Richmond in the same drama. The entrance of Richmond does not occur until the fifth act of the tragedy, when the scenes in which the king and the earl occupy the stage become alternate. On making his exit as Richard, Elliston dropped his hump from his shoulder, as though it had been a knapsack, straightened his deformed limbs, slipped on certain pieces of pasteboard armor, and, adorned with fresh head-gear, duly presented himself as the Tudor prince. The heroic lines of Richmond delivered, the actor hurried

to the side-wings, to resume something of the misshapen aspect of Richard, and then reënter as that character. In this way the play went on until the last scene, when the combatants come face to face. How was their fight to be presented to the spectators? The omission of so popular an incident as a broadsword combat could not be thought of. The armor of Richmond was forthwith shifted on to the shoulders of a supernumerary player, who was simply enjoined to "hold his tongue, and fight like the devil." Richard slain, Richmond departed. The body of the dead king was borne from the stage, and Elliston was then enabled to reappear as Richmond, and speak the closing lines of the play.

Among more legitimate exploits in the way of doubling are to be accounted Mr. Charles Mathews's assumption of the two characters of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary in "The Critic;" Mr. Phelps's appearance as James the First and Trapbois, in the play founded upon the "Fortunes of Nigel;" and the rendering by the same actor of the parts of the King and Justice Shallow in the Second Part of "Henry the Fourth." The worst that can be said for these performances is that they incline the audience to pay less heed to the play than to the frequent changes of appearance entailed upon the players. The business of the scene is apt to be overlooked, and regard wanders involuntarily to the transactions of the tiring room and the side-wings. Will the actor be recognizable? will he really have time to alter his costume? the spectators mechanically ask themselves, and meditation is occupied with such possibilities as a tangled string or an obstinate button hindering the performer. All this is opposed to the real purpose of playing, and injurious to the actor's art, to say nothing of the interests of the dramatist. Illusion is the special object of the theatre, and this forfeits its magic when once inquiry is directed too curiously to its method of contrivance. Still doubling of this kind has always been in favor both with actors and audiences, and many plays have been provided especially to give dual occupation to the performers. Certain of these have for excuse the fact that their fables hinge upon some question of mistaken identity, or strong personal resemblance. The famous "Courier of Lyons," founded, indeed, upon a genuine *cause célèbre*, was a drama of this kind. Here it was indispensable that the respectable Monsieur Lesurques and the criminal Dubosc, between whom no extraordinary a likeness existed that the one suffered death upon the scaffold for a murder committed by the other, should be both impersonated by the same performer. "The Corsican Brothers," it need hardly be said, narrated the fortunes of the twin-born Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, reasonably supposed to be so much alike that they could not be known apart. Mademoiselle Rachel appeared with success in a drama called "Valeria," written by Messieurs Auguste Maquet and Jules Lacroix, for the express purpose, it would seem, of rehabilitating the Empress Mesalina. The actress personated Valeria, otherwise Mesalina, and also Cynisca, a dancing-girl of evil character, but so closely resembling the empress that, as the dramatists argued, history had confounded the two ladies, and charged the one with the misdeeds of the other. "Like and Unlike," an adaptation from the French, in which some years since Madame Celeste was wont to perform at the Adelphi, is also a drama of the same class. But, indeed, works contrived for doubling purposes are numerous enough. And in this category may be included the elaborate melodramas which deal with long lapses of years, and relate the adventures of more than one generation, and in which the hero or heroine of the earlier scenes reappears at a later stage of the performance as his or her own child. Here, however, frequent change of dress is not required; the character first personated, when once laid aside, is not resumed, but is supposed to have been effectually removed from the scene by death, generally of a violent description. It is to be added that the applause often won by the actor who doubles a part on account of his rapid changes of attire, are, in truth, due much less to him than to the activity of his dresser, a functionary, however, who is never seen by the public. Still, calls before the curtain

ave now become such common compliments that even the reusers of the theatre may yet obtain this form of recognition of their deserts.

The services of a mute double to assist the illusion of the scene, or to spare a leading performer needless fatigue, have often been required upon the stage. Such a play as *The Corsican Brothers* could scarcely be presented without the aid of a mute player to take the place, now of Louis, now of Fabien dei Franchi, to personate now the spectre of this twin, now of that. In former days, when the deepest tragedy was the most highly esteemed of theatrical entertainments, funeral processions, or biers bearing the corpses of departed heroes, were among the most usual of scenic exhibitions. Plays closed with a surprising list of killed and wounded. But four of the characters in Rowe's *'Fair Penitent'* are left alive at the fall of the curtain, and among those survivors are included such subordinate persons as Rossano, the friend of Lothario, and Lucilla, the confidant of Calista, whom certainly it was worth no one's while to put to death. The haughty gallant, gay Lothario, is slain at the close of the fourth act, but his corpse figures prominently in the concluding scenes. The stage direction runs at the opening of the fifth act: "A room hung with black; on one side Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it. Calista is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair hanging loose and disordered. Soft music plays." In this, as in similar cases, it was clearly unnecessary that the personator of the live Lothario of the first four acts should remain upon the stage to represent his dead body in the fifth. It was usual, therefore, to allow the actor's dresser to perform this doleful duty, and the dressers of the time seem to have claimed occupation of this nature as a kind of privilege, probably obtaining in such wise some title to increase of salary. The original Lothario—the tragedy being first represented in 1703—was George Powell, an esteemed actor who won applause from Addison and Steele, but who appears to have been somewhat of a toper, and was generally reputed to obscure his faculties by incessant indulgence in Nantes brandy. The fourth act of the play over, the actor was impatient to be gone, and was heard behind the scenes angrily demanding the assistance of Warren, his dresser, entirely forgetful of the fact that his attendant was employed upon the stage in personating the corpse of Lothario. Mr. Powell's wrath grew more and more intense. He threatened the absent Warren with the severest of punishments. The unhappy dresser reclining on Lothario's bier could not but overhear his raging master, yet for some time his fears were surmounted by his sense of dramatic propriety. He lay and shivered, longing for the fall of the curtain. At length his situation became quite unendurable. Powell was threatening to break every bone in his skin. In his dresser's opinion the actor was a man likely to keep his word. With a cry of "Here I am, master!" Warren sprang up, clothed in sable draperies which were fastened to the handles of his bier. The house roared with surprise and laughter. Encumbered by his charnel-house trappings, the dead Lothario precipitately fled from the stage. The play, of course, ended abruptly. For once the sombre tragedy of the *"Fair Penitent"* was permitted a mirthful conclusion.

Whenever unusual physical exertion is required of a player, a perilous fall, or a desperate leap, a trained gymnast is usually engaged as double to accomplish this portion of the performance. When in the stage versions of *"Kenilworth,"* Sir Richard Varney, in lieu of Amy Robsart, is seen to descend through the treacherous trap and incur a fall of many feet, we may be sure that it is not the genuine Varney, but his double, who undergoes this severe fate. The name of the double is not recorded in the playbill, however, and he wins little fame, let him acquit himself as skilfully as he may. Occasionally, however, doubles of this kind are found to emerge from obscurity and establish a reputation of their own. In 1820, a pantomime, dealing with the fairy tale of *"Jack and the Beanstalk,"* was produced at Drury Lane. The part of the hero was allotted to little Miss Povey, who declined, however, to undertake

Jack's feat of climbing the famous beanstalk, a formidable structure reaching from the stage to the roof of the theatre. It became necessary to secure a substitute who should present some resemblance to the small and slight figure of the young actress, and yet be sufficiently strong and courageous to undertake the task she demurred to. The matter was one of some difficulty, and for some time no competent double was forthcoming. One morning, however, Winston, the stage-manager, described a little active boy, acting as waterman's assistant, at the hackney-coach stand in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. He was carried to the theatre and his abilities put to the test at a rehearsal of the pantomime. His performance was pronounced satisfactory. He nightly appeared during the run of *"Jack and the Beanstalk"* as the climbing double of Miss Povey. Subsequently, he became one of the pupils of the clown. The boy said he believed his name was Sullivan. Years afterwards he was known to fame as Monsieur Silvain, ballet-master, and principal dancer of the Académie Royale, Paris, an artist of distinction, and a most respectable member of society.

Mrs. Mowatt, the American actress, has recorded in her memoirs a curious instance of a double being employed in connection with a dummy to secure a theatrical illusion of a special kind. The play, produced at the Olympic Theatre some twenty years ago, was an English version of the *Ariadne* of Thomas Corneille. In the original, Ariadne, upon the discovery of the perfidy of Theseus, falls upon a sword and expires. This catastrophe was altered in the adaptation, and a startling effect produced by the leaping of the heroine from a rock, and her plunging into the sea, while the ship of Theseus is seen departing in the distance. It was found necessary that three Ariadnes, similarly costumed, and identical in appearance, should lend their aid to accomplish this thrilling termination. Mrs. Mowatt, as Ariadne the first, paced the shore, and received the agonizing intelligence of the desertion of Theseus. A ballet girl, as Ariadne the second, climbed the rocks of the island of Naxos, reaching the highest peak to catch the last glimpse of the vanishing vessel. The third Ariadne was a most life-like lay figure, which, on a given signal, was hurled from the cliff, and seen to fall into the abyss below.

The greatest difficulty seems to have been experienced at rehearsal in persuading Ariadne the second even to walk up the steep rocks of Naxos. The poor ballet girl had been chosen for this duty less because of her courage than on account of an accidental resemblance she bore to Mrs. Mowatt. "She stopped and shrieked halfway, protested she was dizzy, and might fall, and would not advance a step further. After about half an hour's delay, during which the poor girl was encouraged, coaxed, and scolded abundantly, she allowed the carpenter who planned the rocky pathway, to lead her carefully up and down the declivity, and finally rushed up alone." At a certain cue she was required to fall upon her face, concealed from the audience by an intercepting rock, and then the lay figure took its flight through the air.

The success of the performance appears to have been complete. The substitution of the double for Ariadne, and the dummy for the double, even puzzled spectators who were provided with powerful opera-glasses. "The illusion was so perfect," Mrs. Mowatt writes, "that on the first night of the representation, when Ariadne leaped from the rock, a man started up in the pit, exclaiming in a tone of genuine horror, 'Good God! she is killed!'" How this exclamation must have rejoiced the heart of the stage-manager! For one would rather not consider the possibility of the "man in the pit" having been placed there by that functionary with due instructions as to when and what he was to exclaim.

It is a sort of doubling when in consequence of the illness or absence of a performer his part is read by some other member of the company. In this way curious experiments have sometimes been made upon public patience. At Dublin, in 1743, Addison's tragedy was announced for representation, with Sheridan, the actor, in the character of Cato. Sheridan, however, suddenly declined to appear,

the costume he had usually assumed in his performance of Cato being absent from the wardrobe. In this emergency, Theophilus Cibber submitted a proposition to the audience that, in addition to appearing as Syphax in the play, he should read the part Mr. Sheridan ought to have filled. The offer was accepted, the performance ensued, and apparently excited no opposition. Sheridan was much incensed, however, and published an address to the public. Cibber replied. Sheridan issued a second address, to which Cibber again responded. Their correspondence was subsequently reprinted in a pamphlet entitled "Sock and Buskin." But the fact remained that "Cato" had been represented with the chief part not acted, but read by a player who had other duties to fulfil in the tragedy. One is reminded of the old-established story of the play of "Hamlet" being performed with the omission of the character of the Prince of Denmark; a tradition, or a jest, which has long been attributed to Joe Miller, or some similar compiler of facetiæ. It would seem, however, that even this absurd legend can boast some foundation of fact. At any rate, Mr. Parke, the respectable oboist of the Opera House, who published his musical memoirs in 1830, is found gravely recording of one Cubit, a subordinate actor and singer of Covent Garden Theatre, that once, "when, during one of his summer engagements at a provincial theatre, he was announced to perform the character of Hamlet, he was seized with a sudden and serious illness in his dressing-room, just before the play was going to begin; whereupon the manager, having 'no more cats than would catch mice,' was constrained to request the audience to suffer them to go through with the play, omitting the character of Hamlet; which, being complied with, it was afterwards considered by the bulk of the audience to be a great improvement." Mr. Parke proceeds to record, by way, perhaps, of fortifying his story, "Although this may appear ridiculous and improbable, an occurrence of a similar kind took place several years afterwards at Covent Garden Theatre, when Cooke, the popular actor, having got drunk, the favorite afterpiece of 'Love à la Mode' was performed before a London audience (he being absent) without the principal character, Sir Archy MacSarcasm." Altogether it may be safe to conclude that very few stories, however absurd, relative to plays and players, can be pronounced absolutely incredible.

ART AND MORALITY.

THE leaders of a modern school of art have occasionally propounded a very questionable theory, as though it were the revelation of a new truth. The doctrine has scarcely been quite naturalized in England, or at least is not put forward so unequivocally as in the country of its birth. Some of the recent criticisms upon Théophile Gautier, however, imply that it is not without adherents amongst us; and it is certainly recognized in the practice, if not avowed in the preaching, of some of our younger writers. The artist, it is said, is to stand altogether aside from political, social, and religious questions. His business is not to reform the world, but simply to embody in words or colors the impressions which the world makes upon him. If he lives in an age of decay, cynicism, and overstrained luxury, he should express the sentiments which are natural in such an age; he should be effeminate, he should supply coarse stimulants to jaded appetites, and he should ridicule heroic impulses. Stated in this coarse fashion, the doctrine is of course as absurd as it is revolting. It can scarcely be expressed, indeed, without a contradiction in terms. To say that an artist ought to be immoral, is to use the word "ought" in some perfectly unintelligible signification. A man who encourages vice is acting wickedly, and the greater the talents which he degrades by such an application of them, the heavier is the responsibility which he incurs. Undoubtedly a man might use the genius of a Shakespeare or a Titian in stimulating the worst passions of humanity. As moralists we should condemn him the more severely in proportion to

the amount of mischief which he would cause. We should, indeed, be speaking illogically if we denied his ability because he put it to a bad use. And therefore it is true, or rather it is a truism, that art may be of the highest class, so far as its merits are measured merely by the degree of intellectual force which it indicates, even if it is applied to sapping the authority of every one of the Ten Commandments. A man may show as great strategical powers in enslaving a free people as in defending them against brutal tyranny. Speaking merely as military critics, we should judge of his campaigns without the slightest reference to the justice of his cause; but it does not follow that we should be more inclined to pardon him as moralists. Napoleon was doubtless a general of first-rate abilities, whatever view we may take of his private character; but we do not pardon his brutalities and his low ambition because he showed marvellous skill in carrying out an immoral policy. And thus the theory of which we are speaking seems to be either a platitude or a palpable confusion of terms. If you simply say a great artist may be a bad man, you are asserting an obvious truth, which only illustrates the responsibility attaching to the possession of great powers; if you say a great artist ought to be, or may be, a bad man, you are merely talking nonsense — and immoral nonsense.

There is, however, a further question which is implied in the discussion, and which does not admit of quite so easy an answer. The theory may be taken as a protest against the simple-minded view that every work of art ought to have a definite moral, and, like Hogarth's pictures, to prove that honesty is the best policy, or that gambling is generally a ruinous practice; and so far we should of course agree with it. Or it may go a step further and assert that, as a matter of fact, the greatest works of art are those which reflect the opinions and emotions of an age without having any moral purpose either explicit or implied. A simple delight in all that is beautiful, without any reference to its moral value, is, it may be urged, the peculiarity of the truly artistic temperament, and is the condition of producing the finest work. The greatest artists of whom we have any knowledge, the Greek sculptors and the painters of the Renaissance, were the products of ages in which religious faith was rapidly decaying, and when society was being undermined by the grossest immorality. Shakespeare, as we may perhaps infer, was not himself a man of pure life, and the marked peculiarity of his writings is the toleration, or rather the absolute impartiality, with which he contemplates all varieties of human character. And thus it may possibly be maintained that we can only obtain the highest artistic products by cultivating that serene and placid indifference to contemporary struggles for which Goethe is attacked by his adversaries, and living in the calm atmosphere where we can impartially enjoy all that is beautiful without troubling ourselves as to the view which will be taken of us by moralists and philanthropists. The artist, in short, according to this theory, should be completely differentiated from the preacher; he should be an intellectual epicurean, troubled as little as possible by the feverish excitement which besets every man who takes his part in the great battle of life. This and that, he should say, strikes me as beautiful. I submit myself to its influence, and embody in my art the emotions which it causes in me. I leave it to others to say whether those emotions are creditable or not from a moral point of view; I am nothing more than an instrument transmuting all external forces, from whatever source, into music. If the world plays improper tunes upon me, of course I must be condemned; but by these means, and by these means alone, is it possible to produce the most effective harmonies.

That some such doctrine should be popular at the present day is not surprising. When people are eagerly discussing the fundamental doctrines of all religion and morality, it is difficult to apply them to artistic purposes. Every artist, in fact, requires the sympathy of a duly prepared audience. The atmosphere of doubt, controversy, and discord is fatal to the unhesitating vigor which is necessary to give firmness to his hand and precision to his aims. A poet must always be dogmatic. He cannot stop to qualify his state-

ents, and defend them against misconceptions, and reconcile them to established opinions. However confident he may be of his theories, the mere fact of being a partisan disturbs his perceptions of beauty, and introduces a disagreeable element of mere temporary passion into his writing. It is natural enough, therefore, that he should be glad to turn aside from the confused turmoil of modern controversies into some ideal region of the past where his dreams will not be rudely broken, and to express those feelings which can be shared by all parties, whatever their mutual animosity. In a revolutionary period, it is pleasant, if not ignified, to cultivate art as a relief from incessant warfare, and therefore to reduce it to a kind of intellectual opium-tinting. The question however remains, whether such limitations are really favorable to the highest class of art. To forbid poets to deal with the deepest of all human emotions certainly to deprive them of their most powerful mode of affecting their fellow-creatures. If the religious instincts are not to find artistic expression, it is possible to maintain that we might still have a Shakespeare or a Goethe, but we should have to do without a Dante or a Milton. Absolutely to restrain the imagination from drawing its inspiration from such sources would indeed be an absurdity beyond the reach of any sane theorist; but we may further inquire whether even those forms of art which have the least direct reference to the religious sentiments do not presuppose at least a lofty tone of morality for their highest development. Can a man produce any work of art fitted to take its place with the great masterpieces of all time, unless he is himself profoundly penetrated with moral ideas, if not a man of actually moral life? A love of beauty in all its forms is said to be the peculiar endowment of the artist; but then we must ask, What is beauty? and can any definition of it be given which does not include some tacit reference to a moral standard?

The question is a tolerably large one; and we are not about to plunge into a profound discussion of æsthetic philosophy. One conclusion, however, seems to be tolerably obvious, and would probably lead to an explanation of the true relations between art and morality. Morality, whatever else it may be, is a summary of the rules by which human beings may reach their highest development; and the highest art expresses the emotions of the man whose faculties are most completely developed; or, in other words, a thoroughly healthy state of mind is the condition of being either a great saint or a great poet. Exceptions to the rule may indeed be easily suggested; but the general principle seems to be undeniable. Thus, for example, the marvellous achievements of Greek sculpture imply a state of things in which physical beauty of the highest order was frequently to be seen and was keenly appreciated. But a perfect physical development cannot exist without a high standard in one, though not of course the highest, department of morality. If a race should become predominantly sensual, the type represented in its pictures and statues would inevitably become degraded. Bodily temperance and activity are necessary to produce a race of really beautiful men and women, or to enable the artist to represent beauty of a really admirable kind. A painter who lived amongst an effeminate and deteriorating nation might obtain temporary reputation by faithfully representing the flabby and enervated forms which pleased his contemporaries. But certainly he could not succeed in shaping figures of ideal excellence to which men would turn with admiration in all succeeding ages. As a higher standard came to be realized, and taste was cultivated in proportion, men would turn in disgust from the once popular types. A great artist would not consciously set himself to preach the advantages of vigorous gymnastics, moderation in eating and drinking, or early rising; but in proportion as he would express the qualities which are in fact generated by such practices would be the enduring value of his art. What is true in this lower sphere is at least equally, if not so conspicuously, true in the highest. The really great men are those who have been the most thoroughly healthy in the strongest sense of the word. Purity of mind, love of truth, and breadth of sympathy, which imply a well-

balanced nature, are the roots from which springs the best art as well as the loftiest morality. The exceptions, indeed, of which we have spoken are obvious, but they do not really destroy the validity of the rule. A great number of our poets have been morbid in various degrees; and some great poems are the expressions of a thoroughly morbid state of mind. Shakespeare's sonnets are not altogether healthy in tone, though undoubtedly of marvellous beauty; Cowper wrote some of his most pathetic pieces under the influence of religious madness; and the whole school of Byronic writers delight in expressing sentiments which, to put it mildly, are not characteristic of well-regulated minds. From such cases, indeed, a general theory has been constructed, and people argue that a poet must necessarily be more or less diseased. The finest music is produced, according to Mrs. Browning's poem on "The Great God Pan," by crushing the unfortunate instrument by which it is uttered. The reason seems to be simple. A poet is, as such, a man of keener sensibilities than other people, and is therefore exposed to dangers from which we coarser-minded and thicker-skinned persons are generally exempt. A Burns is more likely to run wild than an ordinary Scotch peasant; and a Shelley is more likely to fly in the face of all propriety than the average Oxford undergraduate. But, in the first place, it is the abnormal intensity of the nobler instincts which makes a man a great poet; and what is really permanent in his work is produced by a keener sympathy with his race, or a heartier contempt for injustice, than falls to the lot of other people. As the world is constituted, such an endowment may impel a man to many extravagances, or even drive him mad. But it is a mere confusion of ideas when we admire the collateral evils instead of the nobler sentiments which are unluckily mixed up with them. Rousseau is admirable, so far as he is admirable, by his genuine strength of feeling, and not by his silly sentimentalisms and his impudent avowals of his own baseness. Byron's cynicism is disgusting, though our irritation should not prevent us from appreciating the masculine vigor with which he expresses passions not essentially degrading. Unlucky, the literary connoisseur is apt to value abnormal products in proportion rather to their rarity than to their intrinsic value. The extravagances and cynicisms of Balzac give a kind of special flavor to his pages which commands them to small critics; though, from a higher point of view, they are the blemishes, and not the ornaments, of his art. And it may be safely said that any one of the men we have mentioned would have been far greater if he had possessed sufficient strength of character to throw off the contagious poison which has led him to pander to the baser passions. They may have shown as much power in their immoral writings as in those which have a loftier aim; but it is not the less true that the immorality is that which is likely to exclude them from the permanently high place which they might otherwise have occupied. And, finally, whatever may be true of individual cases, there can be no doubt which social atmosphere is most favorable to the highest forms of art — that which makes art the expression of the deepest and truest thoughts of great minds, or that which makes it appeal to the lower instincts of lust and cruelty, and degrades it to provide mere playthings for indolent minds.

THE LATE LORD LYTTON AS A NOVELIST.

THE eulogies which are very rightly pronounced over the graves of distinguished men have this inconvenience — that they are apt to make an impartial estimate of the dead sound like a protest. To speak generously and tenderly of those whom we have recently lost is only becoming; and it follows that we should touch lightly upon their faults, and linger with some emphasis upon their merits; but it does not follow that we should invent imaginary merits. If there were no other reason, it would be sufficient to say that such overcharged panegyric is in fact the bitterest of satires. Can you not praise the dead man

sufficiently, unless you tell lies about him? Do you not then implicitly assert that the plain truth is not complimentary? Some illustrations of these obvious remarks — more pertinent than that which we are about to produce — might be drawn, were it desirable, from some recent events. They have, however, been immediately suggested by the case of Lord Lytton. Of the many articles devoted to his memory, some were judicious, and some generous, and some at once generous and judicious; but many were in that modern style of highly-spiced writing which has added a new terror to death. A poor human creature cannot now retire to his grave, humbly hoping that he has done rather more good than harm in the world — a frame of mind which is surely confident enough for most, even of those whom we call eminent men — without a discharge of fulsome rhetoric, which would have disgusted him in his lifetime, and sounds terribly hollow in the solemn presence of death. The memory of Lord Lytton was honored or insulted by some estimates of his literary eminence, limited only by the writer's command of epithets. Yet, as a poet, he was not equal to Milton; nor as an orator, to Burke; nor as a dramatist, to Sheridan; nor as an essayist, to Addison. Such parallels are foolish; and, in fact, we need not hesitate to admit at once that Lord Lytton's real claims to posthumous reputation must rest upon his novels. A most versatile, laborious, and cultivated intellect enabled him to play his part very creditably, and with a certain air of scholar-like polish, in many capacities for which he had no special aptitude. His poetry, for example, is not of the inspired, but of the skilfully manufactured variety; his facility in verse-making was a graceful accomplishment, not a heaven-born instinct — and a critic, whilst receiving such poetry with all due courtesy, should not do it the complimentary injustice of comparing it to really great works of art.

Let us attempt, then, to make a fair estimate of the value of his novels. That they deserve to stand far above the great mass of fictitious literature of the day, needs no demonstration. Lord Lytton deserved — as every critic has admitted — one praise which has a value in proportion to its rarity. He was a thoroughly good workman. Whatever faults may be imputed to him, are not the faults of a man who despises his art, or is slovenly in his execution. He resisted, that is, temptations which have been not a little injurious to some greater writers, and have ruined many smaller ones. The temptation to turn popularity to account by writing as much as possible, and to win it on the easiest terms, by writing down to the level of an audience which only asks for amusement, has been too often found irresistible. Lord Lytton, during a career of some forty-five years, never sought for easy successes whilst relaxing his exertions. And doubtless it is for this reason that he is one of the few men who have written so much, without writing themselves out. The success with which he opened an entirely new vein in "The Caxtons," at an age when the style of most men has long been definitely fixed; and the success which he so recently gained in the "Coming Race," whilst declining to use the prestige of his name, are remarkable proofs of his continued vigor. Beyond all cavil, he was a man of remarkable powers; and, indeed, to deny him praise of a very high kind, would be to run in the teeth of that general verdict of public opinion which, if not infallible, possesses an authority superior to that of any individual. But a further question still remains open. Great success may be won, and deservedly won, by writers who are essentially in the second rank. There are two races of men — the mortals and the immortals. Swift's Strulbrugs bore upon them from their birth the signs of the awful destiny which divided them from their kind; but that is by no means the case with the heirs of literary immortality. Their prerogative often fails to make itself recognized until it is actually asserted. Not till we see that their vitality persists, whilst others, who once seemed to be their equals, are dropping off around them, do we recognize their surpassing value. Gradually it turns out that the work of some few men in a century has something about it which defies corruption. Perhaps it may be some

trifling fragment of prose or poetry, which lives upon men's lips, when other works, to all appearance of equal merit, have sunk into eternal silence; and even whilst we admit the fact, we are unable to analyze the cause, of its survival. Only when we find such a fragment, we know that another immortal has been amongst us, not recognized, and it may be, taken for a fool in his lifetime. To discover the indefinable essence which constitutes genius, before it has revealed itself to the world at large, should be the highest triumph of criticism; but such discoveries are generally made by the multitudinous judgment of public opinion before the professional critic has awaked to them. Whether the possession of genius, even in an imperfect form, places a man at once in a class above his fellows — whether, for example, the author of a song which lives for centuries should be by that fact alone ranked above the writer of an epic which secures the applause of a generation, and then sinks into darkness — is a question probably insoluble, and certainly not to be solved here. Would one rather have written Southey's respectable, but unmistakably mortal poems, or the stanzas on the burial of Sir John Moore, which alone preserve the memory of their author? Perhaps an ingenious person might suggest some reasons on behalf of the wider, though less enduring reputation. It is, however, plain that to entitle any man to be placed in the first class of writers, even into the lowest rank of that class, he must come of the strain of the immortals. Even to admit that such a question is an open one, in regard to almost any author, is to pay him a high compliment; and we venture to ask it in regard to Lord Lytton. Was he in any true sense a man of genius, or only a man of very great talent? Is he one of the originators, or only one of the transmitters of the great contemporary impulses — a creative artist, or a skilful manipulator of the materials given by others?

Some memories would lead one to answer in favor of the loftier claim. There is a certain force and freshness about some of his writings, "Pelham" for instance, which has a close resemblance to genius. There is one at least of his novels upon which we are unable to express a distinct opinion, for a reason which will probably be appreciated by many readers. It happens that his "Last Days of Pompeii" is sanctified for us by school-day associations. Glaucus exposed to the lions stands in our memory beside Charles O'Malley in his Peninsular adventures, and Ivanhoe in the castle of Front de Bœuf, and Robinson Crusoe discovering the footprint in the sand. We can no more reason about the merits of the story than we can seriously entertain the question whether the captain of the boats in those days was the biggest, strongest, and most active of men since the days of Achilles. Its excellence is with us an article of faith, not of reason. And we therefore decline, even in the discharge of a critical duty, ever again to consult its pages. The eruption of Vesuvius may have been very sublime, and the fights in the circus very spirited, and the Egyptian magician very imposing; but it is impossible that they should ever again be so imposing and so spirited as they appeared to us at the time. There is a kind of irreverence in returning in the colder spirit of mature life to the haunts of one's boyhood, to discover that our mountains have shrunk to hills and our palaces to commonplace houses. We should preserve soundly those early illusions which, once dispelled, can never be restored. Why should an elderly person ever return to a pantomime to discover that the actresses are painted women instead of *bona fide* fairies? Let there be still a sanctuary to which we can retire by the help of memory, where the toys of childhood retain the ancient glow of the imagination and are not pulled to pieces by the colder reasoning faculty. As to the enduring value of the great bulk, however, of Lord Lytton's novels, we can judge more dispassionately. Most of them belong to that class of literature which presupposes a certain amount of experience in the writer. They are, even ostentatiously, the productions of a man of the world, who has taken his part in serious business, and is familiar with all the wheels of the great machinery of life. The peculiarity, indeed, is only too prominent. The most pal-

pable defect of his novels is their extreme self-consciousness. The writer is evidently determined that we shall not overlook his claims to be a teacher of mankind. He is always philosophizing in good set terms, which is a very different thing from writing philosophically. His moral is not embodied in his work, but exhibited with all the emphasis of sententious aphorisms. He aims at the ideal, and very rightly, but the Ideal and the True and the Beautiful need not always be presenting themselves with the pomp of capital letters. And though we honor him for not despising his art, we should be glad if he could occasionally forget his art in his instincts. As it is, we are always asking whether he is not rather artificial than truly artistic. Extreme cleverness is the word which suggests itself much oftener than genius; we exclaim, How ingenious! rather than, How true! and are more impressed by the judicious balancing of his scenes than by their genuine beauty. In short, Lord Lytton is wanting in that spontaneity and vigor which is the surest mark of genius. We do not meet, in his pages, with those sudden electric flashes which thrill us as we study the really great men; and we have an uncomfortable sensation that there is something stagey and unreal about the whole performance.

In some of his earlier novels, these faults are the most painfully conspicuous. The thoroughness of his work shows itself in the careful construction of his plots; but that very carefulness is indicative of a certain weakness. Far be it from us to say that a plot should not be well put together! Undoubtedly that is one of the demands which a reader is fairly entitled to make of his author; for it contributes infinitely to the satisfaction of reading a story. But ingenuity in constructing complicated series of events, fitting into each other as neatly as the parts of a Chinese puzzle, is a very dangerous talent. Lord Lytton did not sink to the level of merely appealing to his reader's curiosity, and making a novel a conundrum to be guessed at the last page, and then to lose all interest. He always has some central idea to present, and the story is designed to illustrate some moral or psychological or artistic theory. And yet, the mechanical perfection of his devices is apt to interfere with their higher meaning. Let us take for example, though it is not a favorable specimen of his style, the novel of "Eugene Aram." He speaks with considerable complacency of the merits of his story. None of his books, he says, have been so much attacked, and none so completely triumphed over attack. The attacks, indeed, were chiefly directed against its morality; and we may fully admit that no homicidal mania was produced, or was likely to be produced, by the history of this remarkable murder. But the merits which he claims of excellence in style and in construction are more doubtful. The problem to be considered was worthy of his powers. Eugene Aram, as at once an inoffensive student, a man of singular kindness to animals, and a murderer, is certainly an interesting subject for speculation. The subject might be treated artistically in various ways. As a study of character, or of the tendencies of certain social or religious theories, or of the terrible passions which preceded and followed the crime, there is abundant room for a pathetic or speculative writer. A very similar subject has been treated in the singularly impressive novel of "Caleb Williams," to which Lord Lytton refers. In spite of some obvious faults, "Caleb Williams" has the distinct mark of genius; and the difference in the mode of treatment is characteristic. Godwin's hero, Falkland, like Eugene Aram, has committed a murder, although a man of highly cultivated mind and an excessively delicate sense of honor. Caleb Williams, being a dependent of Falkland's, discovers his patron's crime; and Falkland persecutes the possessor of the secret, succeeds in fixing a false imputation of theft upon him, and then makes his life a burden to him; Falkland at last breaks down under the tortures of his own conscience, and dies after confessing his guilt. Godwin's purpose was, of course, to illustrate his own eccentric social theories; but the picture which he draws is interesting for its own sake. The proud man, conscious of hideous guilt—for he has allowed two other men to

be hanged in his place, and yet resolved to wade through any amount of crime rather than part with his honor—is opposed to the miserable victim of his tyranny, innocent of crime and yet shunned by all honest men, and entangled in a net woven with diabolical ingenuity. Those two figures, with a few subsidiary actors, are constantly before us, and though the plot is awkward and even absurd in details, the force of the conception is unmistakable. Lord Lytton's mode of dealing with Aram is curiously different. We can see how the story was put together. Aram must fall in love with a beautiful young lady, to make his fate more disagreeable. The young lady is contrasted with a sister, after the conventional fashion of Minna and Brenda or the inevitable pair of young women in "Femme Cooper;" and is provided with an admirer to act as rival and counterpoise to Aram. Having got thus far, the plot is worked with infinite dexterity. Aram's rival is also, as it ultimately turns out, the son of the man whom Aram murdered. And thus, in hunting up the traces of his father's death, he is at the same time unmasking the villain who has supplanted him with his mistress. Nothing can be more ingenious than the gradual development of events; Aram is kept judiciously balancing between the altar and the gallows; the mystery is unveiled by carefully measured degrees; we change imperceptibly from curiosity as to the lonely scholar, to dark suspicions of his character, and finally to conviction of his guilt. All the persons concerned come together in the most natural way for an affecting tableau at the conclusion; and there is abundant opportunity for heart-rending displays of sentiment.

Lord Lytton's complacency is entirely justified; for no French dramatist could have worked out the problem more neatly; and the contrast with Godwin's clumsy devices for convicting Falkland and torturing his victim is triumphant. And yet "Eugene Aram" has become barely readable by any one who seeks for more than clever manipulation of complicated threads of intrigue. The reason is simple. In the first place, all this ingenious by-play distracts our attention from the murderer. A number of irrelevant characters have to be introduced: such as a comic servant, of the Andrew Fairservice variety, but as wooden as that excellent Scotchman is full of life; a conventional crone who rejoices in funerals; and two or three elderly gentlemen, who are butts for rather commonplace satire. The humor is, of course, poor; but the worst is, that so much pains is bestowed on showing how the murder was found out that our attention is distracted from the murder itself. All the rules of art have been observed; the light and shade is most carefully distributed, and the composition elaborately balanced; and when it is done, the central figure has become merely one in a crowd instead of absorbing our whole attention. For, beside this, poor Eugene Aram himself is one of Lord Lytton's most palpable failures. Our wonder is, not that such a good man should have had the heart, but that such a prig should have had the courage to commit a murder. The extraordinary delight with which he pours out his pinchbeck philosophy upon his father-in-law, and his mistress, and his accomplice, may be venial in a man who has long led a solitary life, but one cannot be seriously annoyed at his execution. Hanging is too good for a man who could address the lady to whom he has just become engaged after this fashion: "Oh, Madeline! methinks there is nothing under heaven like the feeling which puts us apart from all that agitates and fevers and degrades the herd of men: which grants us to control the tenor of our future life, because it annihilates our dependence upon others; and while the rest of earth are hurried on, blind and unconscious, by the hand of fate, leaves us the sole lords of our destiny; and able, from the past, which we have governed, to become the prophets of our future!" If society were arranged on ideal principles, a human being capable of such a monstrosity would be sentenced to solitary confinement for life. The character of Eugene Aram corresponds to a favorite type of Lord Lytton's. In almost all his novels there are one or more gentlemen with a morbid propensity for apostrophizing the heavenly bodies, and talking sham philosophy about the

true and the beautiful. Often, however, they are subsidiary personages, and are something more than mere talking machines. The misfortune is that in Eugene Aram, the central figure — the character whose passions and sufferings should be the moving power of the story — is a mere windbag, and a windbag of the most pretentious kind. The problem is, given a man of intellect and amiable temper, to account for his committing a murder. Lord Lytton's answer would suggest, not that he was driven to desperation by poverty or jealousy or sense of unrequited merit, but that his mind had run to seed owing to an unfortunate habit of talking twaddle, till he had lost all sense of reality, and fancied that a few fine words would convert a murder into a noble action. And yet the creator of this mere wooden dummy in philosophical robes takes him for a living human being.

In "Eugene Aram" we see proofs of remarkable technical skill; but we also see the very weakest side of his art. No writer could afford to be judged by his failures, and we turn gladly to a story which, to many readers, appears to be his best. "The Caxtons" is, beyond all doubt, an admirable novel. Whatever its defects, it carries one along with it. The characters are skillfully contrived, if not vividly conceived; they harmonize with the scenery; and, except an irrelevant pamphlet on colonization intruded in the disguise of fiction, the whole story is worked out with great force and abundant dexterity. If not a work of real genius, it resembles a work of genius so closely that only a rigid examination will detect the difference. To decide whether it belongs to one or the other category, we may examine the principles on which it was constructed. Lord Lytton had resolved to strike out a new line. The interest of his story was to turn upon domestic life, and an element of the humorous was to be introduced. There is something curiously characteristic in this preconceived determination to appeal to new motives of interest. In nine cases out of ten such a purpose would be fatal to an author's success, because it would imply a total absence of that spontaneity to which all genuine art owes its charm. Lord Lytton, however, succeeded beyond expectation, though his success had very definite limits. To write a domestic novel was comparatively easy; but how could any man, and especially a man of forty-five, with no previous success of the kind to give him confidence, say, I will be humorous? Humor is the last quality to be acquired of *malice prepense*, or at a time of life when the animal spirits have grown weak.

Lord Lytton, however, set about his task systematically. He went to one of the best masters in that department of literature, and engaged at one blow a whole dramatic company. Sterne's Tristram Shandy became Pisistratus Caxton; the pedantic father and the chivalrous uncle appeared with little change as the two elder Caxtons; and the wife, the doctor, and the corporal, accepted their old parts. There could be, of course, no plagiarism in adopting children whose paternity was so notorious; and, although the first idea is palpably taken from Sterne, the subsequent development of character is characteristically different. The Shandy family have changed in the course of their transmigration. They have become far more decent and perhaps more coherent; but to say the truth, they have pretty well lost their humor. The essence of humorous writing of any high order is the power of thoroughly fusing into a harmonious whole the ludicrous and the pathetic elements of character. Sterne, with all his faults — and they are many — has effectually performed that feat. The foibles of the Shandys are absolutely inseparable from their virtues; you cannot think of the one without the other. But the foibles of the Caxtons appear only in the first chapter. Caxton *père* begins as a pedant, so absorbed in his books as to forget that a child is being born in his house; and when the child has forced itself upon his attention, he evolves the ingenious theory of the influence of names upon character which was his characteristic opinion in his previous avatar. But Mr. Caxton, unlike Mr. Shandy, forgets his foibles after he has once introduced himself to the reader, and becomes a respectable old

scholar, with a full share of that worldly wisdom which is so predominant in all Lord Lytton's heroes. In the same way Roland Caxton begins with a set of crochets worthy of Uncle Toby; but he develops almost at once into the old Peninsular officer, with a rather Quixotic sense of honor, but still able to pass muster in good society without any taint of decided eccentricity. In fact, it must be said that both of these excellent old men, though amiable and excellent in their way, descend with great alacrity into the regions of commonplace. The purely humorous element, if it does not exactly disappear, is so softened as to be scarcely perceptible, and adds at most a slight provincial flavor like the faint suspicion of a Scotch accent in the mouth of a pretty woman. They are still most serviceable characters in a novel; we like and even admire them; but the change which has passed over them is not the less a change destructive of their perfect originality. The difference may be expressed in scientific language by saying that the combination of the odd and the lovable is with Sterne a stable combination, whereas with Lord Lytton it is unstable in the highest degree. The intensity of the truly imaginative writer forms a new and delightful compound; where the skilful literary artist is able at most to give a slight tinge of oddity to his performers, but not to make it an essential element in their character. Mr. Caxton, in fact, and Uncle Roland, very soon begin to use the same dialect which we have noticed in the case of the distinguished Eugene Aram. It is materially altered and improved. Mr. Caxton's declamations are ornamented by classical quotations instead of references to abstract qualities. We have quotations from Horace or Strabo instead of platitudes about the True and the Beautiful. The doctrine has been skilfully adapted to the tastes of the British public. Nothing flatters that respectable body so much as to hear a man of the world testifying that, after familiarity with the most refined cookery at the clubs and the tables of the aristocracy, he has come to the conclusion that nothing is so good as plain bread and butter. Such teaching satisfies the two strongest impulses of our nature, the snobbish and the self-satisfied — the tendency to worship our nobility and to worship ourselves.

Lord Lytton was a profound believer in the existence of what is called knowledge of the world, or knowledge of human nature. He held that there was a body of sound maxims familiar to men who combine literary and philosophical tastes with an intimate acquaintance with the worlds of literature and politics. We by no means deny that such persons acquire a shrewd practical instinct which has its value, and the lessons of which may be judiciously compressed into pithy aphorisms. We are inclined, indeed, to doubt whether they are really much wiser than their neighbors; but it was at least natural that Lord Lytton should believe in the surpassing value of a body of doctrine which he was admirably qualified, both by temperament and by circumstances, for acquiring. And when he gives us frankly and unaffectedly the results of his observations, he utters much shrewd sense of which we should be very sorry to underrate the value. Unluckily, it is seldom that he is quite unaffected. His characters are generally too self-conscious, and are apt to think that a very obvious platitude can be made philosophical by giving it a sententious turn, and sprinkling it with a few adjectives beginning with capital letters. To this tendency we owe those portentous statesmen, who appear in "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," and who are intended to represent the essence of worldly wisdom. To people who are not quite imposed upon by their dogmatic airs, they appear more frequently to be the very incarnation of red tape. We cannot conceive two greater bores than Mr. Trevanion and Audley Egerton. They might be taken as model specimens of Mr. Carlyle's "miserable creatures having-the-honor-to-be." We altogether decline to fall down and worship them, as their creator expects us to do. They may be strangely familiar with bluebooks, full of parliamentary experience, and crammed with "knowledge of human nature;" but to us they are intolerable prigs, and remain so to the end of the chapter. A characteristic peculiarity of a prig is a pro-

and belief in the omnipotence of good advice; and this is one of the most marked peculiarities of Lord Lytton's great men. We all remember, for example, the lecture delivered by Parson Dale and Riccabocca to Leonard Fairfield, on the aphorism, "Knowledge is power," attributed to Bacon; it is not a bad sermon, but it is terribly commonplace; and, at the end of it, we are just as much convinced as before that knowledge, after all, is power; though it is quite true, that those worthy gentlemen take infinite pains to prove, that other things are also power, and that knowledge by itself is not everything. Nobody ever asserted that it was. But few things are more characteristic of would-be originality than delight in pulling to pieces an aphorism — as if it was not the essence of aphorism to be a partial truth. One of the most characteristic passages in "The Caxtons," is that here the amiable old pedant converts the youthful scapegrace by a little good advice, by telling him stories of his virtuous cousin. The same excellent adviser — whose advice on paper is so admirable — converts a young infidel by making him read Tucker's "Light of Nature," some scraps of Scotch metaphysics, and a little German transcendentalism. It is all very well; but is it not marvellously unreal? Are scapegraces and infidels converted on such easy terms to real life? Are they not much more likely to be bored and edified by the infliction of a few commonplaces by an elderly gentleman given to preach sermons composed of fantastic quotations and second hand metaphysics? We might wish, perhaps, that the real world were more like the world of fiction; and that vice and rash speculation could be eradicated so summarily by a few sententious aphorisms. Luckily it is not so; and to represent things as carried on in this fashion is to show a want of that penetrative imagination which goes down to the roots of character, and appreciates at their true value the forces of human passions. This element of portentous platitude — we know not what else to call it — very much interferes with our enjoyment of the Caxtons. A little genuine vigor of mind would dissipate this atmosphere of sham philosophy. Old Mr. Caxton, in fact, is a bore; and his brother — though there is much that is affecting about him — is a sentimentalist; and young Caxton is a prig; and Mr. Trevanion is unconsciously fond of red tape. A writer with a firmer grasp of real life, that is to say, of more imaginative intensity, could have detected this feeble side of his character, and could have made him more interesting because presenting him with less parade of profound wisdom. And yet, in spite of these obvious defects, we repeat that "The Caxtons" is an admirable novel. It is a book which we can read for the second and even for a third time with increased pleasure. There is abundant vigor about it; though not many symptoms of high imaginative power. And, in short, it is as clever as a book can be of which we nevertheless come to see perfectly clear that cleverness is the highest epithet that can be fairly applied to it. Compared with the ordinary run of novels, it is to be placed in a class by itself; compared with the few novels of which we can say that they bear unmistakable marks of genius, it is as distinctly in the second rank. There is not in it one really living and moving character; but there are a large number of characters, who live and move as much as most of the persons who are themselves off for real human beings in the course of our daily lives.

We have spoken at much length of one of Lord Lytton's worst and of one of his best performances. If we were to examine his others, the historical novels, such as "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," and "Harold;" or of the sentimental novels, such as "Ernest Maltravers;" or of the rilder romances, such as "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," we should exceed our limits, and perhaps we should not find any material additions to our means of forming an opinion of his merits. It would be instructive, indeed, to compare such a novel as "Zanoni" with the writings of a man of genuine genius, such as Hawthorne. We should see how the man of second-rate ability takes refuge in a mere accumulation of wonder, where the more imaginative artist is able to cause a deeper thrill by a far slighter tinge of the mysterious. But we do not wish to attempt anything like an

exhaustive account of Lord Lytton's versatile performances. The same characteristics, in fact, meet us everywhere. So far as industrious labor can take a man of great ability and of studiously cultivated literary skill, Lord Lytton is an admirable model. Nobody could combine his materials more judiciously, or turn to better account the results of much laborious thought guided by excellent taste. But we always feel the want of that vivifying power which is possessed in its perfection only by a few men in the course of ages, and in an inferior degree by a large number of writers whose works show greater faults but are also by fits more impressive than any of Lord Lytton's. He can put together all the elements of a story or a character according to the most approved rules of art; he can discourse to us with abundant felicity and fertility of illustration upon philosophy and morality; but then he cannot send through his creations that electric current which makes them start into reality, or give to his reflections that force which can be drawn only from the deepest emotions of a powerful nature. He is not a creator of new types, but is so ingenious in restoring the old, that to a careless observer they are almost as good as the originals. And, therefore, whilst we willingly concede to him a very high place amongst the mortals, we cannot admit his claims to a loftier place.

FOREIGN NOTES.

TYNDALL has received a warm welcome home.

THE Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie, has suddenly lost her eyesight.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is fulfilling a successful engagement at the Glasgow Theatre Royal.

A FRENCH paper says that Americans are the only foreigners in Paris who give dinners and balls as in past times.

ONE of the chief amusements of the Roman carnival this year has been to throw about live birds *sown* to oranges and flowers.

A LONDON clothier advertises himself as "Tailor to the Queen and the Royal Family." Tailor to the Queen! this is, perhaps, putting it too strongly.

BETHOVEN's great-nephew is in a state of destitution. Here would be an opportunity for Beethoven sympathy by the lovers of the Beethoven symphony.

IN Paris the great novelty for early spring will be the Chuddas costume made in Indian cashmere, and ornamented with real Oriental embroidery in two shades.

A PARISIAN lady last week, having lost an opera-glass, was lamenting over the matter with a friend, and said she had only lately lost her husband also. It never rains but it pours!

A NOT altogether gallant proprietor of an English provincial menagerie, posted up the following notice: "Ladies are requested not to remain stationary in front of the cages. It tires the monkeys."

A DRUGGIST at Aberdeen was surprised and disturbed to receive at the hands of a dirty-looking customer the following prescription: "Pleas give the bare sumptin to fixick him, worth tippence."

A PARIS newspaper seriously declares that Dr. Hessel was only released on the English government receiving a dispatch from M. de Bismarck that he should consider his further detention a *casus belli*.

THE Orleanist party is about to bring out a halfpenny paper in Paris, to be called the *Soleil*, and another in Marseilles, with the title of *Le Petit Provençal*. Enormous placards herald the advent of the new organs.

MR. SPURGEON, who hates the prefix of "Rev.," has, they say, informed his friends that letters addressed to the "Rev." C. H. Spurgeon will be returned to the Dead Letter Office with "Not known" written on them.

A PARISIAN dramatic critic says that he overheard a gentleman observe to another in a stall at the theatre the other night, "Look at that painted old woman: old and parched as she is, they say that she can still turn men's heads." "Yes, but the other way," was the reply.

THE death is announced of M. Armand Godard, one of the proprietors of the great glass works of Baccarat, Meurthe, leaving a fortune of \$3,200,000. He was a distinguished amateur in painting, and was the owner of the two famous bulls of Brascassat, for which he had been recently offered \$8,000, but which he has bequeathed, together with a fine work of Jacques, to the museum of the Louvre.

SUICIDE by charcoal fumes is a favorite means of self-destruction among the French; occasionally the *modus operandi* varies. A widower who has just suffered the usual irreparable loss, purchased a bushel of charcoal, stopped up every crevice in the chamber, threw himself on his bed, clutching the photograph of his wife, and awaited death. Twenty-four hours later the King of Terrors appeared at the foot of the bed in the shape of a policeman, inquiring what was wrong with him in refusing to open his door. The intended suicide forgot to set fire to the charcoal.

ONE of the curiosities of the Vienna Exhibition will be a watch made entirely of rock crystal. Many years since a workman in a French manufactory decided to make a watch, every part of which, the mainspring alone excepted, should be of rock crystal, and after thirty years' labor accomplished his task. All the pieces of the watch are fastened by rock crystal screws, and the escapement is most intricate. His widow would never part with it; but when she died the treasure fell into the hands of a French watchmaker, who intends to exhibit it as a sample of French workmanship, pricing it at \$2,000.

AN instrument has been invented in Germany for testing color-blindness. It consists of a rotating apparatus, which moves a disk whose centre is a circle, one half black and the other white. Outside of this is a ring half red and half green, then another ring of violet and red, then the outside ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated, the centre appears to be colored gray—that is, black and white mixed. To a green-blind person the middle ring will appear gray, that being the result to him of a mixture of violet and red. The outer ring will appear gray to the red-blind patient, and the inner gray to the violet-blind. By the use of this most ingenious instrument a large number of patients may be simultaneously examined for one or more kinds of color-blindness.

CIPRIANI, the Florentine, who some months ago swallowed a fork, and attracted the attention of all Europe to his interior, is still suffering from the consequences of his imprudent act, and though possibly flattered at being the object of so much observation, feels that "Le jeu ne vaut pas la fourchette," and would gladly get rid of the uncomfortable stranger from his inside. The medical profession evince the deepest interest in his case, and the Italian doctors and surgeons are a little hurt at Signor Cipriani leaving them to take up his abode in Paris. The Tuscan newspapers hint that if it be not Dr. Nelaton, it is, at any rate, one of the first medical men in Paris who has enticed him thither with the promise of curing him or handsomely remunerating him. We, who are accustomed to pay doctors, may feel a little surprised at their paying their patient; but it is scarcely worth while to swallow a fork to ascertain if they would then pay us. At any rate, it is to be hoped now that Cipriani will be induced to "fork over!"

A LITTLE while ago a well-known London poet whose name is not given by our authority, was returning home late at night, carrying under his arm his dress boots wrapped in paper, when he was suddenly arrested by a policeman, who collared him in a very vigorous manner. The poet mildly remonstrated, and asked the meaning of such very pressing attentions. The constable made a sneering reply, hinting that his captive knew very well why he was wanted, and another constable appeared on the scene to assist in conveying the luckless poet to durance vile. After some expostulation he succeeded in mitigating the suspicions of his stern janitors so far that they agreed to unhand him on condition that he walked between them, one in front and one behind, and made no effort to escape. Arrived at the police-station, the inspector at once exclaimed, "Why, this is not the gentleman; you have made a mistake," and tendered an apology to the poet. "That's all very well," was his reply, "but I should like to know something more about this rather singular affair. One does not get taken up every day of one's life." It was then explained that a lunatic had got loose from an asylum, and that his friends had told the police to look after him, and they would know him by reason of a peculiarity of his. He had a cat-like aversion to wet feet, and always carried a spare pair of boots under his arm in order to put on directly those which he wore began to get damp.

THE *London Court Journal* says: "One of the most prominent features at the concert given by Mr. Kuhe at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, was the new cantata composed by Virginia Gabriel, founded on Longfellow's well-known poem 'Evangeline,' the story of which has been very happily treated by Mr. J. T. Lonsdale, to whom the task was allotted. The music, which is thoroughly characteristic, extremely melodious, and strictly original, is admirably adapted to the exquisite poem; indeed, it would seem as if the poet and the composer had gone hand-in-hand together. The vocal portions were most cleverly performed by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Miss Edith Wynne was in fine voice, and seemed inspired by the subject; her song, 'In the hour of meeting,' was rapturously encored, and it is one that will be as popular in the drawing as in the concert room. Miss Enriquez threw much pathos into the song 'Sad heart, oh, take thy rest,' and sang it so beautifully that it was called for again. Mr. E. Lloyd was most efficient, and executed the music allotted to him in his usual good style. Mr. Lewis Thomas must have been highly gratified with the applause he received, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Mr. E. Taylor as organist, and Mr. Kuhe as conductor, left nothing to be wished for. Altogether 'Evangeline' was a perfect success, as Miss Virginia Gabriel has added another garland to her wreath. All this is very pleasant and probable, except the adding of a garland to a wreath."

A WINTER WEDDING.

(AT CHISELHURST CHURCH, JANUARY 9, 1873.)

It fled away in a clang of bells,

Marriage bells,

On the wings of the blast that sinks and swells,
That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul,
Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole!
And we stand in the light of two happy faces,
Two happy hearts whom our heart embraces;
And we hear the peaceful organ's sound,
And the angry storm sweeps harmless round;
Blessed is the bridegroom though the heavens are dim,
Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on.

Mayhap, some wandering angels say,

Stop and say,

As through the gloom they carry away
That bodiless spirit to Him who knows—
He only—whither the spirit goes:
"God give them all that the dead man lacked
(As men dare judge him) in thought, word, act;
Deny them all that to him was given,
Lest earth's doors opened, shut doors of heaven."
Blessed is the bridegroom without crown or land:
Blessed is the bride with the ring on her hand.

Peal, ye joy-bells, peal through the rain,

Blinding rain:

God makes happiness, God makes pain.
Summer and winter a good tree grows,
A strong soul strengthens though weal and woe.
"Be not afraid," says the wild sobbing wind;
"Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is behind."
Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or sun;
Blessed is the bride whom Love's light shines on.

By the author of JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873.

[No. 15.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

XIII.

ABOUT two years have passed. It is the beginning of May. Alexandra Paulovna, no longer Lipina, but Lesch-nieff, is sitting on the balcony. It is more than a year since she married Michael Michaëlovitch. She is as charming as ever, only she has become a little stouter. The balcony is connected by a few steps with the garden, in which a nurse is carrying in her arms a little pink-cheeked baby, clad in a white dress and a white-fringed cap. Alexandra is watching them attentively. The baby is not crying, but gravely sucking its thumb and looking about quietly. It shows itself already to be the son of Michael Michaëlovitch.

Our old acquaintance Pigasoff is sitting on the balcony at Alexandra's side. Since we last met him he has grown grayer and thinner. His shoulders are bent, and he lisps, owing to the loss of a tooth. This lisp adds to the bitterness of his remarks. His extreme irritability has not diminished with age, but his wit is less cutting, and he has become prone to repeat himself. Michael is not at home; they are awaiting his return before taking tea. The sun has already set. As it disappeared it left behind a long, light, gold-colored glow in the west, while in the east are two lines of different hues, the lower somewhat blue, the other, reddish violet. Light clouds are gathering in the zenith. Everything seems to promise pleasant weather.

Pigasoff suddenly began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Africanus?" asked Alexandra Paulovna.

"Oh, nothing; it occurred to me . . . yesterday I heard a peasant say to his wife, who had begun to talk too much, 'Don't creak so!' That word 'creak' pleased me. And can a woman talk? You know I always except the present company. Our fathers were wiser than we. In their stories a young girl is always represented sitting at a window, with a star on her forehead, and as dumb as a fish. That's the way it ought to be. Judge for yourself. Day before yesterday the wife of the marshal of the district—it came at me like a pistol-shot—said to me that she did not like my *tendencies*. My tendencies! Would it not be better, I ask you, for a beneficent interposition of nature to deprive this lady and all her sisters of the use of language?"

"You are always the same, Africanus; you are always

attacking us poor, helpless women. Really, I pity you for this prejudice. It's a real misfortune."

"Misfortune! What do you mean? In the first place, I think there are only three misfortunes in the world, namely, living in a cold room in winter, wearing tight shoes in summer, and sleeping in the same room with a crying child which one can't whip. Besides, haven't I become one of the most peaceful men in the world? I have become a most moral man, an example for the whole world! My conduct is most upright."

"Ah, indeed; so you conduct yourself well! Why then did Ellen Antovna come yesterday to complain of you?"

"Oh, ho! what did she say, if you please?"

"She said that the whole morning the only answer you had made to her questions was 'Wh-at? wh-at?' and that with a whimpering voice."

Pigasoff began to laugh.

"You must confess that was a good idea, Alexandra Paulovna . . . what?"

"Oh, a capital idea! How can you be so impolite to a woman?"

"What? Do you consider Ellen Antovna a woman?"

"What do you consider her?"

"A drum, a real drum, to be beaten with sticks." . . .

"Oh, my friend," interrupted Alexandra Paulovna, anxious to change the conversation, "it appears you are to be congratulated."

"On what?"

"On the settling of your lawsuit. The Glinow meadows are yours."

"They are mine," answered Pigasoff, gloomily.

"You have been fighting for several years, and now you don't seem pleased."

"I must say, Alexandra Paulovna," said Pigasoff, slowly, "there is nothing more disagreeable in the world than a piece of good fortune which comes too late. It can't give you any pleasure, and it deprives you of the right, which is so precious, of abusing your fate. Yes, I repeat it, a tardy good fortune is a bitter and insulting jest."

Alexandra merely shrugged her shoulders.

"Nurse," she cried, "I think it's time to put Micha to bed. Bring him here."

Alexandra busied herself with the boy, while Pigasoff went off grumbling to the other end of the piazza.

Suddenly Michael Michaëlovitch's droschke appeared at the end of the carriage-way which skirted the garden. Two enormous watch-dogs, one gray, the other yellow, ran before the horse; he had recently bought them. They were the best of friends, and were biting one another from morning till night. An old terrier ran to the gate to

meet them, and opened his mouth as if to bark, but he only gaped and turned back, wagging his tail.

"Sacha, guess whom I have brought you," cried Leschnieff, from afar.

Alexandra Paulovna did not at first recognize the person who was sitting behind her husband.

"Ah! Mr. Bassistoff!" she said, at last.

"Himself," answered Leschnieff, "and he brings good news; you shall hear it in a moment;" and he drove into the court.

A few minutes after, he appeared on the balcony with Bassistoff.

"Hurrah!" he cried as he embraced her, "Sergius is going to be married."

"To whom?"

"To Natalie, of course. . . . Our friend here brought the news from Moscow; he has a letter to you. . . . Do you hear, Micha?" he continued, seizing Micha's hands. "Your uncle is going to be married. What composure! He only winks his eyes at the news."

"He is sleepy," said the nurse.

"Yes," said Bassistoff, approaching Alexandra, "I have just arrived to-day from Moscow. Daria sent me on business, to arrange the accounts. Here is the letter."

Alexandra hastily opened her brother's letter. It was only a few lines, written in the first outburst of joy. Volinzoff told his sister that he had proposed to Natalie, and that he had her consent and that of her mother. He promised to write more at length by the next post, and, meanwhile, he embraced and kissed them all in thought. He evidently wrote in a whirl of excitement.

Tea was brought. Bassistoff was given a seat. They plied him with questions. All, even including Pigasoff, were rejoiced at the news the young man had brought.

"Tell me, please," said Leschnieff in the course of the conversation, "we heard some rumors about a certain Mr. Kartchagine; was there any foundation for them?"

This Kartchagine, of whom we have hitherto made no mention, was a good-looking young man, a dandy, very pompous and self-satisfied. He tried to give himself dignified airs, as if he were not a human being, but his own statue erected by national subscription.

"There was some foundation," answered Bassistoff, with a smile. "Daria Michailovna was well disposed towards him; but Natalie would have nothing to do with him."

"I know him," interrupted Pigasoff. "He's a perfect booby, a thorough blockhead. Dear me! If everybody was like him, one would have to be paid dear to consent to live."

"I don't contradict you," answered Bassistoff, "although he has a very high position in the world."

"Well, it's all the same to us," cried Alexandra Paulovna. "Don't let us talk about him! Oh, how glad I am for my brother! . . . And Natalie is happy?"

"Yes. She is as quiet as ever — you know her — but she seems happy."

The evening passed with pleasant conversation. Supper was brought.

"By the way," said Leschnieff to Bassistoff, pouring him out some claret, "do you know what has become of Roudine?"

"Where he is just now, I don't know. Last winter he was at Moscow for a short time, and then he went to Simbirsk with a family. He and I corresponded for a short time. In his last letter he said he was going to leave Simbirsk, without saying where he was going. Since then I have not heard from him."

"He won't get lost," said Pigasoff. "He's preaching somewhere or other. That gentleman will always have two or three admirers who will listen to him open-mouthed, and whose money he will borrow. Take my word, his end will be that he'll die, either in prison or in exile in the home of some old maid with false hair, who will consider him one of the greatest geniuses in the world."

"You judge him very mercilessly," muttered Bassistoff, evidently displeased.

"Mercilessly! not at all," answered Pigasoff, "but justly. In my opinion he's nothing but a parasite. I had forgotten to tell you," he continued, turning to Leschnieff, "that I met that Terlasoff with whom Roudine travelled abroad. You can form no idea of all he told me about him — it's really too absurd! It's a singular fact that all Roudine's friends and admirers in course of time become his enemies."

"I beg you will not include me among such friends!" cried Bassistoff, excitedly.

"You . . . that's a different thing. I did not refer to you."

"What did Terlasoff tell you?" asked Alexandra.

"A number of stories. I can't remember them all; but this is one of the best. It seems that being incessantly occupied with his development, he came to the conviction, by means of philosophy, that he ought to fall in love. So he began to seek an object worthy of justifying such a wonderful conclusion. At last fortune smiled upon him. He made the acquaintance of a French woman, a lovely dressmaker. Observe that this took place in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine. He began by making her a few visits, then he lent her some books, and began to talk to her about nature and Hegel. Do you picture the position of the unfortunate dressmaker? She took him for an astronomer. His personal appearance pleased her, as you may imagine; besides, he was a foreigner — a Russian: how could her heart help being touched? After endless hesitation he agreed on a rendezvous, a very poetical rendezvous, with her; he proposed a sail on the Rhine. The Frenchwoman consents; she puts on her most becoming dress, and they set off. They sail for about three hours. And what do you think he was doing all the time? He smoothed her hair, he gazed dreamily at the sky, and repeated frequently that he felt towards his mistress like a father. She reached home in a rage, and afterwards told it all to Terlasoff. That's the sort of man Roudine was!"

And Pigasoff burst out laughing.

"You are an old cynic!" said Alexandra, in a tone of vexation, "but I am sure that even those who most dislike Roudine cannot find anything dishonorable to say about him."

"Nothing dishonorable! And his way of always living at other people's expense, and his borrowing . . . I'd be willing to bet he has borrowed money from you, Michael Michailovitch."

"Listen to me, Africanus Simeonovitch," began Leschnieff, while his face assumed a serious expression; "you know, and my wife knows too, that lately I have had no special fondness for Roudine: on the contrary, very often I have judged him severely. In spite of that" (Leschnieff filled his glass with champagne), "I propose this; we have just drunk the health of your brother, Alexandra, and of Natalie; well, now let us drink to the health of Dimitri Roudine!"

Alexandra and Pigasoff gazed at Leschnieff with astonishment, but Bassistoff flushed with pleasure and opened his eyes wide.

"I know him well," continued Leschnieff, "and I know his faults only too well. They are so much the greater, because Roudine is not a petty man."

"Roudine is a man of genius," interposed Bassistoff.

"He may have genius," answered Leschnieff, "I won't deny it; but the trouble is, he has no character. I don't want to speak of that, but rather of what is good and unusual in him. He is full of enthusiasm, and you can believe a phlegmatic man like me when I say that it is a most precious quality, especially in a time like the present. We are all unendurably cold-blooded, indifferent, and apathetic; we are indolent and unenergetic; hence we ought to be grateful to any one who can arouse and animate us, even for a moment, for we need a spur. You remember, Sacha, that once when I was talking about Roudine I accused him of coldness. I was both just and unjust. His coldness is in his blood—he's not to blame for it—not in his head. I was wrong in calling him an actor; he is no swindle, no cheat; he does not live on other people like a parasite, but like a child. . . . Yes, he may die in loneliness and misery, but should we throw stones at him on that account? He will never accomplish anything, because he lacks energy and a strong will, but who can say that he never has done, or never will do, any good? that his words have never sown good seed in some young heart, to which nature has not denied the force to carry out what it has conceived? I have felt it all in myself. . . . Sacha knows what Roudine was to me when I was young. I remember that I said that Roudine's words could have no influence on his equals; but I meant by that those men who, like me, have reached an age when they are less susceptible, who have had experience of life, and whose reason has become hard to satisfy. There comes a time in life when a single false note destroys the harmony of the most beautiful piece of music, but fortunately the ear of the young is less delicate and less surfeited. So long as the idea is noble, what does it care for the tone? Youth finds that in itself."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Bassistoff. "That's treating him with justice! As to Roudine's influence, I assure you he not only has the power of moving you, but he spurs you on, he prevents your tarrying by the way, he turns you upside down, he kindles a fire of enthusiasm within you!"

"You see?" Leschnieff continued, turning to Pigasoff. "What further proof do you need? You ridicule philosophy; no words are too harsh for it. I value it very little, and understand it perhaps less, but it is not from philosophy that our greatest misfortunes proceed. Philosophical hair-splitting and revery will never have much influence over the Russian; he has too much common sense. Still

we ought not to make use of philosophy as a pretext to attack every honest aspiration after science and truth. It is Roudine's misfortune that he does not understand Russia, and certainly it is a great misfortune for him. Our country can get along without each one of us, but none of us can get along without our country. It is sad for him who thinks he can, and doubly sad for him who really does forget the manners and ideas of his country. Cosmopolitanism is nonsense, a zero, a less than zero; outside of nationality there is no art, no truth, no life, there is nothing at all. Every ideal figure ought to represent a type, at the risk of at once becoming insignificant and vulgar. But, I repeat it, it is not Roudine's fault, it is his fate,—his sad, bitter fate,—and we cannot throw the responsibility on him. It would carry us too far to try to ascertain why men like Roudine are so common in Russia. Let us rather be grateful for the good which there is in him. This is better than to be unjust towards him, and we have been unjust. It is not for us to punish him because he is no better, and this punishment is not necessary; he has punished himself more severely than he deserves. . . . God grant that misfortune may rid him of all his bad qualities, and leave in him only what is noble! I drink the health of Roudine! I drink the health of the companion of my best days; I drink to youth, its hopes, its aspirations, its blind confidence, its honesty, in a word, to all which set our hearts a-beating when we were twenty! We know nothing better in life, nor shall we ever. I drink to it, that golden time! I drink Roudine's health!"

They all touched glasses with Leschnieff. Bassistoff in his enthusiasm nearly broke his glass, which he emptied at one draught, while Alexandra pressed her husband's hand.

"I had no idea you were so eloquent, Mr. Leschnieff," murmured Pigasoff; "that was worthy of Roudine. I must confess I am really affected."

"I am not a bit eloquent," answered Leschnieff, somewhat piqued, "still, to move you is somewhat difficult, I believe. But enough about Roudine; let us talk of something else. . . . Is that . . . what's his name? . . . Pandalewski still living at Daria Michaelovna's?" he asked, turning to Bassistoff.

"Of course, he is still there. She has given him a very good position."

Leschnieff smiled.

"One can safely bet that he will never fall into distress."

The supper ended. The guests separated. When Alexandra was left alone with her husband, she gazed at him affectionately.

"How good you were to-day, Michael," she said, gently stroking his brow; "how well, how nobly you spoke! But confess you defended Roudine with a little exaggeration, just as you used to attack him too harshly."

"One doesn't strike a man who's down . . . and besides, I was then afraid he might turn your head," he added, smiling.

"No," answered Alexandra frankly, "he always seemed too learned for me; I was afraid of him, and did not know what I should say when he was present. But don't you think Pigasoff attacked him too maliciously this evening?"

"Pigasoff?" said Leschnieff. "That's just the reason I defended him so warmly, because Pigasoff was there. He presumes to call him a parasite! In my opinion Pigasoff's conduct is a hundred times worse. He has an independence, he is always attacking everybody, yet in spite of his pretended misanthropy he understands very well how to fasten himself on rich and distinguished people. Do you know that this Pigasoff, who attacks his equals so bitterly, and who is forever attacking philosophy and women,—do you know that when he was in the government service he used to take bribes, and large ones too?"

"Is it possible?" cried Alexandra Paulovna. "I never should have thought it . . . Micha!" she added after a moment's silence, "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?"

"Do you think my brother will be happy with Natalie?"

"How can I say? . . . from all appearance, yes . . . she will have the upper hand—we need make no secret of that between ourselves—she's cleverer than he; but he is an excellent fellow and loves her with all his heart. What more would you want! We love one another and are happy, are we not?"

Alexandra smiled and pressed Michael's hand.

On that very day, while what we have just narrated was taking place at the house of Alexandra, a wretched kibitka,¹ covered with rushes and drawn by three peasant horses, was creeping slowly along the high-road of one of the remotest districts of Russia. A gray-haired peasant, clad in a long peasant's coat, was driving, seated on the front seat, with his feet resting on the shafts. He did nothing but shake the reins and brandish his whip. Inside the kibitka a tall man was sitting on a shabby valise. He wore a cap; his coat was old and covered with dust. It was Roudine. He sat with his head cast down, and his cap overhanging his eyes. The jolting of the carriage threw him from side to side; but he seemed insensible to these discomforts, as if he were half asleep. "When shall we reach the next station?" he asked of the driver.

"Soon, very soon," answered the peasant, drawing the reins more strongly, "when we've got to the top of that hill, we have only two versts to go. . . . Come, get up . . . are you dreaming? I'll teach you how to go to sleep," he added, beating the off horse with his whip.

"You get over the ground very slowly, it seems to me," remarked Roudine; "we've been crawling along all morning without getting on. Can't you sing me a song?"

"How can I help it? You see the horses are half starved . . . and then it's so hot. Why do you ask me to sing? I'm not a postilion. . . . Hi, there!" he cried suddenly to a passer-by, who was wearing a sort of brown coat, and worn-out shoes, "hi, there! get out of the way!"

"You are a good driver!" murmured the tramp, who stopped. "Wretched Muscovite!" he continued with an insulting air as he started on.

"Where are you going?" the driver cried, tugging at the reins, "you cursed brute, where are you going?"

At last the tired horses reached the station. Roudine got out of the kibitka, paid the driver, who did not thank

him, but for a long time turned the money over in his hand—he had probably expected a more generous sum for himself—while the traveller with his own hands carried his valise into the waiting-room.

One of my acquaintances who has travelled a great deal in Russia has told me that if the walls of the waiting-room at the post-stations were decorated with pictures representing scenes from Pouchkine's "Prisoners in the Caucasus," or Russian journals, the traveller might hope to get horses without delay, but if the pictures represented the life of the celebrated gambler, Georges de Germany, the chances of leaving the place speedily were small. In such cases the traveller has plenty of time to admire at his leisure the powdered wig, the white waistcoat with broad facings, and the extraordinarily tight and short trousers of the gambler in his youth, or to study his face in delirium at the moment when, an old man, living in a hut with a sloping roof, he kills his own son by beating him on the head with a chair. Roudine had entered a room which was adorned with these pictures illustrating "Thirty Years, or the Gambler's Life." Roudine's shouts soon brought the sleepy keeper of the station to him—was one ever seen who was not sleepy? Without awaiting Roudine's question, he said at once, slowly, that he had no horses.

"How can you tell me you have no horses without my telling you in what direction I am going? I came here with a peasant's horses."

"We haven't a single horse," continued the keeper. "Where are you going?"

"To —ak."

"There are no horses," he repeated, leaving the room.

Roudine stepped angrily to the window and threw his cap on the table. In two years, without changing much, he had grown older; a few silver lines glistened in his hair, and his eyes, though still handsome, seemed less brilliant; fine wrinkles, the marks of restless and bitter thought, appeared around his lips, his eyes, and his temples. His clothes were old and shabby, and no trace of linen was to be seen. His best days were over, and, as the gardeners say, he had gone to seed.

Roudine began to read the scribbings on the walls . . . a favorite distraction of bored travellers. . . . Suddenly the door creaked on its hinges and the station-master entered.

"There are no horses for —ak," he said, "and there won't be any for a long time; but there are some returning to —off."

"To —off!" answered Roudine, "but I am not going in that direction. I am going to Pensa. It seems to me —off lies towards Tamboff."

"What difference does it make? You can go from Tamboff, or, if you want to, you can return here from —off."

Roudine thought for a moment.

"Well, I don't care," he said at last. "Have the horses harnessed. It's all the same to me. I'll go to Tamboff."

The horses were soon ready. Roudine carried down his valise, got into the kibitka, and sat down with drooping head as before. There was helplessness and sad resignation in this position. . . . And the three horses fell into a gentle trot with a monotonous clatter along the road.

(To be continued.)

¹ A sort of covered carriage. — Tr.

ON SOCIETY.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

I. *Letter to a Young Gentleman who lived much in Fashionable Society.*

THE kind of life which you have been leading for the last three or four years, will always be valuable to you as a past experience, but if the intellectual ambition you confessed to me is quite serious, I would venture to suggest that there are certain dangers in the continuation of your present existence if altogether uninterrupted. Pray do not suspect me of any narrow prejudice against human intercourse, or of any wish to make a hermit of you before your time, but believe that the few observations I have to make are grounded simply on the desire that your career should be entirely satisfactory to your own maturer judgment, when you will look back upon it after many years.

An intellectual man may go into general society quite safely if only he can resist its influence upon his serious work, but such resistance is difficult in maturity, and impossible in youth.

The sort of influence most to be dreaded is this. Society is, and must be, based upon appearances and not upon the deepest realities. It requires some degree of reality to produce the appearance, but not a substantial reality. Gilding is the perfect type of what society requires. A certain quantity of gold is necessary for the work of the gilder, but a very small quantity, and skill in applying the metal so as to cover a large surface, is of greater consequence than the weight of the metal itself. The mind of a fashionable person is a carefully gilded mind.

Consider fashionable education. Society imperatively requires an outside knowledge of many things; not permitting the frank confession of ignorance, whilst it is yet satisfied with a degree of knowledge differing only from avowed ignorance in permitting you to be less sincere. All young ladies, whether gifted by nature with any musical talent or not, are compelled to say that they have learned to play upon the piano; all young gentlemen are compelled to affect to know Latin. In the same way the public opinion of society compels its members to pretend to know and appreciate the masterpieces of literature and art. There is, in truth, so much compulsion of this kind that it is not easy to ascertain what people do really know and care about, until they admit you into their confidence.

The inevitable effect of these affectations is to diminish the value, in society, of genuine knowledge and accomplishment of all kinds. I know a man who is a Latin scholar: he is one of the few moderns who have really learned Latin, but in fashionable society this brings him no distinction, because we are all supposed to know Latin, and the true scholar, when he appears, cannot be distinguished from the multitude of fashionable pretenders. I know another man who can draw: there are not many men, even amongst artists, who can draw soundly, yet in fashionable society he does not get the serious sort of respect which he deserves, because fashionable people believe that drawing is an accomplishment generally attainable by young ladies, and communicable by governesses. I have no wish to insinuate that society is wrong in requiring a certain pretence to education in various subjects, and a certain affectation of interest in masterpieces, for these pretences and affectations do serve to deliver it from the darkness of a quite absolute ignorance. A society of fashionable people who think it necessary to be able to talk superficially about the labors of men really belonging to the intellectual class, is always sure to be much better informed than a society such as that of the French peasantry, for example, where nobody is expected to know anything. It is well for society itself that it should profess a deep respect for classical learning, for the great modern poets and painters, for scientific discoveries, even though

the majority of its members do not seriously care about them. The pretension itself requires a certain degree of knowledge, as gilding requires a certain quantity of gold.

The evil effects of these affectations may be summed up in a sentence. They diminish the apparent value of the realities which they imitate; and they tend to weaken our enthusiasm for those great realities, and our ardor in the pursuit of them. The impression which fashionable society produces upon a student who has strength enough to resist it, is a painful sense of isolation in his earnest work. If he goes back to the work with courage undiminished, he still clearly realizes — what it would be better for him not to realize quite so clearly — the uselessness of going beyond fashionable standards, if he aims at social success. And there is still another thing to be said which concerns you just now very particularly. Whoever leads the intellectual life in earnest is sure on some points to fail in strict obedience to the exigencies of fashionable life, so that if fashionable successes are still dear to him he will be constantly tempted to make some such reflections as the following: —

"Here am I, giving years and years of labor to a pursuit which brings no external reward, when half as much work would keep me abreast of the society I live with, in everything it really cares about. I know quite well all that my learning is costing me. Other men outshine me easily in social pleasures and accomplishments. My skill at billiards and on the moors is evidently declining, and I cannot ride or drive so well as fellows who do very little else. In fact, I am becoming an old muff, and all I have to show on the other side is a degree of scholarship which only six men in Europe can appreciate, and a specialty in natural science in which my little discoveries are sure to be either anticipated or left behind."

The truth is, that to succeed well in fashionable society the higher intellectual attainments are not so useful as distinguished skill in those amusements which are the real business of the fashionable world. The three things which tell best in your favor amongst young gentlemen are to be an excellent shot, to ride well to hounds, and to play billiards with great skill. I wish to say nothing against any of these accomplishments, having an especially hearty admiration and respect for all good horsemen, and considering the game of billiards the most perfectly beautiful of games; still, the fact remains that to do these things as well as some young gentlemen do them, we must devote the time which they devote, and if we regularly give nine hours a day to graver occupations, pray, how and where are we to find it?

II. *Letter to a Young Gentleman who kept entirely out of Society.*

I WILLINGLY concede all that you say against fashionable society as a whole. It is, as you say, frivolous, bent on amusement, incapable of attention sufficiently prolonged to grasp any serious subject, and liable both to confusion and inaccuracy in the ideas which it hastily forms or easily receives. You do right, assuredly, not to let it waste your most valuable hours, but I believe also that you do wrong in keeping out of it altogether.

The society which seems so frivolous in masses contains individual members who, if you knew them better, would be able and willing to render you the most efficient intellectual help, and you miss this help by restricting yourself exclusively to books. Nothing can replace the conversation of living men and women; not even the richest literature can replace it.

Many years ago I was thrown by accident amongst a certain society of Englishmen who, when they were all together, never talked about anything worth talking about. Their general conversations were absolutely empty and null, and I concluded, as young men so easily conclude, that those twenty or thirty gentlemen had not half-a-dozen ideas amongst them. A little reflection might have re-

minded me that my own talk was no better than theirs, and consequently that there might be others in the company who also knew more and thought more than they expressed. I found out, by accident, after awhile, that some of these men had more than common culture in various directions; one or two had travelled far and brought home the results of much observation; one or two had read largely and with profit; more than one had studied a science; five or six had seen a great deal of the world. It was a youthful mistake to conclude that because their general conversation was very dull, the men were dull individually. The general conversations of English society always are dull; it is a national characteristic. But the men themselves are individually often very well-informed and quite capable of imparting their information to a single interested listener. The art is to be that listener. Englishmen have the greatest dread of producing themselves in the semi-publicity of a general conversation, because they fear that their special topics may not be cared for by some of the persons present; but if you can get one of them into a quiet corner by himself, and humor his shyness with sufficient delicacy and tact, he will disburden his mind at last and experience a relief in doing so.

By keeping out of society altogether you miss these precious opportunities. The wise course is to mix as much with the world as may be possible without withdrawing too much time from your serious studies, but not to expect anything valuable from the general talk, which is nothing but a mental medium in which intelligences float and move as yachts do in sea-water, and for which they ought not to be held individually responsible. The talk of society answers its purpose if it simply permits many different people to come together without clashing, and the purpose of its conventions is the avoidance of collision. In England the small-talk is heavy like water; in France it is light as air; in both countries it is a medium and no more.

Society talks, by preference, about amusements; it does so because when people meet for recreation they wish to relieve their minds from serious cares, and also for the practical reason that society must talk about what its members have in common, and their amusements are more in common than their work. As M. Thiers recommended the republican form of government in France on the ground that it was the form which divided his countrymen least, so a polite and highly-civilized society chooses for the subject of general conversation the topic which is least likely to separate the different people who are present. It almost always happens that the best topic having this recommendation is some species of amusement; since amusements are easily learnt outside the business of life, and we are all initiated into them in youth.

For these reasons I think that we ought to be extremely tolerant of the dullness or frivolity which may seem to prevail in any numerous company, and not to conclude too hastily that the members of it are in any degree more dull or frivolous than ourselves. It is unfortunate, certainly, that the art of general conversation is not so successfully cultivated as it might be, and there are reasons for believing that our posterity will surpass us in this respect, because as culture increases, the spirit of toleration increases with it, so that the great questions of politics and religion, in which all are interested, may be discussed more safely than they could be at the present day, by persons of different ways of thinking. But even the sort of general conversation we have now, poor as it may seem, still sufficiently serves as a medium for human intercourse, and permits us to meet on a common ground where we may select at leisure the agreeable or instructive friends that our higher intellect needs, and without whom the intellectual life is one of the ghastliest of solitudes.

And now permit me to add a few observations on another aspect of this subject, which is not without its importance.

Let us suppose that every one of rather more than ordinary capacity and culture were to act as you yourself are

acting, and withdraw entirely from general society. Let us leave out of consideration for the present the loss to their private culture which would be the consequence of missing every opportunity for forming new intellectual friendships. Let us consider, this time, what would be the consequence to society itself.

If all the cultivated men were withdrawn from it, the general tone of society would inevitably descend much lower even than it is at present; it would sink so low that the whole national intellect would undergo a sure and inevitable deterioration. It is plainly the duty of men situated as you are, who have been endowed by nature with superior faculties, and who have enlarged them by the acquisition of knowledge, to preserve society by their presence from an evil so surely prolific of bad consequences. If society is less narrow, and selfish, and intolerant, and apathetic than it used to be, it is because they who are the salt of the earth have not disdained to mix with its grosser and earthier elements. All the improvement in public sentiment, and the advancement in general knowledge which have marked the course of recent generations are to be attributed to the wholesome influence of men who could think and feel, and who steadily exercised, often quite obscurely, yet not the less usefully in their time and place, the subtle but powerful attraction of the greater mind over the less. Instead of complaining that people are ignorant and frivolous, we ought to go amongst them and lead them to the higher life. "I know not how it is," said one in a dull circle to a more gifted friend who entered it occasionally; "when we are left to ourselves we are all lamentably stupid, but whenever you are kind enough to come amongst us we all talk very much better, and of things that are well worth talking about." The gifted man is always welcome, if only he will stoop to conquer, and forget himself, to give light and heat to others. The low Philistinism of many a provincial town is due mainly to the shy reserve of the one or two superior men, who fancy that they cannot amalgamate with the common intellect of the place.

Not only would I advocate a little patient condescension, but even something of the sturdier temper which will not be driven out. Are the Philistines to have all the talk to themselves forever? are they to rehearse their stupid old platitudes without the least fear of contradiction? How long, O Lord, how long? Let us resolve that even in general society, they shall not eternally have things their own way. Somebody ought to have the courage to enlighten them even at their own tables, and in the protecting presence of their admiring wives and daughters.

SOME OLD ROGUERIES.

ROGUERY should be a profitless vocation with cheap newspapers and daily police reports to put us on our guard against the wiles of those who trade upon the simplicity of honest folk than themselves. Things were different two hundred and fifty years ago, when Master Thomas Dekker did his best, in his own quaint way, to open people's eyes to the devices of the wicked world of rufflers, upright-men, hookers, priggers of prancers, gulgroppers, racker-riders, falconers, horse-coursers, dommerats, glymmers, and other oddly-named members of the fraternity of rogues when James the First was king.

Then, as now, thieves were of two kinds: those who robbed in defiance of the law, to fall sooner or later into its clutches, and those who robbed with the law's aid, and went scot-free to the end of the chapter. Of the two the latter sort were infinitely the worse; common thieves rarely robbed the same man twice, while the others devoured his substance piecemeal, and never left him till he was stripped bare as a vine in December. To this apparently never-to-be-extinct order of rascality, belonged the gulgropper, who, well furnished with gold pieces, haunted ordinaries, where gaming followed hard upon a two-shilling

dinner. When the cards or dice ran counter with some scapegrace of means or expectations, the gulproper would beckon the unlucky gamester to a side window, condole with him upon his ill-luck, reminding him dice were made of women's bones, and would, therefore, cozen any man, but yet for his father's sake, if he wished to try his fortune again, he need not be balked for want of a hundred pounds or so. If the spendthrift hearkened to the voice of the tempter, as he was pretty certain to do, the gold was quickly produced and handed over in exchange for a bond for something more than the amount lent, to be redeemed the next quarter-day. If luck turned, and the borrower seemed likely to be able to pay up then and there, the gulproper sneaked quietly away to avoid the unwished-for settlement of his debt. He took care, however, to meet his young friend a day or two before the bond fell due to feed him with "sweet words," and make him believe a little delay in taking up his bond would be of no consequence. If, acting on this belief, the victim let the time run by, he quickly found himself compelled to choose whether he would go to prison, or give another bond for three times the amount of the original loan.

If a novice in dissipation was not driven by his own need into the usurer's net, his creditless companions had no compunction in bringing him to the same pass as themselves, to effect a temporary replenishment of their exhausted purses. They did not exactly ask him to do a little bill, though in the end it came to much the same thing. The wind was raised after a more roundabout-fashion by the "taking up of commodities," in this way. Suppose four gallants who have spent all in riotous living, or lost all at the gaming-table, taking counsel together how to reline their empty pockets with angels. One of them suggests they should take up commodities; that is, buy goods wholesale upon credit, to sell them for ready money immediately afterwards. The only difficulty is that, as the joint guarantee of the allied bankrupts would not be accepted for as many shillings as they want pounds, they must persuade some acquaintance of unbroken fortune or unmortgaged "possibilities" to help them with his name. Having caught their heir, he, taking his associates for birds of his own feather, under a cloud the coming quarter-day's sun will disperse, readily agrees to join in the merry venture. Then a "tumbler" is sought out and instructed to ascertain where five hundred pounds' worth of easily convertible goods may be obtained upon their joint bond. He knows exactly where to find his man, but after being absent long enough to have scoured the city, he returns with the alarming announcement that no goldsmith, draper, or mercer is willing to do business with them. He is told if he cannot get plate, silks, or cloths, he must get what he can — "brown-paper, tobacco, lute-strings, Bartholomew babies, hobnails, or two hundred pounds' worth of Saint Thomas's onions, and the rest in money." Then the commissioner contrives to find a tradesman to their mind, who parts with the goods in exchange for a bond, making his five customers jointly and separately answerable for the money being paid upon a certain day. And yet they are not happy. If obtaining the commodities was difficult work, to turn them into cash proves more difficult still. The tumbler's aid is again invoked. He goes, of course, straight to the seller, who offers to take back his wares at a discount of thirty per cent. The tumbler reports money is so scarce that no one will buy at any price, but by the luckiest accident he ran against a friend, who for a trifle of ten pounds will undertake to find some one to take the things off their hands at a difference of thirty pounds in the hundred. The offer is closed with, the wares sent off, the money received. Then the partners divide the proceeds between them, the original five hundred pounds — after deducting the hundred and fifty lost on the re-sale, the ten pounds paid to the tumbler's imaginary friend, and another ten pounds given to the tumbler himself — being represented by three hundred and thirty pounds, or just sixty-six pounds apiece. When the day of payment arrives, four of the five signers of the bond are not to be found, as the bond-holder well knew would be the case,

and the poor greenhorn is called upon to pay the five hundred pounds or go to prison. Rather than do that, he seals to any bond, mortgages any lordship, says anything, does anything, pays anything. Then, "being a little way in, he cares not how deep he wades; the more he is trusted the more he comes in debt. Thus gentlemen are wrought upon, thus they are cheated, thus they are undone."

Shakespeare's jolly Windsor Boniface becomes serious enough when certain English-speaking Germans, after having the Garter at command for a week, borrow his horses to go to meet their duke on his way to court, and, throwing Bardolph in the mire, "set spurs and away like three German devils or three Doctor Faustuses," and he is not much comforted at knowing that his brothers of Reading, Maidenhead, and Colebrook have been cozened in the same way. The false Germans belonged to the tribe of rancke-riders, described by Dekker as "horsemen running up and down the kingdom, ever in a gallop, their business weighty, their journeys many, their expenses great, their inns everywhere, their lands nowhere." These gentry usually worked six or seven together, two of them attired like gentlemen, the rest as blue-coated serving-men. Booted and spurred, with their clothes well splashed or sprinkled with dust, as if they had travelled many miles, the gang made their way to a good inn, the leader asking, in a loud voice, as they entered, if the footman had gone home with the horses, a question quickly answered in the affirmative by a respectful blue-coat. A few words with the host, and they were soon taking their ease in their inn, winning the landlord's good opinion by spending moderately without bating a penny of any reckoning. Meanwhile their blue-coated accomplices were busy making friends with the inn-servants, in the pursuit of useful knowledge respecting themselves, their master, and his other guests. Having learned all they wanted to know, the knaves became communicative in turn, and talked of their master's fine property in some far-away county (of which no one in the house was likely to know anything), and of the large sum of money he would carry home when the business he had come to town about was settled — a business likely to occupy him for three months, at the very least. This coming, in due course, to the innkeeper's ears, he became doubly attentive to the pair of rogues in gentlemen's clothing, and they, gradually unbending, grew familiar with him, declared him capital company, and insisted upon his dining or supping with them, as happened to be most convenient. Just as the party began to wax merry, their mirth was interrupted by the entrance in hot haste of a half-breathless footman, bearing a message to the squire from some well-known great man living twelve miles or so off, entreating him to come to him without delay upon business that would not wait. Up jumped the squire, chafing and swearing because his horses had been sent home, cursing his folly in not keeping them with him, offering to pay anything to have himself, two cousins, and his men properly horsed, and be enabled to obey his dear and noble friend's summons, as became a man of his degree. Eager to be of service to so worthy a gentleman, mine host told him to take the best horses in his stables, and, before many minutes elapsed, the rancke-riders were in the saddle and off, as fast as their steeds could take them, to the nearest horse-fair; and before he awoke to the fact that he had been cozened, the innkeeper's horses were pastured a hundred miles away, and the thieves were quietly counting their gains over a bottle at a quiet country inn.

Here they would remain until the affair had blown over. Not that they were idle the while. Every well-to-do farmer or free-handed squire dwelling within walking distance of their lodging-place was pretty sure to receive a call from one or other of them; and while wondering what the fashionably-dressed personable stranger could want with him, find himself, ere he well knew it, accepting his visitor's invitation to take a turn or two in the garden or orchard, and listening to the plausible tale of a gentleman of better means than his outside betokened — one who had commanded in the field, but was eaten up, like many a good soldier, by the canker of peace, and lying at an inn

not far off, had incurred a trifling bill there, which, for the credit of a gentleman, he could not leave unpaid. Might he be beholden to his kindness for the loan of forty shillings, to bear himself and his horse to London, from whence he would send him repayment in a day or two, with many thanks for the courtesy? Often the glib-tongued rascal got all he asked; but if his dupe proffered him half, he was not too proud to accept it, and thank the lender. Nay, the smallest of fish were sweet to such anglers: "They are the most condescending market folks that ever rode between two paniers, for from forty they will fall to twenty; from twenty to ten; from ten to five; nay, they are not ashamed to take two shillings of a plain husbandman, and sometimes sixpence, of whom they have demanded a whole fifteen." Sometimes the streets of a quiet town would be startled by the apparition of a horseman, hatless, cloakless, with empty scabbard dangling at his side, galloping as if for dear life. When brought to a stand, with distracted looks and breathless voice, he told from whence he came, and how he had been disarmed by villains, and despoiled of his gold, his silver, and his clothes. Such a thing might happen to any man, and believing it had happened to him, out came the purses of pitying listeners, until he was furnished with sufficient money to take him comfortably to his supposed journey's end, and with more clothes than covered his back when he started.

The "falconer" was a species of swindler peculiar to an age when dedicators paid for flattery in hard cash; as soon as authors looked to public, rather than private, patronage for reward, his occupation was gone. He was a mock author, cleverer than real authors, since he could make a good living out of what no one would buy. Having raked together sufficient material for a small volume, on the principle that a book's a book, although there's nothing in it; and written, or got some one else to write, a dedicatory epistle adapted for all conditions of patrons, our literary landshark put it into the printer's hands. While his bantling was going through the press, he had time to make up his mind what county he should do, and to provide himself with a list of its titled and untitled gentry. He then had as many copies of his book bound as he had names on his list, each name figuring in its turn upon the dedication page. Procuring a fellow to play servant, hiring a couple of lean hacks, and disguising himself in scholarly garb, the rogue set out on his tour. Arriving at the nest holding a possible pigeon, the falconer alighted and knocked for admittance. The gate being opened, he left his companion to walk the horses in the outer court, and walking boldly up to the hall introduced himself to the most consequential servitor in sight, as a gentleman who had ridden from London on a matter of urgent business, to be imparted only to the ear of his worshipful master. Ushered into the latter's presence, he accosted him after the following manner: "Sir, I am a poor scholar, and the report of your virtues hath drawn me hither, venturesomely bold, to give your worthy name as a patronage to a poor, short discourse, which here I dedicate, out of my love, to your noble and eternal memory." As he ended his speech, the falconer presented the "bird," with a gilt filleted, vellum-covered volume, with fourpenny ribbon streaming from each corner. Turning over the title-page, the recipient of the unexpected gift came upon his own name, standing out in bold letters over a flattering epistle-dedicatory, "as long as a henchman's grace before meals." Flattered by such an unlooked-for compliment from a London scholar, the unsuspicious squire could not do less than thank his visitor for his love and labor; and in consideration of the miles he had ridden, and the cost he had been at, tender him four or five angels for his pains, supplementing the gift with an invitation to breakfast; or, "if the sun-dial pointed towards eleven," to dinner. Making a polite excuse for declining the kind offer, "with thanks and legs, and kissing his own hand," the impostor took his leave, remounted his hack, and made for the nearest inn, where the spoil was divided, at the rate, in old player's parlance, of a share and a half for himself, and half a share for his assistant.

In term time, or when parliament was sitting, the fal-

coner did not go so far afield; the game he hunted was to be caught in town. He ran a little more risk; a doubting gentleman, suspecting his genuineness, might tell him to call again to-morrow, and dispatch a messenger Citywards to see if the stationers of St. Paul's Churchyard were acquainted with such a book, and if they knew nothing of it, might even send the messenger on to the printer. That worthy, however, was prepared for such inquirers and readily produced his stock; if the absence of the dedication were noticed, that was easily explained — the author would not venture to add that necessary appendage to his work until he had obtained the authority of his hoped-for patron. Some of these rogues avoided the expense of printing a book. They went into the waste-paper market to pick up clean copies of an unknown or forgotten work, only troubling the printer to supply a new title and a page of dedication in blank; inserting a name as occasion required by means of a set of letters they carried with them. Others, more economical still, travelled up and down the country with "witty inventions written and engrossed on vellum, parchment, or royal paper, richly adorned with compartments, and set out with letters both of gold and on various colors." When they came to a nobleman's place, they would wait upon him, and present him with a copy bearing his name "fairly texted out in manner of a dedication." Taking it to be a special compliment to himself, my lord generally proved courteous; never dreaming any alehouse-keeper might hang up the selfsame thing in his "boozing-room," if he chose to pay the price of copying it to the transcriber who supplied the rascals with their stock-in-trade. Then there were strolling schoolmasters going from town to town, setting up patterns of penmanship, and undertaking, with one day's teaching, to enable any one who came to them to write "as fair and fast as a country vicar who commonly reads all the town's letters." Their terms were half the fee upon a pupil entering his name, and the rest when the lesson was given another day. Having drawn his half-pay for doing nothing, the scamp took down his specimens and decamped; and when the would-be rapid writers came to be instructed, they found the schoolmaster was abroad and likely to remain so.

Ringed the changes is an old trick now; it was a new one at the beginning of the seventeenth century; at least Dekker thought it was, but we fancy we have read of something of the sort bringing rogues to the pillory long before his time. He describes his newly-discovered cheat as a creature with the head of a man, the face well-bearded; the eyes of a hawk; the tongue of a lapwing, crying "Here he is," when the nest is a long way off; the paws of a bear, holding whatever they once fasten upon; the swift foot of a greyhound, and the stomach of an ostrich, digesting silver as easily as that bird digests iron. With a good coat on his back, and other belongings to match, the "jack-in-the-box" appeared at a goldsmith's stall, in a draper's shop, or wherever he knew "good store of silver faces were to be seen." Drawing forth a handsome box, hammered out of silver plate, he opened it and poured out twenty or forty twenty-shilling pieces in new gold. While the shopkeeper contemplated the heap of worldly temptation, Jack explained that he was a gentleman having occasion for a supply of white money, but knowing not how suddenly he might be called to Venice or Jerusalem, he was unwilling to disfigure himself of gold, and would gladly pay anything in reason, for the loan of forty pounds' worth of silver upon the security of his angels. Knowing the pawn to be better than any bond, the unsuspicious citizen handed over the silver, and his customer departed with many thanks for his good-will. A man of his word, Jack, in four or five days' time, brought back the borrowed silver, his box was produced, its angels counted, and the box set down while the shopkeeper counted up his white money. While he was so engaged, Jack deftly exchanged his box for one exactly like it, which poised in the hand seemed of the weight too, although it contained nothing but shillings. Presently the tradesman discovered the tale of silver was short by some thirty or forty shillings. Jack was astonished, but, gathering his wits together, remembered he had

put by that very sum for a particular purpose and forgotten to make it good. The mistake could soon be remedied. Leaving his box with his friend, he took back the silver, promising to return with it in an hour or two and redeem his gold. We need not say if he kept promise a second time. Master Jack would appear to have made a rare raid from Ludgate to Temple Bar, for Dekker thus apostrophizes that famous city thoroughfare: "O Fleet Street! Fleet street! how hast thou been trimmed, washed, shaven, and polled by these dear and damnable barbers! Many of thy gallants have spent hundreds of pounds in thy preserves, and yet never were so much as drunk for it; but for every forty pounds that thou layest out in this Indian commodity of gold, thou hast a silver box bestowed on thee to carry thy tobacco in, because thou hast ever loved that costly and gentlemanlike smoke."

We might fill another page with the tricks by which the lesser fry of rogery lived, but it would be wasting time and space — we have their prototypes among us yet, living, robbing, and cheating, much as they did in the old days, and as they will, in all probability do, as long as the world lasts.

IN THESE HARD TIMES.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

It is not often that the general public, counted by thousands, get as *direct* a glimpse of the small emotions which go on behind the respectable window-blinds in good streets as it is in my power to open up to the readers of this Magazine. We all of us know, in a more or less vague, more or less picturesque shape, the actual seamy side of the respectabilities; we read plenty about it in novels and newspaper articles; and we hear it rebuked, though usually in a false and feeble way, in homilies, lectures, and essays, but here is a bit of it, all alive and piping hot, — if the metaphor will hold. About ten years ago I picked up in the streets the lady's letter I am now going to copy word for word, except as to names of persons and places and certain descriptive phrases which would let the cat out of the bag. These I have more than altered; I have totally departed from them; because even such quasi-equivalents as a novelist uses when he says Darkshire for Lancashire, Hupshire for Kent, Loamshire for Warwickshire, or Stonyshire for Oxfordshire, might furnish a clue to the persons concerned. And of course the finder of a letter dropped by accident must treat it as tenderly. In only one other respect have I altered this unpleasantly instructive, though in some respects pathetic letter — I have punctuated it, and corrected the spelling of one word. In the original there is not a stop, great or small, from beginning to end, not a dash, nor a gap, nor the ghost of one — in fact the letter is absolutely without grammatical rhythm. It was no doubt dropped by the lady to whom it was addressed, or her husband, and it had been a good deal thumbed and read: —

"THE HURST, HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, }
MIDDLESEX, May 31st.

"MY DEAREST JANE: —

"I have been unable to get to you to tell you of the change that has come o'er the spirit of my dream, for my time has been all taken up by disagreeables. In the first place, we felt we were going to smash, and fearing all our things would be taken from us, we have left our house, and sold most of our things. I really know not what we should have done had it not been for Mr. Johnson. I went down to him almost heart-broken, for I thought there would be no hope for us, being so much involved. We had determined to sell our things, and when we had paid we should have been left without a penny, and without a home. Poor Mr. Johnson gave me £00, and has given us one of his houses in Blank Blank, rent-free. We cannot go there until the end of June, as there is some one in it at present. I am only going to keep one servant, and, therefore, I hope in time we shall get on" (get on?). "How I wish, darling, you had chanced to have gone to the Blank District" (i. e., where the rent-free house is). "I shall be so lonely! Algernon" (evidently the writer's husband) "has taken an office at Blank's, No. 00,

Blank Street, Blank, and they give him a great deal of business. Give my affectionate love to Charles" (the husband of the lady addressed, no doubt), "and tell him to go and see him, but perhaps he had better not say I have written you so fully. I need not tell you not to mention anything about us to any one, as I suppose no one will be much aware of our come-down. I shall never see any one, and you may be sure Algernon will keep up appearances. Karl and Lizzy have taken us all in, and are very kind. I think before we go to our new house I shall get you to take Algernon, baby, and me, for a week, darling, if you think you can manage for us, but not to make you uncomfortable. How are all your darlings? Kiss them and give them their poor aunty's love. How are you getting on with money affairs? Better, dearest, I hope. Do write and tell me all about yourself! And now, God bless you, darling Jane, and, with fond love, Believe me, your affectionately attached sister, CAROLINE JOHNSON." (This looks as if the Mr. Johnson, who gave the money and the house rent-free, were the writer's father-in-law, — Algernon's father.) "Don't give any one Algernon's address. I am going to write to papa, but I shall make out that we have left our house because Algernon has got an appointment as . . . to (Blank's) and they wished him to have an office in the house, and therefore I should prefer having a cottage a little way from town. I say this, darling, as I don't want the Chattertons to know anything about it, and in this way they will think we have got up in the world instead of down; for I shall never go near them when I am at Blank" (in the rent-free house). "I suppose you know they have bought a house in Blank Terrace."

Here ends the letter, and how thoroughly characteristic it is of the ordinary middle-class Englishwoman! How truly feminine in its ellipses! "I need not tell you not to mention anything about us to any one" — here, you must, in order to make sense, supply a lot of words, — for if *you* hold *your* tongue, we shall keep our misfortune secret; "as I suppose no one will be much aware of our come-down." We may perhaps look leniently upon the small deception practised by the lady upon her father — because she so readily assumes her sister's assent to it that we may suppose he was ill or overdone with anxieties of his own; or perhaps he had opposed Caroline's marriage, and Jane did not choose to let down her lord a single peg in *his* eyes. But what empty-headedness and empty-heartedness there seems to be in the reference to the Chattertons. As they have been actually buying a house in a nice neighborhood, they must be made to think Algernon and Caroline have gone up of instead coming down. "I shall never go near them when I am at Blank." Now the rent-free house was, I may inform the reader, twenty odd miles nearer to the Chattertons' place than the one from which Algernon and the lady had fled — so there was no apparent reason of distance for breaking the connection. Either Jane cared for the Chattertons before, or she did not. If she did not, why visit then? If she did, nothing but false pride would stand in the way now. The probability is that here was a visiting friendship founded on false pride in the first instance, and now broken off for a similar reason. There are other touches in the letter which are less agreeable still. "Karl and Lizzy have taken us all in and are very kind" — and then comes the request to dearest Jane to take them in too. This looks like a woman's indirect way of putting on the moral screw, *q. d.*, "So-and-so have been very kind, and therefore you can't in decency refuse us." Again, I don't quite like Caroline's question about Jane's money matters. That also has a sort of moral-screw look with it, *q. d.*, "How about your troubles? you know you may want a bit of help some day." All this, and much more, which occurs to me and will perhaps occur to the reader, especially if a woman — may be judging harsh judgment; but it certainly looks as if it would be difficult to judge too harshly (in these particulars) of a sister, who on so serious an occasion could write so empty-headed a letter, — a letter with nothing but respectability and respectable self-pity in it from beginning to end. Not one word of strong emotion, — not a hint of regret for the position in which any of the creditors were placed, — not a glimpse of the moral sensibility proper to such a situation. Here, however, we may give the lady the benefit of a doubt — it is possible that Algernon's misconduct may have been at the bottom of the "smash," and a lady whose

mental resources did not enable her to write a better letter than that may have been at a loss how to express collateral regrets in such a way as to avoid oblique reflections upon her husband. I confess, however, it reads to me like simply an empty letter; such as Amelia Osborn might have written if you had taken two thirds of her heart away.

It is an old story. Mr. Walter Bagehot, a writer who is far more in harmony with the more recent forms of progress than the writer of these lines can pretend to be, has lately quoted, and without answering it in the affirmative, the dreary question whether all that human invention has accomplished has yet lightened by one half-hour the labor of a single human being. And we might well ask whether the woman who can write a letter like this has got one half-hour in advance of the savage mentioned by Sir John Lubbock, who burst into tears because some one threw a little flour over his cloak. It has been said that the Englishman who has come to the end of his ledger is the most abject being on the face of the earth. But even if he is, let us be just: to him and to his squaw. In a commercial country, for a man to be at the end of his ledger is to be on the brink of starvation, unless he is to depend upon others for food and shelter. So he may well look sad for awhile. And for a woman to be compelled suddenly to put off her ornaments and part with the elegancies to which she has been accustomed, is like a queen's having to abdicate; or, worse, like a beauty's losing her eyelashes or having to sell her hair. That is to say, it is so in proportion to her capacity of feeling it so. But, unfortunately for the force of these suggestions towards palliating the cowardice of respectability, we find that where there is any such capacity as we have spoken of, there is another capacity also. The man who, having come to the end of his ledger, feels it for what it really is, is sure to be capable of falling back upon the essential morality of the situation and getting out of that the means of conquering all vulgar shame. And the woman who, being obliged to give up any of the minor elegancies of life, is capable of regretting them for what they really are, is sure to be capable of supplying their place out of her own resources, and she, too, is above all vulgar shame. A sense of pain, often bringing blushes with it, no doubt, must accompany what this poor lady calls a "come-down" in life, and, in such a case, a certain degree of reserve is natural. But the meaner forms of the regrets of respectability are among the things which tend to make us, according to an old formula, "ashamed of our species." Indeed, if what some naturalists told us were true, there would be reason for this shame; for they say that the base instinct which leads so many of us to persecute those who are different, and the cowardice which is the counterpart of this shame, are remnants of a time when we were four-footed beasts of prey; when every act of originality on the part of any member of the herd was a danger-signal, and every weak member a burden as well as a danger.

There are natural reasons for some degree of social reserve and bashfulness in the case of a reverse of fortune, — whether we are to blame for it or not. Some degree of retirement is natural to misfortune; because, among other reasons, all pain wants a little nursing; because reticence is favorable to that husbanding of the strength which misfortune makes necessary; and because self-respect teaches us to avoid insult by drawing back a little till we see how others take things. But nothing can be more abject than the position taken up by many persons who have been beaten in the race of respectability. That they valued any elegancies which they now have to give up simply as things of show, and not as helps to a sweeter life, they soon make clear by exhibiting more regret for the loss of the fine things than of the beautiful ones, and above all, by showing an utter incapacity to make an elegant life for themselves. True, these things have been said so often that it is almost tedious to say them over again; but in these times, if ever, a repetition of them may be tolerated. A life need not immediately become sordid because it is stripped of much of such ornament as the upholsterer and dress-maker can

provide for it. A person of an elegant mind can put suggestions of culture and refinement into what are called "poor surroundings." A woman who has learnt — as every woman should learn — to make her own dresses can get on wonderfully well without a dress-maker. And a man who can put up wall-paper, make picture-frames, and do other things that belong to the ornamenting of life, can do without much help from the upholsterer and his myrmidons. And both the lady and the gentleman will find a keen pleasure in being free from trade tyranny. Dress-makers, tailors, furniture-folk, paper-hangers, and the working-man in general, are as tyrannical as they are usually ignorant; and they all think it scorn to make the best of small and poor materials. In fact, they deliberately and contemptuously "scamp" the workmanship, if the material and the occasion are not altogether up to their notions of the dignity of their craft.

Domestic servants, as a rule, are still worse. Except in very rare cases, it is they who are among the first and worst hindrances to economy in the household. A housemaid nowadays will almost give notice on the spot if you go about to show her how to save coals; or if you retrench in any article as to which she regards a certain standard as essential to respectability. True, the majority of the mistresses are, in proportion to their lights and opportunities, just as bad; but that does not mend matters. In a recent talk which I had with a lady of high culture and faculties, she expressed a hope that the present dearth of good or even tolerable female servants would have at least the one good effect of driving some mistresses to occupy themselves in household work, which would be a fine thing for their health and otherwise. This would not hold in all cases. Where there are young children and the parents are wise enough to educate them at home, their training must occupy so much of the mother's time that she can do little but superintend in the household. Besides, in order to teach the children properly she must keep up her own culture, which implies a good deal of reading. And then, again, in a case where the children were taught at home, the head of the household would, probably, be a man of culture, and for his sake the mistress must keep pace with him in certain matters, as far as possible. Indeed, for more than his sake, as we shall see in a moment. But that mistresses would find it conduce to economy and genuine respectability if they were to do more of the household work themselves is certain. Only it must be begun in good time; that is, the mistress must be distinctly *beforehand* with the maid, or there will be a struggle for empire, in which, in these days, the maid will probably get the best of it; to say nothing of the unpleasantness of struggles in general. And, madame, a word in your ear. You do not like a lady to have coarse red hands? Nor do I. So be sure to wear gloves. But the shape and fullness of the arm and shoulder, and even of the bust, are, as a rule, improved by much more active use of the upper limbs than most ladies indulge in. I am not making out a case, I am speaking well-known facts; and, madame, even if your hand should a little increase in size, as in the course of years it no doubt would, yet if you ask artists and men of genius in general what they have to say about the hand, you will find that the change is nothing to regret; while if it were, you would have much to set off against it, — a firm-fleshed, well-rounded shoulder, and a well-opened bust.

But the truth is, something remains behind. No scheme of household economy can be effectually carried out unless the husband and wife do, in old-fashioned phrase, pull together. And how often do they? Why, on the contrary, they have usually quite separate "spheres;" and this, also, is a part of that regimen of imitation which is a stronghold of many mischiefs. The husband is to be the "winner," the wife the spender; and that is too often supposed to settle the matter. A city missionary once told me, what I well knew, that among the very poor a husband who beats his wife a little is better thought of than one who dares to interfere with her spending of the money; and, among all classes, there is a superstitious division of "spheres," even where there are not separate purses or an

"allowance" to the wife for housekeeping. But economy, and certainly economy with kindly and tasteful management, cannot be had upon these terms. Monsieur and madame must pull together, and no division of "spheres" must be known in the family council. The husband will do certain things, and the wife certain other things, and these will inevitably follow certain old-world lines. But we must break the tradition which dates from the times when the wife's sticking the knife into an empty trencher at breakfast was the signal for the men to take horse and hunt the boar and deer. If Omphale wants help, and Hercules can do her work, let him, whatever the work may be. In point of fact, women servants now do a great many things that no woman ought to do; scrubbing, the hard part of the washing, shoe-cleaning, and worse. Leigh Hunt at sixty-five told Hawthorne that, not being able to keep a boy servant, he cleaned his own boots. And why should not a man make beds? It is of the very utmost consequence that boys, as well as girls, though not in the same degree, should have the training which comes of being made "handy" in the house; and there is something so utterly ridiculous in the idea of a woman having an inalienable right to make tea (whether she makes it weak or strong, well or ill), or to apportion all the minor expenses without concert, that if we were not the slaves of use and wont, we should laugh at it. No; husband and wife must pull together. Of course certain conditions are essential to their doing so. First, they must love each other, and second, they must have brains. If you can first catch your hare in these particulars, you may proceed to cook it. As a rule, the man is more inventive than the woman; at the least, he has seen and read more; and he can often suggest economies that never would occur to a woman. But a woman must have brains before she will allow him to do much in "the woman's sphere," and perhaps nine out of ten wives, or a larger proportion still, would sneer to see a man, drawing-pencil in hands, elaborately suggesting the cut of an article of female dress, or pointing out a way of economizing the stuff; or discussing how a poor material could be made to yield a good and pretty result.

There are many more things to say; but they naturally connect themselves with larger topics. Thus much may perhaps be excused in times when "the unprecedented and astonishing prosperity of the country" means increased dearness of living to nearly all of us; when, under a "liberal" government, the powers that be do their best to increase our burdens by insolent arbitrariness in assessing the house duties and other taxes, and still more insolent harshness in getting in taxes of all kinds; and when, besides, the "astonishing prosperity," which has the astonishing effect of making us poorer, is attended with circumstances that promise an early and awful collapse. Certainly, all literary men are concerned in the matter. To my questions as to the sale of certain periodicals — the new edition of Messrs. Chambers's admirable "Information" was one of them — the bookseller answered gloomily, "It's a bad trade now, sir, mine is — books are luxuries, and they're the first thing people knock off when it goes hard with 'em." At least those with whom they are about the last may have their grumble.

AUNT DUNK.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. AUNT DUNK AT HOME.

DID any of you know aunt Dunk? Because, if you did not, remember that ignorance is bliss. I experienced poverty, toothache, and aunt Dunk, all rather violently, in the course of one year, and I decidedly preferred the two former.

In June we were ruined; in July I suffered from *tic-douloureux*; and in August I went to live with aunt Dunk. There had been an uncle Dunk once, but it was a situation of some difficulty; therefore he died as soon as he could.

His last and most fervent wish was, that his wife should not soon join him in the family vault; but, dear man, with his usual kind thought for others, he worded it very beautifully.

"Hannah, my dear," said he, tenderly, "I hope you will have a long, long life."

"That I shall not, Mr. Dunk," said my aunt, with her accustomed promptitude. And then uncle Dunk, perceiving his mistake, and feeling too surely that to suggest to her to live would but decide her to die at once, added: "Aye, my dear, I ought to have known you better. You won't get on without me; you'll soon be after me, won't you, Hannah?"

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Mr. Dunk," said my aunt; and those were the last words that fell on his ears, for he was so well satisfied with them, that he died without giving her an opportunity of contradicting him again.

And then aunt Dunk lived on at Dunk Marsh, with Crampton the old butler, and Crow her maid and housekeeper, probably the only two people in the world who could have endured the life. They got on pretty well with her, by always suggesting to her to do everything they did not wish done, and *vice versa*. Moreover, although the best of friends, they abused one another perpetually to my aunt as a matter of principle, keeping her amused and really quite comfortable by imaginary quarrels. They were good-hearted creatures, or they would not have plotted to introduce a poor relation to their mistress's home; which they did as soon as they heard of our losses. They at once suggested to aunt Dunk that no doubt we should be expecting her to take one of us to live with her, but that it was a thing that never could be. It would upset the household, and put an end to all regularity. Mrs. Crow added, that although nothing would ever induce her to leave her dear lady, she had heard Mr. Crampton declare that if any of the Miss Pellams came to live at Dunk Marsh one day, he should give warning the next; while that great man privately informed my aunt that he knew for certain that Mrs. Crow would never stay to be put upon by two ladies. This course, steadily pursued with judicious alternations for one month, resulted in an invitation to one of us to take up our abode with aunt Dunk. The following is a copy of her letter:—

"GIRLS,—I am glad to learn that you have lost all your money. I hope you will never have any more to lose. At all events, you shall have none from me, living or dead. Women can live by their brains as well as men. However, as you no longer have it in your power to make fools of yourselves with other folks' hair piled on the tops of your heads, stuff enough in each gown to make three for any reasonable woman, and tags and bobtails hanging all over you, I will take one of you to live with me—especially as Crampton and Crow object most strongly. You are all ugly, but if one has grown uglier than the rest, that one I will have. I have written to the clergyman and churchwardens of your parish to decide this matter for me, as I like to uphold the Church in all things. I am your aunt,
"HANNAH DUNK."

The knotty point referred to the decision of the Church was a source of some amusement to us. Our rector was a shy young man, very much in love with my sister Ellen. He came up to the house with a red face and an open letter. I believe he had passed a sleepless night in agonies of doubt as to the course he ought to pursue.

"Miss Pellam," said he, "I have received a most extraordinary letter from a relative of yours, a most extraordinary letter."

"Indeed, Mr. Anson!" We all preserved our gravity, but Ellen blushed violently as she bent over her work.

He looked at her, but he spoke to my eldest sister, Annie. "Really, I hardly know how to act. If I disregard it, I may be doing you an injury; yet—it is an unheard-of request; no gentleman—no man of any"—He walked about the room in dire perplexity. "To be required to look round deliberately upon five sisters, and to decide—to pronounce—I mean to say, to announce—to one of them that she is—that one considers her—that is!"—

Here we all burst into ungovernable laughter, and lightened his task by assuring him that we were aware of its nature, and that no doubt could exist upon the subject. Hannah, my aunt's namesake and godchild, had long enjoyed the distinction of ugliest among Pellams. Then he showed us aunt Dunk's letter. It was as follows :—

"SIR,—You are doubtless aware that it is the duty of the clergy to assist those who are perplexed in spirit. I am in that condition, and I apply to you as a clergyman to assist me. I wish to have one of the Miss Pellams, my nieces, to live with me, and for reasons which I will proceed to explain, it is my desire to select the ugliest. In my day I was a handsome young woman, and was much annoyed by proposals of marriage from men of various standing. I refused them all till I was black in the face; but the pest continued, until in sheer self-defence I was obliged to marry my dear departed, the late Mr. Dunk, almost the only man of my acquaintance who had had the good sense never to ask me. You will easily understand that I do not want to have my middle age disturbed by the same kind of annoyance, by means of any young woman residing under my roof. Neither should I wish any one to suffer as I did. I intend to guard my niece from every proposal of marriage, and I shall hope at my death to leave her in that state of single blessedness and isolation, the attainment of which should in these days be the object of every right-minded woman. I hail with pleasure the advance of public opinion, and still more of public practice, on this point. But I will not at present trouble you with my views, merely pausing to remark that woman is evidently at length taking her proper place as man's equal. I now come to the subject of my letter. Although recognizing that the annoyance to which I have alluded is less to be apprehended than in my own youth, I still wish to reduce the danger in the present case to a minimum. I would, therefore, ask of you, as the clergyman of the parish in which my nieces reside, to call upon them in company with your church-wardens, and, according to the best of your and their judgment, to decide for me which of these young women is possessed of fewest attractions; in plain words, which is the ugliest. Awaiting your early reply, which I doubt not will convey a solution of my difficulty, and perfectly ready to expound to you my views upon woman, should you desire it, I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"HANNAH DUNK."

This letter was the subject of much laughter, and more discussion. The difficulties were: first, how to avoid the church-wardens, for aunt Dunk would hardly consider the election legal unless her commands were fulfilled to the letter; secondly, how to contrive the election of myself, the only one willing to face the situation. From our knowledge of aunt Dunk, we felt sure she would not take the one recommended, but here all certainty stopped.

At length we resolved that the question of church-wardens should be waived for the present, and that, as a preliminary step, Mr. Anson should write to name Hannah as undoubtedly the plainest of the family.

According to our expectations, this produced an angry letter from aunt Dunk, demanding why the signatures of the church-wardens had been omitted, and desiring that photographs of the five sisters should be taken for her at once. There was no escape. The church-wardens were accordingly sworn to secrecy, and in a state of great amazement were surreptitiously introduced into our drawing-room, when, in consequence of Hannah's perfect good humor and tact, they arrived at a unanimous decision in her favor.

In the mean time, we received a most curious epistle. It was to this effect :—

"Young Ladys if One of you wants for tu come say you dont and if anny particular wants not for tu come say you du from your Umble servants to comand"

"CRAMPTON & CROW."

We profited by the advice. My eldest sister sent with the photographs a letter expressing the gratitude and readiness of the whole family, but adding that if we were allowed a voice in the matter, it would entirely coincide with the decision of Mr. Anson and his church-wardens, and venturing to hope that in any case aunt Dunk would not decide upon taking me, as I was several years younger than the others, and had bad health and irritable nerves.

All this was strictly true, and indeed poor Anne did her best to dissuade me from putting myself in the way of a trial which she herself had experienced many years before. Her warnings were disregarded. I was self-willed and spoilt, and eager to judge for myself of eccentricities of which I had heard so much.

The effect of Annie's letter was all I could desire. I was sent for at once, and I went. Aunt Dunk's carriage met me at the station. It was the carriage in which she and uncle Dunk had taken their wedding tour some thirty or forty years before. It was very high, and very heavy, with enormous wheels, and was lined with thick, musty, yellow leather. Postilion and horses matched it well. The horses had thick legs, thick necks, thick ears, and thick heads, which latter they poked straight out before them. The postilion was aunt Dunk's own servant, and had acted in the same capacity in the very tour afore named. His hair was gray, his jacket was darned, and his horses pulled different ways; but they brought me to Dunk Marsh, with no other incident than one remark from the old man, as I approached the carriage. "Bless my old eyes, you are a little un!" said he, turning round in his saddle to survey me. And then he laughed aloud, and kicking one leg up in the air, and plunging the other into his horse's flank, off we set.

The old manor-house where aunt Dunk lived and worried was long and low, red and rambling, standing in flat water-meadows surrounded by rushes and poplars, dreary beyond description. At the door appeared Crampton and Crow. Why Crow always appeared to welcome the coming guest, I never could divine. It was either a fancy of her own or of my aunt's. Possibly it was the custom of the Dunks. They received me kindly, as one they had known as a child.

"Ma'am," said Crampton in a hushed voice as we crossed the low, red-tiled hall, "you'll have a hard time of it with my mistress. Excuse me, but I hope you'll bear with her."

"And if we can give you any little hints we will, bless you; for you're as like what you was at three weeks old as pin to pin," added Crow, pressing my hand.

"And be sure you never gainsay her, ma'am," said Crampton; "if she says you are as black as them niggers, be sure you say you've known it all along. She's a good lady at heart."

"If one can but find it out," added Crow, who generally finished his sentences. Perhaps it was for this purpose she accompanied him.

"And she's getting on in years, Miss Jane. She's not as young as she were, poor lady."

"You old dotard! that's not true. I get younger every day I live."

It was a loud voice, and it was close to us. Crampton and Crow vanished, and I turned to be welcomed by aunt Dunk.

Short and spare, dressed in a black gown to which the same adjectives might truthfully be applied; small sharp black eyes, thin tight lips, red cheeks, and a most palpable "front" of shiny black curls, above which peeped a quarter of an inch of real gray hair. She was holding open a door, and signing to me to enter.

"The ridiculous old idiot! daring to talk about me! I'll let him know I won't be talked about. Not as young as I was! I'll be bound I'm a great deal younger and brisker! Come in here, child, and let's have a look at you. Ah, come, you are plain enough. I knew I was right, in spite of all their Hannahs. No color, no eyes to speak of; spots on the face; crooked nose. Well done."

It was a long untidy nondescript room. A fire burned on the hearth, and half a dozen school-girls stared in the background.

"Sit there till I send off my class. They have just done. John Groom and Crampton said you could not be here till six, and I knew you would come by five; so I had up the girls to worry them—Crampton, I mean. He can't abide any one to find them here. Now you shall see what physical education means. Girls! attention! march!"

And, to my utter amazement, placing her hands on her shoulders aunt Dunk began to march up and down the room, followed by her class, some of whom imitated her with a fidelity which was too much for the gravity of the others.

"Were you ever drilled, child?" asked my aunt, stopping so abruptly that the whole class nearly came to grief.

"No, ma'am," I responded meekly, faintly.

"High time you should begin. Stand up and do as we do."

I obeyed in fear and trembling, and some moments passed in feeble imitation of the terrible energy aunt Dunk displayed. Conscious of being an object of ridicule to my fellow-pupils, I was ready to drop from mortification and fatigue, when the door was quietly opened and a young man entered the room. My aunt nodded to him, still continuing her instructions, and I stepped aside and resumed my seat.

"How d'ye do, Charles? One, two, three. Tired, child? Stuff and nonsense! Head up, Eliza Stours. One, two, three. Sit down, Charles; just done. Shoulders down, Ellen Toms. One, two" —

"Charles" looked both vexed and amused, and I shivered in my chair. I had heard of Henry and Charles Treyhen, sons of aunt Dunk's only sister, and I recognized the present Charles as a Treyhen and the clergyman of the parish.

"There," said aunt Dunk triumphantly, "that will do. Put on your bonnets, girls. That is something like teaching — beginning at the beginning. I have a theory, Jane, that the first thing to teach children is — how to walk. It is the first step towards preserving health. People's chests contract with stooping — hence disease. Charles here differs from me."

"Only in thinking other instruction of more importance."

"There you are quite mistaken. The groundwork is of the most consequence. You begin at the roof, and so it all falls down together. You try to stuff their brains before they've got any. This is how you go to work — Here, girls! attention!" They stood before her. "Now, my good girls, Mr. Treyhen wishes you to learn to think — to use your reason. Listen to me. He wants to know who wrote St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Now think."

A dead silence. The girls looked at one another. Aunt Dunk waxed impatient. "Come, girls, *think*; can't ye say something?"

Thus admonished, the eldest girl grew very red in the face, and feebly suggested "Solomon," while another, gaining courage from the immediate discomfiture of her friend, promptly added, "Moses."

"No, he didn't, and *he* didn't," said aunt Dunk in triumph; "and now you may go home and find out who did, and mind you walk as should be. There; that's all thinking does for them. You work their brains too soon. All children are fools, and you may be sure it's for some good purpose, and that purpose undoubtedly is to give the body time to grow in health and strength. Those girls won't be fools when they are grown women, unless you make them so with your preaching and your teaching. There, now, don't contradict me. My mind's made up. Here's my niece, and she's not come here to help you with the schools, I can tell you. She will have duties at home."

Mr. Treyhen looked to see if my amusement equalled his own. It did not. I was weary and overwhelmed, and already regretting the wayward fancy which had brought me to Dunk Marsh.

"What did you come for?" asked aunt Dunk suddenly.

Though the question was not addressed to me, I felt it in every nerve, and was on the point of answering, "Because I was a fool."

Mr. Treyhen forestalled me. "To ask you to give up drilling the children."

"Then I shall not. So that's settled and done."

"Very well. I suppose you like being the laughing-stock of the village."

"I am no such thing, you impudent boy."

"Oh, then I did not meet Eliza Stours yesterday evening marshalling the girls, and making them walk like you."

"I am heartily glad to hear it. My instruction is appreciated, you see."

"Very much so. Eliza took off your voice and manners so well, that Tom and William Champ, and young Groves, and one or two others were applauding loudly, and I felt ready to laugh myself. 'Just like the old missis,' said Tom."

"I don't believe a word of it. The little minx! I'll wash my hands of the whole lot of them. I'll never believe it. I have no patience with the people."

Apparently Mr. Treyhen was satisfied, for he turned the conversation, and chatted pleasantly upon other subjects for some time, receiving my aunt's repeated contradictions with a lazy smile which excited my envy, for already she irritated me almost beyond endurance. When he took leave she called to him to come back, but he did not hear.

"Run after him, Jane. Just tell him to stop at the school, and desire the second class, the second drill-class, to be here by nine to-morrow."

I overtook him in the hall, and delivered my message. He laughed outright. "You should not have caught me, Miss Pellam. Please tell my aunt that I cannot possibly deliver such a message. I do not recognize the class; or stay — tell her I will send them, and the Champ boys too, to applaud. Good evening."

It was too audacious. How could I repeat it?

"Well," said aunt Dunk sharply, "what did he say?"

"Nothing, aunt Dunk," I mumbled, rather than spoke.

"That's not true. Out with it at once. Some impudence, I'll be bound. 'Nothing' won't do for me." And with those sharp eyes fixed upon me I felt impelled to repeat the message word for word. Aunt Dunk gave a snort, but nevertheless I could see that she was not displeased.

"There! I knew it. Never say 'Nothing' to me, or we shan't get on. Come up-stairs now. You are nice and ugly, that's one comfort."

Now I really was not so very ill-looking, indeed some people thought me rather pretty at times; and so Crow hinted to my aunt that evening, but aunt Dunk would not hear of it. I was irreparably frightful in her eyes, for she had settled it herself.

We dined together in a room on the other side of the hall. It was the same size and shape as the drawing-room, and was hung round with pictures of ancient and modern Dunks in rags. I do not mean that these highly respectable personages were represented as clothed in rags, but that the canvases were, from age and ill-treatment, reduced to that condition. Crampton waited in carpet slippers. He stood behind his mistress with his arms akimbo, and joined freely in the conversation. For this he apologized to me the first time he found me alone. "My mistress expects it of me, ma'am, and I thought it might be a help to you on the first night; but I am aware that it is not the custom in families of distinction." And it was a help on that first night, and many others. The old man was, however, often sorely perplexed, between his anxiety to propitiate his mistress and his reluctance to hurt my feelings.

"And so they really do not call you the plain one?" said aunt Dunk, eyeing me complacently. "Why, I pitched on you the moment I saw the photographs; didn't I Crampton?"

"Yes, ma'am; I believe you did. But them photographs is often nasty deceiving things."

"Well, they did not deceive us here, at all events. Why, she's as ugly as sin."

"I don't think the young lady is so bad to look at, ma'am," said Crampton, in patronizing pity.

"Then you know nothing about it, you stupid old man. These peas are not half boiled, Crampton. I wish you would tell the girl."

"I spoke to her yesterday, ma'am."

"What business had you to do any such thing? What

business have you to speak to the maids unless I desire it?"

This lively style of conversation continued until we adjourned to the drawing-room, where aunt Dunk at once took out her netting. No elegant silk purse or airy scarf, but an enormous length of netting of the coarsest twine, fastened to a nail in the wall. At this she stood up the whole evening, working furiously, and talking vehemently. She questioned me minutely concerning every detail of our family history, plans, and prospects, blaming everything we had done or thought of doing. My father was quite wrong in dying so suddenly, my mother had no right to linger so long, my sisters ought all to have been brothers, and I myself had no business to have been born at all. All this was far from soothing to one used to the indulgence of a sister Anne; but ere long it merged into the alarming, for I committed the great error of pronouncing an animated "No." "If I had my way with you girls, you would all be trained to some profession. Anne would have made a capital doctor, Emily might have been a lawyer, Mary an architect. All of you should have turned your hands to something."

"Oh, aunt Dunk, impossible! I am sure Anne never could go about feeling people's pulses and looking at their tongues."

"Why not, eh? Is Anne a fool? Every woman should make the most of her talent; and now I think of it, you are not too old to begin. Time has been lost, for of course you know nothing, and can do nothing; but much may be done yet. I should like to make a lawyer of you, and maybe, by the time you have studied a bit, the profession would be open to you; but if you have a fancy to be a doctor, that could be done at once."

Frightened and weary, I could only sit and tremble, as I saw myself in imagination the cynosure of all eyes, standing up to undergo an examination in the schools, preparing to browbeat a witness, or sharpening my knife to cut off a fellow-creature's leg. Could aunt Dunk really mean it? There was such a terrible energy and earnestness about her, that if she had announced her intention of drowning herself in the tea-kettle, one would have expected her to do it at once. I am ashamed to say that I cried myself to sleep that night over the prospect of walking the hospitals.

CHAPTER II. AUNT DUNK ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

DAYLIGHT enabled me to ridicule my fears; but they returned with full force when I went down-stairs, for aunt Dunk was holding forth to Charles Treyhen, and her subject was the necessity of educating me to a profession. She only nodded to me as I came in, and continued talking vehemently, only stopping to "Pshaw!" when he got up to greet me. It was certainly embarrassing for a young woman to eat her breakfast before two people who were discussing the question whether she would excel most as doctor, lawyer, or architect. Aunt Dunk was very eager, Charles Treyhen considerably amused.

"I tell you the girl has no fortune. She must do something. Marry, you say. That's all nonsense, and you know it, Charles. The day for that is past. Girls don't marry nowadays—at least, these ugly ones don't. They've a better destiny."

"Really, aunt Dunk, it can hardly be pleasant to Miss Pellam to listen to this discussion."

"Stuff and nonsense! She don't care a pin, and if she does she must get over it, for she'll have to hear enough about it before I've done with her."

"I believe you," *sotto voce*; and aloud, "I will be no party to such rudeness."

"Where's the rudeness? It's common sense. The girl can't starve."

"Give her some of your superfluity."

"Mr. Treyhen! as if I should take it!" It escaped me involuntarily, and I colored crimson to find that I had spoken.

"Hoity-toity, my young lady! As if you would take it, forsooth! I can tell you, you shall take it, if I choose; and maybe you'll have to take it. Am I not to give my own money to my own brother's daughter, if I please?"

"I beg your pardon, aunt Dunk."

"And you will promise to be good, and to ask for money whenever you want it?" added Mr. Treyhen, in comical imitation of my frightened manner.

"She will do no such thing. Ask me for money, indeed! I should like to hear it. She shall keep herself; and from this moment I devote myself, first to the choice of a profession for her, and secondly to fitting her for that profession when chosen."

"In other words, you will cease to worry your friends about women in general, and will content yourself with worrying woman in particular."

"I shall not, Charles; and you are abominably rude."

"Miss Pellam, what profession shall you choose, supposing any liberty of choice is left you?—which it will not be."

"Now, Charles, why say that, when you know perfectly well she will be free as air, provided only she chooses in accordance with my wishes? I imagine some consideration is owing to me."

"Very well: I must frame my question differently. Miss Pellam, what profession do you hope aunt Dunk will choose for you? Will you build my house, cut off my arm, or ruin me at law by your eloquence?"

"All appear to me equally terrible and impossible."

"Impossible they are not, Jane, and of that I will soon convince you."

"Not now, aunt Dunk; please wait till I am gone. I am bent on finding out whether Miss Pellam would rather be a soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor, that I may give her the advantage of my influence with you."

"Influence you have none, either with me or anybody else. I regret that as yet the noble professions of soldiers and sailors are closed to us. But that will all come in time."

"And you will immediately join a marching regiment, aunt Dunk, and oblige poor Miss Pellam to serve her time as middy."

"It would do her all the good in the world, and had I been born in these days of emancipation, I should undoubtedly have entered the army."

"As soldier, sailor, or lawyer you would have excelled, aunt Dunk."

"That I should not, Charles; but I humbly hope I should have done my duty, as I mean to do now."

"If you mean to perform that disagreeable operation now, aunt Dunk, I, knowing what it is, shall take my leave. Good morning, Miss Pellam. I wish I could hope that, when next I see you, you may still be allowed to knit, net, and crochet work, which to my mind are the chief duties of woman."

"Charles, you are a fool!" began aunt Dunk; but the appearance of Crampton and the letter-bag arrested her speech, and for some time she was fully occupied, while Charles still lingered, talking to me.

"Well," said aunt Dunk at length, laying down a letter which she had been attentively perusing, "if I could only have foreseen the glorious destiny of woman in the nineteenth century, I for one would never have married; your unele Dunk might have whistled for me. But in my day a woman had no profession but marriage. An unmarried woman was nothing but an old maid; now she is something more than man, better than wife or widow. What a fool I was, to be sure!"

"But what is this glorious destiny of which everybody writes and talks? Do tell me, aunt Dunk," said Charles.

"What is it! Why, emancipation from the social slavery of centuries; franchise, professions, the prizes of life open to us—in a word, equality with man."

"I am glad you think so highly of man; I rather fancied you despised him."

"I don't think at all highly of man. He is a mean, despicable creature, and he has kept everything to himself as

long as he could. But every dog has its day, and, thank goodness, his day's past and gone at last. It is our turn now. Man grows more abominable every day. In my young days, though they did keep us out of our rights, they had the grace to be ready enough to marry and keep us. They don't even do that much now. I made a fuss to have the ugliest of the Pellam girls; but upon my word, now I think of it, any one of 'em would have done nowadays."

"Aunt Dunk, light dawn. I begin dimly to comprehend all this agitation about woman's rights. You open my eyes; you enlarge my mind. You were all happy enough as long as you all had a fair chance of being married; but now that the increase of luxuries and expensive tastes has rendered marriage an event of rare occurrence, you demand, forsooth, to enter the arena as man's equal. He will none of your help and sympathy; he shall meet you as a rival on his own grounds."

"That's not true; all claptrap, every word. There are some fools who hold that woman's highest place is as wife and mother. They pretend that the rights we are claiming should only be given to those who are waiting to be made wives — slaves, I should say — or to those who miss that slavery altogether. But bless you, boy, that's all boosh, and it's dying out, Charles. It did well enough to break the ice; it was but the thin end of the wedge. I hope to live to see the time when girls will look upon married life as a last resource when health and powers are failing, the battle of life fought, and the prize won — just as men do now, you know."

"Aunt Dunk, aunt Dunk, defend me from a wife covered with Victoria Crosses and Waterloo medals!"

"Defend yourself from any wife at all. No, no; the day for that is past; I look forward to a glorious consummation of the present dispensation in a perfect equality of man and woman."

I looked up in astonishment, which was lessened in the course of the day, when I accidentally lighted upon this very sentence in a book.

"Bravo! aunt Dunk; *encore!*" exclaimed Charles. "That was worthy of a platform. Why do you not give the public the benefit of those mysterious expressions? Make Miss Pellam an orator; a female orator must have a 'glorious mission.'"

"Upon my word, the boy has hit it!" exclaimed aunt Dunk, starting up. "Dear me! That he should have had the wit to think of it! Well, men are not *all* fools, that's one comfort. It's the very thing. I'll train you up for public speaking, Jane; so that's settled and done."

As usual, aunt Dunk spoke with such energy that we both felt that she meant it. I grew white as a sheet as I saw my own conviction reflected in Mr. Treyhen's face; I saw too that he felt for me. His whole manner altered, and he was startled into expostulating. He could not have done worse. Every word he uttered only confirmed her resolution, and I was surprised at his eager pertinacity, so different from the cool sarcasm with which he had hitherto treated her. At length he took his leave, with a mortification so evident that aunt Dunk was in the seventh heaven.

The day wore on wearily. Prompt in action as in speech, aunt Dunk ransacked the library for works on eloquence, oratory, and the management of the voice. She wrote to London for the latest publications on the same subjects, and was only prevented from writing to Mr. Gladstone for advice by the immediate acquiescence in the proposal.

"I would just ask how a young man should be trained to speak in public. I shouldn't say it's for a woman, of course. It's all the same."

"A very good idea, aunt Dunk," said I, in obedience to violent winks from Crampton, for the conversation took place at dinner. "No doubt Mr. Gladstone will be charmed; especially now, in the recess, when he can have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do, child! Why the man's worked to death. I should not wonder if he had all his letters burnt unread, now Parliament is up. Now I think of it, I'll write to Mr. Mill instead. I shall tell him the whole truth, and

send you up to see him if he wishes it. Crampton and Crow could take you up — couldn't you, Crampton?"

"With pleasure, ma'am. We should like to see the nobility and gentry once more, ma'am."

"Why, you stupid old man, do you call Mr. Mill the nobility and gentry? You'd like to see Madame Tussaud's waxworks, I expect. That's more in your line, to say nothing of the shop-windows!"

"Precisely, ma'am; I was on the point of mentioning the shops, ma'am. We would be proud to take charge of Miss Jane, ma'am."

"I'm not sure I won't go myself and state my views to Mr. Mill. He's the man for us, Jane."

I sought safety in silence.

After luncheon, aunt Dunk announced her intention of driving into Crippleton alone. She had business, and I was to stay at home and write to Anne, and tell her I was perfectly comfortable and quite as ugly as Aunt Dunk expected.

As soon as she was gone, Crampton entered the room with a huge pile of books which he placed before me.

"My mistress begs you will look these through, ma'am, if you please, and tell her what's inside of them when she comes back; and if you please, ma'am, if you've no objection, I think of taking out my gun for a 'are, ma'am. My mistress expects of me to keep the house supplied, though she makes a rule of objecting if she catches me doing of it, so I am obliged to do it on the sly. There is no fear of nobody calling, ma'am."

I signified my consent, and he went on: —

"If I might make so bold, ma'am, Mr. Treyhen and Mr. Charles sometimes looks in, and my mistress wished them to be told that she is gone into Crippleton to consult Mr. Williamson about the matter in hand."

I promised to deliver the message, and he left me. I turned wearily to the books — "Cicero," "Burke," "Whately." I gazed upon them with terror, and letting my head fall on the table, I burst into tears.

A woman who cries in the drawing-room should always do it judiciously; that is to say, with her hair (if real) down, and taking care to leave off before her eyes and nose are red; for she can never foresee who may surprise her. I fulfilled both these conditions, and the Mr. Treyhens came just in time to see me at my best.

There was a momentary confusion on both sides, and then Charles Treyhen advanced with eager solicitude. He was so sorry, so very sorry — of course it was aunt Dunk; but could he do nothing? His sympathy made my tears flow faster; but collecting myself, I pointed to the books.

"Cicero! 'Burke!' You do not mean that she is going on with that nonsense? Henry, can you believe it? Miss Pellam, let me introduce my brother." And he repeated what had passed in the morning.

Henry laughed aloud.

"It is impossible. Even aunt Dunk could not be so mad. The thing could not be done. By the bye, where is my aunt, Miss Pellam?"

I faithfully delivered my message. The brothers looked at one another, and all laughter died out from the face of the elder, while Charles paced the room in an excitement of which I should not have thought him capable.

"Dolt that I was! I should have known her better. She took me by surprise, or I should not have been fool enough to oppose her. Had I but agreed, she would have dropped it at once. And I actually suggested the idea. Never, never shall I forgive myself."

"But, Mr. Treyhen, do you really think she means it?" said I, trembling.

"Of course she does. Aunt Dunk always means it, and does it too. She always has some crotchet in her head. The last was what she was pleased to term 'physical education.' That I imagine died last night, as I find she has not had any of the girls up to-day. That, too, was my doing, and she is consequently ready for anything, and especially anything likely to annoy me. She is only to be conquered by ridicule; she cannot oppose it; and if she

can be made to feel that the hobby of the moment places her in a ridiculous light, she generally drops it."

"Then we may hope; for the present plan is of all imaginable ones most open to ridicule."

"She will call it narrow-minded opposition, and glory in persevering."

I inquired who was this Mr. Williamson, whose name evidently gave a more serious aspect to the affair, and I heard that he was one of the few who possessed any influence with my aunt; a man of vulgar mind and manners, holding very advanced opinions; a lecturer, an atheist, and a firm upholder of woman's rights.

"Especially that of conferring hare-shooting upon man. I declare I hate Woman. I beg your pardon, Miss Pellam, I didn't mean you," said Henry.

"I hate her too, Mr. Treyhen. Aunt Dunk is enough to make one detest the very name, especially when it is dignified with a capital W, which I know it always is in her mind."

We tried to invent some plan of opposition, but the experience of both brothers pronounced it hopeless. They agreed that it would be best to let things take their course, and it was possible that the fancy, if unopposed, might pass away.

"After all, if she only makes you read and recite to her, it will be no more than a bore, and I don't see what more she could do just yet," said Henry's common sense.

But aunt Dunk was capable of a great deal more, and she lost no time in proving it. She returned before her nephews were gone, and she returned triumphant.

"Here I am, Jane! The very thing has turned up. How do you do, boys? Mr. Williamson is to hold a public meeting this day month—a lecture on 'Woman's Rights'—and the leading people in the town want him to get a lady to speak. Lady A——'s speaking at——has put them up to it. Oh, she's a blessed woman! To think of a woman like *that* having no right to a seat in parliament, when a young hop-o'-my-thumb like you, Henry, might get in to-morrow if you liked! The world's all topsy-turvy. Well, Jane is to speak this day month at Crippleton town hall. There's a fine beginning, Jane! You'll have to work hard though, I promise you."

"Miss Pellam to speak! Aunt Dunk, are you mad? You have not really entered into any such engagement?" exclaimed Charles, starting up in great excitement as I hid my face in my hands with a moan of real terror.

"But I have; and what's more, I mean to carry it out."

"Impossible; it can never be. You do not consider"—

"I consider enough to know that it's no business of yours."

"No business of mine! It is the business of every man to prevent tyranny, oppression"—

In vain his brother signed to him to be silent, and the dispute continued with vehemence, while I sat and trembled in utter misery.

"Is Charles possessed?" whispered Henry to me. "He can generally turn her round his finger, and he is making matters worse every minute. We shall find you spouting on the dining-room table next time we call, Miss Pellam."

"If she does you shan't hear her," interrupted aunt Dunk. "I've seen your signs and winks and nods at Charles. D'ye think I'm blind, eh? There, go away, both of you."

Henry vanished, looking half the size he had appeared on entering the house. Charles walked off in high anger, leaving aunt Dunk in the best of tempers. Nothing pleased her so much as a pitched battle. Her last word was "Humph!" and it was uttered with a short laugh of mingled scorn and triumph as she stood and watched him take leave of me.

From that day my fate was decided. I had to study the books before named, with others which came from London. I was also required to learn and recite a great deal by heart; and Mr. Williamson himself brought the speech which I was expected to deliver. I went through it all in dogged despair, hardly believing in the possibility of the threatened trial. And yet ever before my eyes floated the

awful vision of a vast room, a glare of light, a sea of upturned faces, all watching, waiting, listening for me, Jane Pellam, to speak. Occasionally I had wild fits of crying, but my usual state was one of incredulous despair. Mr. Williamson's visits were what I most loathed. His general appearance was repulsive; his hair long and untidy, and his hands so guiltless of soap, that I recoiled with horror when aunt Dunk desired him to place me in a proper attitude for speaking. I had to stand on an ottoman and declaim before him and aunt Dunk, while they criticised my performance. My one hope was that he would pronounce me utterly incompetent, and to this day I believe that he would have done so, but for aunt Dunk's determination and her hare-shooting. One dreadful evening she actually insisted upon having in the servants, while I stood upon a side-board and recited my speech. Crampton strove to encourage me by bowing repeatedly and very low whenever I looked at him, while Crow wept behind her pocket-handkerchief. I survived the ordeal.

Meantime I saw a good deal of the brothers; for though Henry's dread of aunt Dunk always caused him to avoid her, and though, as she herself informed me, my ugly face had cured Charles of the trick of dropping in at all hours. I met them constantly in my walks. It was my one pleasure. Henry adopted me at once as sister and friend, showed me the photograph of the girl he was to marry, and ere long confided to me his troubles about his brother, who, from being the best companion in the world, had grown silent and morose, and was always running up to London for the night. It was true; even I could see that he was not the same Charles who had excited my envy on the night of my arrival at Dunk Marsh. He would walk with us for an hour at a time without speaking; and when the subject turned on Mr. Williamson and my training, he invariably quitted us abruptly. "He is awfully worried about you, Miss Pellam. He thinks it is all his fault," said Henry. I was of the same opinion; and moreover, I feared that he was increasing the evil. Though his desultory calls had ceased, "Mr. Charles wishes to see you, ma'am," was a message to which my aunt was called upon to respond more than once; and after these private conferences there was a sensible increase of energy on her part with regard to my speech; from which I inferred that he was still trying to persuade her to give up the idea. I wished he would talk to me about it, and not to her. But with me he never alluded to it, though his manner was almost deprecating. This silence heightened the interest of our intercourse, and my heart beat fast on the days when I saw his tall dark figure advancing under the shadow of the fir-trees in the wood-walk; faster than it beat when Henry's form met my eye instead.

It was within three or four days of the meeting. Aunt Dunk was gone to Crippleton, and I was walking up and down the wood-walk, with my hated speech in my hand, when Charles Treyhen stood before me. He had been away, and we had not met for some days.

"Miss Pellam," said he, with such a smile on his face as I had never seen before, "it is all right; I have good news for you. You will not have to speak. It is all at an end."

The relief was so intense that I burst into tears.

"Am I fated to annoy you?" said he sadly.

"Annoy me! I am only too happy, too grateful. But aunt Dunk?"

"Aunt Dunk must not know. I was resolved you should never be subjected to such an insult. I have moved heaven and earth to get some one to take your place, and I have secured the services of a lady accustomed to public speaking. But aunt Dunk must not be told; she would only be the more resolved to persevere. Up to the last you must submit. Only on the very day, about an hour before you ought to be setting out, a messenger from Mr. Williamson will announce the arrival of this lady, and her intention of speaking. Even if aunt Dunk persists in coming on, I shall be there, Miss Pellam, and I give you my word that you shall not be so much as asked to put your foot upon the platform."

I could not thank him; I had no voice. But I held out my hand with brimming eyes, and he did not give it back to me at once. For a moment there was silence, and then he was on the point of speaking again, when "Jane, Jane! where are you?" resounded through the air in aunt Dunk's harshest tones. I fled, and Charles Treyhen vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

I saw him no more before the eventful day, but my speech often faded from my mind as I sat musing over that last interview in the wood-walk, feeling again the grasp of his hand, and wondering what he was about to say when aunt Dunk interrupted us.

The day came. In spite of his assurance, it was impossible not to feel nervous, as the hours dragged their weary length along. If I could but see him for one moment, to hear again that solemn promise of protection! But it rained steadily all day, and aunt Dunk would not hear of my going out. We were to dine at five and start at six, or the lecture was to commence at seven. How eagerly I watched the door all dinner-time, as I vainly attempted to swallow a morsel! Crampton was constantly coming in and out with the same expression of stolid indifference on his face. There was no note, no message. Could he fail me at the last? I grew giddy at the thought; but I recalled his eager words, his manner, and my doubts were lulled. Only lulled; for when we went into the drawing-room it wanted but ten minutes of six, and still there was no letter. How I longed to arrest the course of those listless hands advancing so rapidly towards the fatal hour! I would have walked about the room to quiet my impatience, but my limbs seemed weighted with lead, and I could only sit and shiver, and watch aunt Dunk at her merciless setting, until roused by the sound of the carriage wheels on the gravel. "He has forgotten me," said Reason; but my heart answered, "Impossible." As I followed aunt Dunk to the carriage, Crow touched my shoulder.

"Here, my dear; a bit of a note."

It was my first letter from Charles Treyhen.

"Do not be frightened. Miss C—— is detained at—— till the last train. I am off to meet her. We shall be in time; but delay as much as you can."

"Delay!" I to delay aunt Dunk! How could it be done? I lingered in the hall; I dropped my glove; but aunt Dunk called angrily, and sick at heart, cold and trembling, I rushed to join her. That drive! Shall I ever forget it? Surely aunt Dunk must have heard the beating of my heart! I looked at the people going home from their work, and I envied them, wondering vaguely if they would rescue me if I called to them. I looked at aunt Dunk's comely face, and I wondered how it would look if I died at her feet. And then I went off into wondering still more vaguely why she left that bit of gray hair above her black front, and in my mind I kept on trying to close the place, until we drove into Crippleton. It all seemed unreal; and when the carriage stopped at the town hall, I felt that it was all happening to somebody else and not to me.

I stumbled up the narrow staircase after aunt Dunk, and into the small retiring-room set apart for performers. Mr. Williamson was waiting for us. We were late, and the audience was impatient; we could plainly hear them humping and hissing. He only stopped to show us where to stand so as to hear the few words he had to utter before I made my appearance, and then he went on. Without regarding aunt Dunk's commands, I dragged myself to a window, and looked up and down the street. It was my last hope. A clergyman walked past. I tried to open the window, to scream to him for help, but I had no voice. Aunt Dunk dragged me back.

"Child, child, they are waiting for you. Hark! they are applauding."

The horrid sound fell on my ears. I dropped on my knees. I clasped her arm, I implored her pity. My voice came back, but it was hoarse and grating. Aunt Dunk looked alarmed. Even her florid cheeks grew a shade paler as Mr. Williamson appeared.

"Quick, quick! is she ready? The audience is impatient."

"Jane, I insist. Don't be a fool."

Then hope died. I knew he had forgotten me. With a sudden calmness, which surprised myself as much as my tormentors, I rose, walking steadily forward as if in a dream. I was through the doorway and on the platform before Mr. Williamson could overtake me. The dreaded moment had arrived. The glare of light surrounded me; the sea of upturned faces was before me, all eyes were fixed upon me; there was a burst of welcome, and then a sudden hush. They were waiting for me to speak; waiting for the speech which the fir-trees in the wood-walk and the poplars in the water-meadows had heard so often; and my mind was a blank save for the one thought, the one recollection—Charles Treyhen had forgotten me. Mr. Williamson seized my hand to lead me to the front; with a rapid gesture I snatched it away, and turning suddenly, caught sight of Charles Treyhen himself, as, with a face of agony, he fought his way towards me through the crowd. For one second I stood motionless; then darting forward with a scream which echoed through the room, I fell forward into his arms, as he sprang upon the platform just in time to catch me.

"My darling, my poor-darling!"

It was whispered in my ear, and then I heard no more—I was unconscious. I was afterwards told, that aunt Dunk herself supplied my place in an impromptu speech of great originality and energy, and that the roars of laughter and applause which she called forth did not please her half as much as the hisses elicited by the discovery that she had forced me to appear against my will.

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST RAJAH.

(EXTRACTED FROM AN OFFICER'S INDIAN JOURNAL.)

BEOWRA, Dec. 27th, 186—.

I've got an adventure to tell you at last, and one worth telling too. You remember how I used to be always wanting to see a real Indian Rajah? Well, I've seen one at last, the genuine article and no mistake, with full accompaniments of grand palace, numberless retinue, jewelled sabre, flowing robes, and what not. I was going to have told you about our Christmas dinner the day before yesterday, when we made stews and curries do duty for the roast beef of old England, backed by a horrible attempt at a plum pudding on the part of my servant; and then, having pushed round a bowl of punch to "our absent friends," sat up talking over old times at home till eleven o'clock, when we all turned in. But that must come after; *place au Rajah* to begin with.

I was a good while hunting for the said Rajah, though, before I found him; and he was very much needed to keep up my faith in India. My ideas of it (like those of griffins in general) had been modelled rather too much upon the procession in "Bluebeard." I expected to meet with dazzling sunshine, splendid palaces, magnificent forests swarming with tigers, and gorgeous processions (containing any amount of elephants) passing about the streets all day long; instead of which, when I first landed at Bombay, I found a flat country, a tremendous allowance of dust, and the evenings rather chilly than otherwise (I had forgotten that, even in India, the sun does not usually shine at night). And when we started to go up-country, matters were not much improved. As Sergeant M'Pherson said to me one day, when I asked him how he liked India by this time, "The more said, the less the better!" Our travelling was done by bullock-cart, a mode of conveyance whereof any one who has not tried it may form a pretty good idea by heading himself up in a cask, and rolling down-hill, the general effect being that of having all your joints nearly dislocated. The first stage—from Bombay to Wassind—we luckily did by train; but after that it was all bullock-

cart together, starting at five in the evening, and usually getting in about ten next morning, though some of the long stages kept us on the road for twenty-four hours at a stretch. I kept a journal at first, but left it off after a time, as it struck me there was a slight sameness about some of the details. It ran as follows:—

"Nov. 18: Wassind to Talagaum. Jolted to bits in a bullock-cart.

"Nov. 19: Talagaum to Pimpalgaum. Jolted to bits in a bullock-cart.

"Nov. 20: Pimpalgaum to Malagaum. Jolted to bits in a bullock-cart.

"Nov. 21: Malagaum to Doolia. Jolted to bits in a bullock-cart."

And so on for a fortnight, after which (as the paymaster remarked on reading it) it became somewhat monotonous.

It was at Sindmab (which you needn't look for on the map, because it isn't there) that I first came upon the traces of anything approaching to a Rajah. We had halted there for a day, after the usual jolting to bits in a bullock-cart, and the first news we heard was, that a big fort about half a mile from our bivouac was the Rajah's palace, and that he was there now. It was at once proposed, and carried *nem. con.*, that we should pay the old swell a visit; so we rigged ourselves out in full uniform (swords and all), and away we went to pay our respects.

"It's likely the old gentleman will give us some champagne, anny-how," said Brady, a huge, red-haired lad from Tipperary, whose idea of earthly felicity seemed to be a champagne supper.

"Or some tiger-shooting," added Parker, a little, fresh-colored, jolly-looking fellow, who was mad on sporting, and woke us up every night by cracking at the jackals with his revolver. "I've heard that the first thing these fellows do is to stick you on an elephant, and give you a field-day in the jungle."

"Don't expect too much, my boy," put in Powell, who, having been out before, acted as a kind of Mentor to the rest. "In the first place, the tigers about here have been nearly all killed off; and, in the second, Rajahs nowadays don't possess quite such an unlimited stud of elephants as you seem to imagine."

The fort made a very pretty picture as we approached it, what with the low white wall (which was at least half a mile round), and the deep archway, and the big dome of the mosque inside, and the trees about the entrance, and the bright blue sky over all. But Powell was right in telling us not to expect too much, for at the gate we were met by a crowd of natives in long white dresses (like pillow-cases with the bottoms knocked out), who seemed very much astonished to see us, and told us that the Rajah had gone to live at Indore more than three years ago!

"Oh! by the powers!" growled poor Mick Brady, licking his thirsty lips in agonized remembrance of the lost champagne.

"Well, we must just console ourselves with having seen the place where he *ought* to have been," said Parker, with his jolly laugh. "You remember that fellow who was asked if he had ever seen the queen? 'Noa,' said he, 'but I've got a cousin as once cum very nigh seein' the Dook o' Wellington!'"

So we tried to make the best of it by looking round the inside of the fort, and very well worth seeing it was.

But there was a good time coming. About an hour before we left Dewas (another place "to atlas and to fame unknown") in came a train of darkeys in wonderful apparel, with a present of sugar from the Rajah, and a request that the English sahibs would "honor his threshold by passing over it."

"Come!" said I, "this looks like the genuine article at last. I vote we go and pay our respects to the old boy in a body."

"Not Oi, bedad!" grumbled Brady, in whose memory the champagne disappointment was still rankling. "I've had enough o' thim not-at-home felleys, bad luck to thim."

"But he must be at home, you know, or how could he have sent us that sugar?" argued I, persuasively.

"Sugar's not a Rajah!" responded Parker, with an air of unanswerable logic; "and I don't see the joke of another tramp under this sun for nothing."

In fine, there were no volunteers to be had, and I found myself the soul representative of her Majesty's service at the court of the Rajah. However, I wasn't going to get into full uniform for nothing, so I handed myself over to the Rajah's niggers (who were all waiting outside) and away we went in grand style. You should just have seen my "progress" through the town—the darkies whacking right and left at everybody they met, and screeching out, "Make way for the English sahib!"—the people all jumping out of the road like frogs, and salaaming profoundly—and I in the middle of it all, inwardly laughing fit to kill myself, though I took care to look as majestic as I could.

So we came up to the gate of the palace—and a magnificent old place it was—the thing for those Academy fellows who are always painting Flemish cathedrals and what not. Over the gate there were ten white swans, beautifully carved, with their wings outspread as if just about to fly; and just below them the great round arch rose up in one great sweep, with its background of floating shadow, which looked delightfully cool and pleasant after the blistering sunshine outside.

We went up ever so many stairs, till at last we came to a magnificent drawing-room (furnished quite in the European style), at the door of which every man Jack of my retinue pulled up short and kicked his shoes off. I hesitated for a moment whether I should follow the fashion by sitting down and hauling off my Wellingtons, but finally concluded that I wouldn't, and marched boldly in. Passing through the drawing-room, we came to a smaller room on the other side, at the farther end of which were three chairs, placed in the form of a triangle, thus:—I sat down upon one of them (watched at a respectful distance by a perfect army of attendants) and awaited the Rajah.

In a few minutes every one in the room suddenly rose up, and began mumbling something which I could not catch.

This was their way of saluting the Rajah, who entered the room at that moment. He was a tall, fine-looking old man, dressed in gorgeous native costume, which was a great treat to my artistic eye—more especially as Powell had told me that the native princes nowadays mostly go in for dress-coats and patent-leather boots. The only fault I could find with the old gentleman's appearance lay in his teeth, which were black as coal from chewing betel, and the contrast of the black teeth and the long white beard had rather a grizzly effect.

He shook hands with me on entering, and we bowed to each other most politely, he having his shoes off, and I my cap. We exchanged a very amiable smile, after which the Rajah sat down and, signing to me to do the same, addressed me in Hindee.

"Hindee ne mallum" (I don't understand Hindee), answered I, rather taken aback at finding myself "brought up all standing," this way.

Hereupon every one laughed (why, I can't imagine), and I, not to be behindhand, laughed too; so that we all had a jolly ha-ha together. I fancied that I saw one of the men telling the Rajah I was a humbug, as I had been speaking Hindee on the way (which was so far true, that I had made the five words I knew go as far as possible). This might be only my fancy, but I looked very ferociously at him for a minute or so, in case my suspicions should be correct: after which we all sat in solemn silence, I thinking that the Rajah had sent for an interpreter. Instead of the interpreter, however, there appeared a tall, gray-bearded, dignified-looking old fellow, with a bundle of green leaves in his hand, followed by another native with two little silver bottles, in one of which stood a small spoon.

The two marched up to where I sat, and offered me the said leaves and bottles in due form. I, for my part, was rather puzzled what to do with them, but at length settled in my own mind that the leaves must be a kind of lettuce, which I proposed seasoning with the pepper and vinegar that I

supposed to be in the silver vessels, and eating with the help of the spoon. This mode of proceeding created a great sensation among the Rajah's attendants; and I, suspecting that I must be putting my foot in it, handed over he leaves to one of the men behind me. The Rajah then signed to me to hold out my hand, which (having had plenty of practice in that way at school) I flatter myself I did gracefully enough; whereupon he poured some rose-water on it from the supposed vinegar-cruet, and added a spoonful of brown liquid (which turned out to be essence of sandal-wood) from the seeming pepper-box.

I thought how you would all have enjoyed seeing me sitting here with the two bottles in front of me. However, I kept my countenance, for fear of offending the old gentleman; but the expected interpreter never appeared, and after we had sat some time in profound silence, the master of the ceremonies politely intimated to me that I had better go, a novel form of etiquette which might be advantageously introduced into London society when a fellow makes too long a morning call.

So I took an affectionate leave of the Rajah, and his servants escorted me back to our quarters, taking the mysterious leaves (which turned out to be betel) along with them. These — not caring to blacken my teeth by munching them — I bestowed on Parker's native servant, who enjoyed them mightily; and so ended my Rajah adventure.

BRET HARTE.

WE are glad to hear that there is a probability that the chief humorist and poet of the Far West is likely soon to come among us for a long stay. We have read his works with a feeling that a new type of man and a new phase of thought have received their literary expression through Mr. Bret Harte. This Far-Western type seems to be in the main the result of three grand causes: namely, the mixture of the blood of many races; the occupation of the whole people in the wild pursuits of hunting and mining; great distance from the seats of an older civilization. The second of these is, we believe, the chief of the causes which have operated to make Far-Western humor what it is. Everywhere in the world we know that it has become proverbial that between two sportsmen there can be no distinctions of rank. Nothing effaces caste marks so thoroughly. Nothing unites hearts so closely as sharing the dangers and the triumphs of wild sport. Who does not know the hunter's perfect freedom from conventionality, his liberty of action, habit of saying what he means, and strong phrases, seasoned even with a dash of profanity sometimes? From the miner we obtain general honesty, rough practical intelligence, independence and strength of mind, freshness of thought, freedom from prejudice carried to the extreme of horror of tradition.

In his democratic freedom, every Western man feels himself called upon to coin words, phrases, oaths; if they take with his neighbors they soon spread. There is no affectation of one language for daily life and another for reading articles; a word that is good enough to use in one family is good enough to be heard by all the families of the earth, say the Western men. Still the boundlessness of the prairies, the sublimity of the Sierra Madre, the winning sweetness of the Pacific shores, have yet to make themselves sufficiently felt in American literature. American painting has "gone out West," and become in part American — not so her literature. Messrs. Bayard Taylor and Starr King, both travellers, are perhaps exceptions; but the Boston men live in Boston or in Cambridge, or at the furthest on the seaboard, or in the White Hills of New Hampshire. We have yet to see an Emerson in Kansas, or a Longfellow in the Sonoma Valley.

To this view, Western humoristic poetry forms the sole exception, and of it, Mr. Bret Harte is the chief professor. 'The Heathen Chinese' stands by itself, and is unlike anything else American; and some of Mr. Bret Harte's mining bits are thoroughly new in manner. On the other

hand, his sensation novels, good as they are, are not Far-Western, but merely American. We are inclined to think American humor the most genuine in the world. Its chief characteristic is undoubtedly tremendous power in exaggeration accompanied by a sort of innocent air of truth. As an instance of this inimitable exaggeration, nothing can be better than the war story which tells how a showman, from his constant travelling about, had his name enrolled in thousands of places, and was actually drafted in so many hundred spots, that he formed himself into a brigade, held a brigade meeting, and elected himself brigadier-general by acclamation. Take, too, the story of the steamer on the Mississippi that sailed from Baton Rouge for New Orleans, a long way down the river, and went so slow that, after two days' steaming, she found herself ten miles higher up the stream than when she started! This species of humor is not confined to the West. It was in New England that the fog was so thick, that a man engaged in shingling a roof shingled a hundred yards right out on to the fog before he found his mistake.

On the other hand, underlying the love for general ideas, and for that exaggeration of speech that naturally follows it, there is in Americans a deep stratum of shrewd common sense, that continually breaks out as a check upon bunkum in all its shapes, and has itself created the ludicrous ideas conveyed by the words bunkum, spread-eagleism, and hisalutin. America, it must be remembered, changes so fast, that general statements as to American literature and thought, that might have been true a few years since, are not true now. Mr. Lincoln was the most thoroughly American man that America has shown to the world. He was the only American statesman that America has produced. Even Webster was English by his side. Everything about him — from his dress to the attributes of his mind, from his appearance to his jokes and stories — was essentially American and of the latest type. Mr. Lincoln would have been impossible thirty years ago. But Mr. Bret Harte's miners seem to belong to a new race, which knows not even Lincoln. They are Far-Western, — Lincoln was a Central-valley American. The men of the Mississippi valley seem all alike. Lincoln and Parson Brownlow are two representative heads. The hollow cheek, sunken eye, large nose, high forehead, square chin, jet hair, are alike in all the men of Southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. These men have not square jaws for nothing. When Parson Brownlow was asked if he was coming out as a democrat, his answer was, "When I join Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church." That there was a tinge of melancholy in Lincoln's disposition is well known; that it is general among Americans is a less accepted theory, but not the less true. It runs through all their humor, and seems to extend to California, for there is pathos even in Mr. Bret Harte's jests. Downrightness, melancholy, and odd expression, all color American humor, and distinguish it from that of other countries. As for the odd expression, it must be borne in mind that many so-called Americanisms of the newest type are but old Englishisms come home to roost again, and no longer recognized by us. "Platform" may be found in Harrington; "Let him slide" has Shakespeare's seal upon it; the New England drawl and twang itself may be heard in central Essex, whence it was that the Pilgrim Fathers bore it across the seas to become in time the habit of more than half the English race, and a laughing-stock to its own parents in Old England. There is still too much, however, of that vulgarity which changes a "madhouse" into an "insane receptacle," and calls *swindling* by the taking name of "financial irregularity." As for American downrightness, along with it there goes too much of one-sided fierceness into the American character. No American, for instance, out of New York and Boston, ever seems to read the papers on both sides. He says "he can't sit still to see his friends abused," although he reads with pleasure the personal attacks upon opponents in his own gazette. Just as elsewhere there is too much, so in America there is not enough of sympathy with the physical weakness of any

cause that is also wanting in moral strength. No American was able to conceive that there were men in England during the late rebellion who could sympathize with the Confederates merely because they were few, apart from the question of whether they were right. A Western boy, talking to such a man, demolished him at one blow with, "Guess, then, at the battle of Armageddon, you'd take side with the devil," which was, in reality, less a joke than a literal expression of American thought.

These considerations are worthy of note, perhaps, in a higher degree now than some years ago. Before the war, America received in thought from Europe more than she gave; the gain is now the other way. It is, indeed, curious to note, that the continuance of our mental leadership of the English race seems to depend on that of an injustice to our writers. However unfair may be the absence of copyright with America, the recognition of it would be a crushing blow to our intellectual supremacy. London and Edinburgh, our publishing cities, could not long hold their own in America against the free competition of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, of every village in the States, indeed, for there are signs that America will possess that which has been wanting in England since the Revolution—a literature of the land, wholly free from the centralizing influence of great towns. For the present, no American poet, no philosopher, can stand against the competition of "all Tennyson for fifty cents," and Mill for the price of ink and paper. As long as there is no copyright, London and Edinburgh write for America, without, indeed, being paid for it in money, but not without helping to preserve the unity of the race. Copyright, however just, however necessary, however certain, will reduce London from the rank of capital of a world-wide England to that of capital of Great Britain.

PROPERTY AND TAXATION.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

THOSE who are apt to feel discouragement at the slow progress of mankind, both in the discovery of truth and in the application of it, may derive comfort from the fact that those nations which, from historical accidents or their own energy, precede others in either of these kinds of improvement, are found to have labored not for themselves only, but for all the rest, and greatly abridge the task for those who have fallen behind. The European nations which have lately been freed from the hindrances that had retarded their development—Italy and Hungary—with the vigorous impulse which the awakening of liberty gives to the human faculties, have thrown themselves into serious study; and being able to resort at once to the latest and best products of thought in the more advanced countries, are attaining by strides the results which their teachers were only able to reach by slow and measured steps. Knowing that they have all to learn, they learn all at once, having no habit, authority, or prejudice to detain them halfway.

If an example is desired, one will be found in the work before us,¹ the production of a distinguished Italian political economist. Political economy, it is true, is no new subject to Italian intellect; the study of it may almost be said to have originated in Italy; its early cultivators who have left a reputation behind them were generally Italians, and chiefly (we leave the explanation to historians) Southern Italians; indeed, the speculative movement of Italy had for centuries its chief seat in the southern portion of the peninsula, as the political, commercial, and artistic had theirs in the northern. Owing, however, to the general slackening of the intellectual movement in Italy, caused by her unfortunate political situation in the last three centuries, she was outstripped in this as in other departments by more fortunate nations, and it was left to them to originate all the great improvements in this branch of knowledge.

¹ *L'Avere et l'Imposta*. Per Constantino Baer.

But, since restored to freedom, active minds in Italy have not only revived the study of scientific economics, but have placed themselves at once at the most advanced point which that study has yet reached. The work of Mr. Constantino Baer on "Property and Taxation" shows not only a familiar knowledge of the best English, French, and German authorities, but a mastery of their most improved doctrines not often met with even in England; and along with it, no ordinary degree of the ability required for what is a very different thing from a knowledge of economic truths—the power of applying them. We say this, although we have to add that as regards the specific proposal which the book is written to recommend—a matter not of principle, but of application—we do not consider it to be successful. But we have seldom seen a greater amount of sound practical argument brought to the support of a conclusion that we think practically unsound. Like everything written on such subjects by a person thoroughly competent in knowledge and ability, whether right or wrong on the particular point in question, the discussion is highly instructive.

Mr. Baer's case is this. The primary requisite of just taxation is that every one should be taxed in proportion to his means (*avere*). There are other requisites, as that taxation should not interfere injuriously with the free employment of labor and capital, that it should give the least possible opening to fraud or arbitrary exaction, and so forth; but the first requisite of all is that it should be equal. Mr. Baer ably confutes the standards different from this which have been or are occasionally professed or acted on: particularly the doctrine, which has a considerable hold on many minds, that persons should be taxed more or less according as they are supposed to benefit more or less by the services of the government, or according as the services they receive cost more or less to the state.

But the main question is, in what sense is equality of means to be understood? and what constitutes a person's means? They are, according to Mr. Baer, of two descriptions: productive (if he have any such) and unproductive. The former are capital, and land employed as a source of income; the latter is his income, such parts excepted as he saves and converts into capital. In order, therefore, to reach the whole of his means, we ought to tax his income, and also his land and capital. An income-tax Mr. Baer rejects, and some of the objections to it are stated by him with much force. Income, in his opinion, is best reached by taxes on consumption, imposed on such articles or modes of outlay as can be taxed without interfering with the channels of industry, and as may be considered fair tests of a person's general expenditure; houses, servants, horses, and carriages Mr. Baer considers to be among the best. Capital and land he would tax by a percentage on their money value, which (as he remarks) represents in the case of capital, only such part of the income from it as is measured by the ordinary rate of interest, and spare all such part as is either compensation for extra risk, or a return for the skill and industry of the possessor. The tax is to extend to property not yielding income, if of a kind admitting of accumulation, such as houses, furniture, pictures, and sculptures. The practical means of levying such a tax are discussed in some detail by Mr. Baer, and he succeeds to a great extent in showing that there are accessible criteria which would in most cases enable it to be assessed with little danger of fraud by the tax-payer, and undue exaction by the receiver, and without harassing inquisition into private affairs; while, at the worst, the evil of this sort would be many times less for a tax on capital than they necessarily are for taxes on income.

The objection which we have to bring against Mr. Baer's scheme of taxation will easily be anticipated. The area, or possessions, of any one, on which taxation is to be grounded, are estimated by a wrong standard. Taxation is to be proportioned to means; but a person's means of paying taxes, or of bearing any other burden of a pecuniary nature, do not consist of his capital and his income, but of his capital or his income. He possesses them both in the sense of legal control, but only one or other of them for the purposes of his own consumption. His capital, so

ing as it remains capital, is not consumed by himself, but by the work-people whom he employs, and the producers of machinery and material; if he diverts it from their use to his own, it ceases to yield him an income. He can consume either his capital or his income, but not both; and if he is taxed on both, he is taxed twice over on the same means of payment. The maxim that equal means should pay equal taxes has nothing to rest upon unless the means intended are those which are available to pay taxes from. What forms no part of a person's means of expenditure forms no part of his means of paying taxes; while, if he withdraws it from production, and employs it as a means of expenditure, it pays, while it lasts, additional taxes on expenditure, and so, even in that case, satisfies the aims of financial justice. It is true that though he has no other advantage from his capital while it remains capital, he has a sense of power and importance connected with it; and in consideration of this it may be thought equitable to make him pay something additional to the state. But this is departing from the principle of taxation in proportion to means, and introducing another principle, that of distributive justice; it is laying a tax on an advantageous social position — a measure which, if defensible, must be so on moral or political grounds, not on economical.

Notwithstanding, however, the well-grounded objections on the score of justice, in a merely pecuniary point of view, to which a tax on capital is liable, the subject cannot be altogether disregarded by economists and politicians. A tax is in itself absolutely just; the justice or injustice of taxes can only be comparative; if just in the conception, they are never completely so in the application; and it is quite possible that nations may some day be obliged to resort to a moderate tax on all property, as the least unobjectionable mode of raising a part of their revenue. The many injustices of a direct income-tax are generally acknowledged; while perhaps the greatest of all is that which is least complained of, that it is a tax on conscience, and a premium on deception and improbity. The increase of commercial dishonesty, so much complained of for many years past, was predicted by good judges as the certain effect of Sir Robert Peel's income-tax; and it will never be known for how much of that evil product the tax may be accountable, or in how many cases a false return of income was the first dereliction of pecuniary integrity. Nevertheless, an income-tax is felt to be indispensable on our present financial system, because without it there are actually no means, recognized by existing opinion, of making the richer classes pay their just share of taxation — a thing which cannot be done by any system of taxes on consumption yet devised. Succession duties are, no doubt, the least objectionable mode of making property, as distinguished from income, contribute directly to the state, and they should be employed as far as practicable; but unless the duty is very light, there is great difficulty in protecting against evasion. The tax proposed by Mr. Baer may, therefore, some time or other, have to be taken into serious consideration: and should that time come, his remarks on the practical side of the question will be found well worth attending and referring to by those who have to deal with the subject.

PHILIPPE PAUL DE SÉGUR.

DEATH has removed from among us one more remnant of what French historical memory still pardonably cherishes as the heroic age — that of our grandfathers — “hauts et cents coudées,” as Victor Hugo rhapsodizes concerning them; the contemporaries and fellow-actors of the first and great Napoleon. The Count de Ségur, the eye-witness and historian of the Russian campaign of 1812, has died, at the age of ninety-three. He was therefore in the vigor of life when he witnessed the scenes of that marvellous year which no pen has described like his. He came of a family which had certainly no right to quarrel with the Imperial order of things. His father, the well-known diplomatist

and writer, was one of the very few who placed the united qualifications of ancient family and literary distinction at the service of the house of Bonaparte, and was willingly rewarded with all that the new government could do for him. He became senator, grand master of the ceremonies, and so forth. His son, of whom we are now writing, had also his share in the largesses of the reigning Court: ten thousand francs per annum on his marriage, “dotations,” and “supplementary grants” from time to time; so his hostile critic, General Gourgaud, takes care to inform us in his “Examen” of De Ségur's history. He rose to the high Court rank of “maréchal des logis” and “gouverneur des pages;” but, though closely attached to the person of the Emperor, he never served in any strictly military capacity. And hence his enemies affirmed that, inasmuch as his quartermaster duties compelled him to be always a day in advance of the Emperor, his sources of information were always drawn from the talk, generally discontented, of officers as they dropped in after the day's march; that his history is a collection of “caquets de quartier-général,” headquarters gossip; much as if the courier of an illustrious travelling family, always preceding them in their tour, were to compile a narrative of their proceedings from such fragments of information as reached him in the day. Nevertheless, he saw his fair share of more serious service, and was twice wounded in the Russian campaign. His enemies deny that he showed any sentimental fidelity to the cause of his patrons. Charged, in 1814, with the organization of a new corps of “guards of honor,” he offered the services of himself and his sixteen hundred “guards” to the Bourbons even before Napoleon had quitted Fontainebleau; so at least General Gourgaud informs us. We mention these particulars because the disclosure of the weaknesses and errors of Napoleon during the momentous campaign of 1812, which is made in his famous work, is commented on by Napoleonists as a piece of personal disloyalty. To us, on the other hand, the “Histoire de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée” is, on the whole, one of the most remarkable acts of homage ever paid to greatness under a lurid eclipse. It is the work of a man of real though limited genius; and its hero is represented in the light in which his own contemporaries hardly comprehended him, and in which later times have hardly as yet realized him, as a man of exceptional faculties and impulses; a “dæmonico man,” as Goethe called him, whom it is idle to criticise, as it is now the habit to do, by ordinary rules applicable to ordinary mortals. There is much besides in De Ségur's narrative which ranks very high as an example of picturesque historical composition; such is his account of the fire of Moscow, which, when he wrote, was as yet an enigmatical catastrophe in the judgment of the thinking world. It may be remembered that the Duke of Wellington, as late as 1825, would not believe that the conflagration was anything but the result of accident: see the Diary of Lord Colchester. His main reason was the soldierlike one that the Russians “would not have left their military magazines, their gun-carriages, and, above all, their gunpowder, to the victorious army before they retreated.” We fancy, however, his Grace was not perfectly informed as to the facts; and De Ségur's version is at all events now the commonly received one. Such also is his wonderful narrative of the sufferings of the retreat, furnishing a mine which has been abundantly worked by subsequent laborers. These, however, are but incidental ornaments of the work. Its great merit lies in the delineation of the character of Napoleon. M. de Ségur saw him very close; he saw him indeed with very imaginative perception, but it was the perception of genius for which the true underlies the poetical. Some of his *traits de plume* have become almost common property; as when he describes the Emperor's craving for victory: “Instead of sacrificing everything to ensure it (victory), it was through victory that he sought to arrive at everything; he used it as a means, when it should have been in truth an end.” Such is the famous address, of fatalist complexion, which he represents the Emperor as having delivered to three general officers, his own father, the Comte de Ségur,

among them, on the eve of his departure for the war, when they wished to dissuade him by warnings of personal danger: "I feel myself driven towards a goal which I know not. When I have reached it, when I can be no more serviceable for its attainment, then an atom will suffice to destroy me; till then all human efforts will be in vain against me. Paris or the army, it is all the same for me. When my hour is come, a fever, a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me quite as easily as a ball; men's days are written."

Such, again, is his striking analysis of the peculiar personal influence exercised by Napoleon: "There was in his conversation a kind of enchantment, against which it was impossible to defend one's self; one felt less strong than he, and forced to submit to his dominion. It was, if I may hazard the expression, a kind of magnetic power, for his ardent and flexible genius breathes entire in each of his wishes, the least as well the most important; he wills anything, and all his forces, all his faculties, unite for the purpose of its accomplishment; they hasten to the front, they precipitate themselves, and, obeying each movement of his mind, they assume on the instant the forms which he desires." Note, also, the grand passage in which De Ségur describes the failing of heart with which his hero embarked on this his greatest enterprise, his almost preternatural prescience contending against his reliance on destiny. "On the approach of so great an event he hesitated in regarding it as certain, for he had no longer the consciousness of his own infallibility."

It is remarkable how very extensively this romantic estimate of the first Napoleon's character, as a being of semi-supernatural gifts, so to speak, pervaded our own literature as well as the French in the first generation after him. It influenced very largely the mind of the Napiers, and through them that of the great multitude of their admirers and imitators in military history. It became almost a worship in such writers as Hazlitt. It penetrated into the writings even of Tories like Scott and Alison. It entered into the very soul of Byron, who all his life was alternately attracted and repelled by the sinister brilliancy of the Napoleonic star. It produced us, at all events, a more vivid style of historical writing than had been admitted before, and a manlier tone of poetry than that which suits the nerves of our effeminate modern muse.

And, after all, Napoleon-worship was deeply founded in truth. It was his fate to earn an undeserved posthumous popularity as a monarch, because his name was a watchword in party polemics. And in our time his military pre-eminence has been contested, his personal qualities decried, because, his dynasty having become established and consequently unpopular, the same class of wits which had been enlisted to magnify him in the first period were banded together to lower him in the second. No Frenchman ever praises or condemns an historical character except "in odium tertii," as Sir Philip Francis expressed it — with purpose to aim a side-blow at some existing personage or system. But of this kind of ambidextrous criticism we have surely had more than enough. After fifty years, Truth is the only client worth upholding. The chief lesson which we ourselves derive from modern anti-Napoleonic tirades is that the writers deliberately misconceive their subject. What is the advantage of pointing out, as is so easily done, that Napoleon aimed at too much, that he lost all by risking all, that he ought to have withdrawn his troops from Spain, his garrisons from Germany, to have been contented with the Emperor Francis's terms after Dresden, with the terms of the Allies after Leipzig? Napoleon knew perfectly well that he had nothing to gain by yielding on either of these occasions. He knew the instability of his own power. He knew that if he gave ground he must certainly fall; if he prolonged the contest, it was still possible, however improbable, he might win. What was it then to him that after every adverse throw of the dice the chances against him multiplied tenfold, fiftyfold, a hundredfold? Such was the spirit in which he went on doubling his stakes; and thus considered, the tenacious vigor of action and language which he displayed in his last years of conflict, the marvellous air of confidence which he assumed, and by which he imposed to

the last on great part of his enemies and of mankind, avowed indeed of "demonic" ability as much as the surpassing achievements of his earlier days. He stands alone, after all, in history; towering, whether it be for good or for evil, above every other figure. Caesar or Alexander may have rivalled him; but none since their days. Such a character is invested with a grandeur of its own, which it is idle to controvert merely because we may condemn or loathe the utter want of moral sense which accompanied it. The specialty — morally speaking — of the first Emperor was that throughout life he evinced, probably felt, not the slightest sense of responsibility of any kind. In this respect he was not merely unique among heroes; but to find his parallel one must descend even to the lowest criminal strata of society. Such a man, we are told, could not have been "great;" but that is a verbal criticism of the clerical and feminine order. Manzoni — himself a deeply religious man — saw farther when he described him as one in whom the great Maker had seen fit to stamp a larger image of his creative spirit than in other men. Such was he whom De Ségur sketched in his failure as well as in his strength; and De Ségur, who died last month, was probably the last surviving man who knew him well, and had conversed familiarly with him.

MOVING HOUSE.

AMONGST the miseries which for various reasons we agree to treat rather with ridicule than with sympathy, few are more acute than those connected with a change of house. It would be a curious inquiry why any evils which in themselves are real and serious should be regarded as placing their victim beyond the circle of a common humanity. Sea-sickness involves as much unhappiness for the time as the loss, say, of a first cousin; if more transitory, it is more acute for the moment, for few people lose their appetite for a day on the death of a relation, and still less do they contemplate suicide as desirable under the circumstances. Yet one of these is almost an invariable, and the other a very common, result of sea-sickness. We sympathize, it would seem, only with those forms of suffering which are susceptible of poetic treatment; and in other cases we feel, to alter the ordinary saying, that there is a comic side to the misfortunes of our best friends. This excuse, whatever its value, is not quite sufficient to account for the callous indifference with which we generally regard the victim of a change of houses. For surely there is something poetical about the feelings of a human being torn from the building which has become almost a part of himself. He is not, we assume, about to cross the ocean, or to break off any habit of familiarity. He is merely moving to a distance of a few hundred yards because some intrusive railway has demolished his former dwelling-place, or because an increase of his family, or a desire for better accommodation, or the imperious wish of the ladies of his household, has compelled him to shift his anchorage. However slight the change may be, he is breaking innumerable threads of association, of whose force he was never before sensible. For many of them it is probable that he is hopelessly unable to account. He cannot tell how many social meetings have hallowed particular rooms for him, and left behind an odor perceptible to the imagination, if not to the senses. He can only dimly guess that certain marked stages in his domestic life have been connected in the background of his consciousness with particular rooms or pieces of furniture. He feels, but he is unable to say why he feels, that his imagination is not so easily kindled, and that his pen does not run so easily, in the new and commodious study whose charms were set before him in the most glaring colors, as in the queer old dingy room where every angle, inconvenient as it might be, had somehow learnt a language of its own. He resembles the schoolboy who was reduced to sudden imbecility when the malice of his rivals had cut off the button which he always fingered in moments of difficulty. A man grows into a house as he grows

into a pair of shoes; and he feels the change like a hermit-crab dislodged from the old shell to which his figure had gradually adapted itself.

There is surely something pathetic, though there is of course much that is trivial, about such sufferings. Hawthorne argues in the "House of the Seven Gables" that all this attachment to old places is an old-world superstition; and that in the coming days we shall be wiser, and change a house with the same facility as we now change a coat. Our remote descendants will revert to the nomad state, though their tents will be made of brick and mortar instead of canvas. They will scorn to be bound by sentiment to any particular plot of ground. It is hard to prophesy what may be the mental condition of our remote posterity. A day may come when patriotism and family feeling may be regarded as idle superstitions; and in that era, an attachment to any special lump of matter will be a weakness of which every luminary of the twenty-somethingth century will be heartily ashamed. But meanwhile every person in whom the imagination is not quite an obsolete faculty clings more or less to an ancient domicile. He feels a perceptible wrench upon quitting it; and is painfully sensible that he is passing one more milestone on his road to the grave. We do not grow old at a uniform rate. Our steady downhill progress is varied by abrupt descents and sudden breaches of continuity. The stream of life has its rapids and its cascades as well as its smoother stretches; and the change of a house generally forms one of those conspicuous epochs by which we count our history. It marks one of the revolutions in our little kingdom, which may be in other respects for the better or the worse, but which is at any rate a step nearer to the end. Everybody knows how the whole character of a friendly meeting is often changed by the scene in which it takes place. A dinner party which would be sociable and talkative in a room of corresponding size becomes disagreeably noisy in a smaller, and painfully decorous in a more magnificent, apartment. In the same way, by some subtle and untraceable influence, our whole system of life seems to take its color from its surroundings; the family whom we were all glad to see in Tyburnia somehow becomes disagreeable when transplanted to Mayfair, or *vice versâ*; and our private history is thus divided into acts, in which the scenery has more importance than we are sometimes willing to acknowledge. However this may be, the mere fact of cutting loose so many old associations as are necessarily destroyed in a domestic transmigration has something almost solemn about it to the mind which is not ultra-philosophical; and an optimist would have hoped, for the credit of human nature, that the concomitant sufferings were hallowed by the deeper emotions which they typify, instead of rendering the emotion itself ridiculous.

Unluckily it is not so. Undertakers, as we know, have succeeded in making a funeral almost ridiculous and quite vexatious to the spirit of man. Upholsterers are equally successful in casting an air of ridicule upon the parting, not from a lady, but from a house. It is out of the question to adopt an air of dignity. A man leaving No. 99 in a square cannot look like a baron driven from his ancestral castle. His sufferings may be quite as deep. The poor beetle which we drive out of his cranny may feel as great a pang as a millionaire turned out of his palace. But with all our benevolence, we only laugh at him. The man, at this possible crisis of his life, is a victim to those paltry cares which we agree to treat with contempt. He is harassed by wretched little perplexities about doors that will not fit, and blinds that will not draw up, and wardrobes that persist with an obstinacy worthy rather of animated beings than of mere material objects, in refusing to fit any available corner. A day comes on which he ought to be overwhelmed with conflicting sentiments at parting from his old penates. He has rehearsed the scene in imagination, and is prepared to shed an appropriate tear on quitting forever the spot where he took his last leave of a near relation, or where his first-born child was presented to him. Before he has time to rise to the appropriate pitch of sentiment, a rabble rout of grimy workmen has diffused

itself throughout every room in his house. They are tearing down his pictures, his books, and his china with a zeal worthy of German troops taking farewell of a French village. The only emotion which is naturally suggested by their appearance is a thirst for some fluid capable of slaking throats which are exposed to continual whirlwinds of time-honored dust. The poor fragments of furniture detached from their accustomed resting-place seem suddenly to lose their beauty like a gathered flower. The rooms themselves become dreary like a field invaded by a flight of locusts. Sentiment is obviously out of place; and the only hope is to preserve sufficient temper whilst endeavoring to appeal to the tender mercy of these tyrannous invaders. The wretched householder feels himself to be little more than a useless obstacle, which has no real right to exist. He has fondly trusted in promises that his new abode will be swept and garnished in a surprisingly short space of time. If from want of experience he has been rash enough to put some kind of faith in these lavish assurances, he is speedily and rudely undeceived. A dreary and irritating period is in store for him. If he retires to some remote refuge, the whole ingenuity of his tormentors will be racked to put everything where he particularly wished that it should not be. If he remains at his post heroically, he will be tempted to think that furniture, as Butler thought of nations, may go mad; and he will be driven to the misanthropical conclusion that nobody ever keeps his promises, and in particular that that model of his species, the British workman, means, when he says that he will do a thing to-day, that he will begin to do some part of it to-morrow week.

What, to select one special scene of misery, can be more wretched than the fate of the man who really loves his library as every good man should do? We do not speak of libraries in the grander sense of the word — of collections of rare and precious editions or of solid masses of literature which require special edifices to contain them. The fortunate proprietors of such libraries may be assumed to be rich enough to pass over their troubles to other people. We are thinking rather of such a modest library as frequently twines itself round the affections of a man of moderate means. It contains books upon which he has scrawled caricatures of his schoolmasters; and prizes marked with the arms of the college at which he distinguished himself; and miscellaneous books of no great value, but interesting because they have been picked up at book-stalls, or in out-of-the-way continental towns; and cheap editions of celebrated authors which have been companions of travel and have provided amusement in leisure moments; with just a sprinkling of more ambitious volumes, which he has ventured to buy whilst carefully counting the cost. In the course of a few years each book has found its own appropriate nook on the shelves; he could find it in the dark, and would miss it if it were kindly borrowed by a friend; the whole library has acquired a certain organic unity; and even whilst quietly sitting in his chair he can imbibe the aroma of each division by allowing his eyes to ramble aimlessly over the familiar books. When it has been transported by the rude hands of illiterate workmen, who regard a book as though it were simply a thing, and has been shot down on the floor with no more ceremony than coals are deposited in our cellars, the sight is as pathetic as the mangled remains of an animal. It requires some nerve to begin the weary task of once more reducing chaos to some new kind of order, which yet cannot for a long period be as familiar as the old. It shocks one's sense of propriety to see the strange discords which have been produced by the fortuitous combinations of thoughtless hands. Stray volumes of Voltaire are mixed up with Butler, and Jeremy Taylor; Shakespeare is being crushed under a pile of Blue-books or treatises on Political Economy, and Charles Lamb suffocated amongst a crowd of the books which no gentleman's library should be without. And then, as he turns over the volumes, he is lucky if disagreeable revelations do not obtrude themselves. Possibly he will discover that some of his cherished treasures bear the uneffaced inscription of a friend's name;

and he will have to choose between conscious dishonesty, and superhuman heroism. Then he will find presentation copies of poems, which he foolishly omitted to acknowledge by return of post, and dared not acknowledge afterwards, and which now stare him in the face with a reminder of neglected duties. Elsewhere he has a melancholy thrill as he turns up again some ponderous volume of history or science, speaking of studies of which he zealously entered the portal, but somehow failed to get much further. There are books that recall friendships now dead and buried, and files of dusty pamphlets reviving old scenes of intellectual contest in which he wasted his powers; and books which he reviewed abusively when he ought to have discovered the advent of a new genius, and many more to which he was unduly clement when he ought to have slashed them with critical vigor; and possibly writings of his own which have been forgotten by everybody but himself, and which he had wished to forget also. But it would be endless to speak of the associations which may be suggested by once more disturbing the slumbers of the works that were resting so peacefully on their shelves. Nobody can have gone through such a task without many pangs of more or less acuteness.

A library is doubtless the most living part of the contents of a house. Nothing else excites so many emotions in the bosom of the wretched being doomed to leave his house. Yet his sufferings are generally treated with ridicule, and he is blandly informed that things will shake down and all will come right in that singularly indefinite period, "a day or two." It may be so; but human life does not include a large number of "days or two."

ENEMIES PAINTED BY ONE ANOTHER.

THE power to "see ourselves as others see us" might perhaps be of some value to people, though on many it would have a terribly disheartening effect, rendering them self-observant, self-critical, self-conscious to a ruinous degree. To nations, however, who have all along enjoyed the privilege in question, there seems to be little or no advantage in knowing what other nations think of them. The opinion formed of a man by ordinary friends and by the mass of his acquaintances is probably in the main true. They hear his words, witness his actions, have often the opportunity of examining his motives; are in a position, in short, to study him and know him. By some he is liked, by others disliked; but the majority of those with whom he is brought into contact do not care enough about him to feel unjustly towards him in any way. With nations the case is quite different. Almost every nation—we are speaking, of course, of civilized countries—has been the enemy of every other nation; and in seeing ourselves as other nations see us we generally look at caricatures, or distorted representations of a serious kind, drawn by rivals or foes. Such pictures, however, may be to a certain extent instructive, and they are undoubtedly interesting; especially as, far from being mere repetitions of the same historical designs, they change with the times, with each war, and with the nature and result of each war. As a rule the animosity of a victorious towards a vanquished country does not last so long as that of the vanquished towards the victors. That is what one would expect from human nature as observed in individual persons; but there are exceptions to the rule, and perhaps one such may be made in the case of Russia against Poland, and another certainly in that of Germany against France, in which though (for the very intelligible reason given above) France doubtless hates Germany more than Germany hates France, yet the hatred of the conquerors towards the conquered seems still to be of a peculiarly bitter character. The worst wars for creating bad feeling, so intense that it must endure for some time even after the total disappearance of what originally produced it, are undoubtedly civil wars, and next to them wars of nation against nation—that is to say, national as distinguished from political wars. In 1814 France was

beaten by a league of all, or nearly all, the states of Europe. There was nothing humiliating—on the contrary, there was something glorious—in such a defeat; and it was out of the question for the French to cultivate feelings of hatred against all her enemies. They were too numerous. In the late war, however, fighting with Germans of all kinds, but still fighting only with Germans, the French were thoroughly beaten, and, having now but one hostile nation to deal with, can afford to detest it. Detesting their foes, they naturally speak and write against them; and it may be interesting to see of what they accuse them—not, of course, as a study of the Germans, but of the French themselves.

When in Louis XIV.'s time the French were in the habit of beating the Germans, the favorite charge brought against them was that they were heavy and stupid; and this summary view of their character lasted until long after the Prussians, among other Germans, had given them remarkable proofs of alertness and vivacity. Indeed, so persistently was this character for thick-headedness attributed to them by successive French authors, that they still suffered from it when Mme. De Staël, at the time of the Restoration, undertook to enlighten the French public as to what German authors really were, and made her celebrated literary journey beyond the Rhine with that object. Until then the question formerly put and seriously discussed by the French abbé, "Est-ce qu'un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?" had always been answered in the negative. Rivarol, in one of his letters, speaks of three or four German putting their heads together, and contributing so much intelligence apiece in the vain hope of being able to understand one of his mots; and in an old description of the palace and gardens of Versailles the writer, after explaining how, by a never-ending practical joke, certain fountains with concealed jets can be suddenly made to play upon the visitor who approaches them too closely, adds that when this trick was practised upon some distinguished personage, he reproved the keeper, telling him that "such pleasantries should be reserved for the bourgeois or the German."

The Germans have been twice at Versailles since then, and on neither occasion were they subjected to any "pleasantries." Nor is it usual now to class them with "the bourgeois;" and it has even been thought possible, since Heine and Börne made Paris their home, that a German "might possess wit." It is felt necessary all the same—indeed, now more than ever—to make and maintain some serious accusation against the Germans; and the victorious enemy has accordingly been charged with cruelty, rapacity, but above all with hypocrisy. The first two charges affect the German army as a whole, and, comparatively speaking, very little stress has been laid upon them; but the last one applies to the Germans as individual persons, and the French "insist upon it," to use their own expression, and mean that it should be kept up. It will be the great historical indictment against them, marking the period and the circumstances of the period at which it was preferred for the first time. Any man who combines mildness of manner with firmness of action lays himself open to a charge of hypocrisy. "He is not what he seemed to be," say those against whom his action is directed. If a German officer went to church on Sunday and presided at an execution on Monday, if he read lyric poetry or discussed philosophy on Monday morning and proposed no matter what harsh action on Monday afternoon, he rendered himself liable to be called a hypocrite, because he was not always seeking occasions for inflicting punishments, because he was not always sentencing people to death.

The discovery that the Germans united sentimentality with rascality, piety with ruffianism, seems to have been made by the Parisians during the siege, when they had had no opportunity of observing the conduct of the Germans, but had had abundant leisure and provocation for forming opinions "subjectively" (as the Germans themselves would say) in reference to it. Thus the "Besieged Resident" was enabled to give an interesting picture of a German officer sitting down to play a touching air on the piano, and immediately afterwards seizing the instrument and

sending it off to Germany — probably by one of the plunder-carriages which French writers seem to think formed a recognized portion of the German military train. Some months afterwards the author of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the "Prussians in Alsace," gave a philosophical explanation of that psychological puzzle, the mind of a German, which, unlike the French mind, possesses a dual character, enabling him to think one way and act another, to be good in theory and bad in practice — to be, in short, a consummate hypocrite. In the letters of Hermann and Dorothea," published by the same periodical, the great joke is for Hermann to upbraid the French for their inordinate love of luxury, while he appropriates very luxurious objects he can find, that he may send it to his future bride. "I forward you a volume of 'Lamartine,'" he writes. "You will see how richly, how extravagantly it is bound. It was indeed time that this reckless nation should receive a lesson." Every portrait of the German officer in France, as drawn by the *Figaro*, the *Jaules*, and other popular Parisian prints, is after this model.

But if the French misrepresent the Germans in painting them as hypocrites, the Germans have certainly gone too far in the charges of frivolity and licentiousness they are so fond of bringing against the French. It is often maintained by superficial philosophers aiming at a character for profundity, that France, if the fundamental cause be sought out, was beaten in the war with Prussia by reason of her immorality, love of luxury, and so on. It would be nearer the truth to say that France is now accused of immorality as a consequence of having been beaten. The French have always been immoral; but that has not prevented them from gaining, at various periods of their history, the most brilliant successes in war. The fact is that conquerors, when their success is very great indeed, have, for a time at least, the making of history in their own hands, and may say to the account of the conquered whatever they please. The Germans circulated a report at the very beginning of the war that the French camps were full of women; and although when the French armies were made captive, women were not found among the prisoners, the story of their constant presence with the troops is still a subject of common belief in Germany. The French, on their side, were quite prepared to attribute all sorts of gross sensualities to the Germans. The German views of the French were not at that time well known in France, and we remember meeting with a hotel-keeper in one of the occupied cities of Lorraine who seriously looked upon his own countrymen as models of austerity, and on the German invaders as dissipated, dissolute characters. "How they eat! and, above all, how they drink!" he muttered, as he drew himself up, napkin in hand, at the end of the room, after the manner (apart from the napkin) of the two virtuous old Romans in Couture's picture of "La Décadence des Romains," standing sternly and sorrowfully apart from the general orgie. Forced by what was in him to speak to some one, he came forward and confided to us in a whisper his opinion that that sort of thing did not go on in England.

We were obliged to confess that the custom of drinking wine at dinner was not unknown in England. "No, nor in France either," he replied; "but dinner is now over, and the drinking still continues." In common fairness we felt bound to answer that in England also wine was drunk after dinner, and much more generally than in Germany. We also suggested that the Bavarian officers had nothing to do that night; that the next morning they would be gain on the march, and, before many days could elapse, action; and that in the mean time it was unimportant whether they drank a little extra wine or not. At this moment a tall, well-developed, muscular Bavarian lieutenant, clearly of the race typified by Rausch in his colossal gure of Bavaria, called our particular attention to a drink he was preparing, which he assured us possessed the highest qualities as an invigorant. He poured into a champagne glass half a glass of champagne, broke a couple of eggs and threw in the yolks, added a small glass of curaçoa,

and finally a small glass of cognac, then, without stirring the ingredients, swallowed the whole, and said complacently but somewhat critically, as he put the glass down: "Un peu trop de cognac." The hotel keeper looked on in terror for a moment, and then fled from his own dining-room.

But why, it may be asked, was not the French estimate of the Germans published simultaneously with the German estimate of the French? For the best reason possible. Because in the occupied, just as in the besieged cities of the invaded country, the inhabitants were unable to make known their views beyond their place of residence. The newspapers of the besieged cities, if they were still printed, found themselves restricted as regards circulation to the narrowest local limits, while in occupied cities to offer insult or provocation to the occupying troops (which is what free criticism under the circumstances amounts to) was an offence punishable with death.

FOREIGN NOTES.

WE print in this number, from the MS. of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, a chapter from his new book, "The Intellectual Life," in the press of Messrs. Roberts Bros.

THE Sultan has presented the ruins of the Christian church at Abugosh, near Jaffa, to the French Government. As if poor France had not enough ruins of her own!

BRET HARTE's story of "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands" appears in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as "Les Maris de Madame Skaggs" — and a very clever translation it is.

ALL the subtle humorists are not in America. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "Few persons, probably, as a rule sleep so soundly or enjoy such undisturbed repose as night watchmen."

THE irrepressible Hotton of London (Mark Twain's Hotton-tot) has reprinted Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club" from the *Atlantic Monthly*, — without the author's approbation, we fancy.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is a person easily pleased if he likes what the *Revue des Deux Mondes* says of his last play, "La Femme de Claude." The critic leaves nothing of M. Dumas either as a moralist or a dramatist.

THE result of hard drinking has been variously described. In a case before the sheriff of Dundee, the other day, a witness stated that one of the parties could not appear because he was "superannuated with drink just then."

A NOVEL by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled "La Dame à la Rubine," will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Mérimée some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

CHOCOLATE pastilles, with the portrait of Gambetta, are now patronized by all true French Republicans. The Dauphin is also to be similarly honored in macaroni patés for soup. As for M. Thiers, he is still confined to bonbons and gingerbread.

THE son of Baron Rothschild, the head of the Austrian branch, has not only married a Christian, but has abjured his faith for hers. He will succeed his father, and is, indeed, his only son and heir. His wife is a daughter of the Austrian Archduke Regner.

RECENT excavations in the "Vigna Casali" on the Appian road have disclosed an interesting family sepulchre, apparently of the age of Septimius Severus, with painted walls and sarcophagi covered with mythological subjects, all in a fine state of preservation.

THE last tax across the Channel is an *impôt des marrons*, the Parisian authorities having determined to impose a duty on chestnuts imported into the capital. As Paris consumes no less than 10,000,000 chestnuts yearly, it is reckoned that this tax will produce the modest sum of \$144,000.

It may interest teetotallers to learn that the late king of Spain drank nothing but water, was an early riser, and set his face against late night hours. The *Court Journal* says that "A glass or two of wine might have given him the requisite amount of nerve, brain, stamina, and energy to have kept his crown." It might also have helped him to lose his head.

A SUBSCRIPTION opened in Germany early last year for a statue in honor of General Von Moltke, has just closed, and the total amount has been found to be 6,541½ francs. There's enthusiasm! The French journals make impertinent allusions to the fable of the mountain in labor. The old soldier himself requested that an end should be put to the plesantry.

LORD LYTTON's will contained special directions as to the examination of his body, in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, and directed that he should be interred in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, that any epitaph should be written in the English language, and that the cost of his funeral should be limited to the modest expenses usual in the interment of a private gentleman.

MEDICAL students who are about to pass through the ordeal of examination may advantageously, perhaps, copy the reply of a French student, who was being examined by a famous physician. He described to the perplexed aspirant for medical honors a disease culminating by degrees to the most dangerous symptoms, and asked, "What would you then prescribe, or do?" The student, after slight hesitation, replied, "I should send instantly for you." He gets his diploma, of course.

"THE Memoir of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes (published in this country by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.) will have great interest for a large number of readers from the fact that the Rugby School life described in its pages is contemporary with that which is depicted by the author in "Tom Brown's School Days." The *London Daily News* says: "The boy who can read this book without deriving from it some additional impulse towards honorable, manly, and independent conduct, has no good stuff in him."

MR. E. STEIGER, the New York German publisher, is preparing an extensive descriptive catalogue of Original American Literature for presentation at the Vienna Exposition. The departments which he desires especially to cover, are those of Antiquities, Bibliography, Biography, Education (exclusive of school books), Geography, History, Jurisprudence, Languages, Politics, Statistics, Theology, Philosophy, and Manufactures. Authors of important works within these limits will confer a favor on Mr. Steiger, whose address is at 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, by sending to him for a blank form of memorandum.

In Paris the movement has failed to get up a show of "fat men," to vex Prussia, likely, that her siege did not extinguish all the heavy weights. Well, towards the end of May a competition will take place between French cooks; and a tasting jury will pronounce as to the old and new dishes. The discovery of the latter will be regarded as productive of more happiness for the human race than the discovery of a new star. Every competitor will be bound to serve up with his dish the receipt for making it and its cost. The public can thus avoid death and bankruptcy. If the idea pays, the surplus funds will be voted to founding a kind of Cooks' Training College.

THE ladies of Madrid were the most unflinching opponents of the poor King; they killed him with *coups d'épingle*, as M. Thiers once described a petticoat conspiracy under Louis Philippe. The fair sex ever form the majority at the opening of the Cortes; they never applauded his Majesty, but would have liked his Queen, only she was the daughter-in-law of the King of Italy, a strong-minded lady, and with not a little of the ambition of the once Empress Charlotte. They were not jealous of her, for it is impossible for a senora to be plain when armed with a fan, and draped in a mantle; the only time they cease to be beautiful is when they patronize a French head-dress. The King had but the support of the functionary world.

THE Commissioners of Inland Revenue report that Irish whiskey is far more appreciated than any other spirit in the United Kingdom. Scotch spirits, it appears, are made from malt, Irish spirits are made from a mixture of malt and grain, while English spirits are generally consumed in the shape of gin and other compounds. But both gin in England and malt whiskey in England and Scotland are giving place to Irish whiskey. Notwithstanding the excellence of this spirit, illicit distillation is carried on to a great extent in Ireland, and in 1872 there were more than 1,100 cases detected in that country as against twenty-one in England and eight in Scotland. Yet

the commissioners consider this very satisfactory in comparison to former years.

A NOVEL exhibition and festival will take place on the 1st of May next at the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris. The manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, M. Balande, appeals to all dramatic celebrities of all countries for their support in the organization of a "Grand Molière Jubilee." The plays of Molière will be successively given with a different cast of actors for each play, and divers professors and men of letters will deliver lectures before the performances. At the same time the admirers of the great author will find ample repayment for their curiosity in a museum composed of the autographs, portraits, manuscripts, and rare editions of the works of Molière. M. Balande has collected almost every object associated with Molière's name, including the wooden arm-chair of a barber of Dax, where he was wont to sit for hours observing the barber's customers.

LORD DUFFERIN recently, in reviewing educationally some Canadian youths, said: I do not apply this remark to Canada especially, but to the continent of America—it is that I have been struck by the absence of the deference and respect for those who are older than themselves, to which we still cling in Europe. Now, to use a casual illustration, I have observed in travelling on board the steamboats of the St. Lawrence children running about from one end of the vessel to the other whom, more than once, I have been tempted to take up and give a good whipping. I have seen them thrust aside two gentlemen in conversation, trample on ladies' dresses, shoulder their way about, without a thought of the inconvenience they were occasioning, and, what was more remarkable, these little thoughtless indiscretions did not seem to attract the attention of their parents. When I ventured to make an observation on this to the people with whom I have been travelling, I was always told that these little pleasing individuals came from the other side of the line.

THE *Cologne Gazette*, referring to the dispute between the Germans and the Poles as to the nationality of Copernicus, says that he always spelt his name with a c, and that this is a proof of his German origin, as in Polish his name is spelt with a k. Upon which the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "We should rather have thought that the inference for a man's spelling his name with a c before an a or o would be that he was not a German, for most German names begin with a k when those vowels follow; e.g., Kaulbach, Kopp, Kardorff, Kolb, Koller, Kant, Korner. But the real reason why Copernicus spelt his name with a c was that, like all Polish scientific men of that time, he wrote in Latin. C with the sound of k is no more a German letter than it is a Polish one; it is used in the German language, no doubt, but only in words derived from the Latin tongue, as in candidat, canton, capacitat, capitan, copist. We doubt whether there is a single really German word (i.e., not derived from some other language) that begins with ca or co.

THE *Court Journal* prints this: "The German Emperor, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: 'To what kingdom does this belong?' 'The vegetable kingdom, sire,' replied the little girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked, 'And to what kingdom does this belong?' 'To the mineral kingdom, sire,' replied the little girl. 'And to what kingdom do I belong, then?' asked the Emperor. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say 'the animal kingdom,' as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes, 'To God's kingdom, sire.' The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, 'God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom.'" What we admire in this story is the modest uncertainty of the Emperor!

THE *Graphic*, referring to a clever drawing representing an encounter between the late Emperor Napoleon III. and Mr. Lamb at the famous Eglinton tournament in 1839, says that it was only on this one occasion (a sort of burlesque mêlée in which the knights engaged with mops and broomsticks) that the prince took any active part in the proceedings. This does not agree precisely with the account given by Curling in his "Field of the Cloth of Gold." According to him it was a much more serious affair—a trial of skill which came off before the mêlée—the combatants being in panoply of steel, and armed with ponderous swords. Both, he says, were excellent swordsmen, and the prince he describes as "a picture of a small edition of Hercules, simply as strong a man for his inches as any in Illyria." From his account, so far from being child's play, it

appears to have been an uncommonly sturdy broadsword bout, in which very considerable skill and physical strength were shown on both sides, and to have terminated, not in the defeat of Prince Louis Napoleon, but in a fair parting amid the loud applause of the spectators.

Few persons, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, would be able to account for the rise of the term "cordon bleu" as applied to the artist of the kitchen, nor would one be inclined to suspect that this title of esteem could have anything in common with the order of the Saint Esprit. Such, however, appears to be the case. Henri III. of France was elected King of Poland on the day of the Pentecost, and it was upon the same day that the death of Charles IX. placed the French crown upon his head. In token of his gratitude he instituted the order, limiting the number of knights to a hundred, exclusive of the officers of the order. The collar was formed of fleur-de-lys in gold, and suspended to it was a cross with eight points, with a dove in the centre; upon the reverse of the cross was a design representing St. Michael slaying the dragon. The collar, however, was only used upon grand occasions, and as a rule the cross was worn tied to a piece of blue silk called the *cordon bleu*. As time went on, it became the custom to call any one who achieved eminence in his profession or calling a *cordon bleu*. The Assembly of 1791 abolished all the orders of chivalry, but the name of *cordon bleu* held its own. Although it is no longer applied to any calling except that of a cook, M. Littré gives it a place in his dictionary, remarking that the blue apron formerly worn by servants in the kitchen may have helped to earn for them this flattering designation.

EVERY one knows the story of the soldier who refused permission to Bonaparte to pass his post of sentry: "Even though you were the Little Corporal, I tell you you can't pass." The same legend has been revived lately, the following bijou circulating at present in the camps around Versailles: M. Thiers, dressed in a brown great-coat, took a walk one fine frosty morning, the other day, across the roads in the camp at Villeneuve-Jostang. He noticed a young conscript standing sentry, but engaged for the moment in discussing bread and cheese. "Bonjour, mon garçon," began M. Thiers. "Bon jour, ma petite vieille" (little old wife), replied Pitou. "Well, and how are you amusing yourself here — not too dull, eh?" "Ah, that depends; just now, you see, I am taking it easy and eating my cheese." "Oh, and do you like the ration bread? For my part I find it much better than formerly." "Tiens! so you eat it, do you? And pray what are you — in the *huiles* (oil department) — infirmier (hospital attendant)?" "Better than that," answered M. Thiers. "Bah! sous lieutenant?" "Better than that." "Captain?" "Better than that." "General?" "Better than that — President of the Republic." "What! you are Thiers?" rejoined the astonished sentry; "here, then, quick, catch hold of my bread and cheese that I may present arms."

A rumor prevails that in a trial about to take place before the Tribunal of the Seine important disclosures will be made as to the robbery of some confidential state papers which were entrusted to the care of the Comtesse de Castiglione by the Emperor Napoleon III. She, when about to leave Paris after the downfall of the Empire, consigned several cases containing jewels, plate, and the papers in question to the care of the Italian Embassy. During the siege two or three of these cases were stolen, and suspicion fell upon a man formerly in the service of Mme. de Castiglione, but for a long time the police could not discover his whereabouts. In November last the Countess received an anonymous letter, threatening her with death unless she came to the Place de la Bourse at a fixed hour with a sum of money for a person who would accost her in a particular way. The handwriting of this letter was found to correspond with that of Paasetout, the discharged servant, who was shortly afterwards arrested, a large portion of the plate and jewelry being found in his possession. The state papers had disappeared, but the accused is beginning to yield to the pressing inquiries of the juge d'instruction; and it is hinted that the result will show that certain Radical journals which have lately been writing with a tone of authority upon subjects about which they might be supposed to know little, will be severely reprimanded for purchasing these papers without first taking the trouble to ascertain how the vendor had got possession of them.

THE terrible catastrophe which occurred lately at Smyrna, when a café and concert hall built on piles running out into the sea gave way suddenly during an acrobatic performance, and 100 persons lost their lives, seems to have been one of that numerous class of accidents which never ought to occur. Everybody in Smyrna, it is stated, knew that the café was unsafe, and might topple over into the sea at any moment. The municipality

knew it; the quay authorities knew it; and so did all the residents in the neighborhood; yet no steps were taken to prevent 250 people assembling in the doomed building, which, with hardly any warning, on the night of the 9th of January, leaned forwards and disappeared in the sea. A correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, writing from Smyrna, gives the following account of the tragedy: "On Sunday night at ten o'clock we heard what sounded like the report of a cannon: it was the kivotto giving way. The people living near the scene of the catastrophe say that the sounds were most appalling. First, one loud crash like the firing of cannon, one long wail, then a deep silence, soon broken, however, by the screams of those who got their heads above water. Some had clung to the ceiling of the café and could not draw themselves up until the hands which held on to their legs gave way. The scene on board the Northfleet could hardly have been more terrific. It is said that most of the boatmen who volunteered their assistance first rifled the pockets of the sufferers and then drew them into their boats. Sixty-seven corpses have been found, but many more still remain in the deep mud, which the quay stones have forced up in great quantity. The clown of the 'acrobat troupe' was saved and rubbed dry, dressed at Mr. Mirzan's house, and ran back to seek for his wife and daughter, the latter aged twelve years. The former had been got safe into a boat, when, looking round she screamed out, 'My husband and child cannot have been saved!' and jumped into the sea. She had expired before they brought her up again. Her daughter and the actresses were all to be seen at St. Antoine's Hospital, lying dead in their stage finery. A Greek who escaped says he was awo-struck at the moment they rocked right to left, by the scene which was being acted by the acrobats at the time — namely, 'Death' running after some one and causing great laughter among the spectators. At that very instant the café gave way."

NEIGES D'ANTAN.

I LIT upon a treasure in a quarry, Quai Voltaire,
In the literary chaos of an old Dutch bookworm's closet,
An ancient missal, painted for the pleasurings of prayer,
Rich at first, at present priceless with Time's precious dust deposit.

Pious hands had worn the clasplings, but the blazonry all blurred
Showed the carver's fear and fervor in the tracing of his fancies;
Rose a solemn mummy odor, as the yellow leaves were stirred,
Scent of laces, furs, and feathers, dating from the first French Francis.

Scent of flowers too, among the baser fragrances, that drew
Unto psalms the eyes grown heavy poring on the pagans' ditties,
Till they met this gray geranium, little flower half filtered through
Print and painting, bead and scroll-work of the tender *Nunc Dimittis*.

You could see the flower was ancient by the vellum's stain and dint —
Gathered centuries ago — but would you care? the heart and pollen
Lack a little thin vermilion, lack an odor and a tint —
Which a courtier could devour, or a butterfly have stolen.

No thread gone from its corolla, nor a pistil from its core.
Plain and perfect is its picture as time's patient pressure traced it

On the parchment bent and blistered by the drying dew, and more
By the blinding tears wept over by the lover who so placed it.

Flowers have better fates than lovers. Death has a reluctant wrist
Lopping dumb, unconscious lilies — lets their nothingness relieve them;
So he saved this sweet old love-gage, took it gently and just kissed
Red and green away, but let a scent and shapeliness outlive them;

Left this solemn, subtle perfume that has sanctified the prayer,
Now the lettering is faded and the cherubs' cheeks are wizened,
Scent as sad as ghosts of memories rising cloudy in the air
From a casket, where a life's love has laid perdu and imprisoned.

How we lean upon our subjects, we the spirits, we the kings !
 Dumb things speak best of our gladness when the Eden garden closes ;
 And it seems our lives take fragrance from the essences of things ;
 And dead loves smell like an avenue down which the wind swept roses.

So, I think, on grave gray evenings, some great sanctity will drop

Kindly to this senseless servant of the passion it remembers,
 And forget the light a moment, take its human sight, and grope
 At the silver clasp, and read, and stir the old thought's
 perished embers.

And I turn the pages slowly, let the poor dead lover see
 How the flower is still as perfect, as these leaves years could
 not fritter,
 When they pressed the ermine *contenance* on the little lady's
 knee,
 As she rode to old St. Germain, dreaming in her blazoned litter.

So be happy, knight, who lost all under Pavia, *fors l'honneur*,
 Or shy long-haired page, just loving as one worships, dimly,
 dumbly, —
 Never daring to do more than make your flowers speak to her,
 Never dreaming that your saint might find a boy's sad visage
 comely ;

This geranium that died under empty eyes I may not know,
 Laid within the mouldy missal with much promising and crying,
 As you left it, where you left it in the dead days long ago,
 Lovers of the old Neiges d'Antan, thus and there your gage is
 lying.

EVELYN JERROLD.

THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

WHAT time Plantagenet the king
 Was wading through his troubled reign ;
 And Strongbow drew the sword, to bring
 The exiled Dermot back again ;
 At Tichborne Manor, day by day,
 The Lady Mabel Tichborne lay.

So long her bed had been her lot,
 And four white walls her only scene,
 It may be she remembered not
 That skies were blue and meadows green ;
 But visions of a world more fair
 Had often cheered her spirit there.

And she had learned that rank and gain
 Are nothing but a broken reed ;
 And she had learned, by schooling pain,
 To pity all who pity need ;
 The naked, hungry, sick, and blind
 Were never absent from her mind.

Her husband, Roger Tichborne, Knight,
 Stood, one March morning, at her side,
 Prepared to see her make the flight
 Across Death's darkly-rolling tide ;
 "Oh, art thou here, my lord ?" said she ;
 "I have one boon to ask of thee."

"What wouldst thou, wife ?" Sir Roger said.
 "I crave, my lord, a piece of ground,
 To furnish forth a dole of bread,
 As often as this day comes round ;
 It is our Lady's Day, you know.
 Now grant my boon, and let me go."

'Twas long ere Roger Tichborne spoke ;
 Then seized he up a smoking brand,
 And, half in earnest, half in joke,
 Said, "I will give thee so much land
 As thou canst walk around to-day,
 While this pine candle burns away."

"Done with thee," said the noble dame ;
 "Put by thy brand till noontide hour ;
 And though I am but weak and lame,
 It may be God will give me power

To feed the poor this day with bread,
 For ages after I am dead."

From hall and cot the neighbors went
 To see their lady do her part ;
 She stood before them old and bent,
 But youthful fire was in her heart ;
 Said all, "The Lord direct her feet !
 Was ever one so brave and sweet ?"

A minute's pause to think and pray,
 And raise on high her thankful song ;
 And now the saint is on her way,
 From utter weakness made so strong,
 That she, who scarce could move a hand,
 Goes round a goodly piece of land.

And one may yet, without the walls
 Of Tichborne Park, behold the place —
 A field, wide-acred, named "The Crawls,"
 Where Lady Mabel, in her grace,
 Left for awhile her dying bed,
 To earn the poor a piece of bread.

Sir Roger Tichborne lifts his eyes,
 So much amazed, he cannot speak ;
 The half-burnt brand before him lies,
 The color mantles in his cheek ;
 While mutters he, "By'r Lady's name,
 Had ever king a grander dame ?"

When on her bed again she lay,
 The house was gathered at her call ;
 "Now, listen to the words I say,
 Bear witness to them, one and all :
 While those broad acres feed the poor,
 The Tichborne glory shall endure.

"But should a Tichborne ever dare
 (As men will do, for sake of greed,)
 To meddle with the poor man's share
 Of Tichborne land ; in very deed
 The shadow of my curse shall veil
 The Tichborne name, and heirs will fail."

Well nigh six hundred years had fled,
 Since Lady Mabel passed away ;
 And men had tasted of her bread,
 And called her blest each Lady Day ;
 Until to Tichborne Hall, one year,
 A lawless multitude drew near.

There every thief, and every knave,
 And every wild and wanton soul,
 For miles around Dame Mabel's grave,
 With riot clamored for the dole ;
 Thenceforward, for the sake of peace,
 The gift, alas ! was made to cease.

And from that hour, the Tichbornes lost
 The kindly light of Fortune's smile,
 The good old name, so widely tost
 Through court and camp, was hid awhile.
 'Twas ever so : "No poor man wrong,
 If thou wouldst have thy castle strong !"

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

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[No. 16.]

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

EPILOGUE.

AGAIN several years have passed. On a cold autumn day a travelling carriage stopped before the entrance of the principal hotel in the government of C—. From it descended a gentleman, puffing and stretching himself. He was not old, but he had already attained that portliness which is commonly called respectable. He walked rather quickly up one flight of stairs and stopped at the entrance of a broad corridor, and since he did not see any one, he called aloud for a room. A door opened slowly, a tall servant sprang out and ran hastily along to show the stranger his way. In the darkness he was only to be recognized by the shininess of the well-worn elbows of his coat.

Having reached his room, the stranger took off his overcoat and wraps, sat down on a sofa, placed his hands on his knees, looked about him as if he had just waked up, and told the waiter to send his servant to him. The waiter bowed and went out. This traveller was no other than Leschnieff. He had been obliged to leave his estate and come to C— in order to enroll recruits.

Leschnieff's servant, a young, curly-haired, red-cheeked lad, wearing felt boots and a long coat fastened around the waist by a blue girdle, entered the room.

"Well, my boy, we've reached here at last," said Leschnieff, "in spite of your fear that the tire would fall off the wheels."

"Yes, yes," answered the young man, trying to smile behind his turned-up coat-collar; "but why the tire didn't fall off, I" . . .

"Isn't there any one here?" some one in the corridor cried.

Leschnieff started and listened.

"I say, somebody!" repeated the voice.

Leschnieff arose, went to the door, and opened it suddenly.

Before him stood a tall man, very much bowed; his hair was almost perfectly white. He wore an old cotton-velvet overcoat with brass buttons. Leschnieff recognized him at once.

"Roudine!" he said with emotion.

Roudine turned around. He could not distinguish Leschnieff's face, who was standing with his back to the light, and he looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't you remember me?" asked Leschnieff.

"Michael Michaëlovitch!" cried Roudine, holding out his hand, but he became embarrassed, and drew it back.

Leschnieff seized it with both hands.

"Come in here," he said, leading Roudine into his room. "How you've changed!" he added, after a moment of silence, and involuntarily dropping his voice.

"So they tell me," answered Roudine, looking gloomily around the room. "Time . . . but you, you are exactly the same. How is Alexandra . . . I mean your wife?"

"Thanks, very well. What chance brings you here?"

"Me? Oh, that's a long story. In fact it's the merest chance that I am here. I am looking for a friend of mine. But I am very glad indeed" . . .

"Where shall you dine?"

"I? I don't know. In some inn. I must go on to-day."

"You must?"

Roudine smiled meaningly.

"Yes, I must. I have been sent away to live on my own estate."

"Dine with me."

Roudine looked straight into Leschnieff's eyes for the first time.

"You ask me to dine with you?" he said.

"Yes, Roudine, in the old way, as old friends. Will you? I did not expect to meet you, and God knows whether we shall ever meet again. We can't part in this way."

"Very well, I accept gladly."

Leschnieff pressed Roudine's hand, called the waiter, ordered the dinner, and told him to put a bottle of champagne on ice.

As if they did it by agreement, Leschnieff and Roudine talked during the dinner of nothing but their student life. They revived many memories, and talked of many friends, living and dead. At first Roudine was very quiet, but after he had drunk a few glasses of wine he warmed up. At last the waiter removed the last plate; Leschnieff arose, bolted the door, and sat down again at the table, opposite Roudine, resting his chin on both hands.

"Now then," he began, "you must tell me everything that has happened to you since we last met."

Roudine threw a hasty glance at Leschnieff.

"My God," thought Leschnieff again, "how the poor fellow is altered!"

It was not so much his features that had changed, as his expression. Indeed, since the day we met him at the station asking for horses to continue his journey, his features had not perceptibly altered, although a slight examination would have detected the traces of the approach of old age. The eyes had another look. His motions, at one moment sluggish, at the next, inexplicably sudden, his

drawing voice—in a word, his whole appearance—gave evidence of a profound weariness, a secret sadness. This deep gloom was very different from that half-affected melancholy which he used to exhibit like many young people, who are none the less puffed up with vanity and self-confidence.

"It would be impossible," he answered, "to tell you everything that has happened, and besides it would not be worth while. I have had a great many troubles, and it's not my body alone which has been through a great deal; it's my soul too. How many disenchantments I have known. My God! How many people I've known intimately! . . . Yes, how many!" repeated Roudine, noticing that Leschnieff was looking at him with unwonted sympathy. "How often my own words have sickened me—not merely from my own lips, but when uttered by those who shared my views! What transitions I have known, from the impatience and sensitiveness of a child to the stupid indifference of a horse which does not stir beneath his master's lash! How often I have hoped in vain and then hated in vain! fought and humiliated myself! How often I've opened my wings like a falcon,—only to fall to the ground, to creep there, like a snail with a broken shell! Where have I not been! what ways does my foot not know! And there are some ways which are very dirty!" added Roudine, turning aside.

"You know," he continued . . .

"One moment," interrupted Leschnieff. "Once we said 'thou' to one another; art thou willing to do so again? Let us drink to the 'thou'!"

Roudine started, straightened himself, and in his eyes flashed a hasty flame which no words can describe.

"Let us drink to it, brother! Thanks, brother, let us drink to it!"

Leschnieff and Roudine emptied their glasses.

"Thou knowest," began Roudine again, accenting the "thou," and smiling, "I carry at my heart a gnawing worm which will give me no peace till my dying day. It drives me to try to get influence over men and women; at first they are impressed by me, but afterwards" . . .

Roudine made a deprecating gesture with his hand.

"Since I left you . . . thee, I have learned much, I have seen much. . . . Many times I have begun a new life, after I have set my hand to some new work—and you can see how far I've got."

"Thou hadst no perseverance," murmured Leschnieff, as if he were speaking to himself.

"As thou sayest, I had not perseverance. I have never been able to build up anything, and, brother, it is not easy to build, when the ground is slipping away from under one's feet. I will not tell thee all my adventures, or rather all my discomfitures. I will only tell thee three or four incidents of my life when fortune seemed about to favor me, that is to say, when I began to hope for success, which is not quite the same thing." . . .

Roudine thrust back his white and now somewhat thinner hair with the same motion of the hand with which he used to press back his thick, black locks.

"Well, listen," he began. "In Moscow I met a rather eccentric man. He was very rich and owned large estates; he was not in the government service. His chief, his only passion was love of science, of science in general. I can't

understand to this day how this passion took possession of him. It fitted him as a saddle does a cow. He made every exertion to keep himself on what is called an intellectual plane, although he was hardly able to express himself; he used to roll his eyes and bow his head when anything was said in his presence. I have never met a more meagrely endowed, a less intellectual nature than his. He reminded me of those broad stretches in the government of Smolensk, where there is nothing but sand, only here and there a tuft of grass which no animal can eat. Nothing succeeded in his hands; everything seemed to turn against him. He had the mania of making easy things hard. If it had depended on him, he would have made every one walk on his head. He worked, read, and wrote incessantly. He studied with a certain obstinate persistency and unlimited patience. His ambition was unnaturally great, and his character of iron. He lived alone, and was thought to be very eccentric. I made his acquaintance and he liked me. I must say I soon read him, but his zeal touched me. Then he had so large a fortune, so much good, so much of real value might be done by him . . . I went to live with him, and later accompanied him to his place in the country. My plans were immense, my friend; I dreamed of improvements, innovations" . . .

"As you did at the Lassounski's, do you remember?" interrupted Leschnieff, with a gentle smile.

"Not at all. There I knew my words were thrown away, but here . . . here was an entirely different field open before me. . . . I collected books on farming . . . I confess I could not finish one of them . . . and then I set to work. At first it didn't go as I had expected, then things took a better turn. My new friend did not say a word; he only looked on without interfering; that is to say, up to a certain point he did not interfere; he adopted my plans, carried them out, but obstinately, rigidly, and with a secret mistrust he tried to put in some ideas of his own without my knowing it. He had a very high opinion of the least of his ideas, and clung to it obstinately, like a lady-bird on a blade of grass, apparently stretching its wings to fly away, and then suddenly falling down and creeping slowly up again. . . . Don't be surprised at all these comparisons; they all occurred to me at that time. Such were my occupations for two years. In spite of all my care, the result belied my expectations. I began to grow tired, my friend bored me, and I weighed on him like lead. His lack of confidence changed into ill-concealed dislike; an evil spirit took possession of us both; we couldn't talk together about anything; quietly, but incessantly, he tried to show me that he was not under my influence; my arrangements were either changed or wholly set aside. . . . At last I saw I was merely an intelligent parasite in his house, paying for his hospitality with good words. I served the wealthy land-owner as an aid in intellectual gymnastics. It was painful for me to waste in vain my time and strength, still more painful to see my hopes continually deceived. I knew very well how much I should lose if I went away, but I could not control myself, and one day, after a brutal scene at which I had been present, and which showed my friend in really too unfavorable a light, I broke with him entirely and went away, bidding good-by to my aristocratic pedant, that

singular mixture of Cossack savageness and German sensitiveness"

"That is to say, thou didst throw away thy daily bread," cried Leschnieff, placing his hands on Roudine's shoulders.

"Yes, and stood again in the world naked and unencumbered. Fly now whither thou wilt. . . . Come, let us drink!"

"To thy health!" said Leschnieff, rising and embracing Roudine. "To thy health and the memory of Pokorsky! . . . He too knew how to remain poor."

"That was adventure number one," said Roudine, after a short pause. "Shall I go on?"

"Yes, go on, please."

"I really don't feel like talking; I am very tired, my friend . . . but if thou wishest it. After I'd roamed about from place to place . . . I might tell you, by the way, how I became secretary of a high official, and how that came to an end, but it would take too much time—after roaming about a long time, I determined to become . . . pray don't laugh . . . to become a business man, a practical man. A favorable opportunity presented itself; I met a certain . . . perhaps thou hast heard of him? . . . a certain Kurbéeff." . . .

"I have never heard the name. But excuse me, Roudine, how was it that with thy intelligence thou didst not see it was not—forgive the pun—thy business to become a business man?"

"I know very well, my friend, that it was not in my line; but what else is? . . . If thou hadst only seen Kurbéeff! Don't think he was an empty braggart, like so many others! They used to say that I was eloquent, but in comparison with him I could hardly stammer. He was a remarkably widely-informed, well-read man; he had a really creative mind, a head for all sorts of manufacturing and commercial affairs. The boldest, most surprising plans were always springing up in his mind. We met and resolved to devote ourselves to some undertaking for the benefit of the public." . . .

"I wonder what it was."

Roudine cast down his eyes.

"Thou wilt have to laugh!"

"Why? No, I shan't laugh."

"We determined to make one of the rivers in the government of K— navigable," said Roudine, with a forced smile.

"Is that all? So Kurbéeff was a capitalist?"

"He was poorer than I," answered Roudine, still bowing his white head.

Leschnieff burst out laughing, but stopped suddenly and grasped Roudine's hand.

"Forgive me, brother, please," he said, "I did not expect that at all. Well, did your undertaking remain on paper?"

"Not entirely. A beginning was made. We engaged workmen . . . and set to work. We encountered all sorts of obstacles. In the first place, there was a mill-owner, who wouldn't understand us: then, we found the water could not be directed without engines; and how were we to get money for the engines? We slept in huts for six months. Kurbéeff ate nothing but bread, and I fared no better. Still, I don't complain, for the country there is

very beautiful. We made every effort to interest merchants; we sent out letters and circulars. The end of it all was, that I spent my very last penny in the project."

"Well," said Leschnieff, "I fancy it was not hard to get to thy last penny."

"No, indeed. But I can assure thee it was not a bad idea we had, and it might have brought us immense profits."

"What has become of this Kurbéeff?" asked Leschnieff.

"Of him? He is now in Siberia, digging for gold. But I'm sure he'll make his fortune some time or other."

"I hope so; but it's just as sure that thou wilt always remain poor."

"I? what of that? Besides, I know that in thy eyes I am a very worthless man."

"Thou? Nonsense, brother. There was a time, it is true, when I saw only the dark sides of thy character; but now, believe me, I begin to appreciate thee more justly. Thou canst not make money . . . but for that reason I love thee." . . .

Roudine smiled faintly.

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I respect thee more. Dost thou understand me?"

They both were silent.

"Well, shall I tell thee number three?"

"Be so kind."

"This is the third and last. But am I not boring you?"

"Go on, go on!"

(To be continued.)

AUNT DUNK.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. AUNT DUNK ON AGUE.

FOR many days life was a blank to me. I was taken back to Dunk Marsh that night, because the doctor who was immediately summoned declared that it would be at the risk of my life. Aunt Dunk knew better, and she took me back to delirium and Crow. When the former left me, I was weak as a baby; and the latter informed me that my fatal speech had been constantly upon my lips; that Mr. Treyhen and Mr. Charles called several times a day to ask after me; and that aunt Dunk persisted in asserting that I was suffering from a slight cold in the head. I began to mend, and from that day, all danger being over, aunt Dunk expressed the greatest anxiety on my behalf; assuring me that my state was most critical, nearly worrying me out of my life with suggestions and remedies, and trying to make me do everything the doctor had forbidden.

My illness was by my aunt pronounced in succession to be nervous, typhus, scarlet, and brain fever, and treated accordingly. The rights of woman were neglected for the study of medicine; the right of being quiet in illness was more especially overlooked. Unfortunately, aunt Dunk adopted the theory that like cures like, and when she decided that my malady was nervous, she administered a succession of shocks calculated to try the nerves of the most robust. She would dart at me suddenly after a profound silence, pluck away a pillow, startle me out of a quiet sleep, let a tray fall, or slam a door. The effect was such, that in two days she was able triumphantly to assert that "the fever was on the move. It had changed its character to brain. No sign could be more favorable." She

now prescribed a ceaseless course of "Whately's Logic," and with that soothing work resting under my feeble hand, and Crow by my side, I was left alone for hours. The *régime* suited me; and aunt Dunk, more than ever satisfied with her treatment, dismissed the doctor.

At last I was able to come down-stairs, and in time I crept out in the sun. I was taking my second walk with still tottering steps, when Henry and Charles Treyhen approached. Aunt Dunk, who stumped beside me with terrible energy, called out, "She's not so well to-day, boys; weaker by ever so much than she was yesterday. I declare, I shouldn't wonder if she slipped through our fingers after all."

My cheeks and eyes gave the lie to her words, and Charles answered with something of his old manner: "I am delighted to hear it; we were really anxious, as long as you assured us Miss Pellam was improving daily, and that nothing ailed her but a slight cold in the head."

And then aunt Dunk did the very last thing she would have done, had she entertained the slightest suspicion of the state of affairs. She desired Charles to give me his arm.

"She is to take fourteen turns in the sun, and I'm going to take Henry to see my pigs; they are the finest fellows I've seen for a long time."

She marched off with Henry, saying, "Nothing is so bracing for you boys as to do what you don't like. You'd go forty miles round to avoid me any day, and Charles hates nothing more than dancing attendance on a silly girl without an idea in her head; wonder what they'll find to say."

We heard every word, and it was impossible not to smile.

My hand was resting on Charles Treyhen's arm, and before we had taken two turns out of the fourteen, he had asked me if it might not stay there for life. What foolish things people do say sometimes, to be sure! but it did as well as anything else. I understood him perfectly well, and I think he understood me too, though I said something still more odd, and apparently senseless.

"Wait till I get to the bench, please," was all I could say; and he did wait. And then he said a great deal that I cannot repeat; but I was very happy, although tears were raining through my thin fingers. He got hold of my hand at last, and asked me if I would answer him one word. I did manage to look up then, and to say, "If I were aunt Dunk, I suppose I should say, 'Decidedly not, Mr. Treyhen.'" He was quite satisfied, and we sat there till aunt Dunk's voice was heard in the distance. It was a fortunate thing for me that her voice always preceded her. I do not think she had been gone long, but we had had time to determine that she must not be told of our engagement until I was strong enough to bear the extra persecution which she would have every right to inflict.

Whether it was from sitting on that bench, I know not, but the next morning Crow had to inform aunt Dunk that I was shivering in the first stage of *ague*. Aunt Dunk immediately denied the possibility, on the ground that there had never been a case in the house, although the district was an *aguish* one. After which she arose and came to look at me. There could be no doubt. My teeth were chattering till the very bed shook. With her accustomed promptitude of action, aunt Dunk seized me by the shoulders and shook me violently. Crow cried out for mercy, and I—fainted away.

Aunt Dunk eyed me complacently. "Ha! I thought that would stop it; 'like cures like' never fails."

Crow could hardly conceal her indignation, but my aunt walked cheerfully away, putting her head in at the door again to say, "Call me at once, Crow, if the fit returns. I've long wanted a case of *ague* under my own eye."

As soon as she could leave me, Crow sought her firm ally, Crampton, and the result of their deliberations was, that the latter marched off to the rectory, and dispatched Charles Treyhen to the manor-house. He found my aunt up to her elbows in books of medicine.

"She's got it, Charles—she's got the *ague*. Never was anything more fortunate. It's a clear case. Just what I've been wanting. I know exactly how to treat it."

"Of course, it is so common about here. It would be absurd to have a doctor for such a trifle."

"I don't see anything absurd in having a doctor if you are ill. It is the proper thing to do."

"Not for mere *ague*."

"Mere *ague*, as you are pleased to call it, is the most dangerous thing you can have. It leads to many fatal diseases."

"You don't really mean that, aunt Dunk?" said Charles in real alarm.

"Don't I? What should you know about *ague*, I should like to know? Why, I had it before you were born, and shall have it again after you are dead, as likely as not. It always leaves a weakness in the constitution and generally a tendency to decline, or paralysis, or lumbago. I don't half like the girl's looks, and I've half a mind to have Dr. Belton back to look at her."

A little more discussion, and Dr. Belton was sent for. Apparently he understood the case, for though declining to blame the shaking, he considered that the one already given was sufficient. He did not wish it repeated, and my aunt, satisfied with what she called his approval, allowed me to take his prescriptions. The *ague* was obstinate. Although the attacks were less violent each time, they still returned, and change of air was pronounced indispensable. Dr. Belton was wise enough to desire Crow to inform my aunt of his opinion, which she did, with comments of her own upon the needlessness of such a step. The result took us all by surprise.

That evening, Henry and Charles Treyhen having walked up after dinner, aunt Dunk stood for some time netting vigorously in perfect silence. We felt that something was impending. It came at last.

"Now my mind's made up. The girl must be doing something. Aye, you all thought I'd forgotten about her profession, I'll be bound. But I've not. She's not the stuff for a lecturer. But work she must for her daily bread." Charles and I exchanged glances of amusement. "I've long thought a lady courier might make a good living. I shall shut up this house, and take you to travel, Jane. We'll go to Bolong, and if we like that, and you get on as should be, we'll go on to Rome and Jerusalem. That's settled and done."

Nobody spoke. Henry was smothering his laughter, and Charles his indignation. Aunt Dunk went on netting and talking vehemently for the rest of the evening. She had arranged it all, and there was no appeal.

After this I was most anxious to tell her of our engagement, but Henry strongly advised us to wait, and even Anne, to whom I had written at once, offered the same advice. Scarlet fever at home made it impossible for her to receive me, and I had nowhere else to go, should aunt Dunk turn me out, as was very likely to be the case. I did not like the concealment. It seemed like treachery to be living at her expense, and keeping her in ignorance of my prospects. But I was overruled, and the preparations for our journey continued.

The house was entirely dismantled, the pictures taken down, the carpets rolled up. Aunt Dunk, who for upwards of thirty years had never passed a night away from the manor-house, announced an intended absence of years; which made us all hopeful that a month would find her at home again. She made her will, let the ground up to the hall-door, and her only remaining difficulty was how to dispose of the family plate and diamonds. She was advised to leave the former in Crampton's charge, and to deposit the latter at her banker's. She accordingly left the plate at the bank and decided upon taking her diamonds with her.

"Henry, I want a pair of your boots; the shabbiest and thickest you've got," said she one evening.

Henry could only assent, but Charles dared to ask the reason why.

"For my di'monds, of course; I shall stow them away inside. Nobody would dream of stealing old boots. I shall leave them about in perfect safety, whereas no lock and key will keep out thieves. The boots will make peo-

ple think we've got a man with us too; and now I think of it, you may send up an old shooting suit as well, Henry. I'll leave it about the room where we stop, and it will keep those rascally Frenchmen from robbing us. They are born thieves, I'll be bound."

The next preparation was still more eccentric. In contemplation of the possibility of war breaking out before our return, I was desired to cut out and prepare a quantity of plain work, to be done in the French prison, where we should probably pass some years. I was also to learn by heart several pieces of music, though why it was to be supposed that we should be allowed a piano, and deprived of music to play, I could not understand. Finally, large stores of groceries from Crippleton were packed to accompany us, aunt Dunk declining to believe that tea and coffee were known in France.

Our party consisted of aunt Dunk, Crow, and myself: Crampton was left to kill and eat the hares. We travelled only to Folkestone the first day, and were to have slept at the Pavilion. But matters turned out differently.

As soon as we arrived, aunt Dunk walked briskly out into the town, and edified the men idling about near the harbor by darting among them, and asking what was the chief article of commerce in the town, and for what it was principally remarkable. They stared, grinned, and were so long in answering, that my aunt walked on rapidly, remarking, "A parcel of stupid Frenchmen, every man John of them!"

We joined the *table-d'hôte* that evening; but aunt Dunk could find nothing to her taste, and complained loudly enough to attract general attention.

"I declare I believe it's frogs already, Jane. One expects it the other side of the water, but I did hope for a joint here, I must say."

Presently she electrified me by calling a waiter and desiring him to send her maid out to buy a chop.

"Mrs. Dunk's maid — Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh — and tell her to cook them, as she knows how, over my bedroom fire, and to bring them here at once. I don't care to go up-stairs, for I want my niece to see the world."

The waiter bowed; I colored crimson, and lost all appetite; the company kindly pretended not to hear. But the mutton-chops came not. Aunt Dunk grew angry, and repeated the order in a voice which suspended all other conversation.

The *maitre d'hôtel* now himself appeared. He was extremely sorry the lady was not satisfied. Would it not be better to order something in her own apartment?

"Why, bless your heart, man, what does it matter to you where I eat? I have ordered my maid to cook a chop up-stairs and bring it here."

"So I understand, madam; but it is against rules to allow cooking in the bedrooms. In a house like this it would never do."

"Why, is not this an hotel?"

"Certainly, madam."

"And do you mean to say we are not to do as we like in the rooms we pay for? Suppose I choose to fry onions in my room; I'd like to know what you'd do to stop it?"

The man glanced appealingly at the company. "I should respectfully request you to leave off."

"Then I should fry them all the faster."

There was a roar of laughter at these words; for it is needless to remark that, during this colloquy, every head had been turned one way, all eyes fixed upon us. I was ready to sink into the earth, and was unable to refrain from whispered entreaties that my aunt would be silent.

"What are you pullin' at my gown for child? Can't you let me alone? D'ye suppose I don't know what I'm about?" said she, suddenly turning upon me.

Unable to endure more, I fled precipitately, and sought our own apartments in tears. She followed me ere long, fuming with rage.

"I never was so insulted, Jane; I'll not break bread in the house. We'll go by the night boat."

I begged for a cup of tea, for I had eaten nothing. Permission was granted, on condition that Crow made it

herself from our Crippleton stores. The expression of the waiter's face, when he found us in the very act of unpacking and making the tea, was one of unmitigated contempt; and as I did not feel sure that we were not rendering ourselves amenable to the laws of the land, I was relieved at finding no opposition offered to us.

It was a sad beginning. I sipped my tea, with difficulty repressing my tears, and aunt Dunk walked up and down the room in a state of intense irritability with everything and everybody, feeling the want of her dinner and of her netting. Suddenly a woman's voice under the window began to sing, "Willie, we have missed you."

"Oh that dreadful woman! why must she come squalling here? I wish she was 'Willie,' and altogether missing under the waves," exclaimed aunt Dunk; and ringing the bell violently, she ordered the waiter to send that woman away, and to tell her she would not have her prowling about the house at that time of night.

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am. But I'm afraid I can't send her off, ma'am. The young gentlemen next door, No. 42, they are paying of her, and calling for another song."

"My compliments to the gentlemen — Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh's compliments — and I can't let that noise go on."

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am." And from the roars of laughter next door, I imagine that the message was delivered. The singing, however, continued.

"This is unbearable," said aunt Dunk. "I've often heard English travellers called bears, but I could not have believed they would be as bad as this. I must put a stop to it at once." And she again pulled the bell.

The waiter reappeared.

"Did you deliver my message to those gentlemen?" demanded my aunt sternly.

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am."

"And what did they say? Now speak the truth, mind."

"They didn't make no particular answer, ma'am."

"I don't believe it. Who are they? what are they?"

"Well, ma'am, they is two young gents from London, ma'am; quite young."

"I didn't ask where they came from; I want to know their names."

"Names, ma'am? Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am, I'll inquire."

"Bless the man, what is he talking about? D'ye think I'm a fool? D'ye mean to try and make me believe you don't know the names of the people that come to this house?"

"Well, ma'am, they comes and goes so fast that we often does not hear their names. But these is quite young gents, ma'am; quite young. Not a day over sixteen, I should say, either of them."

"Boys," exclaimed my aunt in supreme contempt, "mere boys, and no one to look after them, of course. I'll soon give them a piece of my mind. Here, waiter, open the door and announce me — Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh. That screeching is not to be borne."

My entreaties were disregarded, and she marched off, preceded by the waiter, who, throwing open the door, announced her name and title in tones rendered indistinct by smothered laughter.

I caught sight of two young men at an open window. They started up as my aunt appeared — astonishment plainly written on their faces.

"I've come to tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," began aunt Dunk at once. "A couple of lads like you keeping that poor creature out in the cold, disturbing the whole house, and annoying the neighborhood with her screeching and squalling. If you don't stop it at once, I'll complain to the authorities."

"Pray do not trouble yourself, madam," said the younger of the two; "we will have her in at once, since that is your wish."

"My wish! how dare you say such a thing! You know perfectly well I only want her to go home, and you two to go

off to bed. Why, you ought both to have been in bed and asleep an hour ago. A couple of lads like you; I wonder you are let to go about alone."

"You are too kind, madam. We want words to express our gratitude."

Through the open door I could plainly see their faces, the expression of which alarmed me. Astonishment was fast giving place to a keen appreciation of the fun, nor did the fact escape me of their being some years older than the waiter, for reasons best known to himself, had represented them. In an agony of fear I could no longer refrain from a whisper, intended for her ear alone. "Aunt Dunk, aunt Dunk, oh, please come back!" It was overheard.

"Aunt Dunk!" exclaimed one of the young men. "Surely this is not my dearest, my most revered aunt Dunk! Do I indeed address her? This is an unlooked-for happiness."

"The boat will be off in twenty minutes, ma'am. There is no time to lose."

Never was news more welcome.

"Tell the captain to wait for me — not to start till Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh is on board, waiter," said my aunt, making for our rooms, and utterly disregarding the speeches with which her new acquaintance continued to address her.

All was now bustle and confusion, and my relief was great. It was of short duration.

We were hardly seated in the boat before the young men walked up to us.

"Dear aunt, I hope I see you comfortable?"

"I'm no aunt of yours, thank goodness." Aside: "Wonder if I am, by the bye. He might be one of the Dunks of Slowney or the Hapons of Cave, for aught I know."

"No aunt of mine! Have you forgotten the incidents of my interesting childhood? — how you dandled me in your arms, taught my young ideas how to shoot, and otherwise worried my young life?"

"You are all wrong. If you'd said your name was Dunk or Hapon I might have believed you, but I never dandled so much as a cat, or taught any one but Jane here. You are an impudent boy, and if you don't make off, I'll call the captain."

It was unnecessary. A more peremptory commander called for his attention, and for the rest of the voyage we were safe from annoyance from him. He could not boast the same with regard to aunt Dunk. She watched him attentively as he retired with vacillating steps. She never took her eyes off him for full three minutes after he had stretched himself upon a bench, and then, darting towards him, she exclaimed in a voice above winds and waves, "The boy's sick, I do declare. Decided case; the very thing I wanted under my own eye."

And under her own eye she kept him during the whole voyage, treating him according to a theory of her own, which consisted in keeping feet and legs warm, and raising them considerably above the level of the head. Boxes and bags, etc., she piled over and under him. He resisted at first, and even attempted to call a sailor to the rescue; but the man had heard him address her a few minutes before, and really imagining that he was her nephew, only laughed and passed on. My own state soon precluded me from watching them; but whenever I could look round, the same spectacle met my eye — aunt Dunk keeping a strict watch, heaping more and more heavy weights upon his legs, forcibly holding down his head with a heavy hand, and pouring brandy down his throat. Occasionally he made frantic efforts to free himself from the double danger of choking and of being smothered, and she afterwards remarked to me that she was lucky in meetings such a case; it must have been an exceptional one, as she had never read of convulsions in sea-sickness.

When we arrived at Boulogne, the friend came forward, and laughingly thanking aunt Dunk for her kindness, led off the unhappy victim more dead than alive, and presenting a most deplorable aspect.

CHAPTER IV. AUNT DUNK ABROAD.

I DO not know how we got to the hotel, or to bed, for aunt Dunk's French comprised some half-dozen words, and my own had breathed no air but that of our schoolroom. I know that next day we found we had taken rooms and ordered breakfast for a party of twelve instead of two, and that we had to pay for the mistake.

Aunt Dunk was much surprised to find that both tea and coffee were known commodities, and that our stores, for which she had had to pay largely at the *douane*, were not regarded more favourably at the French hotel than at the Pavilion. Having some idea of going on to make a long stay in Rome, she thought it best to husband the groceries, and to put up with the national fare at present. Of course neither tea nor coffee could be as good as what we had brought from Crippleton.

After some sleep, we rose, breakfasted, and sallied forth for a walk, aunt Dunk, Crow, and myself; and not knowing where to go, we soon lost ourselves in a nest of most unpleasant streets. The first woman we met gave us a cheerful "*Bon jour*," which my aunt returned somewhat doubtfully, and then shading her eyes with her hands, turned to look after her.

"Dear me, I ought to know that woman, I suppose, but her face seems strange to me. Very odd."

We met another and another, and all greeted us in the same manner. A sudden thought struck aunt Dunk. "Why, they must be Crippleton girls, married and settled here. They know me of course by sight, though I don't know them. Very odd if I find a Crippleton colony out here, Jane." But as the greetings continued, she grew puzzled. "I can't have forgotten so many faces, Jane, and they wouldn't all remember me. I can't make it out at all."

I suggested that civility might be the custom of the country.

"Nonsense, child! Do you suppose they'd be fools enough to go courtesying to all strangers, and in a seaport town too, where strangers are as plentiful as pins? I know what it is. It's the name. Your uncle's ancestors came from Holland, and I dare say some popped over here. Dunk is a name well enough known over the sea. Depend upon it they've seen it on our boxes, or maybe it's in the paper already."

For a person given to theories, to using long words and discoursing upon woman's rights, aunt Dunk was singularly simple-minded, and I was in a state of constant surprise at her naive views of our surroundings. It was necessary to bear in mind how many years she had passed at Dunk Marsh.

In the afternoon she elected to go for a drive, and as the waiter spoke English, we were able to make known to the driver the first place we wished to visit — a chemist's shop. We did not get out. A man came to the door, and my aunt gave him a prescription to be made up. He retreated, and we sat still, expecting the carriage to go on. In vain.

"Tell him to go on," said aunt Dunk; and Crow, putting her head out of the window, gave the order in excellent English. In vain. Aunt Dunk herself now made the attempt. She thrust her head out of the right-hand window, and ejaculated in a loud voice, "*Cochon, vont!*" In vain. The coachman sat doggedly still, either enjoying the joke or not recognizing as his own the somewhat peculiar appellation. Aunt Dunk now tried the other window, with another loud "*Vont, cochon!*" Still in vain; and we might have passed hours in this unpleasant position, had not our friends of the Pavilion suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Aunt Dunk in difficulties!" exclaimed my aunt's *ci-devant* victim, darting forward. "Can I in gratitude be of any service to the best of relatives?"

"So you are out again," said aunt Dunk, eyeing him professionally. "How d'ye feel? Any pains about you? System shaken?"

"Fearfully, aunt, fearfully. I doubt if I shall ever entirely recover from the effects of that voyage."

"Aye, aye, you were pretty bad. I don't know what you

would have done without me. What you want now is a tonic. Come up to me at ten to-morrow and I'll give you one."

At that precise moment our eccentric driver took it into his head to start off at a rapid trot, probably urged thereto by a vigorous poke from the umbrella of the worthy Crow, whose horror of our new acquaintance was unbounded. Aunt Dunk had only time to shout out the name of her hotel.

The next day was Sunday, and at an early hour aunt Dunk, dressed in her best, was seated at the window, ready to make her observations on men and things, and guarded on each side by her Bible and a book of sermons. Presently a rumbling sound was heard. "Why, I declare, here's a carriage coming wickedly along on a Sunday. I do believe these French have no consciences whatever."

A card was put into her hands: Mr. Brett and Mr. Liddess wished to have the honor of waiting on her. I believe aunt Dunk thought it was the mayor and corporation with an address, in compliment to the well-known name of Dunk; for her countenance fell when the young men of the Pavilion entered.

"Oh, it's only you, is it? Come for your medicine, I suppose? Jane, fetch the stuff."

It was an embarrassing reception, and I was glad to see that the young men so felt it, for they advanced considerably abashed. The scene was less favorable to impudence than either the street, the steamboat, or their own apartment at the Pavilion, and they evidently felt the influence of aunt Dunk's manner and Sunday attire. I now perceived that my aunt's victim was much younger than the other; in fact, probably numbering few years more than had been awarded to him by the English waiter. Their rank of life I imagine to have been that of the upper class of tradespeople. I considered that we were fortunate; matters might have been worse.

They came to propose to my aunt to take a drive, and I felt that we had no right to be surprised, after the manner in which she had treated them. Moreover, the proposal was made with due deference, and was evidently the result of a determined resolution on the part of the younger, whose improved behavior and constant reference to his friend plainly showed that he had been receiving a lecture.

It was a lottery how the idea of a drive in such company would be received. Had I possessed more command of countenance, it is probable the dignity of Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh would have been insulted. But my dislike was too plainly visible, and although she declined to drive on a Sunday, and severely lectured them upon the sinfulness of such a course, she graciously consented to allow them to accompany us next day. After they were gone, I was foolish enough to remonstrate. I ventured to ask if she thought it quite wise to make the acquaintance of two men of whom we knew positively nothing, excepting that they, or at least one of them, had treated her with considerable insolence. This was quite enough to confirm her in her resolution.

"What are you afraid of, child? They are the civillest lads I ever met; I know what I am about, I can tell you. You don't suppose they are coming after you, eh? You may be easy on that score. If you had a hair's breadth of good looks about you, I'd take care how I took up with any one. But you are as ugly as Crow, and nobody ever looks at you twice. What fools girls are, to be sure."

As usual, I was obliged to submit, and we started for the dreaded drive. Certainly, no fault beyond a certain degree of vulgarity could now be found with the young men. Mr. Brett, my aunt's *ci-devant* victim, devoted himself to her, evidently appreciating her peculiarities to the utmost; Mr. Liddess hardly spoke at all. Still it was a relief to hear that they were starting for Rome the next day.

"Rome!" said my aunt. "Why, what business can you have there? Idling away your time, I'll be bound."

On the contrary, they meant to work very hard: they were artists.

"Artists!" exclaimed aunt Dunk, in profound disgust.

"Well, I did think better of you than that. That's always

an excuse for doing nothing. Don't tell me; I know all about it. Boy sketches grandfather's nose when he ought to be doing his lessons: wonderful talent! Boy grows up; sees a rabbit sitting; sketches him when he ought to be working for his bread; painter passes by; collars him; drags him off to London; other painters set at him; make him do it again; give him coats and boots if he's poor, orders for theatre if he isn't. Boy takes to daubing and to evil courses, dabbling away his best years among dirty colors with a nasty smell; doing no good to any one. Pshaw!"

The young men laughed and protested.

"Here's a living contradiction to your assertions," said Mr. Brett. "Liddess has maintained his mother and sister for some years."

"Then his father ought to be ashamed of himself for allowing it."

"My father died eight years ago, and my poor mother was quite crushed by his loss. She has never ceased to mourn for him."

"Then *she* ought to be ashamed of herself. I've no patience with people who go widow-ing on for ever. It's no compliment to one's husband, wearing weeds more than a year, for it only looks as if one had forgotten how long it is since he died. I did my duty, and no more, by the late Mr. Dunk. I wore my weeds one year to the day, and very hot and heavy I found the caps; and then I widowed off in second caps — ribbons and all that; and a great relief I found it, and I'd like to hear Mr. Dunk say that wasn't enough for him or anybody else."

At this moment the carriage dashed forward; there was a crash, a scramble, and we stopped. The pole was broken; it was impossible to go on. There was a consultation. The distance from Boulogne was not great: Mr. Brett proposed to ride one of the horses into the town for help.

"You shall do no such thing," said aunt Dunk. "I'm not going to sit twirling my thumbs in a broken carriage. Jane and I will ride the horses; you can both walk; and the *cochon*, as you call him, can stay with the carriage."

I protested; my aunt insisted. But such was my terror of a horse that, rather than approach anything so terrible, I would have left aunt Dunk then and there, and found my way alone to England. For the first and last time my will prevailed. I believe I was never forgiven.

"Well, if you are a fool, you must be a fool," was the conclusion of the argument; and aunt Dunk turned her attention to mounting her own steed.

Mr. Brett suggested that she should stand upon the carriage-seat, and let him lead the horse alongside.

"D'ye think I can't get up like other people?" retorted my aunt. "I suppose you think I'm too old. You'll just be pleased to put me up."

"Not that side, then, if you please."

"And why not, I should like to know? D'ye think I can't ride either side of a horse like anybody else?"

"But nobody ever does get up on that side."

"Then I'll show them the way."

And with some distant idea of the task before her, aunt Dunk stood poised on one leg, holding out the other foot towards Mr. Brett, who, striving to control his hilarity, attempted to put her up. The first effort resulted in failure. Aunt Dunk made a short appearance in the air, and came down upon Mr. Brett's shoulder.

"You did not jump high enough," and, "You are as weak as a baby, and as awkward as an owl," urged each performer to the display of more force. Aunt Dunk now rose high in the air, poised for one second on the animal's back, and then to our extreme horror totally disappeared on the opposite side. Mr. Brett and Mr. Liddess literally sat down in the road, helpless with laughter. I flew to her assistance. For one dreadful moment I believed she was dead, and my exclamation brought the young men to my side. She was partially stunned when they raised her, and we all watched her for some minutes with real anxiety. Her first words were most characteristic.

"Now I shall do it again, and nothing shall stop me,"

she gasped, and from that moment I felt comparatively easy about her. "If it had been a proper kind of English horse it wouldn't have happened, Jane. These foreign brutes don't know what they are about, and have no idea of carrying a lady. Oh, dear, my head! What are those two young fools laughing at?" — for, relieved of immediate fear, the young men were unable to restrain their laughter. "Did they never see a lady fall off her horse before, I wonder?"

"Off, but not over," said Mr. Brett, striving to command himself.

"But I say off, Mr. Brett, and I am not to be contradicted."

Nobody was in a state to contradict her, even when after a short rest she insisted upon another attempt. I watched her in fear and trembling, for in addition to my terror of the animal, I thought she was more hurt than she would confess. Nor did I feel easier about her when she was at last mounted, and we were able to start. It was evident that the motion was more than she could bear. Every step gave her pain, and before we reached the town she alighted and proceeded on foot, declining, however, all assistance. Her unusual silence increased my anxiety, and I was annoyed when she stopped short at the Rue — and insisted upon dismissing our companions. I hardly thought she would have strength to reach the hotel, but an incident which now occurred proved that I had miscalculated her powers.

As we picked our way one behind the other, my aunt, who was first, almost stumbled over a child of about two years of age, sitting upon a doorstep, and with much satisfaction gnawing a most unpleasant lobster. With her usual decision, aunt Dunk seized the unsavory morsel between her finger and thumb, and threw it away as far as she could. The baby set up a howl, which brought all the neighbors to their doors in time to see the action. A woman rushed forward and snatched up the child, vociferating eagerly and angrily at my aunt.

"Don't be a fool, woman. The child would have choked in a minute. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for letting her pick up such rubbish," said aunt Dunk, pushing on.

A little crowd collected and followed us, but still aunt Dunk walked on, answering the clamor in excellent English, and apparently much strengthened by the excitement.

Thus accompanied we emerged on the quay, to the astonishment of the well-dressed people who were taking their daily walk. I felt that if our tour were to last much longer, it would go far to shorten my life. The crowd continued to collect and to grow more threatening, and at length one virago went the length of shaking her fist behind aunt Dunk's bonnet. I was trembling in every limb, and though we were within a hundred yards of the hotel, I felt that my limbs would not carry me so far. At that moment, to my unspeakable relief and joy, a tall, dark form emerged from the doorway, and pushing through the crowd, held out his arm just as I was on the point of falling.

"Charles Treyhen!" exclaimed my aunt, standing stock-still, utterly regardless of the gesticulations of the crowd. "What earthly business have you here, I should like to know?"

"The business of rescuing you from this turbulent mob."

"Tut, tut, tut! we want none of your rescuings. As if I cared a snap of the finger for all the hop-o'-my-thumb Frenchmen that ever were born! What a noise they do make, to be sure, and what a pack of fools they are! Here, *goutez out vous!*" she continued, once more addressing the mob, and then, as calm as if in her own garden at home, she walked on and entered the hotel.

It was too delightful. Charles was come with every intention of remaining with us, if only aunt Dunk could be induced to consent, and that she must consent we were both fully resolved. He justly considered her a most inefficient guardian, and when he had heard our short but eventful history, he was not at all inclined to alter his opinion.

We had ample time to discuss the matter, for aunt Dunk

walked straight to her room, declining my company, and did not reappear for some time. When she returned, her first question was why had Charles come.

"Well, I have got my duty done for a while, and mean to take a rest."

"You don't suppose you are coming on with us, I hope. Men are always in the way."

"So I have heard you say before, aunt Dunk, and it certainly never entered my head that you would ask me to go with you."

"And why not, I should like to know? How do you think the girl looks?" she added, with startling abruptness.

"Well — better, I think, aunt Dunk; certainly better."

"Then she's not better at all, so that's all you know about the matter; she loses strength every hour. Bolong don't agree with her at all."

"You will go on then, I suppose, to Paris?"

"Now why should you suppose any such thing? What nonsense you do talk! It is as plain as a pikestaff that the girl must go home. If Bolong don't agree with her, what earthly use is there in taking her to Paris, or Rome, or Jerusalem, eh?"

It was one of those questions to which no answer suggests itself, and we remained silent.

Aunt Dunk continued: "My mind's made up — I'm going to take her home. I mean to give her up altogether; I've done my best for her. I've tried to train her for two professions, and she has failed in both. She's wilful and helpless, and she can't speak a word more French than she did when we left England, and she looks more white and sickly than ever. I've tried abroad, and abroad has failed. She's fit for nothing but to be married, and there's no chance of that, with that face of hers; and if there was, I'm not going to be bothered with it. The sooner she goes back to her sisters, the better."

In this at least we both concurred, though completely taken by surprise at the announcement. Mollified by my immediate submission, she was able to confess that her bones ached very much from her fall; and we rightly judged that she felt really ill enough to wish to be at home again. That she was ill and suffering there could be no doubt; for she allowed Charles to make all arrangements for our departure without opposition, shut herself up in her room during the short remainder of our stay, and when with us hardly spoke at all. Both Crow and I were seriously alarmed; and I believe Crow went the length of telling her that there was not a good doctor to be found in Boulogne, in the hope that aunt Dunk would immediately send for one.

We were once more at Dunk Marsh, our foreign tour having lasted as many days as the number of years my aunt had allotted to it. Aunt Dunk had now no crotchets, no hobby, but the chronic one of giving an animated "No" to all things; and, alas, even that "No" had lost much of its animation. I had for long perceived that it had been a comfort to her to lay aside the "Rights of Women." From the day of my failure at the town-hall that subject had barely been mentioned, and the study of medicine had been taken up in a more natural and congenial manner. Long words and complicated sentences were not natural to her, and a return to her usual abrupt style of speech had been a relief to her. But there was now a still more marked change. Her old energy and activity had vanished; she grew more and more silent; she no longer stood up to net; and it was plain that she suffered much. The Treyhens, as well as Crampton and Crow, tried every means to induce her to see a doctor, but in vain; and we were forced to see her fading away before our very eyes, and were powerless to help her.

One day a Mrs. Melton called. The distances from house to house were so great in that neighborhood, that morning visits were almost unknown; but Mrs. Melton had called once before, soon after I came to Dunk Marsh, and on that occasion aunt Dunk had refused to see her, on the ground that she had missed her vocation. "She's a clever woman, Jane, and she's missed the glorious destiny of

woman in the nineteenth century, and has been fool enough to marry. She's a mere mother of children — nothing more — more fool she." Now, however, aunt Dunk admitted her at once, and received her with an absence of contempt which was quite touching. Mrs. Melton asked after me, neither she nor aunt Dunk perceiving that I was sitting in the farthest window. I was on the point of coming forward, when my attention was arrested by the next sentence. "I suppose I may venture to congratulate you on Mr. Treyhen's engagement to Miss Pellam. Such a charming match!"

"My nephew engaged to Jane Pellam! Why, what stuff is the woman talking?" said aunt Dunk, with some of her old fire. "The girl only came because she's too ugly to marry; and as for Henry, such nonsense never entered his brains."

I was thankful that the recollection of Charles did not enter hers. Mrs. Melton apologized, and soon after took her leave. The idea, however, rankled. That evening aunt Dunk regarded me steadily for some time, and then said abruptly, —

"You are not fool enough to dream of fancying that Henry's going to marry you?"

I colored crimson, and indignantly repudiated the idea.

"Oh," said aunt Dunk. After half an hour's silence she added, "That's settled and done." After this, Charles and I agreed that she must no longer be kept in ignorance of our engagement. It was not decided which of us was to tell her, therefore it is not surprising that I should imagine Charles had done so, when she suddenly exclaimed the next day, after one of the long silences now become habitual to her, "Jane, you are a poor creature, and fit for nothing but to be married, so I've made up my mind that you shall marry the boy at once."

The episode of the day before had faded from my mind. I thought only of Charles, and I thanked her with warmth.

She eyed me rather strangely, and as if surprised, and said, "Well, you are just like the rest of them, in spite of your ugly face. Girls are girls, go where you will. Now mind, I'm not going to be bothered. Neither of you must mention the subject in my hearing. You may be married here if you like, the sooner the better. I shall be glad when you are gone; but I'll have no fuss, no favors, no bridesmaids, no breakfast. Crampton and Crow may settle it all; I won't hear anything about it."

I promised cheerfully, hardly able to believe that the long-dreaded task was over, and that no opposition was to be feared. Charles was away: he had gone to town that morning, intending to be absent a few days. It was provoking. I should have preferred telling the news to writing it, and I rather wondered that he had not already told it to me; for I imagined he must have seen aunt Dunk after parting with me the day before. On consideration I concluded that, as was to be expected, he had nothing to report but vehement opposition, and that aunt Dunk had afterwards changed her mind. It was too late to write that day, and the events of the night rendered it altogether unnecessary. At midnight I was hastily summoned by Crow. Aunt Dunk was alarmingly ill. On our own responsibility we sent for Dr. Belton, and summoned Charles by telegraph. By the time the former arrived, my aunt was sufficiently recovered to refuse to see him, and to enjoy calling us fools for sending for him. She was, however, still very ill when Charles appeared, and my news was hastily communicated, for I could not leave her for long at a time. In a few days she rallied considerably; and although the greatest part of her time was spent in her room, she came down to her meals, which however passed in perfect silence. She seemed unable to bear even the presence of 'the boys,' and all their attentions were repulsed, though mine were silently accepted. One day she abruptly asked when I was to be married; and on hearing that no time had been fixed, she desired that I would settle it at once. 'If I couldn't do it myself, Crampton and Crow might do it for me.' I was very reluctant to think of leaving her in her present state, but she insisted, and an early day was fixed for the wedding.

Very lonely I felt in my preparations, and I longed for Anne, but the still lingering fever made the presence of any of my sisters impossible. No one dared to suggest to aunt Dunk that some lady should be asked to lend me her support on the eventful day; and it was only the morning before the wedding that aunt Dunk desired me to write to Mrs. Melton, and request her attendance. "I'm very bad, my dear; I'm going to bed," said my aunt. She had never called me "my dear" before. She looked wretchedly ill, and I felt very anxious about her, as I sat by her side far into the night. The next morning Crow came to me in tears. Aunt Dunk sent me her love — the first and the last she ever sent — she had had a bad night, and had rather not see me; but she meant to be down-stairs to receive us when we came from church.

It was a sad wedding; for the crying, which was all done by Crampton and Crow, was more for one lying sick and helpless at home than for the bride; and my own heart was divided, for in her bravely-borne suffering I had learned to love aunt Dunk in spite of her eccentricities. On our return we found her standing at her netting, dressed as usual, and making a feeble effort to work.

Charles led me forward. "Here she is, aunt Dunk; my wife, thanks to you."

The netting dropped from her hands. She gazed at us in utter astonishment. "Your wife! How dare you say so? She's no such thing."

"What on earth do you mean?" Charles spoke fiercely, drawing my hand under his arm.

Aunt Dunk looked from one to another, as if bewildered. "Your wife! your wife! Where's Henry? Oh, Jane, you wicked girl! I said you were to marry Henry — not Charles. Oh, my heart!"

She staggered to the sofa, and a fearful change passed over her face. She gasped for breath. We gathered round her, and Charles tried to support her, but she pushed him away. Crampton's white face appeared among us.

"Let me send for the doctor, ma'am. Let him come now," said he, imploringly, not daring, even at such a moment, to give an order without the consent of his mistress.

"No, no, no," gasped my aunt. "It's no — business — of yours; but you've been — a good — good — good — old fool to me."

For a few minutes there was a dead silence, broken only by her laboring breath and Crow's subdued sobs. Then suddenly collecting all her strength, aunt Dunk sat bolt upright, and said, —

"I'll have nothing to do with it — nothing to do with it; so that's settled and done!" and she fell back — dead.

Thus died aunt Dunk, as she had lived, in direct contradiction to all around her, and at the most inconvenient moment she could have chosen.

THE ENGLISH BALLET.

COLOR, light, music, agility, and grace — when all these are seen combined in a ballet, the ballet is naturally attractive.

Beauty is more beautiful, or might be more beautiful, where everything is sacrificed to beauty. Even chemistry during the last few years has brought its own special tribute of colored fires: the flame-tints without the ballet, or ballet without the flame-tints, would be a feast for the eyes, but both together are necessarily irresistible.

On the whole, about as little effect and as low an effect is got out of the modern ballet as it is possible to get out of such splendid materials. We have nothing to say against the beauty of the women, the richly tinted atmosphere, the machinery, the rare and costly dress fabrics, and the magical *mise en scène*; but the human element, the life — without which all accessories, however splendid, do but serve as dressing to a corpse, do but display more freely the bare bones, the naked skeleton of Art deceased — the life of the ballet, that is to say, the dancing, where is it in the modern ballet? The substitute for dancing, graceful dancing,

is, alas! a spectacle of grim torture — the human body stretched upon the rack!

Yet, degraded as is the modern ballet, we must not forget that the ballet properly so called is the parent of all representative art. Before man wrote and painted signs, he danced. Before music and singing and the plastic arts there were pantomimic dances; among almost all the earliest nations dancing of some kind entered into the rites and ceremonies of religion, nay, entered largely into social and political life, for there were dances of war, and of triumph, and of pleasure.

The Jewish records are full of allusions to the dance: David dancing before the ark, Jephtha's and Herodias' daughters dancing in joy and festivity, Moses and Miriam dancing to songs of triumph: and the Greek chorus itself in the oldest times was nothing but the assemblage in the public place of the whole population of the city for the purpose of singing songs and dancing dances of thanksgiving to the gods.

But as to the Greeks we owe the origin of the drama (offspring of the pantomimic dance), so to them was due probably the highest conception and development of the art of dancing. In combination with the science of gymnastics, or the culture of the body, they appear to have raised the dance into a system of expression capable of rendering all the different passions. The famous dance of the Eumenides or Furies is said to have communicated such terror to the spectators that the effect could scarcely have been greater had the Furies themselves taken possession of the stage.

When we learn further that the attitudes of the public dancers inspired the greatest Greek sculptors, who studied them for their perfect delineation of passion, and when we look at the works of Phidias, we begin to realize the extent of difference between those dances which the Greeks witnessed, and those inelegant capers which we are accustomed to applaud!

The Spartans had a law compelling all parents to exercise their children in dancing from the age of five. The little creatures were led by grown men into the public place, and there trained for the armed-dance.

The Pyrrhic dance, expressive of overtaking and overcoming an enemy, performed by the young men in four parts, must have been a kind of exciting ballet or dramatic dance.

Aristotle places dancing and poetry in the same rank, and says in his *Poetics* that there were dancers who, by rhythm applied to gesture, expressed manners, passions, and actions. The Greeks had fine poets, and therefore we cannot say, "So much the worse for poetry!" but we cannot help seeing how the art of dancing has fallen from its high estate and become a vulgar and tasteless exhibition of mere muscular dexterity, actually lower down in the scale of Art than even the war-dance of the Ojibways.

Greek dancing was more than a mere feat of agility. The fire that communicated itself to the spectators came from those who were themselves touched with enthusiasm, unlike the human marionette, the ballet-dolls-on-wires of to-day.

But, for good or for evil, the passion for the dance can never die: it is a real instinct, irrepressible and universal. We see in all children, and in animals, and among the rudest tribes, the impulse to express various emotions by rhythmic movement. Children often dance with rage as well as with delight.

As we grow older, and the eye becomes cultivated and the blood sluggish, we prefer looking on, to dancing ourselves. And in the maturer periods of the world amongst civilized nations, dancing, as a studied art, is chiefly left to professional and trained dancers. Yet how often, when a rhythmic tune is played, do grown people beat the foot or nod the head in time with it. A little more and they would gesticulate — a little more and they would dance.

The singular power which rhythmic motion has over the human mind, and its contagious property, may be noticed in the curious dancing epidemics of the Middle Ages

(which seemed to end in a kind of possession), and again in the coarse rites of one or two modern religious sects.

Dancing in the East (as seen in the *Almé* of Egypt and the Nautch girls of India) probably gives us a better idea of what the ancients practised than anything which we have in our cold North; it is chiefly given up to professional dancers, who are often highly gifted and highly educated. But with us professional dancing has become inseparably connected with the opera stage, and with but one subject, the tender passion, and this in its conception and illustration is so vulgar and so vague, that it would almost be true to say that all who do not consider the ballet indecent, believe it to be unmeaning — as it often is.

It is not my intention to give any history of the ballet here, or to enter into the view which De la Motte took of the matter when he proposed to reform the ballet in 1697; neither can I discuss the plans of Noverre and others, who separated the art of dancing from the chaos of singing, acting, and declamation, in which it was embedded, but unfortunately pushed their reforms beyond all legitimate limits.

What I shall attempt to do is simply to look at the ballet as it now is, and consider how far it might be made a more noble, sensible, poetical, and graceful exhibition than we find it.

WHO LIKES THE BALLET.

It must always be a matter for regret to those who really care for beautiful spectacles, such as the stage of a theatre is best fitted to display, that so little is made of such vast opportunities. The penetrating light of the foot-lamps and the ingenious introduction of other and more brilliant kinds of light, make colors more dazzling on the stage than they appear anywhere else. Changing lights, red, green, or gold transformations, mingled with glimpses of beautiful women, and the forms of flowers and shells, are just so much better than fireworks, because they take in so much more. But how often all is spoiled, or partially so, by the vulgarity of conception and treatment that seems now to creep in wherever there is a stage to offer the chance. Sometimes the curtain rises on a beautiful *coup d'œil*, but directly the flowers turn into maidens, and the maidens begin to dance, the coarseness of the attitudes, or the frivolity of the subject, or the ungainliness of the individual dresses (previously hidden in the calyx of the flower) destroys all the enjoyment in the fairy scene. It seems as if sylphs had been deposed by satyrs — angels by fallen angels.

This leads us to the question: What is the modern ballet for? Who goes to the ballet? Who supports it? What are the elements of that public which the manager (doubtless) carefully studies before he invests so many thousands of pounds in an exhibition whose costliness is yearly increasing?

Two elements chiefly compose the ballet-going and ballet-loving public. (1.) The coarse people, who would go anywhere to see what provokes unseemly laughter and unseemly jests, and who pay for a certain coarse element introduced into the dances. (2.) The æsthetic people, who love music and color, and graceful forms and movements, and who, in order to enjoy them, "bolt" the coarseness, as a child gulps through castor-oil to reach the ginger-wine. There is a third element, the ultra-innocent and the vague people, who go because others go, and who gape through the entertainment without understanding it; but these, though numerous, are not sufficiently so to be called supporters of the ballet.

MUSIC.

Perhaps the first thing to notice in the ballet is the music, which strikes up, and is supposed to inspire the dancer, before she begins. Alas! the music of most ballets simply tortures the musicians. Fortunately the generality of ballet-goers are only semi-cultivated in ear and eye, as we shall presently show; but now and then a musician joins the throng in the theatre, and what does he think of the worthless, trashy melodies that are meant to transport his mind into the state needful to enjoy the rest of the show? Does he like the wriggles, and the contorted tunes with

"jumps" at the end of the bars, reminding one of a large insect flopping about with wounded legs and wings—tunes that seem to have their heads under their arms, and their limbs twisted with a sort of musical lumbago and St. Vitus's dance—not any natural dance, altogether a very bathos of tune?

The musician (the unhappy performer excepted) stops his ears, and uses only his eyes; and when he goes home to his wife, he tells her how everything has gone down, sings her bits of Rossini's ballet dancing tunes, graceful, inspiring, beautiful, and wonders why people can't write like that, or if they can't, why they do not adhere to the standard airs, instead of spoiling the public taste for good music.

Inspid, indeed, are most of the strains which inspire modern dancers. And who are they? With what are they inspired? Alas! the nymphs and all their works are much on a level with the tunes they dance to.

DRESS.

Anybody, in order to dance, must be lightly clothed.

The body must be perfectly free in its movements, that is to say, entirely unimpeded by long or heavy garments. Ten yards of silk would materially interfere with the leaps, and twirls, and contortions which are expected of a fairy. The very wind caused by the movements would catch the folds and sometimes throw the dancer down. This has originated the very light and short attire of most ballet-dancers, fifty petticoats of gauze half a yard long.

But this is not only the most ungraceful dress in itself that could be devised, it is also the most unbecoming to the figure. Everybody who has really studied the question has noticed how short the dancer always looks, unless she be six feet high.

As she first enters flopping and leaping, this is hardly at once visible; you have not the opportunity of comparing her with other less fantastically attired women; but let her for a moment cease to gyrate, and as soon as she comes down on both feet, and runs to take her place in some other part of the stage, the whole ugliness of her dress is apparent. In no position can it look well; the tight waist,



Figs. 1 and 2. — Pose and Repose.

with the sudden out-flying circle of skirt that just covers the hip and no more, gives the lower limbs the appearance of growing at a great distance from each other, which is eminently disagreeable, and which is indicated in the sketches (one of the ballet-dancer in pose, and one in comparative repose), especially the ungainly wiggle-waggle of normal running in this dress. This effect is simply caused by the ungraceful form of the petticoats.

The wheel of tulle is often contrasted with deep van-dykes of gold or color, arsenic green if the dancer is intended to represent a rose—oh, graceless travestie of that

majestic plant! At other times wreaths or bouquets of flowers are substituted: these are less obtrusively ugly, and yet as bad in taste from an artistic point of view, for during the necessary gambols no bouquets or wreaths could lie on such a skirt; therefore, however lightly disposed, they always look out of place and impossible.

We cannot help noticing that the petticoats of gauze, once innumerable, have, of late years, manifestly decreased in number. At one time, the first of the fluffy garments—shall we say breeches?—were never visible, but now they almost always are so; and whilst this detail does not in the least improve the beauty of the costume during the leaps, it gives needless indelicacy to them. But perhaps in the face of facts this is hypercriticism.

Many managers have almost banished even this memory of clothing from the stage. In fact, in one popular piece of the day, the memory can hardly grow fainter. In the course of the first few scenes one becomes so habituated to the appearance of women more and more—let us say—unprotected, that at length one is not surprised to find the last scanty semblance disappear, and the Cupids are as little incommoded by anything more voluminous than tights



Figs. 3 to 7. — Some "Babils and Bijoux."

as are some savages who depend for all clothing upon the beautifully simple adornment of the necklace.

It is touching to watch the increasing candor of the ladies. They begin with high dress—the very high dress of the last century—sackbacks, stomachers, and trains. They then appear in under-petticoats; thence they take a step nearer to a state of innocence, and are actually seen in white stays and—boots! From this one bold stride brings them very near to Mother Eve herself. And as nothing much beyond this is practicable on earth, the rest of the story is transported to the moon.

And yet, compared with the rest of the costumes, the Cupids are beautiful. For the human body is beautiful, and most garments only lessen its grace. Leaving the moral view to take care of itself, we must grant them so much.

The girls who figure as Cupids may indeed fail to satisfy even a low standard of modesty in their public appearance and in their *maintien* and deportment; but nevertheless the eye passes from the grotesque surrounding figures, which exhibit every contortion of vulgarity, and experiences almost a sense of rest in the simplicity of natural lines; and from a purely artistic point of view, the Cupids are much superior to the females in white stays and seemingly bare legs, and in some respects are really perhaps less objectionable than the Turkish ladies who mingle with them, and who look even worse in their diaphanous trousers than the Cupids who do without. But why should we trouble ourselves about what modest women think, and whether they can get up a blush or not? If they did not like such sights they would not go to see them. But they do go, so we can only infer that they like what they see.

Why popular prejudice should be satisfied with the belief that the Cupids wear tights, when they are made to imitate skin so exactly that it is impossible to tell where the tights begin and the skin ends—this is a question into which we cannot now enter. The English are a peculiar

people, a wonderful mixture of bat-eyed tolerance and dragon-like intolerance.

But to revert to the ordinary ballet dress sketched in figs. 1 and 2, we may point out that if the dresses were a



Fig. 8.

little longer and less fantastic—I had almost said grotesque—it would be much easier for the spectator to appreciate the skill of some of the really pretty steps and figures of the dances; as it is, the number of pink legs draw away the attention from the feet, whereas the feet ought by rights to absorb the principal share of it. The general impression in an intricate dance, is a mass, not of girls, but of legs, dancing, cork legs like that which ran away with Mynbeer till his tired bones fell into dust, leaving the leg as frisky as ever (fig. 8).

The difference between a graceful and ungraceful dancing dress is here sketched. My readers can decide which is which. The form, simple as I have suggested, following



Figs. 9 and 10. — Grace and Disgrace.

the figure, expressing, not hiding it, and adapting itself to every attitude, would admit of far more and far prettier decoration. A crape, or satin garment, with delicately embroidered margin, or a garb of pure gold or silver tissue, would be infinitely more graceful and more delicate than a whirl of fluff, and gaudy, meaningless paper wings. Beneath, the tights (if the British public demand tights) would be far better in pure white than in the displeasing flesh color or deep pink which have lately become the *mode*. Probably, thus attired, the dancer would gain credit for much intricate skill and graceful movement that at present pass unnoticed, as the eye is confused by over-many details; and there is not the slightest doubt that her own personal beauty would be far better set off.

POSTURE.

I am afraid it is not possible to say much in favor of the postures that nowadays the British public most applaud in a *danseuse*. What movements are admired—what attitudes are graceful—these questions are unfortunately distinct from each other. There are, indeed, standard feats of agility which always “fetch” John Bull, and deservedly, while agility is the *whole* end and aim of the public dancer. But some of the most popular gestures and postures seem to us decidedly ungraceful; indeed, they

seem to have little merit beyond their effrontery. We are continually reminded of the three Gates of Busyrane, on the first of which was written, “Be bold;” on the second, “Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold;” and on the third the warning, “Be not too bold.” How many of our “fairies” seem to have leapt lightly over the first two gates! but have any yet reached the third?

When the feet are at the utmost distance from each other that the length of the body will admit of, the angle is not, we think, either elegant or delicate. A pair of nut-crackers can hardly be called a beautiful instrument, still it seems sometimes as though the whole aim of woman on the stage were to convert herself into something like that useful but ugly machine, and to demonstrate to the astonished spectators that a ballet dancer and a woman are not identical. Certainly it must be a novelty to everybody, accustomed to the almost severe properties of modern English life, to see women in positions which, if a little girl attempted them at home, would very properly gain her a whipping. What would be thought ungraceful and inappropriate (to say the least) almost anywhere else, we willingly and eagerly pay high prices to witness on a lighted platform.

Our business here is not with the morality of such exhibitions, but their artistic merit. Those who consider the ballet unwholesome and degrading, had better cease taking their young sons and daughters to stare at it. Those who do not, must not affect to be shocked when they see on paper what has so lately delighted them at Covent Garden,

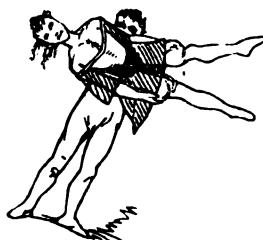


Fig. 11. — The T Feat.

What we may describe as the T feat (fig. 11) occurs in “Babil and Bijou.” There is very little beauty in the position to recommend it. But at least the form of the cross, if that is what it is meant to be, is simple enough—and harmless. Therefore we will leave it to the artistic approbation of our readers.

There is the grand X feat: one that is seldom omitted and always “draws.” But is a woman graceful when she is in the shape of an X? Do you feel a thrill of admiration, of satisfaction, O paying public! when you see a fair-faced girl, robed in a silver cloud, deliberately approach and place herself in the arms of a very airy and muscular



Figs. 12 and 13. — The X Feat.

gentleman, who supports her manfully while she sticks up one foot pointing to the sky like a pink lightning-rod, and

bends her head half-way to the ground? The point of view which the audience have is of two legs, a whirl of scattered clothing, and a face upside down. Now, apart from the delicacy of this exploit, is it beautiful? Because if it is, there is *something* to be said for it. But if, as we imagine, it is not, why is it tolerated by the opera-glasses either of the British matron, that dragon of virtue, or the connoisseur, or anybody but the British snob? Yet fair lips and grave, sober, matronly lips pronounce it a "lovely! lovely sight!"

Again, a favorite feat is, a number of girls, with as little on as possible, dancing forward to the foot-lights, and having arrived there, simultaneously giving a kick at the audience. Who are the intended kicked ones — whether the ladies, or the gentlemen, or the prompter, or the band, it is difficult to decide. But is a kicking attitude either a womanly or a seraphic one? Is a kick foreshortened a graceful gesture? Let any lady kick at her herself in the glass, quietly at home, and decide. We will abide by her decision. We do not know of any instance where a lady, in the laudable and natural desire to appear attractive in the eyes of the man she hopes to marry, approaches her lover with a series of "tall" kicks. We think the lover would be shocked, if not disgusted. Yet, with his heart athrill with the memory of her whom he most respects and admires of women, and



Fig. 14.

for whose sweet sake all womanhood is elevated and idealized, he takes a stall at the opera-house, and is contentedly kicked at by a couple of dozen stout-limbed women in tights. He fancies he enjoys it. Would he like to see his Chloe in that dress? Would he like to watch her galloping and rearing, more like a horse than a human being, before a hundred close spectators? He must be a very peculiar lover if he would.

In "Ali Baba" (Gayety) there is a great deal more kicking than is necessary. Ali Baba's son (performed by an active though ill-advised female), a frivolous young man, whose chief attention seems centered on his legs, indulges so frequently in a kicking attitude that the impression is left on the mind that it is a sort of chronic complaint with him. In season and out of season he throws up his leg apparently at the ceiling. When his father addresses him, up it goes; when his lady-love approaches him, up it goes. It had nothing to do with the situations. The continual jerk worried the eye and took one's attention off the only genius of the whole performance, which was of course Ali Baba himself; it was like that convulsive wooden clown of our childhood, with a ball and strings attached to his limbs, which twitch into impossible positions as you swing the ball. We were glad when this vulgar young man's evening work was done. We thought he must be tired. We heartily wished him — or her — too tired ever to perform again.

When I think of what the ballet might be, I feel the more ashamed of those who have so degraded it, towards those whose base demands have created such a supply. We hold up our pious hands and eyes when we hear of the brutal penny gaffs and the many low haunts in London, where the great unwashed satisfy those tastes which the upper classes satisfy at Covent Garden. But I am credibly informed — and to our national shame be it spoken — that in many a "gaff," however rough the entertainment, there is nothing so intrinsically bad, nothing so utterly degrading to womanhood, nothing so subtly hurtful to public morals, nothing so palpably, refinedly, outrageously ugly and indecent, as the fashionable ballet, which draws thousands of cultivated men and women to its shrine.

Probably, to some minds, there is the same zest and delightful incongruity in a multitude of innocent and modest women contentedly witnessing a display of this kind, that there was in the Roman days in a number of gentle and tender maidens applauding the bloody combats of the arena. Perhaps in all ages, some will find it to their taste to feel, however remotely, the *animal* within us

asserting itself if only for a brief three hours. Cruelty and license are both alive in even the gentlest and the purest, it is said; they are chained and kennelled; and so may they remain! but is there any harm in a feeble rattling of the relentless door, a toothless gnawing at the chain? Each of us must judge for himself.

We do not wish to condemn the modern ballet without a word in its defence. We do not wish to imply that the ballet is all bad, and that there is nothing beautiful in it at all. We only say there is at present far more to object to than to praise or to admire. There are many beautiful scenes which we could quote, and which recent chemical discoveries are annually improving. There are many ingenious and beautiful steps and figures in the dances, but how they would be multiplied if the audience knew something about the art of dancing, and if the dancers felt that they had to satisfy a more fastidious taste! Where there is not much knowledge, there cannot be much fastidiousness.

Among many unpleasing and ungraceful steps, there is one which is extremely pretty, and, strange to say, popular also. It is that tiny nutshell kind of progress on the toe tips, which is more like a vibration of the feet than dancing. The whole body is motionless, and the mind concentrated on the toe tips, and the eye of the public is concentrated too. This dexterous step could be as easily and more effectively performed, in a skirt a little longer and less like the frill of Punch's dog than the usual one (see fig. 10). There is nothing objectionable in this step except what belongs to the dress; if motion can produce the same emotion as sound, it may be compared to the soft twittering of a bird; it is like the quivering of the sensitive leaf when the hand touches it. From this the dancer, alas, generally breaks into the "flop," that reminds one of nothing so much as a big butterfly trying to fly with a pin through his back, and the illusion vanishes.

This "flopping," which is interspersed with leaps, is not at all graceful, and is quite unmeaning. As all musicians know, when the dancer is in full vigor and first-rate condition, the music is usually allowed to flag in time; she can then take longer steps and jump higher. When her physical strength is less, the music is taken faster, and all her movements are more rapid. During the "flopping" steps we are always glad when the dancer is out of condition, as then she darts about more madly, and it is over sooner.

In many modern ballets the number of beautiful girls that appear is a matter for admiration, and one which receives much more attention than it did a few years ago; but they are usually girls more bent on advertising their own perfections than on making any lasting impression by their skill; that is to say, often they stand about for hours doing nothing, taking no part in the piece, while a few are engaged in jumping about; and even at times there may be detected a Naiad out of step or out of time with the rest, because too much occupied in ogling her favorites in the house — a fault that would never be tolerated by any audience really understanding and caring for the dancing as an art, or for the artistic completeness of the *coup d'œil*. This is partly the fault of those who arrange the parts; but chiefly because there is no dramatic instinct in the players — or rather the "loafers."

Something may be made of even the most trivial rôle, if the player has any interest in it. I might here instance the "Squirrel" in "Babil and Bijou," as a squirrel having a capital part, but a squirrel absolutely without interest in it. There is not a vestige of artistic feeling in that squirrel. An occasional aimless scratch with her paws, and then a long, long relapse into stillness and forgetfulness of all but a myriad eyes. So tame a squirrel was hardly worth calling from her native woods, where she never would have had spirit enough to pluck her own nuts.

Why the ballet is no longer what it was originally meant to be, why the dancer no longer holds the position that she once did (and might do again), is partly for the same reason that modern plays are not what ancient plays

were. Popular discrimination does not require a Shakespeare or a De la Motte. Therefore, just as we have no longer great dramatic writers, we have no artists in dancing, but mere jugglers, and artificial skill in contortions has taken the place of dramatic gift and appreciation. We English, cold and unfastidious as we are, can hardly conceive of Aristotle's estimation of the nimble art; of a dance bringing tears to the eyes, or firing the soul with noble feelings, or a passion of courage or terror! Think of any dance, as such, being seriously compared to a symphony of Beethoven or one of the "Idyls of the King"! No, our highest conception of the emotion given by mere dancing is an enervating sensation, voluptuous, languorous. That is all we can rise—or sink—to. Many minds are not susceptible even of that. The intricate dancing, meaning, as it does, nothing, or meaning what is at all events unintelligible to a great number, passes before the eyes like the hollow show that haunted Tennyson's Prince. People stare, and praise and applaud, because others praise and applaud. They do not *understand* the skill, they do not discriminate between grace, and ungrace, and disgrace, they do not detect a slovenly step as they detect an imperfect rhyme in a song: what they appreciate in a ballet is often an infinitesimal portion of the performance, sometimes only that which has nothing to do with the dancing at all—the general glitter, and color, and associations of a fashionable place of resort.

THE COUP D'ŒIL.

We are not able here to suggest the kind of subjects that might inspire the ballet, because it is impossible to see a thing from a point of view entirely novel, and almost diametrically opposed to all our ideas and associations connected with this form of entertainment. If any mind could once grasp the notion of a ballet being as grand and as noble a representation as one of Shakespeare's plays, or, indeed, any fine drama; if a dancer could spring into existence with the feelings and powers of the public dancers in Aristotle's day, we might then compose scenes and collect subjects for the purpose. Then our sailors' brave hearts might be fired by a dance like that Pyrrhic dance of Sparta, our ministers inspired by dances expressive of all the noble passions, our clergy by dances—why not?—such as the early Christians joined in at their religious meetings, and we should all be the better for it, as we are for reading poems, and essays, and sermons!

But I seem to be writing in an unknown tongue. Whatever we may some day rise to, as yet all this is so far off that it is like a ghostly vision in the gloaming. We have been so long in the dark that we have forgotten the sunset, and cannot believe in the dawn.

But taking the ballet as we know it, an exhibition of agility and pretty colors, we may make a few suggestions for the *coup d'œil*, which does not materially concern the dancing, although the dancing ought, as far as is possible to the intelligence of the ballet writer, to coincide with and carry out the spirit of the scene.

The beautiful and ingenious transformation scenes are unmeaning, unless some reason be given in the story for the rapid change of colors, and this might be mentioned in the programme in lieu of the strings of feeble puns that generally fill up that paper. Either the appearance of a rainbow in the sky, or April changes of weather, or the rapid transition of moods, must be the *rationale* for the transformations. That would lend a new and increased interest to this very graceful effect. When flowers suddenly bloom into maidens, a dream, or some mythological or poetic reason, should lead up to it; when the crowd of girls is meant to represent a "garden of girls" the most delicate and poetic view of a garden should alone be taken. What can be a more vulgar conception of a garden than that in "Babil and Bijou"?

Let any man who means to compose ballet scenes respect his materials enough to take a little more thought for his work. Let him go into the gardens and meadows,

and note the exquisite movements and combinations of color that Mother Nature has prepared before his eyes. Let him take with him a mind full of Chaucer's, or Tennyson's, or Keats', or Miss Ingelow's, or Morris's, or Buchanan's songs and lyrics—or any one who sees the beautiful world with worshipful eyes, if he be not a seer himself,—let him recall the thousand sweet legends that Greece, and India, and Germany, and Scotland, and Ireland, and Old England herself, have registered all ready to inspire him.

Here are some of the effects which he will see, and which might be suggested on the stage.

First: the long grass blowing to and fro in the wind, now green, now bluish, according to the "air."

Girls robed in green gauze and pennons, kneeling in the stage. As they bend forward all is green; as they bend backward they fling up strings of pale blue flowers, giving the crowd a bluish impression.

A stream of water edged with low willows, blowing in the wind.

Girls in dull green robes changing to white or gray as they move simultaneously, as the willow boughs change.

The sea with its waves and foam, and skimming gulls.

A crowd of girls dancing in blue, the motions made to imitate the tossing and swerving of the waves. White birds darting over their heads; suddenly they fall into a buttercup meadow, throwing off blue cloaks and turning to gold, when the hero reaches the opposite shore.

The river that enchanted the Knight, hearing the Lorelei sing.

A stream of girls kneeling and waving windy scarfs, as the Knight comes by. He is caught in the flood, which suddenly becomes instinct with life, and resolves itself into a group of bridal maidens dancing round the happy pair.

A yellow fog, broken through by the sun.

Maidens hidden by the whirling of their amber veils, and breaking into a sudden flood of silver and golden dazzle, with the singing of birds and the scent of flowers.

How many more effects crowd into one's head, that might be suggested in the ballet! Moonlight scenes, of purple and silver—dawnings where black changes to gray, and gray to white, and the white to a flood of rose-colored light—the pink flutter of totter-grass, whose whistling and waving might be suggested by branches of bells. The sounds might be suggested too—the splashing of water by the clapping of hands, the hissing of cornfields and the music of the wind by soft airy singing. Why are none of these effects studied and reproduced, as artists study and reproduce them for their pictures, either accurately or conventionally? How easy would be the *aurora borealis* on a scene of ice, or any sunset or sunrise on any scene for the introduction of the colored lights!

The word "artist" has been sadly abused. The scene-painter is called an artist (*vide* the figures that surmount the stage at St. George's Hall—O my country!). The manager is called an artist, the dancers are all artists, the band are artists, as if an artist were born every day, and were not a Phoenix! Now, with rare exceptions, all these people are simply skilled artisans and no artist at all; and there must be at once perceptible a wide difference between the two ranks. When the player protests against stuff that degrades even his skill, when the scene-painter goes to nature for his effects and figures, when the manager strives to honor and not abuse his splendid materials, and to elevate rather than lower the tone of the stage, when the dancers show some gifts rarer than lissome joints and the absence of a sense of decency, we may then begin to give them the noble title of "artist."

The first thing is for the bat-eyed English to realize what it is they really see. It sometimes seems as though the high price of the stalls invested the proceedings with an ideal glory blinding the eyes of the most prudish. At any rate scenes, which in the presence of the *élite* of Lon-

don society appear not only bearable but delightful, may possibly appear almost shocking when described in print. But this is only a cheat which the mind plays upon itself. Our sketches of the popular ballet are the reverse of exaggerated. In fact, it would be impossible to exaggerate what is nightly witnessed and applauded. On the other hand, not the half nor the worst has been here set down. Nothing like the worst has been sketched.

To the censorious British Bat we can merely say: This is what you see when you go to the ballet, and this is what you pay for when you get your admission: and if you deny it, it is because you are a bat, and "haven't noticed."

Whether what we nightly tolerate on the boards of a public theatre be right or wrong, this much is certain: whatever is not fit to be called by its name and described in print is not fit to be openly witnessed by crowds of presumably modest women and guileless children. Such spectacles are dangerous to many, degrading to some, and useless to all; and our grand airs of inconsistent prudery make us the butt of the vicious, the jest of the foreigner, and a disgrace to the country in which we live.

A LETTER TO A MAN OF LEISURE, WHO COMPLAINED OF WANT OF TIME.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

You complain of want of time—you, with your boundless leisure!

It is true that the most absolute master of his own hours still needs thrift if he would turn them to account, and that too many *never* learn this thrift, whilst others learn it late. Will you permit me to offer briefly a few observations on time-thrift which have been suggested to me by my own experience, and by the experience of intellectual friends?

It may be accepted for certain, to begin with, that men who, like yourself, seriously care for culture, and make it, next to moral duty, the principal object of their lives, are but little exposed to waste time in downright frivolity of any kind. You may be perfectly idle at your own times, and perfectly frivolous even, whenever you have a mind to be frivolous, but then you will be clearly aware how the time is passing, and you will throw it away knowingly, as the most careful of money-economists will throw away a few sovereigns in a confessedly foolish amusement, merely for the relief of a break in the habit of his life. To a man of your tastes and temper there is no danger of wasting too much time, so long as the waste is intentional, but you are exposed to time-losses of a much more insidious character.

It is in our pursuits themselves, that we throw away our most valuable time. Few intellectual men have the art of economizing the hours of study. The very necessity, which every one acknowledges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in anything, makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time-savers are the love of soundness in all we learn or do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine, but never finished it. Each of us has acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable from their unsoundness, a language or two that we can neither speak nor write, a science of which the elements have not been mastered, an art which we cannot practice with satisfaction either to others or to ourselves. Now the time spent on these unsound accomplishments has been in great measure wasted; not quite absolutely wasted, since the mere labor of trying to learn has been a discipline for the mind; but wasted so far as the accomplishments themselves are concerned. And even this mental discipline, on which so much stress is laid by those whose interest it is to encourage unsound accomplishment, might be obtained more perfectly, if the subjects of

study were less numerous and more thoroughly understood. Let us not, therefore, in the studies of our maturity repeat the error of our youth. Let us determine to have soundness, that is, accurately organized knowledge, in the studies we continue to pursue, and let us resign ourselves to the necessity for abandoning those pursuits in which soundness is not to be hoped for.

The old-fashioned idea about scholarship in Latin and Greek, that it ought to be based upon thorough grammatical knowledge, is a good example, so far as it goes, of what soundness really is. That ideal of scholarship failed only because it fell short of soundness in other directions, and was not conscious of its failure. But there existed, in the minds of the old scholars, a fine resolution to be accurate, and a determination to give however much labor might be necessary for the attainment of accuracy, in which there was much grandeur. Like Mr. Browning's Grammarian they said, —

Let me know all! Prate not of most or least
Painful or easy!

And so at least they came to know the ancient tongues grammatically, which few of us do in these days.

I should define each kind of knowledge as an organic whole, and soundness as the complete possession of all the essential parts. For example, soundness in violin-playing consists in being able to play the notes in all the positions, in tune, and with a pure intonation, whatever may be the degree of rapidity indicated by the musical composer. Soundness in painting consists in being able to lay a patch of color having exactly the right shape and tint. Soundness in the use of language consists in being able to put the right word in the right place. In each of the sciences there are certain elementary notions without which sound knowledge is not possible, but these elementary notions are more easily and rapidly acquired than the elaborate knowledge, or confirmed skill necessary to the artist or the linguist. A man may be a sound botanist, without knowing a very great number of plants, and the elements of sound botanical knowledge may be printed in a portable volume. And so it is with all the physical sciences; the elementary notions which are necessary to soundness of knowledge, may be acquired rapidly and at any age. Hence it follows that all whose leisure for culture is limited, and who value soundness of knowledge, do wisely to pursue some branch of natural history, rather than languages or the fine arts.

It is well for every one who desires to attain a perfect economy of time, to make a list of the different pursuits to which he has devoted himself, and to put a note opposite to each of them indicating the degree of its unsoundness, with as little self-delusion as may be. After having done this, he may easily ascertain in how many of these pursuits a sufficient degree of soundness is attainable for him, and when this has been decided he may at once effect a great saving by the total renunciation of the rest. With regard to those which remain, and which are to be carried further, the next thing to be settled is the exact limit of their cultivation. Nothing is so favorable to sound culture as the definite fixing of limits. Suppose, for example, that the student said to himself, "I desire to know the flora of the valley I live in," and then set to work systematically to make a herbarium illustrating that flora; it is probable that his labor would be more thorough, his temper more watchful and hopeful, than if he set himself to the boundless task of the illimitable flora of the world. Or in the pursuit of fine art, an amateur discouraged by the glaring unsoundness of the kind of art taught by ordinary drawing-masters, would find the basis of a more substantial superstructure on a narrower but firmer ground. Suppose that instead of the usual messes of bad color and bad form, the student produced work having some definite and not unattainable purpose; would there not be here, also, an assured economy of time? Accurate drawing is the basis of soundness in the fine arts, and an amateur, by perseverance, may reach accuracy in drawing—this, at least, has been proved by some examples; not by many, certainly, but by some. In languages we may have a limited purpose also. That

charming and most intelligent traveller, Louis Enault, tells us that he regularly gave a week to the study of each new language that he needed, and found that week sufficient. The assertion is not so presumptuous as it appears. For the practical necessities of travelling M. Enault found that he required about four hundred words, and that having a good memory he was able to learn about seventy words a day. The secret of his success was the invaluable art of selection, and the strict limitation of effort in accordance with a preconceived design. A traveller not so well skilled in selection might have learned a thousand words with less advantage to his travels, and a traveller less decided in purpose might have wasted several months on the frontier of every new country, in hopeless efforts to master the intricacies of grammatical form. It is evident that in the strictest sense M. Enault's knowledge of Norwegian cannot have been sound, since he did not master the grammar; but it was sound in its own strictly limited way, since he got possession of the four hundred words which were to serve him as current coin. On the same principle, it is a good plan for students of Latin and Greek, who have not time to reach true scholarship (half a life time is necessary for that) to propose to themselves simply the reading of the original authors with the help of a literal translation. In this way they may attain a closer acquaintance with ancient literature than would be possible by translations alone, whilst on the other hand their reading will be much more extensive on account of its greater rapidity. It is, for most of us, a waste of time to read Latin and Greek without a translation, on account of the comparative slowness of the process, but it is always an advantage to know what was really said in the original, and to test the exactness of the translation by continual reference to the *ipsisima verba* of the author. When the knowledge of the ancient language is not sufficient even for this, it may still be of use for occasional comparison, even though the passage has to be fought through *à coups de dictionnaire*. What most of us need, in reference to the ancient languages, is a frank resignation to a restriction of some kind. It is simply impossible for men occupied as most of us are in other pursuits, to reach perfect scholarship in those languages, and if we reached it we should not have time to maintain it.

In modern languages it is not easy to fix limits satisfactorily. You may resolve to read French or German without either writing or speaking them, and that would be an effectual limit certainly. But in practice it is found difficult to keep within that boundary if ever you travel or have intercourse with foreigners. And when once you begin to speak, it is so humiliating to speak badly, that a lover of soundness in accomplishment will never rest perfectly satisfied until he speaks like a cultivated native, which nobody ever did except under peculiar family conditions.

In music the limits are found more easily. The amateur musician is frequently not inferior in feeling and taste to the more accomplished professional, and by selecting those compositions which require much feeling and taste for their interpretation, but not so much manual skill, he may reach a sufficient success. The art is to choose the very simplest music (provided of course that it is beautiful, which it frequently is) and to avoid all technical difficulties which are not really necessary to the expression of feeling. The amateur ought also to select the easiest instrument, an instrument in which the notes are made for him already, rather than one which compels him to fix the notes as he is playing. The violin tempts amateurs who have a deep feeling for music, because it renders feeling as no other instrument can render it, but the difficulty of just intonation is almost insuperable, unless the whole time is given to that one instrument. It is a fatal error to perform on several different instruments, and an amateur who has done so may find a desirable limitation in restricting himself to one.

Much time is saved by following pursuits which help each other. It is a great help to a landscape painter to know the botany of the country he works in, for botany gives the greatest possible distinctness to his memory of all kinds of vegetation. Therefore if a landscape painter takes to the

study of science at all, he would do well to study botany, which would be of use in his painting, rather than chemistry or mathematics, which would be entirely disconnected from it. The memory easily retains the studies which are auxiliary to the chief pursuit. Entomologists remember plants well, the reason being that they find insects in them, just as Leslie the painter had an excellent memory for houses where there were any good pictures to be found.

The secret of order and proportion in our studies is the true secret of economy in time. To have one main pursuit and several auxiliaries, but none that are not auxiliary, is the true principle of arrangement. Many hard workers have followed pursuits as widely disconnected as possible, but this was for the refreshment of absolute change, not for the economy of time.

Lastly, it is a deplorable waste of time to leave fortresses untaken in our rear. Whatever has to be mastered ought to be mastered so thoroughly that we shall not have to come back to it when we ought to be carrying the war far into the enemy's country. But to study on this sound principle, we require not to be hurried. And this is why to a sincere student all external pressure, whether of examiners, or poverty, or business engagements, which causes him to leave work behind him which was not done as it ought to have been done, is so grievously, so intolerably vexatious.

THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A VERY remarkable paper in the new number of the *Contemporary Review*, by the Rev. George D'Oyly Snow, does more to recast the whole subject of Natural Theology in a form suitable to the discoveries and scientific principles of the present day, than anything that we at least have seen of the same nature. Mr. Snow accepts heartily the general drift of Mr. Darwin's and Mr. Herbert Spencer's views on the subject of modifications of instinct and race, but he supplements them by a very searching and able analysis, intended to show that so far from getting rid of Providence, those thinkers in fact imply Providence in all their teachings, and that life itself, vital activity of all kinds, implies in its very essence, and not merely in its quasi-accidental adaptations and surprising correspondences, the working of Providential thought. He shows that at a stage of existence long preceding the origin of conscious thought at all, living substances are impelled by their needs to the very acts by which those needs are supplied. There is probably no consciousness of need, and certainly no knowledge how to supply the need, in the structureless amœba, a mere viscous speck of jelly, which propels itself about in search of food, and when it finds a particle of food, spreads itself round that particle so as to envelop it, making, as Dr. Carpenter says, a stomach of itself to absorb the food, by the mere act of wrapping up the food in a sort of living parcel. But though there is probably no consciousness of need, and certainly no knowledge of the thing needed, in this floating film of organic matter, there is clear Providence behind the motions and acts which are thus adapted to bring the need to what supplies the need and renders growth possible. And Mr. Snow goes on to point out that when we reach the level of existence where sensation and conscious want and life begin, i. e., when we reach the stage where experience becomes possible, the very minimum which the word "experience" can, at that point of existence, mean, is *observation of those acts by which, before observation was possible, the creature was benefited*. Any creature which is beginning to have experience, must be learning the lesson of those unconscious impulses by which it supplied its wants before it was capable of experience. The conscious individual life must be built on the unconscious, although it is perfectly true that the conscious life of experience, where it is capable of organization into automatic habits, very soon passes again into a secondary unconsciousness very like the first unconsciousness of instinct. It is quite true that

fter having learnt to walk or to read or to play on the piano, we can walk and read and play with almost as little consciousness as that with which we breathe, or cough, or leap. But though so much conscious life passes into unconsciousness again, both in regard to the individual and be race; though it is quite true that races of animals after being taught by experience — like pointers or setters, for example — what to do in certain cases, transfer that acquired experience in the form of an unconscious instinct to their offspring, still Mr. Snow insists, and insists most unanswerably, that a whole mass of unconscious instincts must have long preceded conscious life, and that experience is nothing in fact but observation recording carefully the procedure of instinct, the impulses of unconscious (but Providential) life. Were it otherwise, were not wisdom embedded in the very essence of life long before life shows any sign of consciousness, "The first creature that was 'capable of learning from experience how to maintain itself would be unable actually to learn, because it would have no such materials at hand as those from which living creatures draw all their experience. For each creature's experience comes by observing the results of those acts to which it finds itself impelled, and those acts which it sees done by its fellows." This is surely simply unanswerable. What is the basis for animal experience except instinct? If, as Mr. Snow remarks, a lamb before it has been five minutes born staggers up to any sheep it sees, not knowing its mother from any other sheep, but knowing by intuition the kind of creature at which it wants to suck, is it not clear that this instinct is the first link of that future experience by which it learns how to feed itself? It is impossible to put yourself back even in imagination to any point at which that experience had to be learned without any instinct (or unconscious guidance) to supply it. Without such instinct the lamb, even granting it a conscious sense of need, would have to try an infinite number of useless experiments before it hit upon the successful one, while the mother would not be able to help it, because by hypothesis she too would be perfectly without the guidance which, on that hypothesis, only experience could give her. The sense of need, then, which is at the source of all life, is not and cannot be an unguided sense of need, or else, as Mr. Snow remarks, "While the grass is growing, the horse would starve," — i. e., while the experience is forming, life would die out of the universe. It is true that conscious experience consolidates itself into the unconscious instincts and tendencies of future generations, but it is no less true that that conscious experience could not exist at all without presupposing a large mass of unconscious instincts, intrinsically wise, i. e., intrinsically Providential. Providence guides the need by which life grows into self-consciousness. As Mr. Snow says very justly, the sexless working-bee, which cannot have got its instincts of work from its ancestors, because its ancestors are not and never have been working-bees, and which cannot transmit its instinct to descendants, because it has no descendants, is not quite the wonder which Mr. Darwin makes it. For though the hereditary transmission of instincts be admitted as one of the chief modes by which Providence preserves the unconscious rationality inherent in all individual life, yet that hereditary transmission of instincts is itself simply unintelligible without admitting a Providential purpose at work in the first formation of instincts; in the formation, for instance, of the very instinct of propagation by which other instincts are transmitted. We have never seen the argument for the inherent creative reason in all instinct put so powerfully, and expounded so well in relation to all the newest scientific principles and discoveries, as it is in this paper by Mr. Snow.

But we have a criticism of some importance to pass on the latter part of Mr. Snow's paper, in which, as it seems to us, he is not so careful to distinguish between the intelligence *behind* nature and the intelligence *in* nature, as he is in the first part of his essay: —

"When I see acts like mine, I attribute them to motives, to needs and desires, like mine, leaving out the question of consciousness altogether. I should look upon a fellow-creature as

a mere automaton, unless I attributed acts like mine to needs or desires like mine. There are certain acts common to all living things; I mean hunger-like acts; and I trace these from the (so-called) conscious man to the (so-called) unconscious infant, or the (so-called) unconscious mollusc or plant. When I call these living acts, I assert that I am attributing them to motives like ours, and that otherwise the application of the common word *life* to us and them would be a misnomer. If you forbid me to attribute their hunger-like acts to hunger on the ground that they are unconscious, you are forcing me to do what no man can do without shutting himself out from truth. You are making me draw lines of demarcation where nature has drawn none. I see no lines in nature: the Highest dwells potentially in the lowest, irritability involves sentience, sentience involves consciousness and self-consciousness, and these involve — I know and can defend what I am saying — omniscience. Yes, omniscience; for a man only knows himself or anything else in so far as he knows his or its relation to all other things. . . . It will be asked, do you attribute will or desire to structureless, organless jelly-specks? I say nothing about their consciousness of what moves them. I only say I find that which moves us moving them, and I assert that I *cannot* draw any line between consciousness and unconsciousness, or say where consciousness begins. I cannot assert that consciousness or sense does not exist where the organs through which it seems to act are absent, because I see living things, that are organless and structureless, first extemporizing, and subsequently making the organs they need. I see the function — the movement to compass an end — preceding the organ, and only gradually, in more highly organized beings, becoming entirely dependent on the organs it has made. Not being able, then, to sever their activity from ours, I find myself on the other hand forced by a current of reasoning from analogy that carries us all along with irresistible force to attribute to them motives like ours, with this sole difference that we cannot imagine that they notice or remember their own acts."

Now, we confess that seems to us, in drift, unsound, and unlike the reasoning in the earlier part of the article. We admit at once that there are no hard-and-fast lines in Nature; that unconscious need shades off very gradually into conscious desire, that conscious desire shades off very slowly into clear motive and deliberate will; this admission is reasonable, and no one with an intelligent power of observation could deny it for a moment. But when Mr. Snow contends, or appears to contend, or half contends, that because there are no hard-and-fast lines, the lowest is identical with the highest, that we must attribute the same motives to structureless jelly-specks that we do to human acts of the same kind; that we may, in fact, without unreason, speak of the *will* of the jelly-speck, — he seems to us to be undoing again a great deal of what he has done in the course of his previous reasoning. We thought he was trying to show that mind directs need wherever need exists; even when it is quite certain that the mind is not in the creature feeling the need, but in the formative purpose which created the need. But here he seems to say that the mind *is* in the need; that "will," the highest form of conscious force, is to be detected as governing the flutterings of a jelly-speck in search of food, *from within*, and not merely from without; that Providence is identical with the lower animal wants and movement, and not simply above them and behind them. We are not quite sure how far this is really what Mr. Snow means, for his language is somewhat ambiguous. But if he does not mean this, the whole passage appears to us misleading and unfortunate. The value of Mr. Snow's essay lies in its powerful proof that the very lowest forms of need are directed by a mind which has the highest and most religious emotions into which they can and will be ultimately developed, in full view. But when he talks as if the lowest forms of need might contain in *themselves* the future of the universe, — as seeds are said, and very falsely, to contain in themselves the future tree, — he is lending his authority to a sort of pantheism which seems to us both confused and dangerous. Surely, it is obvious enough that man's own vegetable and animal life is full of needs which are not desires and volitions in any true sense, and which we know to be entirely distinct from those desires and volitions in which conscious thought, and aim, and will are present. If that be so, then we must admit that the lower

kinds of need, though directed by Providential wisdom, are clearly not, *to the individual*, in any way identical with the higher life, and that the wisdom which they betray is wisdom outside the need, and not within the need. Mr. Snow appears to admit that *consciousness* does not attend the lower forms of need. Why, then, speak of them as desires and volitions at all, — which are nothing if not conscious? Surely it is of the very highest importance in relation to such a train of thought as Mr. Snow's, to bring out that the Providential power which can be shown to guide the lower forms of need is *not* within, but external to it; and is more and more revealed in the higher forms of our conscious intellectual and moral life, and our highest prerogative of all, free-will. The danger of thus attributing implicitly the higher forms of life to the lower, is that by pursuing that track of thought, you are pretty certain ultimately to interpret the highest forms of life by the lowest, instead of the lowest by the highest. It seems to us that faith in a Divine Mind is needed in order to understand any, even the lowest forms of life, as Mr. Snow has shown; but that we should never know this, were it not for the vast developments of creative purpose which we see rising at every step above these lowest forms, — developments which can no more be said to be implicitly involved in the lowest forms of life, than the conscience of man can be said to be involved in the viscous film of the amoeba. It is true, of course, that the highest forms of life are implicitly involved in what we now see to be the *guiding power* which forms the viscous film of the amoeba, but it is dangerous and confusing to talk as if it were involved in the film of the amoeba itself. Surely, if desire and will are implicitly contained in the irritability of a wandering cell, you may say without any further error that God is implicitly involved in zero; and that is a form of nihilism or pantheism — sometimes one and sometimes the other — which seems to us as false as it appears to be in some sense fascinating.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

PERHAPS the most eminent teacher of anatomy in Edinburgh, or in Britain, early in this century, was Doctor Robert Knox. He was a man abounding in anything but the milk of human kindness towards his professional brethren, and if people had cared in these days to go to law about libels, it is to be feared Knox would have been rarely out of a court of law. Personality and satirical allusions were ever at his tongue's end. After attracting immense classes, his career came very suddenly to a close. I need scarcely refer to the atrocious murders which two miscreants, named Burke and Hare, carried on for some time to supply the dissecting-rooms with "subjects." They were finally discovered, and one of them executed, the other turning king's evidence. Knox's name got mixed up with the case, being supposed to be privy to these murders, though many considered him innocent. The populace, however, were of a different opinion. Knox's house was mobbed, and though he braved it out, he never afterwards succeeded in regaining popular esteem. He was a splendid lecturer, and a man who, amid all his self-conceit and malice, could occasionally say a bitingly witty thing. It is usual with lecturers at their opening lecture to recommend text-books, and accordingly Knox would commence something as follows: "Gentlemen, there are no text-books I can recommend. I wrote one myself, but it is poor stuff. I can't recommend it. The man who knows most about a subject writes worst on it. If you want a good text-book on any subject, recommend me to the man who knows nothing earthly about the subject. (That was the reason that Doctor T. was asked to write the article, "Physical Geography," for the "Encyclopædia Britannica.") The result is that we have no good text-book on anatomy. We will have soon, however; Professor Monro is going to write one." That was the finale, and, of course, brought down the house, when, with a sinister

expression on his face, partly due to long sarcasm and partly to the loss of an eye, he would bow himself out of the lecture-room.

The Professor Monro, so courteously referred to by Knox, was, I need hardly tell any one acquainted in the slightest with the history of Scottish science, the professor of anatomy in the university, and the third of that name who had filled the chair for one hundred and twenty years. They are well remembered as the Monros, Primus, Secundus, and Tertius, and bear the relationship to each other of grandfather, father, and son. The first of the name was the founder of the Edinburgh School of Medicine, and one of the most distinguished men of his day. The second was also an able and eminent man; while the third — the one to whom we will more particularly refer — was — well, not a very distinguished man in any way. Nevertheless, in due course, as if by right of birth, he succeeded his father in the very lucrative post of professor of anatomy in the then famous medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh. I say by right of birth; for if it was not by that right, he had no other claim to fill the chair. He was not naturally a man deficient in ability, but was so insufferably careless that soon he really forgot the elements of the subject he had to teach. The students were not long in learning this too, and accordingly sought their anatomical instruction elsewhere. Doctor Knox and others were what are called extra-academical lecturers. Their lectures qualified for all examining boards except the University of Edinburgh, which did not recognize them, and accordingly the students were compelled to attend the university professors for their certificate, while they went to Knox and others to get their knowledge. Nowadays these extra-academical lecturers are recognized by the university, are under the same laws as the university professors, and, with some restrictions, their lectures qualify for degrees in medicine. They, however, lecture at the same hour as the university professors. Knox, however, lectured at a different hour from Monro, namely, exactly five minutes after the conclusion of the professor's lecture. Accordingly, the students trooped over from Monro to Knox, greatly to the annoyance, but in no way to the loss of the former. It may be well supposed that during their enforced attendance on Monro's lectures, they did not spend much time in listening to what he had to say. In fact, they used to amuse themselves during the hour of his lecture, and always used to organize some great field days during the session. So busy was Monro that he was in the habit of using his grandfather's lectures, written more than one hundred years before. They were — as was the fashion then — written in Latin, but his grandson gave a free translation as he proceeded, without, however, taking the trouble to alter the dates. Accordingly, in 1820 or 1830, students used to be electrified to hear him slowly drawing out, "When I was in Padua in 1694." This was the signal for the fun to begin. On the occasion when this famous speech was known to be due the room was always full, and no sooner was it uttered than there descended showers of peas on the head of the devoted professor, who, to the end of his life, could never understand what it was all about.

Another jubilee was when he was describing the structure of the calf of the leg. Here are two muscles, called the semimembranosus and semitendinosus, lying one over the other, but which was which, the learned professor, for the life of him, could never remember. Regularly every year, as the time came, his assistant "ground him up" on the subject. Chalk marks and private notches were put upon them, but all in vain. As he came to the ticklish point all fled out of his head, and while the theatre was silent to await the coming fun, he would cast anxious glances at the demonstrator, but to no effect. Then, in desperation, he would push his porcupine quill beneath them, and blandly remark, "Gentlemen, these are the semimembranosus and semitendinosus muscles!" Then followed gallons of peas, and the lecture was at an end for that day.

In such a class all sorts of queer scenes were of frequent

occurrence. An Irish student called, let us say, O'Leary, was the butt of the class one winter session. Independently of his nationality, never very popular in Edinburgh, he dressed in a most remarkable fashion, and wore pumps and white duck trousers summer and winter, with a long frock-coat buttoned up to his throat, leaving in the minds of spectators a suspicion of there being no shirt beneath. He generally entered the class late, and his entry was the signal for applause, in no way flattering to Mr. O'Leary's pride. At last he could stand it no longer, and stood up in the theatre and appealed to the professor to put a stop to it. Monro suggested that if he came in a little earlier he might avoid much of the unwelcome plaudits with which he was greeted. This evasive answer maddened our irate Celt. "Sirr," was the reply, "I see that ye are not only tolerating, but aiding and abetting of these riots and insults to me. Now, sirr, allow me to inform ye, that if these proceedings are continued, I shall hold ye responsible, and inflict upon ye the chastisement which your age and infirmities will admit of!" The idea of an undergraduate inflicting personal chastisement on a university don within the walls of his own lecture-room was so brilliant, that for a moment the listeners were stupefied. But soon the ringing cheers which greeted the bold speaker, showed that the generous feelings of his fellow-students were touched. Ever after Mr. O'Leary was saved all further annoyance, and to Monro's credit be it said, no notice was taken of the egregious breach of discipline his pupil had been guilty of.

Sometimes Monro would request a student to take notes. Next day the student would be seen sitting most gravely in the front bench, under the nose of the professor, with a ledger for his note-book, a blacking bottle for an inkstand, and seven or eight quill pens, one stuck on the end of another, until they reached to about a yard in length. No wonder that Monro Tertius's lectures are now recalled by gray-haired old physicians as the most amusing part of their whole medical studies in Edinburgh. Finally, the university induced him to resign on favorable terms (to himself), and ever since the chair has been filled by men of eminence commensurate with its importance. He is now long ago dead, but occasionally curious students of biography will disinter from the now rare "University Maga" some most amusing verses descriptive of his peculiarities, by a student who in after days became very famous, Edwin Forbes, late professor of natural history in the university.

I dare say, in these latter degenerate days, we should consider the spectacle of three fashionable physicians getting very tipsy at a consultation in a judge's house, or anywhere else, a very disgraceful and lamentable spectacle. And so it would be; but yet the old physician, whose memory supplied me with these reminiscences, could recollect such an event. Nor was it looked upon in these heavy drinking days as anything but a remarkably good joke. I think it was the famous Doctor Cullen who told the story, but I will not be certain. He and two other physicians had an appointment for a consultation about the case of Lord —, a judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. On arriving at the house they were met by the judge's clerk, a venerable old fellow, whose preternaturally grave face betokened something unusual. "How is his lordship?" was the natural inquiry. To which the clerk replied, with a peculiar expression, "I hope he's weel!" The judge was dead, but the cautious Scot was not, even under the affecting circumstances, going to commit himself to a decided opinion with regard to his late master's welfare in his present unknown place of abode! The three physicians were of course exceedingly shocked at the sad event, and after expressing some of the commonplaces suitable for the occasion, were about to take their departure. But no; the old clerk had another duty to perform. "Na, gentlemen, you must na leave without takin' a little refreshment." As the judge's cellar was as celebrated as himself, no objection was made to this hospitable invitation, and the party were ushered into the dining-room, where their host for the time being proceeded to decant one of half a dozen

of port standing on the sideboard. The port was excellent, and after a couple of glasses they rose to leave. The clerk, however, put himself between them and the door, and quietly locking it and putting the key in his pocket, remarked, as he filled the decanter a second time, "Na, na, gentlemen, yer na gang awa' yet. Among the last words his lordship said to me were, 'John, I'll have slipped awa' before the doctors come, but when they dae come, jest ye see that they no gang oot of this hoose sober. Bring up half a dozen of my Earthquake port, and see they dae their duty to't. It'll no be said that the last guests in ma hoose went hame sober.' It was his last wish, gentlemen, and maun be obeyed!"

"And to tell you the truth," was the doctor's remark to my friend, as he related him the anecdote, "his lordship's wish was strictly obeyed, for afore we left the table there was na ane o' us could bite oor thumb."

It was a hard drinking time — a time of bacchanalian toasts and loyal bumpers, when "gentlemen" sat down early to, and rose up late from, the dining-table; when at certain periods of the evening a boy was introduced under the table to unloose the neck-cloths of gentlemen who fell down drunk; and when a remonstrance at some one more temperate than another passing the decanter was thought to be more stringent if it was enforced by calling attention to the fact "that the night was young yet — the callant's no under the table!" All classes of society drank, and drank frequently to excess too. A jovial farmer would go into a tavern when the landlady was "setting" a hen, and would never come out again until the chickens were running about. His superiors might not carry things to such an excess, but a two days' drinking-bout was thought the most common thing in the world, and the capacity for standing a certain number of bottles the test of a thorough good fellow. These were the days of five-bottle men, and in St. Andrew's University was a student's club called the Nine-Tumbler Club, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate, after drinking nine tumblers of hot whiskey toddy, to pronounce articulately the words, "Bib-li-cal cri-ti-cism." A miserly old laird used to make it his boast, that so popular a man was he that he could go to market with sixpence in his pocket, and come home drunk with the sixpence still in his pocket.

Lord Nairne, after returning from his long exile in France, on account of his adherence to the House of Stuart, expressed himself, in the company of the friends who had gathered round him to welcome him back again, thoroughly disgusted with the sober habits of the Parisians. "I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some, sense about me, after being so lang plagued wi' a set o' fules nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them!" Another gentleman, who had disinherited his son, reinstated him in his rights when he discovered, after a separation of some years, that the lad was a fair and sound drinker. Another (a baronet) observing that the family tutor — a licentiate of the church — kept his seat after all the other guests at the dinner-table had fallen beneath it, asked if he "could snuff the candle." The tutor was successful in his efforts, and then, so pleased was the baronet, that there and then he exclaimed, "For this I'll present you to the West Kirk of Greenock, when it becomes vacant." The church referred to was one of the best livings in Scotland, and the tutor, doubtless, thought that a promise made at such a time would not be very strictly respected by the patron when sober. Nevertheless, when a few years afterwards the living fell vacant, he went to the baronet's agent, and told him of the incident. The factor considered for some time, and then asked, "Was he drunk or sober when he made the promise?"

"I fear all but quite drunk," said the young clergyman.

"Then you are sure of the living," was the factor's reply, "for while Sir — sometimes is oblivious of what he says when he is sober, he is sure to remember everything he says when drunk."

And he was right, for the reverend toper filled the pulpit,

and drank at the tables of the hard-drinking gentlemen of West Greenock for many years after.

A man who did not drink, and drink hard too, was apt to be thought boorish, and had as little chance of mingling in the convivial society of the district he lived in as an Irish gentleman of the same period who didn't "blaze." My old friend used to tell an anecdote of a clergyman of his acquaintance who was utterly shocked when administering consolation to a dying Highland chief, to be asked if there "was any whiskey in heaven." And half apologetically, "Ye ken, sir, it's no that I care for it, but it looks weel on the table."

The drinking propensity of the age was not, as the Greenock anecdote will have told the reader, limited to jovial farmers and lairds. The Church was in no way back in claiming a place in that bibulous age. The late Very Reverend Doctor Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, used to tell a story to the effect that in his youth he was officiating in a distant parish for the clergyman who was then absent from home. In the evening he dined with the chief proprietor, and while in the drawing-room before dinner, he got into talk with another of the guests, who soon discovered that they had a common friend in Edinburgh. This accordingly was a new bond of friendship, and it was probably owing to this that Doctor Baird's newly acquired friend—who happened also to be a clergyman—took him by the buttonhole as the butler announced dinner, and gravely whispered, "Tak' ma advice and bend weel into the Madeira at denner, for it's deevilish little o't ye'll get hereafter!" The utmost praise another clergyman of the same period would assign to the French, of whom he had had a most wholesome hatred, was, "Well, well," in a forgiving tone of voice, "there's na'e use denying the bodies brew gude drink;" and as he sipped another glass of claret, he looked around as if he ought to have gained much credit for the extreme liberality of his sentiment. Another Highland minister is reported to have preached a sermon against evil drinking something after the following strain, only I have toned down his Gaelic accent somewhat. "Ma freends," he remarked, "dinna¹ aye be dram, dram, drammin'. Of coorse ye may tak' a dram for your mornin': everybody does that when he gets up: and maybe another as he looks up the sheep, and aye to refresh ye when ye come in. Maist folk tak' aye at breakfast (I myself indeed tak' twa for my stomach), and he canna well get through to twelve o'clock without meeting a friend, and then maist folk have aye, unless indeed in extraordinary circumstances. Of coorse ye'll hev aye at dinner, and maybe a settler up in the shape o' a snifter in the afternoon. At supper everybody tak's a tumbler o' toddy, or may be twa, unless ye've been eatin' haggis, when it's necessary to tak' a thimblefu' of gude Glenleeve, and afore a body gangs to bed they tak' aye, or twa tumblers (I myself danna sleep without it). That's a richt,² friends, but for some dinna be aye dram, dram, drammin'!" The same worthy used to remark that "Whiskey's a bad thing," and then, as if to qualify such a dangerous sentiment, "especially bad whiskey."

This was in the early years of the century, but not over thirty years ago (the writer did not require the aid of the old physician's memory to recall this anecdote): A certain judge of the Court of Sessions, whose name is famous far beyond Edinburgh, was returning late one night, or early one morning, from a jovial party, so intoxicated that he could not find his own house. Lord R. was however not a man to be put out, so he quietly stepped up to a watchman, and in a careless tone of voice inquired,—

"Honest man, could ye tell me where Lord R. (mentioning his own name) lives?"

The watchman raised his lantern to the face of the inquirer. "Why, you are him!"

"Ah! honest man, well I ken that," was the careless reply; "but where do I live?"

Happily for Scotland these drunken days are over, and though she still bears the reputation of being by no means the soberest of the three kingdoms, yet her drunken fash-

ions have descended from the educated and great of the land to another stratum of society, where the vice, if as deplorable, is more to be excused. Were I to tell all the quaint tales of old Edinburgh that occur to me, I fear that even a sederunt of the St. Andrew's Nine-Tumbler Club would be insufficient. One more, and I have done. At the beginning of this century, and for years far into it, there was no more popular man in Edinburgh society than Doctor Hope—professor of chemistry in the university. A bachelor, most punctilious in his dress, and abounding in very nicely turned periods of small talk, there was no man more in favor with the ladies than the courtly professor. Accordingly, when he would enter the "assembly" some evening, bowing on every side, the band would strike up (in neat allusion to his blarney) "Hope told a Flattering Tale," and then he would again bow in profusion on every side, quite understanding the allusion and the compliment. Just about that period there was a furore among the ladies of the modern Athens for "higher female education"—a furore which has in these latter days revived. Accordingly, Doctor Hope was importuned by his female friends to give them some lectures in chemistry. He agreed, but the university authorities ruled that it was against law for ladies to pass to Doctor Hope's laboratory through the university gates. The professor was not long in overcoming this difficulty, for he had a window which opened to the street (South College Street), and accordingly through it the ladies entered his lecture-room for a whole winter. So successful were these and subsequent courses that the professor accumulated from them more than a thousand pounds, and, quite forgiving the university senate the ungenerous trick they had played on him in trying to stop the course of lectures from which the money was derived, he devoted the sum to founding certain Hope scholarships in chemistry in the university. Curiously enough, three years ago one of these was won by a young lady: but the senate, who had permitted her to attend the lectures, ruled against her holding the emolument, on the ground that no provision was made for a woman holding it!

Jovial parties in taverns were long the rule in old Edinburgh, and are, though to a smaller extent, still in vogue. In those days they were, however, quite in fashion. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" will have familiarized most of the readers of this article with the intellectual products of some of them. At one of them Doctor Black—the most eminent chemist of that age—and Doctor Hutton, the founder of the Huttonian School of Geological Philosophy (which still holds sway), were once dining together, and got into a most philosophical discussion regarding snails as an article of food. No doubt the hated French ate them, but still why should they be worse food than oysters? were not they both molluscs? Finally they concluded to try them, and in due course a dish of snails was set before each. But they were one thing and philosophy another, and for some time both savants pecked about the dish, not making much way, but neither liking to be the first to give it up. Doctor Black, who was a most polite man, at last began to remark, "Doctor Hutton, don't you think these molluscs are just a little, a very little peculiar?"

This was enough for the now thoroughly disgusted Hutton, who instantly flung them from him with the exclamation, "Peculiar! d—d peculiar, d—d peculiar!"

It was not a polished expression, but it was characteristic of the age and the man. With it we will close these reminiscences of the old doctors of Edinburgh as they lived and moved across the old physician's memory.

PANEGYRICAL CURIOSITIES.

BACON held that princes ought, in courtesy, to be praised without regard to their deservings, since, by investing them with all possible virtues, their panegyrist showed them what they should be. If the end justified the means, and if flatterers could be credited with such good intentions, the philosopher's dictum might perhaps be accepted; but we

¹ Do not.

² Right.

fear we should indeed be flattering the flatterers in believing them to be actuated by so unimpeachable a motive as that of teaching the objects of their praise to what perfection they ought to aspire. When Capgrave lauded the unfortunate hope of Henry II. as a prince brave as Hector, shrewd as Julius Cæsar, strong as Achilles, handsome as Paris, and good as Augustus, the outrageous comparison could not have served as an incentive, seeing the prince was drowned generations before his praiser was born. In this instance, however, flattery could bring no favor, and so far the chronicler rose superior to his tribe, who eschew praising dead men as unprofitable work.

Of all English sovereigns, Elizabeth, James, and Charles II. — three monarchs having nothing but their kingship in common — were the most berhymed and bepraised. Of these three the first named was the most fortunate, rejoicing in such courtiers as Leicester and Hatton, Harrington, and Raleigh; while poets like Drayton, Spenser, and Shakespeare hymned her praise abroad. Spenser sang of his royal mistress's angel face; Drayton wrote, —

Of silver was her forehead high;
Her brows two bows of ebony.
Her tresses trussed were to behold
Frizzled and fine in fringed gold.
Two lips wrought out of ruby rock,
Like leaves to shut and to unlock;
As portal door to princes' chamber,
A golden tongue in mouth of amber.
Her eyes, God wot, what stuff they are!
I durst be sworn each is a star,
As clear and bright as woad to guide
The pilot in his winter tide.

Sir John Davies rang the changes upon his queen's beauty, wisdom, wit, virtue, justice, and magnanimity in six-and-twenty admirable specimens of acrostic verse, declaring in one of his hymns to *Astrea*, —

Right glad am I that I now live,
E'en in those days whereto you give
Great happiness and glory.
If after you I should be born,
No doubt I should my birthday scorn,
Admiring your sweet story!

Shakespeare's exquisite compliment and magnificent eulogium are too familiar to need more than naming. Fuller vowed if jewels had just cause to be proud, it was with Elizabeth's wearing them. North, dedicating his *Plutarch* to her, said: "This book is no book for your Majesty, who are meeter to be the chief story than a student therein, and can better understand it in Greek than any man can imitate it in English;" and there was a world of admiration in Pope Sixtus' remark, "She is a big-head, that queen. Could I have espoused her, what a breed of great princes we might have had!"

Queen Bess understood her people well, and in setting the excellent precedent of making royal progresses through the kingdom, was prompted as much by a wise policy as by personal liking for public shows and ceremonious merry-making. These excursions afforded immense opportunities for the display of panegyric loyalty towards the great queen, who lost no occasion to declare she valued her people's love above all earthly things, a loyalty that tasked itself to invent complimentary epithets, welcoming its idol as its dainty darling, its peerless pearl, the honor of her kind, the most perfect paragon, the prince of God's elect, the flower of grace, the jewel of the world, the light of the realm, the special sprout of fame, and the finger of the Lord.

If James failed to stir Englishmen into extravagance, any shortcomings in the way of praise on the part of his new subjects were amply made up by his old ones, the first time he visited Scotland after donning the British crown. Dazzled by beholding the true phoenix, the bright star of the northern firmament, the deputy-clerk of Edinburgh assured his king that the very hills and groves, accustomed to be refreshed with the dew of his presence, had, in his absence, refused to put on their wonted apparel, and with

pale looks bespoke their misery at his departure from the land; but found consolation in the knowledge that posterity would bless God for giving their forefathers a king as upright as David, as wise as Solomon, and as godly as Josiah. Master Robert Murray of Sterling asked what heart would not break for the absence of so well-beloved a prince; a prince whose many, many writings would in ancient days have been preserved in gold and cedar, as surely as they were destined to wrestle with and overcome Time; a prince whose liberality was known even to the antipodes. The spokesman of the citizens of Perth vowed, while the sunshine of their beauty was away, they sat like so many "gyrassoles" languishing in the shades of darkness, but that, having him among them once more, they could like so many lizards delight themselves in the light of his gracious countenance. Paisley dubbed James the peculiar Phœbus of the western world; and Dumfries rejoiced at the coming of "our Solomon," under whose sceptre the white and red crosses were proportionately interlaced, the lion and leopard drew in an equal yoke, and the most honorable orders of the Thistle and the Garter marched together. Sir John Beaumont lauded James, not only for his rare invention, ready elocution, and solid judgment, but also for his care for the English language, leading the lawless poets of the time to smoother cadences and exacter rhymes; and when he died, some one wrote, —

Heaven his Star-chamber is, and we know all,
He's gone from Theobald's to Jove's Whitehall.
There's in the Zodiac one more sign placed,
With thirteen buckles is heaven's girdle graced;
The sign of Leo which he bare in's crest
Doth add a Leo Major to the rest!

James's promising boy, Henry, Prince of Wales, had already been elevated to the skies: —

Lo! where he shineth yonder,
A fixed star in heaven;
Whose motion here came under
None of your planets seven.
If that the moon should tender
The sun her love, and marry,
They both would not engender
So great a star as Harry!

Ben Jonson's alliterative description of the First Charles as the best of monarchs, masters, and men, comprehensive as it is, sounds mean praise beside the extraordinary panegyrics of which the Merry Monarch was the subject. After extolling Cromwell for giving England peace and empire too, and restoring her to her old place among nations, Waller welcomed the king home again as the bringer back of the exile Faith, Law, Justice, Piety, and Truth. Even after Charles had shown what manner of man he was, the mob of patronage-seekers did not hesitate to call him God's pattern to mankind, and to hint that while he blessed the earth there was small need of Providence. Even the frail partners of his pleasures were invested with every virtue under the sun; and when an Otway could stoop thus ignobly, it is not surprising to find a versifier like Duke gravely writing: —

Was ever prince like him to mortals given,
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven?
Beloved and loving, with such virtues graced,
As might on common heads a crown have placed!
How skilled in all the mysteries of state!
How fitted to sustain an empire's weight!
How quick to know — how ready to advise,
How timely to prevent — how more than senates wise!
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place!
His reign was one continued act of grace.
Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,
Of all his royal life he lost a day.

Marvell himself might have owned the above lines, they are so exquisitely satirical, but he would not have finished by sending Charles to heaven, to be

Welcomed by all kind spirits and saints above,
Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness love!

A collection of English panegyrics of royal personages would fill enough volumes to make a library, but it would be a library of very tough reading; although comicalities would crop up here and there, such as the effusion of Wesley's clerk:—

King William has come home, come home;
King William home is come;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's called Te D'um!

Panegyric sometimes takes an amusingly awkward shape. General McClellan's feelings must have been of a mixed order at hearing himself saluted with, "General, I have long desired to meet you; I always believed that you managed the army as well as you knew how!" though he shook hands with the perpetrator of the unconscious sarcasm. The writer of a biographical article in a magazine, desiring, as biographers usually do, to magnify his subject in the eyes of his readers, told them his hero had, ere he reached man's estate, "achieved a certain status as orator and author." Unfortunately, he felt impelled to explain that "he had spoken at the Manchester Athenæum, and had written a five-act tragedy which had been"—Acted? Oh no—"privately printed." The old Scotchwoman who termed De Quincey "a body wi' an awful sicht o' words," showed a shrewd appreciation of the Opium-eater, in declaring he would make a grand preacher, although "a hantle o' the folk wadna ken what he was drivin' at." This, however, was high praise compared with that meted to Wordsworth by the ancient Rydal dame, when some one asked her what kind of a man the poet was: "Oh, indeed, he is canny enough at times, and though he goes boozing his pottery through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you and me." Nanny might have paired off with the old family nurse at Selborne, who, speaking of the great naturalist who has made the place so dear to all lovers of nature, said: "He was a still, quiet body; there wasn't a bit o' harm in him, there wasn't indeed!" Still better and worse was the eulogium passed upon the "Ladies of Llangollen," as they were called: "I must say, after all, they was very charitable and cantankerous; they did a deal of good and never forgave an injury."

Shakespeare affords us two good examples of what may be termed depreciatory panegyric. Benedick, spite of his protest, pressed by Claudio to praise his lady-love, Hero, satisfies his friend and his conscience with: "Methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her." Delicacy does not stand in the way of Falstaff speaking his mind about Poin, and thus he sums up the merits of the absent Ned: "He plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapp'd dragon; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind in an able body." The biographer of that passionless creature of science, Henry Cavendish, writes of him: "An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderful acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skillful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I can realize." The epitaph on the gravestone of Basset, a Sussex sexton and parish clerk, describes him as one "whose melody was warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone." Unequalled in severity stands Cato's praise of Cæsar as the first sober man who had ever made it his business to ruin his country. But the following lines, addressed to a disdainful beauty, are sufficiently bitter, in all conscience:—

Your breast is heaped like mountain snows,
Your cheek is like a blushing rose,
Your eyes are black as ripened sloes,
Like diamonds do they glitter.

I do not flatter like a fool—
The diamond is a cutting tool,
The rose is thorny, snow is cool,
And sloes are very bitter.

This is neatly put, but not more neatly than La Bruyère's criticism of Montaigne's critics. In a couple of sentences he manages to set forth the excellences of the great essayist and the faults of his detractors: "One of them thinks too little to taste an author who thinks a great deal; and the other thinks too subtly to be pleased with what is natural."

The Venetians paid down six thousand gold crowns to Jacopo Sannazaro for half a dozen lines glorifying their city, whereof Evelyn gives this translation:—

Neptune saw Venice on the Adric stand,
Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.
"Thinkst thou, O Jove!" said he, "Rome will excel!
Or that proud cliff, whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best—view both—and you will say
That men did those, gods these foundations lay!"

Sannazaro was well paid; so, too, was the poet who received six hundred crowns from bald-pated Queen Stratonice for comparing the color of her hair to the hue of the marigold. But our own Addison did still better than either, since he won his Commissionership of Appeals by a single line, likening Marlborough at Blenheim to an angel riding a whirlwind and directing the storm—surely the most profitable simile that ever came into an author's head. After all, Addison's high-flown compliment was not so great a one as that won by Louis XIV.'s fortunate commander, the Duc de Luxembourg, who never made a campaign without achieving a victory important enough to be blazoned on the walls of the great church of Paris, and so earned the honorable nickname from his countrymen of *Le Tapisier de Notre Dame*. A happy bit of panegyric, too, was the complaint of the Frenchwoman upon the death of the Lutheran, Marshal Saxe, that it was vexatious to think they could not sing a *De Profundis* for the man who had so often compelled them to sing *Te Deum*. Nor need a brave man be ashamed if he receives no higher praise than that implied in William III.'s retort, when the friends of an officer represented the extraordinary danger of the service he had been appointed to perform: "Well, then, send for honest Benbow."

Grief too deep for words may yet say much. With all the wealth of language at his command, Goethe could not have said more in his dead wife's praise than when he wrote to Zitter, "When I tell thee, thou rough and sorely tried son of earth, that my dear little wife has left me, thou wilt know what it means." The wife of the victor of Blenheim, although she did not scruple to vex her lord, even to cutting off the tresses he loved so well, was quite alive to his merits. When a friend remarked that her worst enemies had never ventured to insinuate aught against her wifely fidelity, old Sarah replied there was no credit in being true in her case, seeing she had for her husband the handsomest, the most accomplished, the bravest man in Europe. Another proud wife, who was always sounding her husband's praises, extorted from Swift, whose pen was seldom used for such a purpose, one of the most exquisite tributes ever commanded by a woman:—

You always are making a god of your spouse,
But that neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you may think it in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak—and so you will find—
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind!

Ben Jonson's well-known epitaph on Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, the lines just quoted, and the expressive saying, "To have loved her was a liberal education," are probably the three finest examples of gallant panegyric in the language. Quin's after-thought was a happy one, when, after telling Lady Berkeley she looked as blooming as the Spring, he remembered the season was anything but a bright one, and added: "I wish the Spring would look like your ladyship." The sight of L. E., L.'s pretty face came like a shock to Hogg, who had abused her terribly

whenever he had a chance, and made him exclaim, repentantly, "Oh, dear! I hae written and thocht mony a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae nae mair; I didna think ye'd been sae bonny!"

Actors and singers come in for some odd forms of praise. On the death of Richard Burbage, Middleton, the dramatist, wrote, —

Astronomers and star-gazers this year
Write but of four eclipses — five appear:
Death interposing Burbage, and their staying,
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

Dr. Delany, carried away by Mrs. Cibber's singing in the *Messiah*, started up, and cried out; "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee!" a testimony to her power the fair singer would probably gladly have dispensed with. George II. was so impressed by Macklin's Shylock, that, upon Sir Robert Walpole expressing a wish it were possible to invent a means of frightening the House of Commons, the king asked him if he could not send the members to see that Irishman play Shakespeare's Jew! Kitty Clive, in very vexation, swore Garrick could act a gridiron. Byron compared witnessing Kean's performances to reading Shakespeare by lightning. Johnson termed Foote the most irrepressible fellow in the world: "When you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs between your legs or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

The surest way of obtaining praise to one's taste is to raise one's self. Chateaubriand adopted what may be called the comparative method, with the complacent conceit characteristic of his countrymen, contriving to make himself out superior to both Milton and Byron. "Milton," wrote he, "served Cromwell, I combated Napoleon; he stacked kings, I defended them; he hoped nothing from their pardon, I have not reckoned upon their gratitude. Now that in both our countries monarchy is declining to its end, Milton and I have no political questions to squabble about." Then, after pointing out certain coincidences in his career and that of Byron, he observes that the only difference in their lives was that Byron's had not been mixed up with such important events as his own. When somebody congratulated Gilpin upon the fact that, while all other allings were over-crowded, there were but a limited number of landscape gardeners, he quietly answered, "No, there is only one!" A greater man than the self-believing ardenner had an equal idea of his superiority over his contemporaries. Wordsworth, Hogg, and some other poets of more or less renown, met one evening at Christopher North's. A brilliant rainbow drew them out of doors, and the Ettrick shepherd vowed the beautiful bow was displayed in honor of the assemblage of so many poets. Some little while after he heard Wordsworth mutter to himself, "Poets, poets! What does the fellow mean? Where are they?" Much more modest was Sir John Denham when begging Charles II. to spare the life of George Wither, on the plea that, if Wither were executed, he, Sir John, would be the first poet in England. When Dr. Parr, captivated by rake's conversational cleverness, called out to him, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph!" the scholar, as, by implication, complimenting himself quite as much as Erskine, who capped the doctor's flattering announcement with, "It is a temptation to commit suicide!" Parr was vain enough to swallow the lawyer's extravagant compliment; but, as a rule, overpraise damages its subject. Wisely does Sam Slick say: "If you want a son *not* to fall in love with any splendid gal, praise her up to the skies; call her an angel; say she is a whole horse team, and spare to spare, and all that. The moment the critter sees he is a little grain disappointed, and says, 'Well, she's handsome, that's a fact; but not so very, very ever-stin', after all!' Then he criticizes her. Her foot is too thick in the instep, her elbow-bone is sharp, she rouges, is affected, and so on; and the more you oppose him the more he abuses her, till he swears she ain't handsome at all. Say nothing to him, and he is spoony over her head and ears in a minute. He sees all beauties and no defects, and

is for walking into her affections at once. Nothin' damages a gal or a preacher like overpraise. A horse is one of the onliest things in natur' that is helped by it."

GERMAN NOVELISTS.

"THE Press and Rostrum in Germany alike degraded, the Stage kept alive by scraps from foreign sources; Poetry and Art utterly destitute of vigor; Music grown degenerate; Literature a sickly romanticism devoid of any originality; the national language culpably neglected, disfigured by the introduction of foreign words, and in its turn disfiguring German modes of thought and the German nature:" such is the picture of modern intellectual and artistic Germany presented by a German of no mean authority.

But is the picture a correct one? It is not. It is the passionate cry of an idealist wrung from him by the pangs of an over-quick and unsatisfied instinct of perfection.

For in good sooth modern German literature is the finest in the world. When the mind, worn and jaded by the wearisome stage-tricks of English sensationalism or the labored glitter of French paradox, turns to this literature for relief and refreshment, the feeling is almost as when one enters some placid haven after long buffeting by the storms of ocean. Here there is nothing forced, nothing tricky, nothing meretricious. The atmosphere is one of philosophic calm. There is a liberty of thought and a freshness of sentiment to which the purely English reader is a stranger.

Nor is the reason of this contrast far to seek. As every writer reflects unconsciously the spirit of his age, so does he reflect the spirit of his country and its institutions. In England life is swift, busy, practical. Amid the seething strife of political parties and the clash of a hundred religionisms, the truth, when spoken at all, must always be spoken controversially. The poet, the novelist, cannot detach himself from the influence of party and of creed. Hence anything largely objective is from the outset impossible. The author who should write for all time panders to some popular prejudice, and sacrifices to the interests of party what was meant for the edification of humanity. It is the onlooker who sees most of the game of life. But the English writer has no patience to look on; he must needs mingle in the strife. His views are, as a natural consequence, narrow, prejudiced, subjective.

It is not so in Germany. There a difference in climate and in institutions has engendered a habit of thought calmer, broader, more objective. Centuries of despotism, in excluding the burgher from the arena of politics, have led him to think deeply and dispassionately. The vulgar excitement of the vestry or the polling-booth, which delights the energetic Englishman, has few attractions for his more contemplative cousin. The latter regards these things — nay, life itself — as much as possible from a distance — from an outside point of observation. To him they are proper subjects for philosophic or artistic consideration, not things to flush his cheek with a sense of gratified ambition, or to turn it pale with disappointed hope. He is well content to stand with folded arms upon the bank and watch with curious eyes the stream of human life sweep by in swift effulgence.

In virtue of this artistic objectivity the German novelist writes simply and naturally, without effort and without constraint. It is true that this very freedom of motion leads him at times to write carelessly and clumsily, whilst, occasionally, from sheer excess of thought, his style becomes cloudy, tedious, and turgid.

But in the main his writing comes, as all true writing must come, straight from the heart. He does not, like the Frenchman, set his invention on the rack to originate some fresh phase of quintessential vice. He does not, like the ever-practical Englishman, construct a novel as a Chinaman fabricates a puzzle, and sacrifice all else to the wearisome ingenuity of a perfect plot. Above all, he does not

mutilate eternal emotions on the Procrustean couch of modern conventionality. He does not write with the fear of moral censorship before his eyes. He has no dread of Mrs. Grundy. He dares, without malice on the one hand or extenuation on the other, to reflect Nature as manifested either in virtue or in vice.

Hence the ripe glory of German belletristic literature. Hence the magic charm that it exercises over philosophic and poetic minds in all countries. To read a German novel in the original is a real and healthy recreation. Lacking, in great measure, that element of coarse excitement, which has made the reading of English novels little better than a kind of semi-intellectual dram-drinking, it regales the mind with a catholic philosophy, and holds up to Nature a mirror purged of pettiness and prejudice and cant. So much is this the case that he who has once revelled in this rich banquet can scarce contemplate, without positive disgust, the superficial philosophy, the mechanical artifice, the garish transformation scenes, which too often go to compose a modern English novel.

No doubt, in point of mere mechanism, the English novel is superior to all others. What is technically called "construction" here attains its ultimate perfection. In this respect the novels of Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins leave nothing to desire. But, after all, mechanism is not Art. A chess-automaton may excite our wonder, but a Guido-head stirs, with its sweet force of ideal beauty, the most sluggish nature to its depths. Nay, it is not too much to say, that construction can be so perfect as to become unnatural and, therefore, inartistic.

For what is Art? Is it not the simple, loyal, loving reproduction of Nature? Not necessarily the reproduction of every petty detail, but of the broad general features. And if this be so, the first aim of the artist, whether with pencil or with pen, must be to be natural.

Look at some child as on a summer afternoon, play-tired, it throws itself beneath a tree to rest. It has no self-consciousness. It cares not who may be looking. It does not study to compose its limbs into some attitude of grace; and, for this very reason, its posture is divinely graceful. It thinks of nothing. The stocks may have risen or have fallen — one nation may be minded on the morrow to fall with fire and sword upon another, and, meanwhile, may be pestering heaven for certificates of character — but the sweet child knows nothing of this guilt and turmoil. With parted lips and hair down-streaming in a mesh of tangled gold, it lies serene, unconscious, head pillowed on the rounded arm, and form relaxed in utter heedlessness of self.

Even so is it with that artist — that truest child of Nature. His function is to look on and describe or delineate, not to mingle in the strife of men. He has but to be true to himself and Nature. With a divine absence of all self-consciousness he flings himself in spirit on the great mother's lap, and all he is and does becomes transfigured with exceeding glory.

And so, to be artistic, a nation must, before all things, be natural. The more conventional a nation, the less of true art will she and can she nourish in her midst.

Hence the low state of Art amongst the English. For where on the wide surface of this planet can we find a nation more grotesquely and pitifully conventional? Stiff, awkward, reserved, self-conscious, hypocritical, the Englishman is as far removed from the artist as earth from heaven. Place him where you will, except in the midst of practical life, and his presence seems incongruous and unnatural. Bustling in hot haste along Cornhill, or gliding, the umbrella-dandy, amongst the dingy purlieus of May-Fair, he seems in his place, and deserves his reputation as the best-dressed man in Europe. But on the sunny champagnes of fertile France, on the vine-clad slopes that foil the flashing Rhine, in the olive-groves of Italy and under the dark chestnuts of Spain, the Englishman is indeed a contradiction to the harmony of Nature, and a sorrow to the eyes of the artist. Always independent and self-asserting, he has a character which no difficulties can dishearten, but which no beauty can render pliant and accom-

modating. Proud, angular, self-sufficient, he can never be content to form a note in some vast harmony — to sacrifice himself to Beauty, and become a congruous part of some artistic cosmos.

Hence there is in England Genius, but very little Art. Against the latter all influences combine. A cheerless climate, a creed of bloodless negations, a petty conventionalism which strives to strangle all natural instincts in the birth, above all, the degraded spirit of hucksterism — these and similar causes are more than sufficient to account for the almost utter absence of the art-instinct. I speak not of the *rari nantes* — of the little throng of warmer-blooded esoterics. I speak of the English people as a whole, and I say without fear of contradiction, that they have absolutely no relish for Art — that they are ignorant of its essential characteristics — that, through non-use or misuse during successive generations, the organ by which alone they could appreciate it has lost its power of functioning. Let Lord Lytton,¹ for example, lavish the rich treasures of his ripe artistic knowledge on such a work as "The Last Days of Pompeii," and it will be read at the last, not for its art, but for its interest. All the harmony of its proportions, all the exquisite finish of its details, all the classic grace of its ornamentation, are thrown away upon the English reader. True, he plods through the book with pluck and perseverance, but it is only because he is sustained by the hope that, with luck, he may soon light on an abduction, or reel in the moist horrors of a murder.

And so it is in everything. The shop-fronts are defiled with the vulgarities of chromo-lithograph, and the hapless wayfarer, driven indoors by stress of coloring, finds too often that he has escaped this torture of the eyes, only to yield his ears to the more protracted agony of some coarse ditty, fresh-spawned of the Oxford Music Hall.

In the same way modern English novels are, with certain notable exceptions, what chromo-lithographs are to the painting of an artist, and "Champagne Charley" is the divine melodies of some great composer. The fact is the Englishman likes everything strong, vivid, high-flavored. As he consumes port and sherry specially bradied to suit the exigencies of his palate, so he likes plenty of color in his pictures and abundance of sensation in his novels. In such matters, his instincts are still untutored and savage. Anything simple, natural, lifelike, is in his eyes a mere wearisome commonplace. For this reason you may witness oftentimes at some centre of human confluence, a sea of curious faces upturned in white excitement towards some hunger-driven acrobat, plying his ghastly trade 'twixt earth and heaven. And around that spot there shall be some glorious landscape, rich with the green splendor of spring or the mellow tints of autumn offering a something to the soul which should make every true heart throb the quicker, and every true eye glance the brighter — and not one of all that throng shall vouchsafe it thought or look. Not that is something merely natural and lovely. Give us something artificial, morbid, sensational. Give us danger — by proxy! — and excitement: not nature and enjoyment. And if at the end the poor, heaven-jumping wretch chance to miss his footing and come down into their midst a crushed, bleeding mass, whence all likeness of humanity is well nigh fled, well-they pity him, of course; but the thrill of that sudden, programmed descent was, nevertheless, not without its charm of extempore sensationalism.

What Art is possible to a nation such as this? In its place we have in England either on the one hand, sensationalism, or on the other, conventional morality. It has come to be a choice between the wild excitement of the popular novel or the twaddling sentimentality of good story-books. The one class is as far removed from true Art as the other.

Not that Art is immoral. On the contrary, the highest art involves the highest morality. But it does so only when pursued for its own sake. The artist who attempts to make his art subservient to some moral purpose is in no

¹ Since this article was written England has had to mourn the loss of this most finished and conscientious of artists.

the sense of the word an artist. He commits a sin against Nature. And his morality will be in consequence weak, superficial, valueless. Whilst, on the other hand, the artist who thinks of nothing but his art, who devotes himself thereto with loving singleness of purpose, cannot fail to exercise the most beneficial influence on morality. And for this reason; that the aims of both Morality and Art are identical, namely, the True and the Beautiful. And if this be so, it is impossible for the devoted artist to sin against objective Morality, however much he may violate its conventional canons.

Of the truth of this statement Shakespeare offers the most conspicuous example. In him there is no certain trace of anything other than the artist. His religion—his professional education—are alike obscure. So obviously is this the case, that men have written labored tomes to prove to the one hand, that he was a Papist, on the other a Protestant—that he must have been trained for the Bar—that he had evidently studied medicine. The real truth is, that he was simply a consummate artist, to whom, having the inspiration of Art, all other things were added. And yet where is the guardian of public morality, be he bishop or magistrate, who will dare to say that Shakespeare's influence is ought but elevating? Is not he—the man of no religion or of all religions—of no profession or of all professions—the nocturnal poacher of venison—the loose strolling player—read and taught in every school and college in England? And if so, is there not a religion and a morality in Art itself?

And what is true of poetry is equally true of romance. To exert a beneficial influence, it must be written not to advocate a theory or point a moral, but simply to express the Beautiful. Moral and religious treatises have their own value, but they have also their own place. And that place is not in the pages of romance. Let English novelists study Art for its own sake, and they may rest assured that they will be doing more to help on the cause of true morality and catholic religion than has been done by all the novels with a purpose ever written. The art-instinct is itself divine, and he who remains true to it, will never be far from God.

It may seem strange, at a time when the writings of bards are greedily devoured, to talk of the conventionalism of English novels. But the spirit of conventionalism is bred in the very bone of English society, and must come out in the flesh of English novel-writing. As touching this matter it may do the purely English reader good to hear himself and his nation described by an outside observer, not in the columns of some heated political journal, but in the judicial pages of a calm literary periodical: In England the intelligent seekers after truth form but a title band in the midst of a nation in whose most influential circles bigotry, prudery, and social caprice have nowadays attained to such a pitch of authority that matters of taste are decided almost exclusively by them."¹

The consequences of this spirit of conventionalism are, on the one hand, sensational novels, on the other, novels with a purpose.² Both are equally unnatural, equally morbid, equally inartistic. The loving reproduction of nature, the recognition of the great truth that what form and color are to the artist of the pencil, the lights and shades of human feeling are to the artist of the pen—these are equally wanting in both. All is artificial, the product of an unnatural state of society and a morbid perversion of sentiment.

In strongest contrast to all this, stands out the better description of German novel. It does not aim at respectability. It has no thought of pandering to the spirit of conventionalism. It is independent. It lives and moves in a higher atmosphere of its own. To be the mere reflection of popular prejudice or prudery—the creature of the limited and the artificial—it holds far beneath its ignity. The eternal passions of the human heart—the inexorable facts of fate and circumstance—these it describes grandly and impartially, neither revelling in the

more pitiful aspects of humanity, nor childishly seeking to conceal their nakedness beneath the flimsy veil of an over-dainty phraseology. It is moral, not because it rigidly excludes all mention of immorality, but because it aims with conscientious objectivity at delineating the True and Real, wherever found. It is not weak and prudish; keeping its hands before its eyes, lest it should see somewhat to shock its modesty. On the contrary, it is manly, self-reliant, ready to face any fact however hard, and grapple with every phase of suffering humanity; for it knows that vice and virtue are notes equally wrung from the human heart by the hand of circumstance, and that he who would worship Art, or understand his fellows, must study both alike with equal diligence.

Of this objectivity in its grandest development there is perhaps no better example than Spielhagen. True, it is not given to him as it was to Shakespeare and to Göthe, to sit on a mountain summit and look down serene on the ferment of human passion and the turmoil of human intercourse. Such natures need centuries to produce. But still it is wonderful to notice with what breadth of sympathy Spielhagen, standing just outside the throng of men, chooses his types of character, and bids them play their several parts on the stage of his romance. Bitter against one class alone—the wretched Junkers, who in virtue of a stall-fed courage have arrogated to themselves from time immemorial a position which would be ludicrous if it were not so pernicious to the best interests of Germany—Spielhagen describes all other classes with a grand and natural impartiality. Nay, in the Graf Oldenburg who plays so important a part in his "Problematische Naturen," he has, with a spirit of fairness which reflects the utmost credit on his character, striven to show that even in the class of the selfish, sensual, and silly German aristocracy it is possible for a great heart to beat and a noble nature to energize.

I know no modern author who has laid human nature so universally under contribution and with such uniform success as Spielhagen. His canvas is crowded with figures all true to nature, but all more or less typical. The inheritor of ancestral imbecility, whose talk is of dogs and horses, and whose virtue consists in a constant readiness to stake his own valueless, against some fellow-creature's valuable life—the professor whose seething brain boils over at last in a madness replete with strange and startling wisdom—the young girl who, possessed of physical desire, tempts to a love whose fruit is bitterness of sorrow—the beautiful matron who, also loving, sheds the charm of holy self-denial over an intercourse that else had passed the bounds of friendship—above all, the poor, perplexed nature, which, full of noble impulses and lofty aspirations, is yet the thrall of self and indecision—these are but a few of the characters which, drawn with realistic hand, yet reveal to us an idealist who aims at something higher than the reproduction of mere externalism, who is ever conscious of the mystery of life and the surpassing interest of psychological development.

That Spielhagen has many faults it is impossible to gainsay. His novels are too long and too loosely put together. In this respect he might learn much from his English rivals. In spite of the flowing beauty of his style, they leave an impression of clumsiness and want of finish. His genius is in fact too robust and imperious to descend to petty technicalities. He pursues an ideal with gigantic strides, but without much attention to grace of movement. But in spite of these and other faults, he contests at this moment the literary supremacy of Germany with Auerbach and Freytag, and in many important qualities is superior to either.

In Auerbach, again, the same strong conviction of the superiority of mind over matter, of the invisible over the visible, of psychology over incident, confronts one at every turn. Take, for example, the "Landhaus am Rhein." In what does the real interest of the book consist? Not assuredly in its "action," for of this there is but little, and that little tame, and, except at the very end, commonplace. It is interesting solely as a study of character—as a

¹ Literarisches Wochenblatt. Nov. 23d, 1872.

² The German "Tendenzromane."

minute analysis of psychical development; and, viewed in this way, it is a work of marvellous capacity. In almost every character in which such a development is possible, there is a gradual growth and expansion of the inner nature traced with a subtlety and a vigor positively astounding. In reading it we become at once aware that all of life which is external — its so-called adventures — the moving accidents by flood and field, are indeed in the strictest logical sense of the term, but *accidents* — not bound up with its essence — not even endowed with the inseparability of *properties* — in no wise constituting its truest and deepest interest. It is in the region of the spirit, in the subtle play of emotion, in the gradual development of character, in the dexterous unravelling of the tangled skein of human motives, that Auerbach, like every true romancist, alone can find a congenial sphere for his abilities. And so, though Sonnenkamp, being introduced to us at an age when the character is no longer capable of fresh impressions, remains from first to last the same — a bold, bad man, despising his weaker fellow-mortals, and yet, with that apparent inconsistency which marks such natures, coveting their applause — nay, even intriguing with pitiful vanity for a patent of nobility fresh-lackered — all the other main characters grow beneath the fostering hand of circumstance into somewhat nobler and higher than their originals. So, Roland, the spoilt darling of fortune, unfolds, under the genial influence of Erich, the virtues which from the first lay hidden, germ-like, in his nature; until at the last, without the faintest violation of the probable, this wayward child of wealth, thus trained by the hand of love, and purified in the furnace of affliction, goes forth a man of noble principles, and holy hatred of oppression, to fight the Battle of Freedom in the New World. So, too, Manna, the sweet daughter of the cloister, brought up at first under influences which tend to foster an egotism narrow as that of the world, if not so self-indulgent, ripens in the strong sunlight of Erich's love, into the sweet maturity of sympathetic womanhood.

That such a work should find small acceptance in England, I can well believe. In the first place, Auerbach's style is inimitable in its massive simplicity and child-like originality. It is the purest and most pellucid medium — with the single exception of the style of Göthe in his "*Leiden des jungen Werthers*" — through which German romancist ever transmitted the rays of human thought and feeling. And all this is lost in a translation. But there are other reasons going far deeper to account for the fact, that, whilst a sensational novel runs through manifold editions, this grand work of the German novelist has, in England, remained comparatively unread. I do not refer to the fact that there are a certain number of people in England who could and would read it in the original; this number is small indeed; for the parrot-like knowledge of German acquired by an English school-girl, and the ponderous misapprehension of it attained by the academical in the intricate seclusion of his study, are alike insufficient for the proper understanding of such a work. The root of the matter lies far deeper. There is in the English nature of the present day a disrelish for aught but the sensational, the morbid, the artificial; and it is simply impossible that the lover of mere external incident, should read such a work with interest. It is written for men and women of the nobler type, not for puling clerks and lackadaisical soubrettes.

It would be foreign to my purpose to dwell at any length on the works of Hackländer, who has been called, not without some reason, the Dickens of Germany. He has the same love for the less known phases of human life, the same power of microscopic description, the same warm, philanthropic heart; but, like Dickens, he is essentially one-sided. And — as is so often the case with Dickens — he writes with a purpose, and falls short, therefore, of the highest Art and the highest influence. This is abundantly evident in his greatest and most popular romance, "*Das Europäische Sclavenleben*," the moral drift of which is obvious from its very title, and in which, true to his purpose, but renegade to Art, he distorts, exaggerates, and actually

weakens a cause in itself noble and deserving, by committing himself from the outset to its too partial advocacy. From the judge he degenerates into the special pleader; from the artist into the one-ideaed philanthropist.

Neither, in spite of his enormous popularity, can the highest place amongst German writers of fiction be assigned to Freytag. His creations are manly and objective, but they lack those finer touches which reveal the insight into souls. This is very evident if we contrast his "*Soll und Haben*" with Auerbach's "*Landhaus am Rhein*." In each alike the interest centres in the history of two young people. But in Auerbach's work, as we have seen, the interest is internal and psychical; in Freytag's it is external and physical. The latter is true to that Horatian maxim which itself is so often untrue to Nature, that a character should remain to the end as it started at the beginning. His Anton Wohlfart and Veitel Itzig, though we are introduced to both at an age when character is seldom formed, undergo in the whole course of the story no other change than such as is inevitable to physical growth and larger intercourse with men. The fact is, Freytag has perception, but no instinct. He paints marvellously well what he sees, but he has no power to feel towards the invisible.¹

As to his only other romance, "*Die Verlorene Handschrift*," it is vastly inferior to the first. It is tedious, disconnected, improbable, and owes the chief part of the success it has achieved to the *prestige* attaching to its predecessor.

I pass over the writings of Gutzkow, bold and striking as they are, because I fail to recognize in them a distinctively German element. In his earlier works, at any rate, the source of his inspiration must be sought on the left bank of the Rhine. All the daring infidelity of Voltaire, mixed with no small portion of his sparkling wit and lucid statement of objections, combined with that peculiar sensuality which sets love and suicide ever near each other — these characteristics of his earlier writings point unmistakably to Gallic influence. Of course that influence had already assumed a German garb in the "*Leiden des jungen Werthers*," but this wonderful piece of morbid psychology, by which Göthe purged his own mind of so much perilous nonsense, has had a precisely opposite effect upon many of his countrymen. And one at least of its victims would seem to have been Gutzkow.

Neither will I do more than mention Mühlbach, the painstaking compiler of historical romance, whose works, though betraying at times an over-confidence in the truth of the literature of memoirs, are still always readable and generally instructive. But another lady deserves a longer notice: I mean the talented authoress of some of the most popular works in modern German literature: notably of "*Die alte Mamsell*" and "*Goldelsie*." Both of these are works which exhibit considerable power of construction, delicacy of perception, and graphic vigor of description. But they, too, like those of Freytag, fall short of the highest excellence. They concern themselves too much with the outside of things; they are superficial, the work of one who has no firm grasp of the problems of life. They are to the romances of Auerbach or Spielhagen what the poetry of Mrs. Hemans is to that of Shelley. There are too many flowers for the fruit. In fine, if translated, they could hardly fail to be successful in England.

There is, however, another well-known name in modern German literature which is attached to works at once distinctly German and extraordinarily beautiful. I mean, of course, Heyse. It is true that a celebrated German critic has said, comparing him with Spielhagen: "*Spielhagen is like a grand antique statue lacking, perhaps, this or that inferior member, but never without that which gives expression and majesty to the whole — the head.*" Heyse, on the contrary, is a modern statuette, exquisitely finished in other respects, but unfortunately without the head." But I venture to think that, in passing this severe judgment,

¹ I am sorry that I cannot agree with the Chevalier Bunsen in regarding the English translation as "rivaling successfully the spirited tone and classical style for which the German original is justly and universally admired." But it is very faithful.

the critic has been unconsciously influenced by the fact that all Heyse's works are diminutive. They are miniatures, and possess all the elaborate grace and finish which we associate with such productions. But they are not endless and meaningless images; on the contrary, every one of them is a perfect psychological study. I know of nothing in any literature more beautiful than some of these short stories so full of a tender grace and an inimitable ethos. Alas! that it should be so impossible to convey any adequate idea of them to the English reader. Not only is Heyse's style a peculiar and delicate aroma which absolutely defies translation, but, in the whole range of English literature, there is no author with whom he could be compared in such a manner as to enable the English reader to form an intelligent estimate of his genius. He does not exclude himself from his writings—you see him ever treading in the midst of his creations, with the same pensive brow and calm, deep-watching eyes, and, for the most part (for he is by nature hopeful and joyous), the same placid smile upon the lips. So he stands, the very embodiment of human sympathy, never rising to the angels or sinking to the devils, but always on the just level of average humanity; prepared to see and welcome all that there is round of good and noble; prepared to pity, yea, shocking as it may sound, even sometimes to pardon, much of error and of sin.

Such is Heyse. Perhaps, in strictest justice, one has no right to place him on the majestic elevation of Spielhagen or Auerbach. But who can be absolutely impartial in judging of such an author? He creeps into one's heart and storms it with his tender force of sympathy, whether he will or no. And few works, indeed, have such a directly softening and humanizing influence as these little tales of hapless passion or requited love. Their perfection of structure and delicacy of mental analysis are simply perfect. I have already said that it might be too much to assert that Heyse is an artist of the very highest type, but ever assuredly has there breathed a human being more intimately penetrated with the art-instinct. His sensibility to artistic impressions, whether physical or psychical, is unsurpassed. He moves from land to land, and character to character, reflecting the changed scenery of the one and the varied passions of the other with equal facility and truth. In reading him, I become curious to know if there is anything in this wide earth which, to his eyes, has not in its inmost kernel some lurking soul of good; if there is any variety of man's mysterious nature, any passion of his suffering heart, with which he cannot sympathize.

In this enthusiasm of humanity, Heyse has only one rival, and that one a writer who, his superior in philosophy and originality, is decidedly his inferior in Art. I mean that wayward child of genius, Jean Paul. It is true I had meant this article to include only novelists of the present generation; but it is so impossible to write of German romance without thinking of the author of the "Flegeljahre," that I may be pardoned if, whilst leaving unnoticed other earlier writers, such as the once popular, but foolish Laurens, and even the graceful Hauff, I venture to say somewhat about this most original of geniuses.

And first a few words as to Jean Paul's style. It is truly one to drive a pedantic critic mad. For, instead of offering himself to be the slave of words, he actually aspires to be their master. He takes not the faintest interest in the reproduction of time-honored modes of expression and licensed formulæ of falsehood. And possessing an astounding fertility of thought, he finds oftentimes no sufficiency of words to fit it, and, in consequence, there is the strangest of tussles between him and his vocabulary, he exerting all his force of will to ram home his ideas into symbols obviously too small for them, and the words writhing themselves under the process into the wildest variety of contortions. The result is a style which can be excused and accounted for, but can under no circumstances be admired. It is in the highest degree inelegant and very often obscure. It is true that when Jean Paul commenced to write, style, as such, had hardly begun to be cultivated in Germany. That sharp critic Börne, says that up to his

time Germany had produced but one writer with a clearly defined style, namely, Lessing, and compares the looseness of German with the smartness and precision of French composition. But even in those days he might, but for his modesty, have added at least one other name—his own—to that of Lessing. There is no finer piece of poetic prose in the German language than Börne's "Denkrede über Jean Paul." And since then the varieties of style have received the attention they deserve. Auerbach, Spielhagen, Heyse, all write with an elegance and finish which can be paralleled amongst English novelists only by Lord Lytton.

But in spite of the harshness and Titanic wildness of Jean Paul's style, he captivates and entrances every nature whose instincts have not been worn to bluntness by a life of selfishness or profligacy. Himself born poor, and having to fight his upward way through many tedious obstacles, he has the tenderest sympathy with his suffering fellow-mortals. He looks forth upon the world with eyes charged with a divine compassion, and heart brimming over with an exhaustless love. And the minuteness of his observation is as marvellous as the catholicity of his affection. He sees God in everything, and goodness working where one might least expect it. If it be a truer sign of genius to bring out the hidden meaning of common things and thoughts, to decipher the analogies of ordinary life, than it is to "touch the heavens with front sublime" or move majestic amidst starry gods—then was Jean Paul a genius of the most exalted order. For he threw a new and precious light on everything. He had but to show himself and lo! all surrounding space was glorious as at the descent of an archangel. He taught men unceasingly the folly and profanity of calling things "common and unclean." And few can read his works without at once reverencing the writer, and loving his fellows more truly. The reader of English sensationalism may yawn, and the pyrrhonic worldling may smile at the commonplace adventures of Walt and Vult; but there is no true heart which will not beat the quicker with a sense of grateful sympathy at their perusal. For the joys and sorrows of fraternal friendship, its quarrels and its reconciliations, its rising hopes and breathings of despair—these are notes touched by the hand of a master, and, though the hand be vanished and the harp be broken, the strains still echo, sweet and constant, in the changeless heart of man.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mrs. L. LINTON is said to be the author of "The True History of Joshua Davidson."

TENNYSON has accepted the offer of an honorary fellowship of the Royal Colonial Institute.

THERE is some talk of a new and revised edition of the ponderous "Encyclopædia Britannica."

ENGLAND has discovered an immense bed—860 square miles—of those coppery little oysters, which make an American sick, and inspire him with a frenzied love for his native land.

THE death is announced of Mr. W. C. Elliston, son of the celebrated actor, Elliston. The deceased gentleman was at one time proprietor of the *Hobart Town Courier*. He died at Hobart Town, aged seventy-four.

A REMARKABLE anniversary was celebrated at Berlin on the 30th of last month, namely, the fiftieth anniversary of Field-Marshal Wrangel's promotion to the rank of general. Count Wrangel got his lieutenantancy on the 15th of October, 1798, and is still an active officer of the army.

THE *Athenæum* states that Mrs. Grote has completed the memoir of her late husband. The same journal says that it is the present intention of the Comédie Française to visit London during the month of May, and give a series of representations from the modern and classic répertoire of the theatre.

A RECENT writer on horticulture describes the struggle for life among the plants. He says each plant endeavors, almost unconsciously, to destroy his neighbor, to occupy his ground, to

feed upon his nutriment, to devour his substance. There are armies and invasions of grasses, barbarian inroads and extirpations. Every inch of ground is contested by the weeds; the forest is a struggle for precedence; the wars of the roses are a perennial feud. The severest landscape, the stillest woodland, are the mortal arena of vegetable and animal conflict. It is a curious fact that the English plants sent to Australia always kill out the native plants of the same character.

THE *Figaro* points out that M. Victor Hugo, in one of his prefaces, declared that he never made any alterations in his works; doubtless, because he never made a mistake. How is it, then, that in the first editions of "Marion de Lorme," in the first act, M. Victor Hugo placed the following hemistich in the mouth of Saverny: "C'est du Segrain tout pur," while now, at the Théâtre Français, Saverny says, "C'est du Racan tout pur"? The explanation, according to the *Figaro*, is, that some one must have remarked to M. Hugo, that Segrain, born in 1624, could not have published anything in 1638, the date of the story of "Marion de Lorme;" and that for once the great poet has condescended to correction.

A PARIS correspondent says: "The corrupt and sanguinary practices of the youthful Captain Geligner of 'Les Casquettes Noires,' having been attributed to the perusal of immoral works of fiction, the question of the amount of injury done by bad literature has been argued here. On the one side we have Geligner and a long list of equally great criminals led astray by unhealthy novels: on the other a celebrated murderer called Lemaire, who declared on his trial that his chief delight, as far as reading was concerned, was found in perusing 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Paul and Virginia,' and other good little books which he had received for exemplary conduct at school. An inquiring philosopher told me a couple of days ago that he had been much struck with the manner in which Victor Hugo had concluded one of his social stanzas in 'L'Année Terrible.' After giving the description of a lad setting fire to the national library, the poet terminated with this reflection:—

"Que voulez-vous? Il ne savait pas lire."

The inquiring philosopher immediately took the train to —, where about one hundred and fifty lads convicted of having played an active part in the burning of Paris under the Commune are confined. There he found that one hundred and twenty of the boys had received a fair education, and knew how to read and write. This interesting fact was communicated to the poet, 'mais il n'a pas répondu.'

THE French Academy of Sciences has done an act of justice, though it comes too late to be graceful, in electing M. Bertholot, whose works have obtained for him a reputation far higher than that enjoyed by the majority of his colleagues. One of the foremost professors at the Collège de France, he has made a name for himself by his researches on such subjects as the chemical action of light, the general principles of thermo-chemistry, animal heat, and other kindred topics. But of all his varied contributions to science, none is so generally known as his work upon wine. In the course of his study of the alcohols and the ethers, he lighted upon the discovery of the principle which imparted to wine its peculiar "bouquet." He also asserted, and gave good grounds for his statement, that wine does not improve after a certain age, and that Bordeaux and Burgundy in particular are at their best when about ten years old. He showed that after that period they gradually begin to lose both in body and in "bouquet." Champagne and Rhine wines will keep far longer, and instances are known of connoisseurs still treasuring up a few remnants of the "comet" wine of 1811. An immense number of people set to work to convert their *vin ordinaire* into Chateau Lafitte and Chambertin by the addition of a little ether, but as it is not enough to isolate the principle which gives a wine its characteristic aroma, they found to their astonishment that the concoction had more affinity to a black draught than anything else, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, abused M. Bertholot as a charlatan, valuable as his discovery in reality has proved.

It is probable that many valuable records of naval disasters and other incidents of sea voyages are carefully stowed away in sharks' stomachs. Within the last few weeks no fewer than three of these voracious fish have been captured off the Scotch coast by fishermen. The first caught was eleven feet in length, and after being exhibited with no small profit by its captors has been presented to the Dundee Museum. The other day, in the presence of a numerous body of spectators, it was made the subject of a post-mortem examination, when among other articles found in it were a man's bonnet and a soda-water bottle corked

and sealed with red wax, and containing a note. The bottle was immediately broken, the note taken out and read aloud to a deeply attentive audience. It was as follows: "On board the Beautiful Star, Sunday, September 1, 1872. We have crossed the line, and all's well. Last night the captain's lady had a pretty little boy. Annette Gordon." A postscript to the note consisted of some verses composed by the writer and "done" in honor to her head and heart." Some persons are so credulous enough to imagine that the bottle and the note were swallowed by the shark after decease, but what can be more likely than that a large fish, taking violent exercise in salt water, should, in his delight at seeing what he conceived to be a bottle of soda-water, gobble it up at once without taking the trouble to read it. The disappointment of the fish when he discovered that he had swallowed nothing more exhilarating than a letter and a poem must have been as painful as though he had snapped off an artificial leg in mistake for a real one.

"FROM time to time," says the *Academy*, "the leading continental engravers undertake some *chef d'œuvre* of one or other of the great Italian masters, completing in the course of years, as they may be able to apply themselves to the task, a perfect work of reproduction in their own art. Müller, Forster, Kell, and now Blanchard, have done this; the latter having just completed one of the most lovely pieces of modern line engraving of the picture by Francia of the 'Virgin and two Angels weeping over the dead Christ.' This picture, which was painted about 1495 for the Buonvisi chapel in the church of S. Frediano at Lucca, was the lunette of the altar-piece, and has always been considered one of the typical examples, as it is one of the most pathetic in sentiment, of the art called by some Italian writers *antico-moderno*, that is to say, the art just before the cinquecento, when naturalism and the classics combined to make the gem of style and execution supersede every higher motive recognized in the previous age.

"With us, we are sorry to say, engraving of this kind has almost become extinct, and on this account, as well as on its own merits, this print deserves particular mention. The thorough study of a notable picture such as this, by an able artist engraving it, is itself sometimes of great importance. Ten years ago or so a line engraving of similar dimensions appeared by Keller, of the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, on the upper part of which appears for the first time the rod passing from side to side of the picture on which the curtain hangs. This curious detail will be remembered, in all previous engravings appeared on either side of the background of angels' heads as if it came simply from the top edge of the painting, whereas it was sustained, on that great work of Raphael being taken from its frame, that several inches of the painted surface containing the rod on which the curtain hangs in front of the luminous background had been turned over and concealed by the frame. This of course was an accidental result, but the completion of classical line engravings such as these must be considered of the highest advantage to public taste, and the best monument to the master. We have examined this print by Blanchard after the 'Fien' of Francia with care, and find it worthy of being placed among the finest works of modern times. This engraver, it will be recollected, did Holman Hunt's 'Christ in the Temple,' and our opinion rendered it a little thin in texture, but here was nothing of that defect; the tones of all the draperies are particularly full, and the faces of the angels rich in expression, expressing with great charm the redness of weeping and its pathos of the original. Blanchard is now employed on Adam Tadmara's 'Vintage.'"

ASTHMA!—*Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!*—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated the disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

[Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873.

[No. 17.]

DIMITRI ROUDINE.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEFF, AUTHOR OF "SMOKE,"
"LIZA," ETC.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY.)

EPILOGUE (concluded).

"WELL, once in a leisure moment (I always had plenty of leisure), an idea occurred to me. I said to myself, 'I am now enough, and I have high aims.' . . . Thou wilt not deny that I have always had lofty aims?"

"Far from it."

"All my other plans had failed. . . . I asked myself why I should not become a teacher. At any rate, it would be better than doing nothing at all."

Roudine stopped and sighed.

"Why live without doing anything? Would it not be better to try to communicate what I know to others; perhaps from me they may get something of profit for themselves. My talents are at least not mediocre. I have a certain ease in speaking. . . . So I determined to devote myself to this new occupation. I had great trouble in getting a place; I did not want to give private lessons, and I could find no suitable place in the primary schools. Finally, I got an opportunity as professor in the Gymnasium in this city."

"Professor of what?" asked Leschnieff.

"Of Russian literature. I must say I never devoted myself so ardently to anything. The idea of influencing the young men inspired me. I spent three weeks preparing for my first lecture."

"Is it with thee?" interrupted Leschnieff.

"No, I have lost it, I don't know where. It had a tolerable success and was applauded. I can still see the faces of my hearers, — those handsome young faces with an expression of sincere attention, sympathy, yes, even of surprise. I took my place in a sort of fever; I read my lecture; I thought it would fill an hour, but I finished it in twenty minutes. The inspector — a dry old man with silver eye-glasses and a little wig — would nod his head approvingly every few minutes. When I had finished and had come down from the platform, he said, 'That was very good, sir, but a little transcendental, a trifle vague; there was too little said about the subject!' But the students gazed at me with admiration. Their enthusiasm is the great charm of youth. I took notes for the second and the third lectures . . . but after that I used to improvise."

"And with success?" asked Leschnieff.

"With great success. People flocked to hear me. I opened my whole soul to them. Among them there were

three, in fact four, remarkable young men; the rest only half understood me. Still, I must acknowledge that even those who understood me, occasionally embarrassed me with their questions. But I did not lose courage. All liked me; and I gave them good marks at their examinations. But an intrigue was set on foot against me. . . . No, it was not an intrigue; to speak plainly, I was not in the right place. I was disagreeable to my colleagues, just as they were to me. To these students in the Gymnasium I gave lectures such as one seldom hears at a university; and my hearers consequently derived but little profit from them . . . for I was not thoroughly familiar with the facts. Besides, I was not satisfied with the pettiness of the sphere in which I was working — that has always been my weak point. I wanted radical reforms, and I am too ready to take my oath that these reforms were wise and practicable. I hoped to carry them through with the aid of the director, an excellent, honest man, with whom at first I had some influence. His wife encouraged me. I have not seen many such women, brother, in the course of my life. She was nearly forty years old, but she was as enthusiastic for everything that was good and true as a girl of fifteen, and she was not afraid to express her opinions before any one. I shall never forget her earnestness, her purity. I already formed a plan, in conformity with her advice . . . when secret intrigues were set at work, and all sorts of calumnies about me were whispered to her. The professor of mathematics was my bitterest enemy; he was a disagreeable, sly, vindictive man, who believed in nothing; like Pigasoff, only more intelligent. . . . By the way, is he still living?"

"He lives, and, only think! he has married a servant-maid, who, they say, beats him."

"It serves him right. And is Natalie Alexievna well?"

"Yes."

"Is she happy?"

"Yes."

Roudine was silent for a moment.

"What was I talking about? . . . Oh, yes, about the professor of mathematics. He had taken a great hatred to me. He compared my lectures to exhibitions of fireworks. He took hold of every one of my phrases which was not perfectly clear, and made the most of a victory over me about some insignificant work of the sixteenth century, of which I had never heard. . . . He was suspicious of my intentions. My last soap-bubble fell on him, as on a needle, and burst. The inspector, with whom I had disagreed two or three times, prejudiced the director against me; then followed a scene in which I could not give way. I grew angry. The matter was referred to the higher authorities, and I was compelled to hand in my resignation. I didn't

consider myself beaten, but I wanted to show that I was not to be treated in that way. . . . But now any one can treat me as he pleases! . . . Now I am obliged to go away from here."

There was a moment of silence. The friends looked at one another with their heads cast down.

Roudine was the first to speak.

"Yes, brother," he began, "I can now cry with Kolzoff, 'Where hast thou brought me, my youth? I have no longer where to lay my head!' . . . And was I really good for nothing, and was there nothing for me to do in this world? I have often asked myself this question, and in spite of all my attempts to set myself lower in my own esteem, I can't help feeling that I have certain abilities which don't fall to the lot of every one. Why must this force remain powerless? Then, too, dost thou remember when we travelled abroad together, how self-confident and blind I was? . . . It is true, I didn't know definitely what I wanted, I revelled in the sound of my own voice, I chased vain phantoms. But now, on the contrary, I can say aloud to the whole world what it is I want; I have nothing to hide; I am, in the fullest sense of the word, a well-meaning man; I have become humble, I am willing to adapt myself to circumstances, I have limited my wishes, I don't strive for any remote object, I confine myself to doing even the slightest service; and yet I do not succeed in anything. What is the reason of this persistent failure? Why can't I live and work like others? I no sooner get a definite position, I no sooner establish myself somewhere, than fate casts me pitilessly out again. . . . I begin to fear my fate. . . . Why is this? Explain this puzzle!"

"Puzzle!" repeated Leschnieff. "It is true, thou hast always been a puzzle to me. Even in our youth, when I saw thee acting ill and speaking well, in turn, and that time after time, even then I could not understand thee clearly; that was the reason I ceased to love thee. . . . Thou hast so much fire, so earnest a longing for the ideal" . . .

"Words, nothing but words. Where are the deeds?" interrupted Roudine.

"They lacking! What sort of deeds?"

"What sort? Supporting a blind grandmother and a whole family by the work of one's hands, like Fraszczonoff; isn't that a deed?"

"Yes, of course; but a good word is a deed, too."

Roudine looked at Leschnieff without speaking, and shook his head.

Leschnieff started to speak, but he merely passed his hand over his face.

"And so thou art going to thy country-place?"

"Yes."

"Thou hast then a farm?"

"Something of the sort. Two souls and a half. I have a hole in which I can die. Thou art probably thinking, 'Even now he can't dispense with his phrases!' Certainly phrases have been my ruin; they have destroyed me. . . . But what I just said is no phrase; these are not phrases, brother, these wrinkles, this gray hair; these tattered elbows are no phrases. Thou hast always been severe towards me, and thou hast been right; but why be severe now, when all is finished, when there is no more

oil in the lamp, when the lamp itself is shattered and the wick is nearly burned out? Brother, death must bring reconciliation at last."

Leschnieff sprang from his chair.

"Roudine!" he cried, "why speak in that way? How have I deserved such harshness? Who has made me judge, and what sort of a man should I be if the word 'phrase' could come into my head at the sight of thy wrinkles, and thy hollow cheeks? Dost thou want to know what I think of thee? Very well! I think — this man . . . with his talents, what might he not have attained, what earthly possessions might he not control, if he had only wished it! . . . and I find him hungry, without a roof over his head."

"I arouse thy pity," said Roudine almost inaudibly.

"No, thou art mistaken. It is with respect that I am inspired — that is the truth. What prevented thee from living for years with thy rich friend? I am confident he would have made thy fortune sure, if thou hadst been willing to subject thyself to him. Why was it thy stay at the Gymnasium was so short? Why, why, — strange man, — whatever thy first intention, must the end always be the sacrifice of thy own interest, without taking root in any soil, however fertile it may be?"

"I can never be at peace," answered Roudine with a humble smile, "I have always been the foot-ball of fortune."

"That is true, but thou hast no rest, not because a gnawing worm drives thee on; that is not it, it is not merely the spirit of restlessness. The fire which consumes thee is the love of truth, and in spite of all sufferings it glows in thee more strongly than in many others, who don't consider themselves egoists, and perhaps take you for an intriguer. In thy place I should have long since silenced that impulse, and should have reconciled myself with all about me; but nothing can change thee. After all these cruel deceptions, thou art no bitterer, and I am sure thou art ready to take hold of any work with all the fire of a young man."

"No, brother, now I am tired," answered Roudine, "very, very tired."

"Tired! Any one else would have died under it long ago. Thou sayest, death brings reconciliation. Why should not life? He whom life has not made indulgent for others deserves no indulgence for himself. And who can say that he does not need it? Thou hast done what was in thy power, thou hast struggled as long as thou wert able. . . . What need of more? Our paths were different."

"Thou, brother, art a different man from me," interrupted Roudine, with a sigh.

"Our paths were different," resumed Leschnieff; "perhaps it is due to my means, my coolness, and other favoring circumstances, that nothing prevented me from sitting with folded hands, an idle spectator of the fray, while thou hadst to go down into the arena, roll up thy sleeves, and toil and struggle. Our paths were different, and yet see how near we are to one another. See, we speak the same language, we understand one another without explaining every word, we have grown up with the same feelings. There are only a few of us left; we two are the last of the Mohicans! Long ago we could part and hate one another; then the life before us seemed long; but now

that our ranks are thinned, now when a new generation passes us with other aims than ours, we must stand by one another.

"Let us touch glasses, brother, as we used to, and sing *Gaudeamus igitur*."

They touched their glasses, and with emotion, but in the true Russian fashion, all out of tune, they sang the old German student-song.

"Thou art really going into the country, then?" said Leschnieff after they had finished. "I don't think thou wilt stay there long, and I cannot imagine with whom, where, and how, thou wilt end thy life . . . but don't forget, whatever happens, that thou hast always a refuge, a nest in which thou canst lay thy head; that's my house, lost hear, old friend? Thought has its veterans, and those who have served it deserve an asylum."

Roudine arose.

"Thanks, brother, thanks," he said, "I shall never forget thy offer. But I don't deserve it. I have wasted my life, and I have not served the ideal as I should have." . . .

"Silence," exclaimed Leschnieff. "Every one is as God made him, and one can't ask him to be otherwise. Thou hast called thyself 'The Wandering Jew.' . . . Perhaps after all, fate compels thee to wander eternally, perhaps thou art unconsciously fulfilling some higher destiny. Does not the saying run, We are all wandering as God directs us? Go on, then, whither his hand leads thee!" continued Leschnieff, seeing that Roudine was looking for his hat. "Wilt thou not pass the night here?"

"I am going! Good-by! Thanks. . . . I am sure I shall end badly."

"God alone knows. . . . Thou art really going?"

"Yes. Good-by. Don't think too ill of me."

"Good-by! Don't think ill of me either, and don't forget what I've said. Good-by." . . .

The friends embraced. Roudine walked away quickly.

For a long time Leschnieff walked up and down his room.

He stopped before the window, murmuring to himself, "Poor fellow!" then he sat down at the table and began a letter to his wife.

Outside the wind had risen, and was now howling gloomily around the house, while it rattled the shutters with its sudden gusts. It was the beginning of a long autumn night. Happy is he who on such a night has a roof over his head and a warm corner which he can call his own. And may God aid all homeless wanderers!

It was hot noon of the 24th of June, 1848. The rising of the *ateliers nationaux* was almost suppressed; a battalion of troops of the line was storming a barricade in one of the narrow streets of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. A few cannon-balls had already destroyed it, the defenders who survived were retreating, only caring for their own safety, when suddenly there appeared on the top of the ruins of the barricade a tall man, with flowing white hair. He wore an old coat, with a red sash about his waist, and a straw hat on his head. In one hand he bore a red banner, in the other a short, dull sabre, and he was shouting with a sharp, piercing voice while he tried to make signs with his banner and sabre. A

Chasseur de Vincennes took aim — fired — the banner slipped from his hand, and the man fell slowly on his face to the ground. . . . The bullet had gone through his heart.

"*Tiens!*" said one of the fugitives to his comrade, "*voilà qu'on nous a tué le Polonais*."

"The devil!" said the other, "*sauvons-nous!*" and they both sprang into the half-opened door-way of a neighboring house.

This "Polonais" was Dimitri Roudine.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE several hundreds of persons who took part in the banquet which sent Charles Dickens off in good spirits on his last expedition to the United States were seeking their places at the closely-set table of the Freemasons' Hall, Freemasons' Tavern, when a man, whose ample brow, strongly marked features, long white locks, and slightly bowed figure, rendered him a spectacle of picturesque old age, was led up the room by a friend, who aided his feeble steps and failing sight. In former days a familiar presence at literary and artistic gatherings, this old man had for some years lived so much in retirement, that his appearance occasioned welcome surprise to his ancient comrades, and caused younger men to inquire for his name. The veteran was Charles Knight, who had come from his comfortable home on Hampstead Hill to shake an old and true friend by the hand, and wish him "God speed" in the New World. The editor of Shakespeare was too infirm to remain till the close of the entertainment. Having heard the chairman's speech and the guest's reply, he withdrew from the Hall; and a few days later he told the writer of these words that he would never again appear at a large public festival. We believe that he adhered to his resolution, and that the Dickens Dinner was the last social crowd that he entered. At that time it appeared improbable that he would outlive either the chairman (Lord Lytton) or the guest of the dinner. But Charles Knight was a notable exception to the average longevity of men of letters, who not only write, but also mix in the world. Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Lytton, died before the term at which Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Lushington, Brougham, discovered themselves to be growing old. If Knight was in this respect more fortunate, his long life was, doubtless, in some degree, due to the simple and wholesome conditions under which he spent the first years of his manhood. He had completed his thirty-second year before he moved to London from Windsor, where he had carried on his father's business of printer, stationer, and bookseller, and acted as editor of the *Windsor and Eton Express*. George the Third was a frequent caller at the elder Knight's shop; and it was there that the sovereign laid his hands on a copy of Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," and read several of its pages, to the alarm of the bookseller. "Absorbed majesty," says the author of "Passages of a Working Life," "continued reading for half an hour. The King went away without any remark; but he never afterwards expressed his displeasure or withdrew his countenance." On becoming the master of the shop, the younger Knight published the *Etonian*, and formed the acquaintance of Macaulay, Praed, and other Etonians, who contributed subsequently to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. That the duties devolving upon him at Windsor were, upon the whole, distasteful, and that he often pined for congenial companions during his residence in the royal borough, where, as a tradesman, he was excluded from the society of the local gentry, Charles Knight's autobiography contains abundant evidence; but it cannot be questioned that his life there, in spite of an irksome avocation and petty annoyances, was beneficial to him in many ways. Anyhow, he had leisure for study, and was preserved from temptations that sometimes destroy health at the outset of a *littérateur's*

career. Moreover, his work required him to take much exercise in the open air. His ordinary costume comprised breeches and top-boots, and he spent a considerable proportion of his time in the saddle, galloping through the lanes and over the grass-lands of Berkshire to the scenes which, as a reporting editor, he was called upon to describe to the readers of his journal.

His London life began in 1824, when he was "settled as a publisher in a newly-built house in Pall Mall East, the next house to the College of Physicians," hard by Trafalgar Square, where "there was as yet no Nelson's Column, no fountains in the centre to be ridiculed as dumb-waiters." And from that date till 1864, when he closed his literary labors with the "Passages of a Working Life," he worked zealously as publisher, editor, journalist, and historian. Of the achievements of those forty years there is no need to speak in detail; information respecting them can be gained from his Autobiography. It cannot be said that he earned for himself a place amongst our great writers, nor was he, in the commercial sense of the term, a successful publisher; but he was in both capacities a highly useful man. His Shakespearean productions do not satisfy the requirements of critical students, and to readers of the higher and more scholarly kind his historical works have obvious defects; but, bearing his object in mind, "the instruction of the people," i. e., the comparatively unlettered portions of the people, and at the same time taking a right view of the intellectual condition of those sections of society at the time when he began to provide them with the means of self-instruction, fair judges will not regard him lightly as a popular educator. No doubt the merits of his industry are more conspicuous in his compilations and encyclopædic publications than in his original writings; but, regard being had to its purpose, the "Popular History of England" is a considerable performance. For the same reason he must be remembered gratefully as a publisher, though it cannot be denied that he lacked the prudence and nice discernment of social influences requisite for a wholesale dealer in new literature. The fact was, Charles Knight was too much of a social reformer to be a safe and prosperous man of business. In his eagerness to make ordinary people wiser, he let slip the opportunities of making himself rich. His blood was too warm, his heart too generous, for trade. Dangerously sanguine, he underrated the obstacles and overestimated the favorable influences affecting many of his commercial projects. Had this not been the case, he would never have entered on what is his greatest achievement and strongest title to gratitude, the publication of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, on which he spent, for literature and engravings, the large sum of £42,000, and in producing which he had to pay to the excise no less a sum than £16,500.

Now that the taxes on knowledge are abuses of the past, it seems scarcely credible that the producers of the soundest and most beneficial literature were only a few years since subject to such exactions. It is even more wonderful that in the face of so extortionate a law, a man could be found brave and hopeful enough to begin and finish such a work. Of course, all that the publisher said so forcibly, in proof that the commercial failure of his *magnum opus* was due to pernicious law, is also a demonstration that under the circumstances the work ought not to have been undertaken. But if from one point of view we regard Charles Knight as unwise in his generation, we would cordially exhibit him to our present popular publishers as a model for imitation in theirs. In these days of free trade, when some publishers of cheap literature are realizing large fortunes by the production of worthless and flashy, and sometimes hurtful works, it would be well for their fame and for society if they would follow Charles Knight's example, and at the sacrifice of some small proportion of their profits give the people sounder reading. Moreover, let it be remembered that if Charles Knight was deficient in the selfish and lower sagacity of the shrewd manufacturer and merchant, he was endowed with the higher moral qualities of the complete man of business. In his transactions he was conscientious and honorable; and under the difficulties

and vexations that attended his greatest labor, he was nobly considerate towards his literary coadjutors. He was a man of many friends; and every one of them—now living in this land—was touched by the intelligence that a blow long expected and long delayed had at length fallen, and that Charles Knight had died in his eighty-second year at Addlestone, Surrey. As Charles Knight was one night retiring from the table of "Our Club," Douglas Jerrold described the man in two words, when with a twinkling eye and tender voice, he said, "Good Knight."

NOTES ON GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

THERE are few subjects more perplexing, on a close examination, than the ideas of men about the supernatural (as distinguished from the religious). Whether we analyze particular superstitions and endeavor to understand what is actually believed respecting them, or whether, taking a wider view, we consider the origin of the widespread belief in supernatural agencies, we find ourselves beset with difficulties; and these are only preliminary to the great difficulty of all—that of determining how far it is reasonable or likely that any of the common ideas about the supernatural have any basis of fact whatever.

But the first difficulty to be encountered resides in one's self. I, who write,—the usual "we" will not now serve.—I, who write, have my superstitions. If I simply had them and believed in them, there would be little difficulty. But I do not believe in them. I know that they exist, because on certain occasions I have felt them in operation. Every reader of these lines must have had similar experiences—vague terrors coming we know not whence, and refusing to be exorcised by reason; the feeling—not momentary though transient—that a sight or sound is not of this world; and other sensations conveying to us a sense of the supernatural which we can neither analyze nor understand, and in which the reason has no real belief.

Perhaps the consideration of this very difficulty may throw some light on our subject, for it often happens that the key to an enigma is indicated by the more perplexing circumstances of the problem. If we dismiss for the moment all those superstitions which may fairly be regarded as derived from early impressions, or as resulting from mere ignorance, and consider the case of well educated, carefully trained, and not weak minded persons, who nevertheless at times experience superstitious terrors, we may perhaps find some circumstances pointing to the very origin of the superstitions now so widely entertained.

One well marked feature of these emotions is their occurrence in the hours of darkness. I am not speaking here of the feeling of discomfort and fear which many experience when in the dark. This feeling is itself well worth inquiring into. But I now speak of the circumstance that even those who have no unpleasant sensations when in darkness, are nevertheless only exposed to certain emotions of superstitious terror at such times. Who, for instance, thoroughly enjoys a ghost story if it is told in a well-lighted room? I use the word "enjoy," because, as a matter of fact, the sensation I am now considering is not by any means a painful one, except in extreme cases, or with persons of weak nerves. It is a mysterious, indefinable thrill, with about the same proportion of pain and pleasure as in the feeling of melancholy experience on certain still, bright days in spring; and it is as difficult to understand why darkness and stillness should be as essential to one feeling as brightness and stillness to the other.

There is a commonplace explanation which ascribes both these feelings to the unconscious recalling of the emotions of childhood. To the child darkness conveys the idea of discomfort. All that is enjoyable to him, after darkness has come on, is in the light and warmth of the room where he sits or plays. Cold and gloom are without—in the long passages, in the unused rooms, and, in a yet greater degree, outside the house. The childish mind finds, indeed, a strange significance in the words "the

uter darkness." Now, one can understand that any circumstances recalling those feelings of childhood would ring with them a thrill, relieved from pain because reason tells us no real danger is present, and conveying something of pleasure much as the idea of warmth and comfort is suggested by the roar of distant winds, or the sound of rain, when we are sitting in a cozy room. And in like manner we can understand how a bright, still day in spring may ring back "in sweet and bitter fancy" the feelings of childhood.

Yet there is more in either sensation than the mere unconscious remembrance of childhood. Something much further back in our natures, if I may so speak, is touched, when the soul thrills with unintelligible fears. The proof of this is found in the fact that the feeling exists in childhood — nay, is more marked among children than with grown persons. "This kind of fear," says Charles Lamb, "we know better than most men what it is, 'predominates in the period of sinless infancy.'" And I think that in the same essay he touches the real solution of the mystery, or rather he presents that higher mystery from which this one takes its origin, when he says, "These terrors are of older standing — they date beyond body."

There is a curious story in Darwin's latest work, which he uses as an illustration of a theory yet more singular. My daughter," he says, "poured some water into a glass close to the head of a kitten, and it immediately shook its wet." "It is well known," he had before said, "that cats dislike wetting their feet, owing, it is probable, to their having aboriginally inhabited the dry country of Egypt." His explanation may not be the true one; but even if not, the real explanation we may be sure is quite as singular. How the fact to be explained is analogous to the circumstance we are dealing with. We see in young creatures, like kittens, habits which cannot have been acquired from observation. These habits depend (almost certainly) on inherited peculiarities of the brain's conformation. May it not be that it is so with the superstitious tremors we have been considering? Those fears which affect children too young to know what fear is, those fears which in after life are but partially under the control of reason, may indicate a condition of the brain inherited not from parents or grandparents, but through long lines of descent — even, perhaps, from the ages when to our savage progenitors very unexplained sight or sound might indicate the presence of a lurking enemy. During long ages of savage life the conformation of the brain must have become permanently affected by the mental action resulting from the necessity for continual watchfulness against brute and human enemies. In the dark, particularly, such watchfulness was at once more requisite and more difficult; and it seems by no means unlikely that the anxious feelings which many experience constantly in the dark, as well as those peculiar tremors which are occasionally experienced in the hours of darkness, depend on mental peculiarities inherited from our gloom-fearing savage ancestors.

As respects the ordinary feeling of dread in darkness, although there can be no doubt that it is sometimes engendered by the talk of foolish nurses to young children and, by the way, what an unhappy thing it is that so many must pass through the mischievous ordeal of training by foolish and ignorant persons), yet it is a mistake to suppose that this is the sole or even the main cause. Some children fear to be in darkness who have never heard of ghost or goblin. "It is not book or picture," says Lamb very justly, "or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition — who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story — finds all this world of fear from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra* in his own 'thick-coming fancies;' and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which his reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire — stories of Cæano and the Harpies — may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition; but they were there before. They are transcripts, types — the archetypes are in us, and eternal."

Another remarkable circumstance in the superstitious impressions which affect those who have no real belief in ghosts and goblins, is the singular intensity of such impressions when aroused (in whatever way) immediately on waking. Especially after dreaming, when the dream has been of an impressive nature, the mind seems exposed to ideas of the supernatural. One often finds it impossible to understand, on waking again in full daylight, how the mind can possibly have entertained the feelings which had made night hideous or distressing. In remembrance, the matter seems like an experience of another person.

In passing it may be noticed that we perhaps owe to dreams many of the common ideas about spiritual agencies. Mr. Herbert Spencer accounts for the earliest belief in the supernatural "by man being led through dreams, shadows, and other causes, to look at himself as a double essence, corporeal and spiritual." And "the spiritual being is supposed to exist after death, and to be powerful." Mr. Tylor also has shown how dreams may have given rise to the notion of spirits; "for savages," says Darwin (stating Tylor's views), "do not readily distinguish between subjective and objective impressions. When a savage dreams, the figures which appear before him are believed to have come from a distance, and to stand over him, or 'the soul of the dreamer goes out on its travels, and comes home with a remembrance of what it has seen.'" "Nevertheless," says Darwin presently, "I cannot but suspect that there is a still earlier and ruder stage, when anything which manifests power or movement is thought to be endowed with some form of life, and with mental faculties analogous to our own."

Another circumstance which seems to have considerable effect in preparing the mind to entertain superstitious emotions is intense or long-continued brooding on sorrows, and especially on the loss of one dear to us. Mingled with our thoughts at such times, the idea is always more or less consciously entertained that our lately-lost friend is near to us, and knows our thoughts. The reason may be convinced —

No spirit ever brake the band,
That stays him from his native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay;

while nevertheless something within us teaches (wrongly or rightly, who knows?) that the spirit itself

May come
When all the nerve of sense is numb,
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Surely it is not the weak and ignorant alone who have this experience. The mind of strongest mould need not be ashamed to have entertained the thought, to have even prayed the prayer, —

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish, too strong for words to name,
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

Under the influence of emotions such as these the mind is prepared to be deceived. It is at such times that visions of the departed have been seen. I do not here speak of visions called up out of nothing — the healthy mind cannot be so far betrayed — but of visions none the less imaginary. The mind has no creative power to *form* such visions, except when there is diseased and abnormal action; but it possesses a power to combine real objects so as to form pictures of the unreal, and this power is singularly active in the time of sorrowing for a near and dear friend.

It is probable that the experience of every reader of these lines will supply instances in point. Sometimes the deception of the mind is singularly complete, inasmuch that it is only by the determination to approach the seeming vision that the ghost-seer is able to remove the impres-

sion. I will cite an instance which occurred to myself, as somewhat aptly illustrating the principal circumstances tending to make such illusions effective:—

My mother died during the long vacation of my first year at Cambridge. It chanced that I was in Germany at the time, and I suffered much distress of mind from the thought that I had been enjoying a pleasure-tour during the days of her last illness. Letters had followed me from place to place, but it was only the circumstance of my staying my journey one Sunday at Heidelberg, which enabled me to receive news from England; and I only reached home in time to attend her funeral. Yet the full effect of these circumstances was only experienced when I found myself again settled in my rooms at Cambridge. There is a singular mixture of society and solitude in university life, which at times of trouble produces unpleasant feelings. Throughout the day there is abundant opportunity for intercourse with friends; but although amongst one's college friends are some who will be friends for life, yet at the time the interchange of ideas even with these special friends relates almost wholly to college work or college interests. There is nothing homelike in social arrangements at college. So soon as the "oak is sported" for the evening a lonely feeling is apt to come on, which affects even some of those who have no recent sorrows to brood over. There is a refuge in hard reading. But hard reading, in my case, had come to an end on my mother's death. I had so far accustomed myself to associate college successes with the idea of pleasure given to her, that I now looked with aversion on my former studies. They could no longer gain the prize I had alone cared for. I ought, no doubt, to have had quite other feelings, but I speak of the effects I actually experienced. Now, whether the breaking up of my old plans for work had upset me, or in whatever way it happened, I certainly had never found college life so lonely and unpleasant as during the first term of my second year. And it seems to me likely that the low spirits from which I then suffered may have had something to do with the singular instance of self-deception I have now to relate: I had on one evening been particularly, I may say unreasonably low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenor on first waking, they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I woke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear, my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not "in her habit as she lived," but "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life, her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason told me that I was deceived by appearances, that the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at "a phantom of the brain which would show itself without;" and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me.

¹ One of the most singular facts connected with the condition of the brain during and directly after sleep, is this, that although on waking one may recollect every circumstance of a dream, and even go carefully over the events of the dream with the express object of impressing them on the memory, yet if one sleeps again, the whole seems, on our next waking, to have vanished completely from the memory. One can barely remember the circumstance that there had been the desire to retain the recollection of the dream. I doubt even whether this is not generally forgotten; so that in fact in most cases, there is nothing to recall either the dream or the first waking thoughts concerning it. There is a story of a person who solved a mathematical problem in his sleep, and found the solution written out on his desk, yet had no recollection of having left his bed for the purpose. Something similar once occurred to myself; but I could just recall the circumstance that I had got up to put on paper the ideas which had occurred to me in sleep. I wish I could make the story complete by saying the solution was singularly ingenious, and so on; but truth compels me to admit that it was utter rubbish. I could not have been in the full possession of my faculties—though seemingly wide awake—when I wrote it out as something worth remembering.

Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bedroom which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost; but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime my mind had suggested and at once rejected the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember; but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind, in its probably unhealthy condition) the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place, or rather not in its place, but five or six feet farther away, hung my college surplice. It was quite impossible to restore the illusion by resuming my former position. The mind which a moment before had been so completely deceived, rejected completely even the idea of resemblance. There was nothing even in the arrangement of the folds of the surplice to justify in the slightest degree an illusion which nevertheless had been perfect while it lasted. Only one feature of the apparition was accounted for. I have said that the eyes shone with tears: the explanation was rather commonplace; over my surplice I had hung a rowing belt, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight.

The event here narrated suggests the explanation of many ghost stories which have been related with perfect good faith. I believe the imagination only acts so as to deceive the mind completely when the latter has been painfully affected and is in an unhealthy condition. When this is the case, and a vision of some departed friend is conjured up out of realities indistinctly seen, the effect on the mind will depend greatly on the ideas entertained by the victim of the illusion on the subject of ghosts and visions generally. A believer in ghosts will be too startled to inquire further. If (as happens in many instances of the kind) he can retreat from the dread presence, he will commonly do so, and remain satisfied ever after that he at least has "seen a ghost." And in this way, I doubt little, many veracious persons have been led to add their evidence in favor of the common notions about ghosts and visions.

It is a singular circumstance, however, that sometimes several persons may be deceived by an illusion such as we have been considering. There is an instance of this kind in a book on the supernatural which I read many years ago. I cannot at the moment recall the name. It dealt with all forms of mental deception—mesmerism, witchcraft, necromancing, and so on. In the part relating to visions, it cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, who, soon after the death of Byron, and while his mind was dwelling on the painful circumstances of that event, saw in the dusk of a large room a vision of the poet which presently resolved itself into furniture. Then came the case I have in my thoughts. As nearly as I can remember, the story ran thus: A gentleman who had lately lost his wife, looking out of window in the dusk of evening, saw her sitting in a garden chair. He called one of his daughters and asked her to look out into the garden. "Why," she said, "mother is sitting there." Another daughter was called, and she experienced the same illusion. Then the gentleman went out into the garden, and found that a garden-dress of his wife's had been placed over the seat in such a position as to produce the illusion which had deceived himself and his daughters.

I know of a more curious instance, where no explanation was ever found, simply because the deceived persons were too frightened to seek for one. In a house in Ireland a girl lay dying. Her mother and father were with her; and her five sisters were praying for her in a neighboring room.

This room was well lit, but overhead there was a skylight and the dark sky beyond. One of the sisters looking up towards this skylight, saw there the face of her dying sister looking sorrowfully down upon them. She seized another sister by the hand and pointed to the skylight; and one after another the sisters looked where she pointed. They poked no word; and in a few moments their father and mother called them to the room where their sister had just died; but when afterwards they talked together about that had happened that night, it was found that *they had all seen the vision of the sorrowful face.*

A remarkable circumstance in these and many other instances of supposed visions, is the utterly unreasonable nature of the supposition actually made in the mind of the host-seer. In the stories where a ghost appears for some useful purpose, as to show where treasure has been concealed or to reveal the misdeeds of some person still living, the mind does not reject the event as altogether unreasonable though the circumstances may be (and commonly are) sufficiently preposterous. But one can conceive no reason whatever why a departed wife and mother should make her appearance in a garden-chair on a dusky evening, and still as why the vision of a dying sister should look down through a skylight. It is singular that on this account alone the mind does not reject the illusion in such cases.

Among the most perplexing circumstances in the common belief about ghosts, are the accepted ideas about ghostly accoutrements. For instance, why should so many ghosts be clothed in white? If the answer is that grave clothes are white, we may inquire what a ghost wants with grave-clothes? It might as well refuse to appear without a coffin. And then, many ghosts have appeared in their abode as they lived. If we inquire what is the real conception in the ghost-seer's mind as to the nature of the vision, we find a difficulty in understanding what idea is formed by the real believer in ghosts respecting the vestments in which spirits make their appearance. This is an old difficulty. In fact, it has probably occurred to every one who has thought over a ghost story. So soon as we come to the description of the ghost's vestments, there is always a hitch in the story. For my own part, I must have been a very small child indeed, when I first pondered over the question, Who made the ghost's clothes?

Of course there is no difficulty in the case of those who believe only in ghostly apparitions as phantoms of the brain. Here a distinction must be drawn. I am not speaking of those who regard such apparitions as either due to a diseased action of the brain or to the power of fancy in forming from real objects, indistinctly seen, the picture of a departed friend; but of those who look on visions of the dead as produced by supernatural impressions on the brain. Those who think that at the will of the dead a vision may be caused to appear, can of course understand that this vision would either be clothed in the garb which had been worn during life, or in grave-clothes, or in such other dress as suited the circumstances under which the vision appeared. But this view is not ordinarily adopted by those who regard apparitions as supernatural phenomena. They commonly regard the phantom as something really existent in the place where it is apparently seen. The dead person is *there* in some form; some essential entity representing him has the power to transport itself from the place of the departed into the presence of the living. This ordinary idea of ghostly visions is aptly rendered in Hamlet's address to the ghost. He does not speak of it as a vision, but *to it* as something real, although not understood:—

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable¹ shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again.

Nor does the poet shrink from investing the ghost with the garb of life. This had been already shown in the first scene. "Such," says Horatio, "was the very armor he had on, when he the ambitious Norway combated." And now Hamlet asks—

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

Again, it is curious how thoroughly the conventional idea of a ghost or goblin is associated with the thought of a shrouded face. It may be that this is partly due to the circumstance that while the imagination may quite commonly present to us the idea of a vision in all points complete except in the face, it can be but rarely that real objects are mistaken for the actual features of a deceased friend. Be this as it may, the ghost has been pictured with concealed face from time immemorial. So Flaxman draws the ghosts encountered by Ulysses in Hades, and no really fearful ghost has shown its face since the days when fear came upon Eliphaz, the Temanite, "and trembling which made all his bones to shake; when a spirit passed before his face and the hair of his flesh stood up; and the spirit stood still, but he could not discern the form thereof."

It is curious that children, when they try to frighten each other by "making ghosts," cover their heads. There is another singular trick they have—they make horns to their heads with their forefingers. Why should horns be regarded as peculiarly horrible? The idea can scarcely be referred to the times of our savage ancestors, for the creatures they had chiefly to fear were certainly not the horned animals. Yet the conventional devil is horned, and, moreover, "divideth the hoof," and is therefore a ruminating animal.² Did our savage ancestors keep their children in order by frightening them with stories about their horned cattle? It is certain at least that among the most portentous forms known to those children must have been the oxen and goats which formed a principal feature of their surroundings.

It must be admitted that there is something particularly hideous in a long horned face. I remember an instance where the sudden appearance of such a face, or what I took to be such, caused me a degree of discomfort certainly not justified by the occasion. Singularly enough, the event belongs to the period of my life to which I have already referred; and I may as well note that at no time either before or since have I, even for a moment (and against the will of the mind), mistaken commonplace objects for either "spirit of health" or "goblin damn'd."

During the last weeks of the long vacation already mentioned, I went alone to Blackpool in Lancashire. There I took lodgings in a house facing the sea. My sitting-room was on the ground-floor. On a warm autumn night I was reading with the window open; but the blind was down and was waving gently to and fro in the wind. It happened that I was reading a book on demonology; moreover, I had been startled earlier in the evening by prolonged shrieks from an upper room in the house, where my landlady's sister, who was very ill, had had an hysterical fit. I had just read to the end of a long and particularly horrible narrative when I was disturbed by the beating of the curtain—the wind having risen somewhat—and I got up to close the window. As I turned round for the purpose, the curtain rose gently and disclosed a startling object. A fearful face was there, black, long, and hideous,

¹ The conventional dragon is a Pterodactylid reptile. Ruskin will have it that Turner's picture of the Dragon guarding the Hesperidan apples was a mental evolution of a saurian reptile; but Turner himself said he got the idea of his dragon at a pantomime at Drury Lane. *Utrum horum magis accipere.* It is a wide range from the greenman to the greenroom.

² Mistakenly understood generally to signify "doubtful." What is meant obviously "a shape as of one to whom questions can be addressed."

and surmounted by two monstrous horns! Its eyes, large and bright, gleamed horribly, and a mouth garnished with immense teeth grinned at me. Then the curtain slowly descended. But I knew the horrible thing was there. I waited, by no means comfortably, while the curtain fluttered about, showing parts of the black monster. At last it rose again so as to disclose the whole face. But the face had lost its horror for me. For the horns were gone. Instead of the two nearly upright horns which before had shown black and frightful against the light background of sea and sky, there were two sloped ears as unmistakably asinine as I felt myself at the moment. When I went to the window (which before I felt unable to approach) I saw that several stray donkeys were wandering through the front gardens of the row of houses to which my lodgings belonged. It is possible that the inquisitive gentleman who had looked in at my window was attracted by the flapping curtain, which he may have taken for something edible. "If so," I remarked to myself, "two of your kind have been deceived to-night."

It would be easy to fill page after page with the details of the various ideas entertained about ghosts, goblins, and demons. Such ideas extend not only to the appearance of such beings, their apparel, appurtenances, and so on, but to the noises which they make either of themselves or by means of various supernatural objects which they are supposed to carry about with them. Thus, —

The sheeted dead
Did *squeak* and gibber in the Roman streets
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell.

And it is to be noted that as ghosts commonly show no face, so few have been known to speak with full voice. This may be because the noises heard at the hours when ghosts are seen, are not such as can be by any possibility mistaken for the human voice in its ordinary tones, while, nevertheless, an excited imagination can frame spoken words out of the strange sounds which can be heard in almost every house in the stillness of night. This also serves to account for the notion that ghosts can clank chains, or make other dismal noises. Sounds heard at night are highly deceptive; a small noise close by is taken for a loud noise at a distance (not necessarily a very great distance); and a noise made by objects of one kind will be mistaken for noises made by objects of a different kind altogether. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping down a road which passed some 200 yards from his house; he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as to the place whence the sound came) that the noise was produced by a clock in the next house, the clock having been newly placed against the party wall. We all know Carlyle's story of the ghostly voice heard each evening by a low-spirited man — a voice as of one, in like doleful dumps, proclaiming, "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am meeserable" — and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen-jack. There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by approaching illness, because each night, about a quarter of an hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighborhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door of a wardrobe which she closed every night just before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter of an hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest, slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mistaken for the strains of loud but distant music.

It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that our modern spirits, who deal in noise-making as well as in furniture-tilting (of yet more marvellous feats we say nothing), are not unacquainted with the means by which the ear may be deceived as in the cases just considered. Some sounds said to be heard during dark *séances* suggest the suspicion.

It will be seen that the opinion to which I incline — a the best and perhaps only natural interpretation of events supposed to be supernatural — is that real sights and sounds are modified by the imagination, either excited or diseased, into seemingly supernatural occurrences. It does not seem to me likely that in any large proportion of recorded (and presumably veracious) ghost stories, there has been an actual phantom of the brain. Such phantoms are sometimes seen, no doubt, and unreal voices are sometimes heard; but the condition of the brain which leads to such effects must be regarded as altogether exceptional. Certainly it is not common. On the contrary, the play of fancy by which images are formed from objects in no way connected with the picture raised in the mind is a common phenomenon. Although some minds possess the faculty more fully than others, few actually want it. I suppose there is not one person in a thousand who cannot see "faces in the fire," for instance, though to some the pictures so produced are much more vivid than to others. Dickens tells us that in travelling through a cleared region in America at night, the trees by the roadside seemed to assume the most startling resemblance to different objects — now an old man sitting in a chair, now a funeral urn, and so on. Doubtless, not every traveller along the road under the same circumstances would have found so many fanciful tree-pictures formed for him, or perhaps any formed so distinctly, as did Dickens, with his lively imagination and wealth of mind-images. Yet probably very few persons travel along a tree-covered region in the deeper dusk of evening without fancying that the trees shape themselves into strange forms of living or inanimate objects.

But the important point to be noticed is, that when the mind is deeply occupied with particular thoughts, the imagination is more likely to conjure up pictures connected with those thoughts than such random pictures as are formed when the mind is not so preoccupied. If we admit this — and I conceive that there can be very little doubt on the point — we can dispose very readily of the argument from coincidence, advanced by those who believe that the spirits of the dead sometimes come visibly into the presence of the living. I present this argument as urged in an analogous case (that of visions at the moment of death) by a late eminent mathematician, whose belief in the possibility at least of many things which are commonly regarded as superstitions was so well known that no apology need here be made for touching on the subject. After speaking on the general subject of coincidences, De Morgan thus, in language less simple than he commonly employs, presents the argument for spectral apparitions (at the moment of the death of the person so appearing): "The great *ghost-paradox* and its theory of coincidences will rise to the surface in the mind of every one. But the use of the word *coincidence* is here at variance with its common meaning. When A is constantly happening, and also B, the occurrence of A and B at the same moment is the mere coincidence which may be casualty." (That is, this is a coincidence of the common kind.) "But the case before us is that A is constantly happening" (here by A, De Morgan means a death, as he explains further on, but the explanation should come in at this point), "while B" (the spectral appearance of the person who dies), "when it does happen, almost always happens with A, and very rarely without it. That is to say, such is the phenomenon asserted; and all who rationally refer it to casualty affirm that B is happening very often as well as A, but that it is not thought worthy of being recorded except when A is simultaneous." I must venture to express my dissent from this statement; it seems to me incredible that any person would, as De Morgan asserts, *rationalise* affirm that spectral appearances are "very often" seen. "In talking of this subject," he proceeds, "it is necessary to put out of the question all who play fast and loose with their secret convictions; these had better give us a reason when they feel internal pressure for explanation, that there is no weathercock at Kilve; this would do for all cases. But persons of real inquiry will see that, first, experience does not bear out the asserted frequency of the spectral

without the alleged coincidence of death; and secondly, that if the crowd of purely casual spectres were so great that it is no wonder that now and then the person should have died at or near the moment, we ought to expect a much larger proportion of cases in which the spectre should come at the moment of the death of one or another of all the cluster who are closely connected with the original of the spectre." (This is not very distinct; any wrong spectre, with or without close connection with any particular moribund, would seem to serve De Morgan's purpose in his argument equally well. He seems to insist, however, on the fact — undoubtedly such — that if spectres were commonly appearing, without reference to the deaths of individuals, cases should happen pretty frequently where a spectre appears which is not that of a person then dying, but of some near relative. I feel by no means sure, however, that I have rightly caught De Morgan's meaning.) "But this," he proceeds, "is, we know, almost without example. It remains then, for all who speculate at all, to look upon the asserted phenomenon, think what they may of it, the thing which is to be explained, as a *connection* in time of the death, and the simultaneous appearance of the lead. Any person the least used to the theory of probabilities will see that purely casual coincidence, the *wrong spectre* being comparatively so rare that it may be said never to occur, is not within the rational field of possibility."

I have quoted this argument because it applies equally well to the case of spectral appearances after death. The right spectre is always seen, so far as is known, and it appears always on a suitable occasion (at least, an occasion as nearly suitable as the case permits).

It must be admitted, however, that the explanation does not cover the facts of all ghost-stories. There are some narratives which, if accepted in all their details, appear to admit of no explanation other than that which refers the events described to supernatural causes. But it must not be forgotten that these narratives have come in every instance from believers in ghosts and spirits; and without questioning the veracity of particular narrators, we may yet not unfairly point out that it is not absolutely impossible that at some stage or other, either in the events related or in the handing down of the story, some degree of deception may have come in. Tricks have been played on these matters, beyond all possibility of question. Untruths have been told also. The person who doubts a narrative of the marvellous is not bound to say *where* he suspects that some mistake has been made, some deception practised, some statement made which is not strictly veracious. He may not wish to say, or he may even be very far from believing, that the narrator is a trifle foolish or not quite honest. He may put faith in the persons cited as authorities for the narrative; and he may even carry his faith, as well in the sense as in the honesty of the persons concerned, a step or two farther. Yet he may still find room for doubt. Or again, he may have very little faith, and very ample room for doubt, and yet may have valid reasons for not wishing to state as much. Persons who tell marvellous stories ought not to press too earnestly for their auditor's opinion. It is neither fair nor wise.

As an instance of a story which has been unwisely insisted upon by believers in the supernatural, I take the marvellous narrative of M. Bach and the old spinet. As given in outline by Professor Wallace, it runs thus: "M. Leon Bach purchased at an old curiosity shop in Paris a very ancient but beautiful *spinet* as a present to his father a great-grandson of Bach, the great composer), a musical amateur. The next night the elder Bach dreamt that he saw a handsome young man, dressed in old court costume, who told him that the spinet had been given to him by his ancestor, King Henry. He then said he would play on it an air, with words composed by the King, in memory of a lady he had greatly loved; he did so, and M. Bach woke in tears, touched by the pathos of the song. He went to sleep again, and on waking in the morning was amazed to find on his bed a sheet of paper, on which were written, in very old characters, both words and music of the song he

had heard in his dreams. It was said to be by Henry III., and the date inscribed on the spinet was a few years earlier. M. Bach, completely puzzled, showed the music to his friends, and among them were some spiritualists, from whom he heard, for the first time, their interpretation of the phenomena. Now comes the most wonderful part of the history. M. Bach became himself a writing medium; and through his hand was written involuntarily a statement that inside the spinet, in a secret niche near the keyboard, was a parchment, nailed in the case, containing the lines written by King Henry when he gave the instrument to his musician. The four-line stanza, which it was said would be found on the parchment, was also given, and was followed by the signature — Baldazzarini. Father and son then set to work to search for this hidden scroll, and after some two hours' close examination found, in a narrow slit, a piece of old parchment about eleven inches by three, containing, in very old writing, nearly the same words which M. Bach had written, and signed — Henry. This parchment was taken to the Bibliothèque Impériale, and submitted to experienced antiquarians, and was pronounced to be an undoubtedly genuine autograph of Henry III.

"This is the story," says Professor Wallace, and proceeds to dwell on the care with which Mr. Owen, who narrates it (in "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next"), had examined all the details. "Not content with ascertaining these facts at first hand, and obtaining photographs of the spinet and parchment" (!) "of both of which he gives good representations, Mr. Owen sets himself to hunt up historical confirmation of the story, and after much research and many failures, he finds that Baldassarini was an Italian musician, who came to France in 1577, and was in great favor with Henry III.; that the King was passionately attached to Marie de Cleves, who became wife of the Prince de Condé, and that several of the allusions to her in the verses corresponded to what was known of her history. Other minuter details were found to be historically accurate." (In other words, "The bricks are alive this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.") "Mr. Owen also carefully discusses the nature of the evidence, the character of the persons concerned, and the possibility of deception. M. Bach is an old man of high character; and to suppose that he suddenly and without conceivable motives planned and carried out a most elaborate and complicated imposture, is to suppose what is wholly incredible." (That is, we must not suppose so because we cannot suppose so.) "Mr. Owen shows further that the circumstances are such that M. Bach could not have been an impostor even had he been so inclined, and concludes by remarking, 'I do not think dispassionate readers will accept such violent improbabilities. But if not, what interesting suggestions touching spirit-intercourse and spirit-identity connect themselves with this simple narrative of M. Bach's spinet!'"

Here is a story which to most readers, I venture to say, appears absurd on the face of it, suggesting not "interesting," but utterly ludicrous "ideas of spirit-intercourse;" yet we are to believe it, or else indicate exactly how our doubts are divided between Mr. Owen himself (who may have been somewhat misled by his evidence), the Bachs, father and son, the spiritualist friends who instructed M. Bach how to become "a writing medium," and so on.

Again, we are to believe all such stories unless we are prepared with an explanation of every circumstance. It seems to me that it would be as reasonable for a person who had witnessed some ingenious conjuring tricks to insist that they should be regarded as supernatural, unless his hearers were prepared to explain the exact way in which they had been managed. Indeed, the stress laid by the superstitious on narratives such as those related by Mr. Owen, is altogether unwarrantable in the presence of all that is known about the nature and the laws of evidence. In works like Mr. Owen's the author is witness, judge, and advocate (especially advocate) in one. Those who do not agree with him have not only no power of cross-examining, but they commonly have neither time nor inclination to

obtain specific evidence on their side of the question. It requires indeed some considerable degree of faith in the supernatural to undertake the deliberate examination of the evidence adduced for ghost-stories, — by which I mean, not the study of the story as related, but the actual questioning of the persons concerned, as well as an examination of the scene and all the circumstances of the event. Thus I cannot see any force in the following remarks by Professor Wallace: "How is such evidence as this," he says, speaking of one of Owen's stories, "refuted or explained away? Scores, and even hundreds of equally attested facts, are on record, but no attempt is made to explain them. They are simply ignored, and in many cases admitted to be inexplicable. Yet this is not quite satisfactory, as any reader of Mr. Owen's book will be inclined to admit. *Punch* once made a Yankee debtor say, —

This debt I have repudiated long ago;
'Tis therefore settled. Yet this Britisher
Keeps for repayment worriting me still!

So our philosophers declare that they have long ago decided these ghost-stories to be all delusions; *therefore* they need only be ignored; and they feel much 'worried,' that fresh evidence should be adduced, and fresh converts made, some of whom are so unreasonable as to ask for a new trial, on the ground that the former verdict was contrary to the evidence.

All this affords excellent reason why the "converts" should not be ridiculed for their belief; but something more to the purpose must be urged before "the philosophers" can be expected to devote very much of their time to the inquiry suggested. It ought to be shown that the well-being of the human race is to some important degree concerned in the matter, whereas the trivial nature of all ghostly conduct hitherto recorded is admitted even by "converts." It ought to be observed that the principles of scientific research can be applied to this inquiry; whereas before spirits were in vogue the contrary was absolutely the case, while it is scarcely going too far to say that even the behavior of spirits is to be tested only by "converts," and in the dark. It ought, lastly, to be shown that the "scores and even hundreds" of well-attested facts, admittedly singular, and even, let us say, admittedly inexplicable, are not more in number than the singular and *seemingly* inexplicable facts likely to occur (by mere casualty) among the millions of millions of events which are continually occurring; but this is very far from having been as yet demonstrated; on the contrary, when we consider the scores and hundreds, and even thousands of facts which, though they have been explained, yet seemed for awhile (and might have remained forever) inexplicable, the wonder rather is that not a few books like Mr. Owen's, but whole libraries of books, have not been filled with the records of even more singular and inexplicable events.

WAGNER IN LONDON.

ASTONISHING rumors have reached England from time to time during the last year or two, as to the doings of Herr Wagner at and in connection with Bayreuth. Whatever may be thought of Herr Wagner as a composer, there can be no doubt as to the power and influence exercised by him in the character of writer, courtier, and organizer of his own successes. In criticising the works of other composers he has always had something striking and original to say. A democrat in early days, he has nevertheless contrived to make himself the friend of princes; and if any further proof of his talent were required, it could be found in the high political skill with which he has persuaded Germans of all classes and conditions, from the Emperor and several kings downwards, to aid him in erecting and fitting up a theatre for the performance of his own works. Herr Wagner is, after all, the true unifier of Germany. There is still some coldness between the Emperor William and the King of Bavaria; but both these monarchs, major

and minor, agree in looking favorably upon Herr Wagner, and both have taken shares in the Bayreuth enterprise. North Germans and South Germans, friends of unity and "particularists," Protestants and Catholics, are all of one way of thinking in presence of Herr Wagner — that way being the precise way, and none other, held by Herr Wagner himself. What is still more extraordinary is the fact that many of Herr Wagner's most enthusiastic admirers have not only read his eloquent books and listened to his impressive conversation, but have heard his music. Some even are musicians themselves; and when a musician becomes a Wagnerite he naturally proves a fanatic in the cause. There are not many of them, however. Educated in what, according to Wagner, are false traditions, musicians as a rule, whether composers or executants, and singers especially among the latter, dislike his music; and the chief propagandists of Wagnerism have been found among writers who, for the most part, and for excellent reasons, are very little prejudiced in regard to musical subjects. Baudelaire, whose praise, when he *did* indulge in laudation, was never lukewarm, considered Wagner the greatest of all composers; and Mr. Swinburne, appreciating Baudelaire's genius, is said to extend his admiration to Baudelaire's favorite composer. The French novelist Champfleury is, or was, another Wagnerite; and Théophile Gautier, who wrote very brilliantly about music, but without liking it, held Wagner in considerable esteem, as to this moment do several of Gautier's literary followers. Berlioz, who, like Wagner, wrote and talked effectively on musical subjects, and, like Wagner, professed utter contempt for such musical pigmies as Rossini, found also a certain number of warm admirers among a certain number of the writers of his time.

Great composers, however, have always addressed the world not through literature but exclusively through music. No arguments, no sort of propagandism should be necessary to direct public attention to artistic results which, in the case of musical works, must surely speak for themselves. But even in his own country we believe Wagner to be less known as a musical composer than as a controversialist on the subject of music; and in England it is an indisputable fact that such celebrity as attaches to his name is due partly to what he has written, partly to what has been written about him, and very little indeed to what he has composed. It is in Russia (once more like Berlioz), where every new and strange thing is sure to find admirers, that Wagner has made the greatest impression. There, and there only, he has become the founder of a school which includes at least two musicians of mark — Seroff, the composer of "Judith," and as prolific a writer on musical subjects as the master himself; and Dargomiski, who, out-Wagnering Wagner, dispenses not only with concerted pieces, but also with choruses, and, pushing realism in music to the last extremity, has discovered the art of writing recitative in so natural a style that when the singers deliver it you scarcely know they are singing, and almost fancy they are speaking. Many years may be expected to elapse before the German master reaches the point to which his Russian imitator leaped almost at one bound. But Dargomiski, with his "realism" in music, is an example of what a composer may come to if he once enters on the Wagnerian path.

Meanwhile Wagner is being introduced or reintroduced to us in London, for it must not be forgotten that some twenty years ago he officiated one season as conductor at the Philharmonic Concerts, when several of his orchestral pieces were performed under his direction. Whether through the fault of the public or of the composer, certain it is that these works produced no favorable impression. Nor did the success of the first "Wagner concert," which took place last week at the Hanover Square Rooms — the first concert devoted specially and exclusively in this country to Wagner's music — prove that music to be eminently acceptable even to an audience composed largely of Germans, with many of whom the question of Wagner's merit is viewed, not so much from a musical as from a national and patriotic point of view. Much of the music performed

was in accordance with the public taste, and much was in Wagner's latest style. But what was in accordance with the public taste was not in Wagner's latest style, and what was in Wagner's latest style was not in accordance with the public taste. We are merely stating facts without wishing to imply that Herr Wagner is to be judged by the likings or dislikings of his audience. It is worth noticing all the same that the pieces most applauded were those belonging to his earlier works, which have been often performed and may often be performed again without its being at all necessary to construct for that purpose a theatre at Bayreuth or elsewhere. For our part we like and admire the "Flying Dutchman" (which, however, is never mentioned by professed Wagnerites, and which Wagner himself is said to regard as an error of his youth); we like and admire "Tannhäuser," and we like and admire the little of "Lohengrin" that we happen to have heard on the stage. Wagner loses more than most composers by being heard piecemeal in a concert-room; for the creator of the "art-work of the future" does not "liep in numbers," and his whole system is opposed to the elaboration and perfection of particular scenes which, however highly finished, cannot, he maintains, joined together, form a musico-dramatic work possessing unity, but only a musical medley or mosaic. In London he must be heard at concerts or not at all. But to judge of him as a stage-composer one should witness a performance of "Tannhäuser" at Berlin, or, better still, of "Lohengrin" at Munich, or, best of all, the longest works of his last period, as they are to be given when a theatre fit for their reception and production has been provided at Bayreuth. For this last opportunity, however, it will be necessary to wait, desirable to attend Wagner concerts in aid of the Bayreuth fund, and commendable to join the guarantee committee which is to ensure the organizers of these concerts against the possibility of loss.

The test to which Herr Wagner's music is subjected by being presented as concert music is indeed a severe one. In representation his operas owe much to the poem (which Herr Wagner, who was a librettist before he was a composer, writes himself), much to the *mise-en-scène*, much to the fact that they are eminently fitted for the stage. His chief rule of operatic art is that music must be regarded as a means, not an end, in contradistinction to the ordinary view, according to which the libretto is merely a string of words for supporting and connecting the various pieces, following one after another as in a concert. Oddly enough, while Wagner, in theory at least, sets a limit to the predominance of music in opera, he seems to exaggerate its importance as a means of expression in instrumental pieces connected with opera. Thus an overture by Wagner is supposed to say all sorts of things which never could be understood except by hearers already admitted into the secret. It is supposed to say some of these things explicitly, and now and then (as enthusiasts maintain) "humorously;" as if it were not enough for music to tell its own story, without attempting to depict and even to describe ("humorously" or otherwise) things external to it and beyond its reach. The very vagueness of music is one of its charms; and in seeking unduly to extend its sphere so as to make it do the work of painting, and even of poetry, composers do not add to its power, but seriously diminish it. In the acting portions, however, of his "art work," Wagner lets notes wait upon words, intensifying their dramatic effect, imparting to them their true musical color; while the orchestra has still a very important part to play, not as a mere subservient accompanist, like the orchestra of the Italian composers, but as a semi-independent dramatic agent, performing functions almost as significant as those of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. This conception of opera reminds one of Gluck, whose orchestra, however, was infinitely less eloquent than that of Wagner. So far, indeed, is Wagner's operatic scheme from being new, that one of the most notable processes employed in it — that of announcing the entry of each character by a particular orchestral phrase — was first made use of by Monteverde in the earliest, or one of the earliest,

operas on record. It is noticeable, too, that in the earliest operas the personages delivered all their dialogue in a sort of recitative, formal tunes being generally reserved, as in the Wagnerian opera, for choruses, dances, and marches. In his latest manner, Wagner seems inclined to replace squarely defined tune by so-called "continuous melody" even in march music, of which at the Wagner concert we had a specimen in his vigorous "Kaiser Marsch." Still, as a rule, a march in music must be looked upon as something to be marched to; and the bold, effective themes of which the "Kaiser Marsch" is mainly made up convey no idea of the sort of music which forms the substance of Wagner's operas. They remind one rather of Meyerbeer, as the well-known and undoubtedly effective "Tannhäuser March" (which again is no specimen of Wagnerian music in general) must remind every one who hears it of Weber.

At the first of the Wagner concerts a very fine orchestra, under Mr. Dannreuther's able conductorship, did full justice to the "Tannhäuser" overture, the overture to the "Meistersinger," the above-mentioned "Kaiser Marsch," and various instrumental and semi-instrumental pieces from "Lohengrin." Nor must we forget the prayer from "Rienzi," which, like the overture to "Tannhäuser," the "Lohengrin" selection, and the "Kaiser Marsch," excited much admiration. "Encores" are scarcely a criterion: but, however that may be, the pieces most applauded and re-demanded were those of Wagner's early manner; and the public can form but little idea, from the Wagnerian entertainment provided for them at the Hanover Square Rooms, of the sort of treat that will await at Bayreuth those who, by becoming guarantors to the extent of five pounds, will "secure the privilege of choosing four reserved seats at half price." They will hear a fine singer, however, in Herr Franz Diener, who at the Wagner Society's first concert sang, with much earnestness and with all the dramatic power which Wagner's vocal music absolutely requires, Lohengrin's expressive song to Elsa and Sigismund's intricate "love song" in the "Walküre" — the second of the operas included in the Niebelungen series destined for the Bayreuth Festival.

IN SEARCH OF "BEGGAR SMITH."

I WAS lately told that the poor people of a large district of Surrey, between places so remote from each other as Richmond and Guilford, inclusive of Wandsworth, Mortlake, Putney, Barnes, Croydon, Epsom, Reigate, Mickleham, Dorking, and a score of other towns and villages, were in the enjoyment of considerable benefactions bequeathed to them by a gentleman — no, not a gentleman, my informant said — but a man of the name of Smith, who lived in the reigns of James the First and Charles the First. I was told that this particular Mr. Smith was a beggar; that he was known all over the country as "Beggar Smith;" and that, instead of leaving any money to Leatherhead, he had bequeathed a whip to that parish, because he had been whipped out of it; and that, to the neighboring parish of Ashted, he had left a bridle for the mouths of the scolds and viragos, who, instead of bestowing alms upon him, had refused to "moderate the rancor of their tongues," whenever he made his appearance in their pleasant village. "Beggar Smith" was represented as having left money enough to render a poor-rate unnecessary in the districts over which it was his pleasure to scatter his bounty. I asked if Smith was a licensed beggar? My informant could not say. But, if Smith were a licensed beggar, the town of Leatherhead would have had no right to whip him, so that my supposition and the legend did not tally well together. Anyhow, as I lived in one of the parishes benefited, I resolved to make inquiries *in re* Mr. Smith, and ascertain, if possible, the sum he had left, and whether or no he had really been a beggar, as tradition affirmed.

I first got scent of Smith at Epsom, where a venerable pauper, out on leave from the union workhouse, told me he knew summut about "Beggar Smith." His bounties were

distributed to the poor of the town at Christmas, and amounted, he thought, to as much as forty-seven pounds per annum. "Was he a beggar?" "Yes, Smith was a beggar, there was no mistake about that; leastways, he had always heard so. Ax anybody you like who knows anything, and they'll tell you that he was whipped for begging, and a great shame, too. Besides, anybody could find out all about Smith by just going into the vestry-room at St. Martin's Church, where his will was framed and glazed, and stuck up on the wall, with his name to it in letters of gold." He would show me the church if I liked, for the price of a pint o' beer. "He hadn't tasted beer for a long time, and a drop would do him good." This modest bargain having been struck, we made our way to the church, where the organist was busy tuning the organ, and easily procured admission to the vestry-room. The document of which I was in search hung upon the wall, in a dark corner, but by mounting on an antique chest, or monument box, of carved oak, I was enabled to read that it set forth the particulars of a voluntary gift which had been made in his lifetime to the poor of Epsom, by Henry Smith, and that it was dated on the 16th of January, in the second year of the reign of his Most Gracious Majesty James the First, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland (1604). On referring that same afternoon to the folio History of the County of Surrey, I learned from its pages in a curt entry, that Henry Smith, Esquire, by a will dated in 1627, had bequeathed large sums, derived from the rental of certain farms and estates in the county of Sussex, to the poor of certain parishes in Surrey. Whatever might be thought of the will, it did not look much like the act of a beggar to be giving away, with splendid liberality, his worldly goods and possessions during his lifetime for the benefit of the poor. The more I thought upon the matter, the more I became convinced that, beggar or no beggar, Henry Smith was no common man, but a philanthropist who did his own good in his own lifetime, and did not wait to be generous till he lay on his death-bed. I heard more about him afterwards in the parish of Mickleham, where the money of "Beggar Smith," if beggar he were, continued to be employed in 1872, in relieving the distresses of the aged and infirm poor, and in other meritorious actions.

In Dorking the same story was told of the benefactions of the worthy man whom everybody persisted in calling a beggar. All through the country the poor had heard of and benefited by his bounty. The poor invariably supported their assertion of his beggarhood by citing as proof positive the "whip" which he had bequeathed to Leatherhead, and the bridle, or, according to some, the "gag," left for the benefit of the gossips of Ashted. But people of a superior rank in life, when asked what authority there was for these stories, generally admitted that there was none, except tradition. By a gentleman learned in the law I was informed that Smith had in the year 1620, sixteen years after his gift to the poor of Epsom, executed a "deed of uses," and that a decree of the Court of Chancery had been given concerning the same, in which Henry Smith, Esquire, was plaintiff, and the Most Noble the Earl of Essex, and others were defendants. These documents it appeared had been reprinted from time to time during the last two hundred and fifty years for the guidance of the authorities of the several parishes interested, together with the last will and testament of Henry Smith, dated, as I have said, in 1627, the year in which he died. These documents I succeeded in obtaining, and found that they threw great light on the benevolent character of Smith, who, beggar or no beggar, had acted for the last twenty-seven years of his life the part of a singularly unselfish and high-minded gentleman.

It does not appear of what business or profession he was, but it is clear that he possessed a "mansion" in Silver Street, in the parish of St. Olave's, Southwark. Several noble and eminent persons were indebted to him in large sums of money, and he was the owner in fee-simple of the manors and farms of Warbleton, Southwick, and Iwood (or Highwood), with their appurtenances, in the county of Sussex, and other manors, lands, tenements, and heredita-

ments in the county of Middlesex. Looking at the sums he lent to some members of the aristocracy of the period, it seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that he was a money-lender by profession. Among the persons indebted to him were the Earl of Essex, ten thousand pounds; Sir Edward Francis, three thousand pounds; John Middleton, Esquire, four thousand pounds; Sir Richard Lumley, one thousand pounds; and Mr. Serjeant Amhurst, one thousand pounds. Henry Smith — unlike too many who have clung to their money to the last moments of their lives, and left large charities and benefactions to the poor after death, often to the exclusion of their own families — did not make his generosity posthumous, but freely gave up his whole estate into the hands of trustees for the immediate relief of want and suffering. He reserved to himself for his residence during life his mansion in Silver Street; kept possession of one hundred pounds in ready money to help him along till his own small share of his own rents became due to him, and stipulated that he should be regularly paid by his trustees the sum of five hundred pounds per annum for his maintenance. All the rest of his fortune he freely and unreservedly gave up to the poor, charging his trustees, thirteen in number, among whom were the Earls of Essex and Dorset, to see that his intentions were duly carried out. These intentions were set forth in the deed of uses: The relief of poor prisoners, and of hurt and maimed soldiers; the giving of marriage portions to poor maids; the apprenticing of poor lads to useful trades; the relief of persons who had sustained loss by shipwreck or fire; or any other charitable purposes whatsoever that should seem desirable to any seven or greater number of his trustees. As the interest of the debts due to him was amply sufficient to provide the five hundred pounds per annum which he reserved for himself, it follows that all the rents of his farms and manors and other landed property were handed over to the poor and suffering, to be administered by the noblemen and gentlemen in whom he had placed his confidence. For the better carrying out of his purpose, he directed that his trustees, the Earl of Essex, Sir Christopher Nevil, Sir Richard Lumley, Sir George Croke, and nine others, "should with all convenient speed procure from his Majesty, his heirs and successors, a license under the Great Seal of England, to be granted to the Governors of Christ's Hospital in London, and their successors, to receive and take, in mortmain, the rents, moneys, and personal estates of the said Henry Smith, to purchase farms, manors, messuages, tenements, hereditaments, etc., the proceeds and rents of which to be distributed in the same way as the rents accruing from his three manors and farms of Warbleton, Smithwick, and Iwood." While defining more particularly the classes of people whom he intended to benefit, he made limitations to exclude the criminal and the undeserving. As an instruction to the churchwardens and overseers of the several parishes included, or to be included, within the ever-widening scope of his charity, he declared that his bounty was intended for the relief of aged, poor, and infirm people; of married persons having more children born to them in lawful wedlock than their labors could maintain; of poor orphans; of such poor people as kept themselves and their families to honest labor, without receipt of parish aid; and for apprenticing of their children at the age of fifteen. He expressly excluded all persons leading criminal lives, or who were guilty of excessive drinking, all common swearers and pilferers, and servants who had been incorrigibly disobedient to their masters and mistresses, all vagrants who had no constant dwelling, and able-bodied persons who refused to work when work was provided for them.

Such were the voluntary gifts of Henry Smith, to his fellow-creatures during twenty-three years before he died. It does not appear, though he had allowed himself five hundred pounds a year, that he lived up to his income. For in 1627, having dispossessed himself of everything but his dwelling-house and his annuity, he executed a will, by which he left many other large sums for charitable purposes, and as tokens of good-will to his friends and depend-

ants. He was apparently unmarried, as he left one thousand pounds to his poor relations — meaning thereby his sister's children — and appointed his nephew, one Henry Jackson, a grocer, to be his executor. To Henry Steven Gent, his servant, he left one hundred pounds; to the poor captives, who had been made slaves by the Turkish (probably Algerine) pirates, one thousand pounds, to be invested in such a manner, by the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, as to produce sixty pounds per annum; to the children of one Daborre, a carpenter in Richmond, fifty pounds; to Richard Owen, "gentleman servant," or valet of the Dean of Westminster, one hundred pounds; to the poor of Wandsworth, five hundred pounds; to the poor of Beigate, one thousand pounds; to the child of his servant, Michael Montgomery, ten pounds; and to other two of his servants an annuity of ten pounds each. He forgave John Walker, of Billingsgate, a debt of two hundred pounds, money lent, and bequeathed two hundred pounds to the Countess of Dorset. Several sums due to him, amounting to nearly ten thousand pounds — apparently a portion of his unpaid debts of the Earl of Essex and others — he left to the purchasing and buying in of appropriations for the relief and maintenance of godly preachers, and the better furtherance of knowledge and religion. To the parish of St. Olave's, where he resided, he only left five pounds, and to the parishes of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East and St. Anne's, each the same sum. To the Dowager Lady Delaware he bequeathed one hundred pounds, and to his nephew and executor, Henry Jackson, the grocer, the same sum. To a person whom he called "Goodwife Seabright" he left twenty shillings only — a small sum, if she deserved to be called "good," and had in any way shown her goodness to himself. To the poor of Richmond, in Surrey, he devised one thousand pounds, owing to him by Serjeant Amburst — a fact which strengthens the suspicion that the said Amburst, as well as the Earl of Essex and the other debtors, had not discharged themselves of their liabilities, between the time of the deed of uses and the execution of his will. A succeeding passage in the will shows clearly that his other debtors, Sir Edward Francis, John Middleton, Esquire, and Sir Richard Lumley, had also neglected to pay up, on the erroneous belief that it was his intention to release them. He therefore asserted emphatically that such was by no means his intention, and directed his executors to demand and require of them, and of the Earl of Essex, the punctual repayment, with interest, of all advances made to them. Between the date of the deed of uses and the execution of the will he had acquired estates, manors, and messuages in the counties of Kent, Gloucester, and Worcester, the rents of which he also devoted to his general purposes of his trust. But as his free gifts, according to the directions of his deed of uses, had not been administered according to his intention by the trustees, he revoked in his will all former wills and testaments, and all former trusts, grants, gifts, assurances, conveyances, and powers whatsoever touching or concerning his said lands, goods, moneys, etc., and appointed Alderman Whitmore, of London, his nephew, Henry Jackson, the grocer, and four other persons to be his executors, "earnestly praying them to be careful" in seeing that there should be no further mistakes.

In a codicil, in which he bequeathed one thousand pounds to his nephew, Jackson, it appears that the will, which was proved on the 20th of June, 1628, makes no mention of the "whip" said to have been bequeathed to Leatherhead, nor of the "gag" or "bridle" to Ashtead, so that the general tradition of the country rests on no better foundation than a fairy tale. Nevertheless, it is possible that Smith, in his early life, may have been a beggar, as tradition affirms, and may have inherited unexpectedly, from some distant relative, the ample fortune of which he made in later life such benevolent use. A legend so widely spread must have had some sort of foundation. Smith may have jocularly expressed his intention of making the fabulous Leatherhead and Ashtead bequests, and has given currency to a piece of gossip, which, by constant reiteration during nine generations of paupers, has

gradually hardened itself in popular belief into the consistency of a fact. It might be interesting to ascertain how much of Smith's money, during all these generations, has found its way into the hands of the lawyers, or has been diverted from the uses of the poor by the expenses of management. It might also be a fair subject of inquiry whether the gifts have not more greatly tended to demoralize than to elevate the persons for whose benefit they were intended. An old woman of seventy in my parish receives ten shillings annually, and expends it regularly on a Christmas joint, a plum-pudding, and a bottle of gin. Perhaps none but a teetotaler would see any harm in this old lady's festivities at Mr. Smith's expense. And if Smith's money were wholly devoted to the relief of the aged, the infirm, and the suffering poor, and went in diminution of the poor rates, all but the hardest and rigidest of political economists might smile approval. The estate, which the manipulation of the law has rendered much less productive than it might have been, is administered by the Charity Commissioners under the authority of the Court of Chancery, and is not likely to suffer any further diminution.

CAPRI.

We can hardly wonder at the love of artists for Capri, for, of all the winter resorts of the South, Capri is beyond question the most beautiful. Physically indeed it is little more than a block of limestone which has been broken off by some natural convulsion from the promontory of Sorrento, and changed by the strait of blue water which now parts it from the mainland into the first of a chain of islands which stretch across the Bay of Naples. But the same forces which severed it from the continent have given a grandeur and variety to its scenery which contrast in a strangely picturesque way with the narrowness of its bounds. There are few coast-lines which can rival in sublimity the coast-line around Capri; the cliff wall of sheer rock broken only twice by little dips which serve as landing-places for the island, and pierced at its base by "blue grottoes" and "green grottoes" which have become famous from the strange play of light within their depths. The reader of Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore" will remember one of these caverns as the scene of its closing adventure; but, strange as Andersen's description is, it is far less strange than the scene which he sketches, the deep blue light which turns the rocks into turquoise and emerald, or the silvery look of the diver as he plunges into the waves. Twice in their course the cliffs reach a height of thirteen hundred feet above the sea, but their grandeur is never the barren grandeur of our Northern headlands; their sternest faces are softened with the vegetation of the South; the myrtle finds root in every cranny, and the cactus clings to the bare rock front from summit to base. A cliff wall hardly inferior in grandeur to that of the coast runs across the midst of the island, dividing it into an upper and a lower plateau, with no means of communication save the famous rock stairs, the "Steps of Anacapri," soon to be replaced by a daring road which is being driven along the face of the cliff. The upper plateau of Anacapri is cold and without any striking points of scenery, but its huge mass serves as an admirable shelter to Capri below, and it is with Capri that the ordinary visitor is alone concerned. The first thing which strikes one is the smallness of the place. The whole island is only some four miles long and a mile and a half across, and, as we have seen, a good half of this space is practically inaccessible. But it is just the diminutive size of Capri which becomes one of its greatest charms. It would be hard, in fact, to find any part of the world where so much and such varied beauty is packed into so small a space. The visitor who lands from Naples or Sorrento mounts steeply up the slopes of a grand amphitheatre flanked on either side by the cliffs of St. Michael and Anacapri, to the white line of the village on the central ridge, with the strange Saracenic domes of its church

lifted weirdly against the sky. Over the crest of this ridge a counter valley falls as steeply to the south till it reaches a plateau crowned with the gray mass of a convent, and then plunges over crag and cliff back again to the sea. To the east of these central valleys a steep rise of ground ends in the ruins of the Palace of Tiberius and the great headland which fronts the headland of Sorrento. Everywhere the forms of the scenery are on the largest and boldest scale. The great conical Tora, Tuoro-grande and Tuoro-piccolo, the boldly scarped rock of Castiglione with its crown of mediæval towers, lead up the eye to the huge cliff wall of Anacapri, where, a thousand feet above, the white hermitage on Monte Solaro glimmers out fitfully from its screen of cloud. Among the broken heights to the east or in the two central valleys, there are a hundred different walks and a thousand nooks, and each walk and nook has its own independent charm. Steeps clothed from top to bottom in the thick greenery of the lemon or orange; sudden breaks like that of Metromania, where a blue strip of sea seems to have been cunningly let in among the rocks; backgrounds of tumbled limestone, slopes dusty gray with wild cactus; thickets of delightful greenery, where one lies hidden in the dense scrub of myrtle and arbutus; olive-yards creeping thriftily up the hill-sides, and over the cliffs and down every slope, and into every rock-corner where the Caprese peasant-farmer can find footing; homesteads of gray stone with low domed Oriental roofs on which women sit spinning, their figures etched out against the sky; gardens where the writhed fig-trees stand barely waiting for the foliage of the spring; nooks amidst broken boulders, and vast fingers of rock, with the dark mass of the carouba flinging its shade over them; heights from which one looks suddenly northward and southward over a hundred miles of sea — this is Capri. The sea is everywhere. At one turn its waters go flashing away unbroken by a single sail towards the far-off African coast, where the Caprese boatmen are coral-fishing through the hot summer months; at another the eye ranges over the tumbled mountain masses above Amalfi to the dim sweep of coast where the haze hides the temples of Pæstum; at another the Bay of Naples opens suddenly before us, Vesuvius and the blue deep of Castellamare and the white city-line along the coast seen with a strange witchery across twenty miles of clear air.

Beautiful as the place is, it is luckily dull enough to escape the rush of visitors which is fast turning every nook of the Riviera into a little Brighton. There is as yet no kind of society; the strangers are few; an English resident or two, a dozen winter exiles, half a dozen artists make up the foreign world of Capri. The casual Yankee girl who runs over to "do" the Blue Grotto votes the place a bore in an hour or two, and sails off to the balls and cotillions of Nice. Even the rheumatic dowagers, the botanical young maidens, and the inevitable chaplain, who hover vulture-like over the pretty nooks of the world, find Capri too "uninteresting" for their swoop. Its one shop is the barber's shop in the Piazza, its one public building the communal round-house where the solitary offender against the laws of Capri may be seen playing cribbage through the lattice with the sympathizing loungers without. There is but a single road, and that still incomplete; and there are no wheeled vehicles beyond a single cart, the first which has appeared in Capri and at which its children still stare as at a prodigy. The island is a paradise of silence for those to whom silence is a delight. One wanders about in the vineyards without a sound save the call of the vine-dressers; one lies on the cliff and hears a thousand feet below the dreamy wash of the sea. There is hardly the cry of a bird to break the spell; even the girls who meet one with a smile on the hill-side smile quietly and gravely in the Southern fashion as they pass by. It is the stillest place that the sun shines on; but with all its stillness, it is far from being the home of boredom which the American girl votes it. There are, in fact, few places in the world so full of interest. The artist finds a world of "studies" in its rifts and cliff walls, in the sailor groups along its beach, and the Greek faces of the

girls in its vineyards. The geologist reads the secret of the past in its abruptly tilted strata, in the deposit of volcanic ash, in the fossils and bones which Augustus saw the fashion of collecting, before geology was thought of. The historian and the archaeologist have a yet wider field. Brief as was the period of its historic glory, Capri is a perfect treasure-house of Roman remains. Twelve Imperial villas were crowded into the little island, and the remains of two, the so-called "Palace" and "Baths" of Tiberius, still exist on the largest scale. But the whole island is a mass of broken fragments. One can hardly dig without coming on the wreck of Roman houses, on tessellated pavements, and marbles, and stuccoed walls, on hypocausts and drains, on urns and sepulchres. Every peasant has a handful of Roman coins to part with for a few soldi. In later remains, as might be expected, the island is far poorer; but the ruins of mediæval castles crown the heights of Castiglione and Anacapri, and the mother church of San Costanzo, with its central dome supported by marble shafts from the ruins hard by, is an early specimen of Sicilian or Southern Italian architecture. Perhaps the most remarkable touch of the South is seen in the low stone vaults which form the roofs of all the older houses of Capri, and whose upper surface serves as a terrace, where the women gather in the sunshine in a way which brings home to one oddly the recollections of Syria and Jerusalem. For loungers of a steadily uninquiring order, however, there are plenty of amusements of a lighter sort. It is hard to spend a day more pleasantly than in boating beneath the cliffs of Capri, bobbing for "cardinals," cruising round the huge masses of the Faraglioni, as they rise like giants out of the sea, dipping in and out of the little grottoes which stud the coast. On land there are climbs around headlands and "rock work" for the adventurous, easy little walks with exquisite peeps of sea and cliff for the idle, sunny little nooks where the dreamer can be buried in myrtle and arbutus. The life around one, simple as it is, has the color and picturesqueness of the South. The girl faces which meet one on the hill-side are faces such as artists love. In the church the little children play about among the groups of mothers with orange kerchiefs on their heads and heavy silver rings on every finger. Strange processions with cowed faces and crucifix and banners borne aloft sweep into the piazza and up the church steps. Old women with Sibyl-like faces sit spinning at their doors. Maidens with water-jars on their head which might have been dug up at Pompeii; priests with broad hats and huge cloaks; sailors with blue shirts and red girdles; urchins who almost instinctively cry for a "soldo" and break into the Tarantella if you look at them; quiet, grave, farmer-peasants with the Phrygian cap; coral-fishers fresh from the African coast with tales of storm and tempest, and the Madonna's help — make up group after group of Caprese life as one looks idly on. A life not specially truthful, perhaps, or moral, or high-minded, but sunny and pleasant and pretty enough, and harmonizing in its own pleasant way with the sunshine and beauty around.

As we have already said, "dulness" and distance have as yet saved Capri from a flood of visitors which would rob it at any rate of the silence and solitude which now give it half its charm. But this exemption from the common doom of really beautiful places can hardly be expected to last long. The completion of the railway from Nice to Genoa will probably bring about the flight of a good many winter exiles from the Riviera, where Mentone has become almost as bustling and as dear a place as Nice, and San Remo is on its way to become as bustling and as dear a place as Mentone. The difficulty of the voyage to Algiers and the discomforts of Sicily may again draw the attention of wanderers in search of health to a spot which has gone out of fashion ever since the days of Tiberius. If the climate of Capri is inferior to that of Catania, it is distinctly superior to that of either San Remo or Mentone. Those who remember the Riviera with no little gratitude may still shrink from the memory of its sharp transitions of temperature, the chill shade into which one plunges

from the direct heat of its sun-rays, and the bitter cold of its winter nights. Out of the sun indeed the air of the Riviera towards Christmas is generally keen, and a cloudy day, with an east wind sweeping along the shore, will bring back unpleasant reminiscences of the England one has left behind. Capri is no hotter perhaps in the sunshine, but it is distinctly warmer in the shade. The wraps and shawls which are a necessity of health at San Remo or Mentone are far less necessary in the South. One may live frankly in the open air in a way which would hardly be safe elsewhere, and it is just life in the open air which is most beneficial to invalids. It is this natural warmth which tells on the temperature of the nights.

The sudden change at sunset, which is the terror of the Riviera, is far less perceptible at Capri: indeed, the average night temperature is but two degrees lower than that of the day. The air, too, is singularly pure and invigorating, for the village and its hotels stand some four or five hundred feet above the sea, and there are plenty of fairly level and accessible walks along the hill-sides. At San Remo, or in the eastern bay of Mentone, one purchases shelter by living in a teacup, and the only chance of exercise lies in climbing up its sides. Of the beauty of the scenery and the quiet of the place we have already spoken, and we may add that it is of all winter resorts as yet the cheapest. But it must fairly be owned that these advantages are accompanied by some very serious drawbacks.

If Capri is fairly free from the bitter east wind of the Riviera, the Riviera is free from the stifling sirocco of Capri. In the earlier part of the winter—in the early part of December, for instance, during the past year—this is sometimes almost intolerable. The winds blow straight from Africa, hot, dusty, and oppressive in a strange and almost indescribable way. All the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere disappears; one sees every feature of the landscape as one would see them through a raw autumn day in England. The presence of fine dust in the air—the dust of the African desert, to which this effect is said to be owing—may perhaps account for the peculiar oppressiveness of the sirocco; certain it is, that after two days of it every nerve in the body seems set ajar. Luckily, however, it only lasts three days, and dies down into rain as the wind veers round to the west. In the spring its effects are far less annoying, but they are never pleasant, and though it is easy to escape the worst violence of the sirocco by choosing a home in the north instead of the southern valley, this is a course hardly open to an invalid. As we have said, one of the great advantages of the island is the shelter which one can find either in one quarter or another from almost every wind. On the other hand, its position and its hills make its winds very violent ones, though fortunately they are seldom very cold. But it is the want of adequate medical advice and of domestic comforts which puts Capri out of question as a residence for persons suffering from extreme ill-health. The hotels are simply superior country inns, fairly comfortable, and very cheap, but rough in their style of accommodation, and certainly unsuited for very delicate invalids. There are no villas such as often make a residence in the South tolerable to those who cannot bear the inevitable discomforts of hotels.

There is one good Italian practitioner, but there is no English doctor, and in any serious or critical case it is necessary to obtain medical assistance from Naples at a very serious cost. For invalids, too, who are not strong enough for walking or riding, the want of roads and carriages is a terrible drawback, although it is in great measures compensated by the use of litters. If we add to this the distance of Capri from England, and the difficulties of communication with the mainland, from which its residents are utterly cut off by bad weather, we may perhaps find ground for hoping that the island will for sometime yet remain uninvaded by the horde of winter exiles.

NOTIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

MEN have had strange fancies about earth's beautiful satellite. They have worshipped it as a goddess, sung of it as the birthplace of dreams, honored it as the abiding-place of beneficent spirits empowered to visit earth to aid good men and punish evil-doers. Some have held the moon to be the first home of humanity, the Paradise lost by Eve's transgression; others have believed it to be the place to which the souls of men ascend after death. Byron wrote,—

Sweet Dian's crest

Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest;

and a modern poetess has avowed her faith that the wretched find rest in Luna's serene regions. Many wise men of old believed the moon to be a world full of life, Pythagoras boldly asserting it had its seas and rivers, its mountains, plains, and woods, its plants far lovelier than the flowers of earth, its animals fifteen times the size of those familiar to mundane eyes, ruled over by men of larger growth and higher mental faculties than those of earthly mould.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures more or less akin to humankind, unphilosophical folk agreed that the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see. How he attained his elevated position was in this wise. While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness, a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the Vox Populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death, to a master, whom an old English song-writer pictures shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites his back through his thorn-rent clothes. Shakespeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island: "I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush." In Germany, the story runs that, many ages ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who inquired if he was aware it was Sunday on earth, when every one was bound to rest from labor. "Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!" was the irreverent reply. "So be it," said his questioner; "bear, then, your fagot forever; and since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting Moon-day in heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!" As he pronounced sentence, the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologize for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, fagot, and all. According to another version, he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter as the least of two evils.

Travelling northwards, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green-stuff. A North-Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instant; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection. New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the

moon as one of themselves, their story being, that one Ronā, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly, that as he lay unable to move, he cried out with the pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending towards him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away. In Swabia, not content with a man, they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon: the former for strowing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folks than himself from attending Sunday mass; the latter for making butter upon the Sabbath-day.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment. Sākyamunī, in one of the earlier stages of his existence, was a hare, living in a sort of partnership with an ape and a fox. One day, Indra paid the three friends a visit, in the guise of an old man in want of a meal. The larder being bare, the fox, the ape, and the hare started at once on a foraging expedition: while his cronies managed to secure something eatable, the hare returned as he went, but rather than be reproached with inhospitality, as soon as a cooking-fire was kindled, he jumped into it, thus providing the visitor with a dainty dish very literally at his own expense. Charmed with the action, Indra took the hare out of the fire, carried him back with him to heaven, and set him in the moon. In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealander's view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Māni, the moon, seeing two children named Hjúki and Bil drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them, and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper regions.

After testing the question again and again, modern meteorologists have come to the conclusion that the moon has no sort of influence over the weather, agreeing with the Iron Duke, that it is nonsense to place any faith in her as a weather predictor. Time was when she was thought absolute mistress of the seasons. Pliny has the following lunar weather-wisdom. Fine weather, wind, or rain, may be looked for according as the moon rises with a pure white, red, or swarthy light. If, at full moon, half the disc is clear, fine weather is betokened; if red, wind; if black, rain. If at the rising of the new moon the upper horn is obscured, there will be a prevalence of wet when she is on the wane; if the lower horn is obscured, there will be rain before she attains her full; if both horns appear obtuse, a frightful tempest is near; if they are sharp and erect, high winds may be expected. Darwin declares it is a sure sign of coming rain when the moon's head is hidden in haloes. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says a large circle round the moon, with a north or northeast wind, predicates stormy weather; if the wind comes from any other quarter, there will still be rain, but less of it. If, however, the moon rises after sunset, the appearance of a ring round her is not so significant as the Dutch rhyme puts it:—

A ring round the moon
May pass away soon;
But a ring round the sun
Gives water in the tun.

An old Spanish proverb says the circle of the moon never filled a pond, but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd; while an English rhyme pronounces,—

If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky's serene,
The following day, you may divine,
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

And,—

Whene'er, in autumn or in spring,
A mist the moon doth with it bring,
At noon the sun will bright appear,
The evening be serene and clear.

The turning up of the horns of the new moon is another sign of fair weather: "There's no likelihood of a drop

now, an' the moon lies like a boat there," says somebody in "Adam Bede." Southey notices this notion in one of his letters: "Poor Little Dale has this day explained the cause of the rains which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' he says, 'that when the moon is turned upwards, we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a basin, you know, and down it comes!'" It is a very common belief that the weather depends upon the moon changing before or after midnight; a belief absurd on the face of it, since, as has been well observed, the moon may change before twelve at Westminster, and after twelve at St. Paul's. Dr. Adam Clarke was oblivious of this fact when he put forth "A Weather Prognosticator, through all the lunations of each year forever; showing the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any one of her quarters, and that so near the truth, as to seldom or never be found to fail." Our readers can easily decide as to the worth of the reverend doctor's weather-guide; they have only to note the time of the moon's entrance upon a new quarter, and compare the actual result with that anticipated by the Prognosticator. It would be useless to quote his formulated observations, for, like all other prophecies concerning the lunar phenomena, there is a total neglect of the fact, that weather is local, and not universal. In other words, the change in the moon that is supposed to have given good weather in the south of England, has probably been attended with exceedingly bad weather in Scotland.

There is a time for all things; the difficulty lies in hitting upon the right time. No such difficulty disturbed the minds of the farmers of bygone days, who took my lady moon as their guide. They had only to ask themselves was she waxing or waning, and they knew what to do, and what to leave undone. An increasing moon was favorable to increase; a waning moon just the reverse. So, under the first, grain was cut, grafts inserted, eggs put under the hen, sheep sheared, and manure spread upon the land. Seeds were sown under a waning moon, in order that the young plants might have the advantage of growing with the moon.

Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon;
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise.

When the moon was at the full, was the proper time to make ditches, tread out grapes, and cover up the roots of trees: seven days later being the fittest period for grubbing up such as were to be removed. Timber, however, was not to be touched until the end of the second quarter, and then only when the moon was upon the change. The state of the moon, says Pliny, is all-important when the felling of timber is in question, the very best time for the operation being during the moon's silence, or when she is in conjunction with the sun. Some, however, averred she ought to be below the horizon as well, and that if the conjunction happened to fall upon the day of the winter solstice, timber then felled would be of everlasting duration. Even now, Devonshire apple-growers prefer gathering their fruit at the shrinking of the moon, believing then it does not matter though the apples get bruised in the gathering, which is otherwise fatal to their preservation. Peat-cutters aver that if peat be cut under a waning moon it will remain moist, and not burn clearly. The Brazilian mat-makers of Petropolis account for some of their mats wearing out too quickly, by reason of the canes having been cut at the wrong time of the moon. It is foolish, according to Suffolk notions, to kill a pig when the moon is waning; for if a pig be converted into pork at that time, the meat will invariably waste excessively when it comes to be cooked. In Burray and South Ronaldsay, they carry the waxing and waning theory still further, holding it unlucky to marry except under a growing moon. A sceptical writer, sneering

at one of those who might have boasted like Falstaff, "We be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon," says: "When the moon is in Taurus, he never can be persuaded to take physic; lest that animal, which chews the cud, should make him cast up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted into the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful."

Tiberius hoped to stave off baldness by never permitting the barber to shear his imperial locks except at full moon. The Roman emperor was evidently as earnest a believer in the ruling power of Luna, as the Duke in "Measure for Measure," who tells Claudio, —

Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
After the moon;

or as the fair Olivia, who answers the greeting of her lover's ambassador with, "If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue." Othello, too, makes the moon responsible for his rash deed: —

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than is her wont,
And makes men mad.

Although our mad-doctors have long since scouted the idea of lunatics being influenced in any way by the planet from which they take their name, it was held by men of note like Mead and Hunter. The latter was strong in the belief that the moon exercised considerable influence over the human body, particularly when at the full. "It is strange, but true as gospel," wrote the great soldier, Napier, from Scinde, "that at every new and full moon, down we all go here with fever." In tropical countries, where meat exposed in the moonlight turns putrid, the beams of the moon work harm to those who sleep beneath them. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," says the Psalmist. Captain Burton tells us that many a Brazilian negro, taking a nap incautiously in the moonlight, awakes with one side of his face a different color from the other. A Mr. Perry, supposed to have been lost in the bush, turned up at Brisbane in very miserable plight. He had been blinded by sleeping under the rays of the moon, and wandered about for five days, until his sight became sufficiently restored to enable him to find the homeward track. The sailors of Southern Italy maintain that the beams of the moon are fatal to the fish they shine upon, and are careful to shelter those they catch from the moonlight, lest they should become putrid.

It was once, and still may be, the custom of Highland women to salute the new moon with a solemn courtesy. English country dames were wont to sit astride a stile or gate, waiting the new moon's appearance, to welcome her with, "A fine moon, God bless her!" Bachelors were privileged to claim a kiss and a pair of gloves upon announcing the advent of a new moon to the first maiden they met. If, when first seen, the new moon was upon the right hand, or directly before the person making her acquaintance, good fortune awaited the lucky individual on the ensuing month; just the contrary result following its appearance on the left hand, or at his or her back. To see a new moon for the first time through glass, is ominous of ill. To insure good fortune, one ought, at sight of her ladyship, to turn over one's money and wish. At the inquest upon the victims of the railway accident at Harrow, in November, 1870, a juryman said his son was in a meadow close by at the time of the collision, and saw the new moon shining brightly; and having a knack of turning over his money when he saw the new moon, he did so, and counted it easily by her light. To render the charm complete, the money should be spit upon. When Mungo Park visited the Mandingoes, he found a very similar superstition prevalent among them. Upon the rising of the new moon, they always prayed in a whisper, spat upon their hands, and then rubbed their faces with them. The Mussulmans of Turkestan shake off their

sins every month by the simple process of jumping up and down seven times with their faces turned towards the new moon.

Berkshire lasses used to go out into the fields, and cry to the new moon, —

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love is to be.

In Scotland, it was only the first new moon of the new year that was appealed to in this fashion; to obtain success, it was necessary to set the back against a tree, and the feet upon a ground-fast stone, and sing or say, —

O new moon, I hail thee!
And gif I'm e'er to marry man,
Or man to marry me,
His face turned this way fast's ye can,
Let me my true love see,
This blessed night.

And if the invoker was destined to be married, the apparition of her future guidman would wait upon her before morning. Yorkshire girls have another way of hailing the first new moon of the year: they take care to see her in a looking-glass, and know they will have to remain single as many years as they behold moons. Matrimonial diviners of course wish to see as few moons as possible, holding the more moons, the worse luck. The sight of more than one moon in the heavens has ever been portentous of impending trouble. Hubert tells King John, —

They say five moons were seen to-night,
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
Old men and beldames in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

A red moon was equally ill-boding. When Salisbury entreats the commander of Richard II.'s Welsh soldiers to prevent their dispersion, the Welsh captain replies, —

'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

A lunar eclipse was also an omen dire, as it well might be, if the popular notion in ancient times was correct, and the moon was only eclipsed when suffering from the spells of wicked magicians seeking to draw her down to earth, to aid them in their unholy doings; fortunately, their machinations were of no avail if honest people could make enough noise to drown the songs of the enchanters.

To sing the moon out of the sky is about as feasible a feat as that of fishing her out of a pond. Attempting the latter, a haymaker fixed a nickname upon his Wiltshire brethren for ever. The story goes that two Wiltshire haymakers, going home from work, espied the reflection of the moon in a pond, and took it for a lump of gold. One took off his boots and stockings, waded in, and tried to lay hold of the glittering prize; it was too deep for his reach, so, seizing hold of his rake, he began to rake the water, and persevered, until a party of Somersetshire mowers came along, and jeered him as a "moon-raker." Anxious to remove the slur of stupidity from his countrymen, Mr. Akerman ingeniously accounts for the opprobrious nickname in this way: "Piple zay as how they gied th' neame o' moon-rakers to we Wiltshire vauk, becase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong end o' th' story. The chaps as was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a-vishing up zome kegs o' sperrits, and only pertended to rake out a cheese. So the exciseman as axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em; but they had a good laugh at he, when 'em got whoame the stuff." By the way, has the saying, "The moon is not made of green cheese," any connection with the Wiltshire tradition, or with that

respecting the Middletonians of Lancashire, who are reproached with taking the moon's shadow for a Cheshire cheese, and trying to rake it out of a pit? We pause for a reply, and shall look for one in *Notes and Queries*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IF it were not that Dr. Holmes, in one of his most amusing pieces of satirical verse, expresses strong objections to the "many-sided" man, we should be disposed to adopt that title in preference to any other for his own *sobriquet*.

If we want a sound and capable English opinion upon his lighter verses, we have only to turn to the preface of "*Lyra Elegantiarum*," wherein Mr. Frederick Locker, with reference to *vers de société*, alludes to Dr. Holmes as "perhaps the best living writer of this species of verse." Our own Miss Mitford, also, is enthusiastic in his praise. A critique upon his works fills several pages of her "*Recollections of a Literary Life*," wherein she speaks of him as an original for whom we can find no living prototype, unless we travel back as far as Pope or Dryden, while even then we should miss the color of his nationality. As a sermon on temperance she prefers his "*Lines on Lending a Punch-Bowl*" to all the temperance songs in the world, and she is probably right in so doing.

So much for one facet of our many-sided diamond. As for the medley called the "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*," which constitutes so diversified and dainty a dish, the English public can refer to its own experience as a voucher for its genuine qualities, for the book has passed through several editions here, and is deservedly a favorite wherever it goes. By what name can we label such a production as this? It is a compound of critical essay, of humorous satire, of delicate and pathetic romance, of quaint and out-of-the-way studies of human nature, of the deepest thoughts and the most fanciful easy writing, with a poem about every twentieth page, and scarcely half a page without a *bon-mot*, or something worth remembering.

We are not near the end of Dr. Holmes's qualifications. He has been a law student, but law he relinquished for medicine. He is an eminent physician of Boston, having been in practice for thirty or forty years. He has delivered lectures on homœopathy, of which he is the implacable opponent; as also a long string of prize dissertations, addresses, and essays; and he can make the most deliciously candid revelations about his own lectures that we have ever met with. His criticisms are most trenchant, and must exercise a beneficial effect in pruning the over-luxuriance and wildness of literary effort in a young country. The giving of five lectures a week for one season suggested to him some ideas on lectures, which we dare say will strike a responsive chord in the conscience of many an itinerant preacher, or of any one who has to travel the same round in any branch of life over and over again. "A new lecture," he remarks, "is just like any other new tool. We use it for awhile with pleasure. Then it blisters our hands, and we hate to touch it. By and by our hands grow callous, and then we have no longer any sensitiveness about it. . . . A lecture doesn't begin to get old until it has passed its hundredth delivery; and some, I think, have doubled, if not quadrupled that number. These old lectures are a man's best, commonly; they improve by age, also, like the pipes, fiddles, and poems I told you of the other day. One learns to make the most of their strong points and to carry off their weak ones — to take out the really good things which don't tell on the audience, and put in cheaper things that do. All this degrades him, of course, but it improves the lecture for general delivery." This strikes us as a truth with which many writers as well as lecturers must be acquainted. It is a pity that this should be so, but it seems to be part of the inevitable tendency of modern times to reduce all things to one dead level of uniformity and monotony. It is only by doing work for the general mass of the people that a man can

live, and so his work must be brought down to their level, and then he has no time or elasticity left for maturing any special or *recherché* production of his brain. Dr. Holmes then proceeds to an amusing theory of "averages" with regard to audiences. He tells us that the *average* intellect of five hundred persons, taken as they come, is not very high. Then he finds audiences most awful in their uniformity. An assembly in a town of New York or Ohio will laugh or cry at just the same places of a lecture as one in any New England town of similar size. "Even those little indescribable movements which a lecturer takes cognizance of, just as a driver notices his horse cocking his ears, are sure to come in exactly the same place of your lecture, always." Dr. Holmes, we should imagine, must have got to his most callous and mechanical manner of delivering a lecture, and must be repeating it, say, for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, before he is sufficiently at home to be addressing his audience and making so many observations at the same moment. But it is very curious what a power the brain has of relegating familiar work to its more mechanical processes, leaving to the imaginative and higher faculties to follow out their own purposes unshackled. In taking up our parable upon such a many-sided individual as Dr. Holmes, we are allowing ourselves somewhat to drift from the professed subject of this article — his novels. But lecturing in America holds a much more prominent position than with us; they have there much less novel-writing and much more lecturing than we have. Perhaps the time may come when they will deliver their novels in the form of lectures. One of the last acts of the late Charles Dickens was to read portions of his novels, both here and in America; and it is not very long since a novel was read out from beginning to end before a select audience across the Atlantic. But in this latter case the circumstances were peculiar: some of our readers may remember them. Charles Reade, being arraigned on account of one of his novels on the score of impropriety, caused it to be read aloud before the court by an actor of stentorian voice. Should this sort of thing become common, the circulating libraries will have to look out for themselves.

We ourselves have been told interesting stories by American lecturers. One informed us of a magical process of concentrating an audience into a focus, against which the full force of oratory was to be directed; and the larger the assemblage the more power was the lecturer conscious of. A lecturer again, but this was one of a very special order, had the sensation, even when speaking extempore, of being in a most mean state of mind, with a strong tendency to count up to a thousand while listening to the very words self-uttered. The brain is truly a very complex and unintelligible machine.

But to return to Dr. Holmes, he appears to find his lecturing focus in "bright women's faces." "Pick out the best," he says, "and lecture mainly to that." Avoid unsympathetic and expressionless faces — "they are what kill the lecturer. These negative faces, with their vacuous eyes and stony lineaments, pump and suck the warm soul out of him; that is the chief reason why lecturers grow so pale before the season is over."

In addition to the qualifications already named, Dr. Holmes is also a Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard. Nor is this all — and we have not come to his novels yet. "He excels in singing his own charming songs," so says Miss Mitford, "and is the delight and ornament of every society that he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming-bird, exceedingly difficult to catch, unless he is really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him."

Before entering upon any detailed criticism of his novels, we must give a few brief specimens of his happy facility in occasional verse. The following, which strikes us as containing much sound wisdom in very few lines, is from a piece of considerable length entitled "*Urania; a Rhymed Lesson*." The poem was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, so long ago as 1846. Here is Dr. Holmes's advice to his age: —

"Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions — let me change the rule —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool."

Is not this an idealized medical prescription? Dr. Holmes belongs to a healthy and comfortable school of philosophy. No believer he in the value of nervous excitement, or raw enthusiasm. In "Astræa," another long poem, we find a morsel of muscular Christianity, served up with an exceedingly witty pungency: —

"Perhaps too far in these considerate days
Has patience carried her submissive ways;
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow and turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude catiff strike the other too!"

Apropos of Dr. Holmes's views, we may quote a few lines from the "Urania," wherein comparison is made between two individuals of somewhat opposite tendencies: —

"By the white neckcloth with its straightened tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed.
Decent and slow, behold his solemn march;
Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.
A livelier bearing of the outward man,
The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,
Now smartly raised, or half-profanely twirled —
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world —
Tell their plain story; yes, thine eyes behold
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold."

With Miss Mitford's brief description of Dr. Holmes's personal appearance, given above, to guide us, we should say that in the latter portion of the fragment just quoted, he has had his eye turned in some degree upon himself; at all events the picture of the "cheerful Christian" harmonizes very well with Dr. Holmes as generally seen through the medium of his books. And no unpleasant picture it is: we are rather partial to cheerful Christians ourselves.

Here is some more of his thought following a similar direction, from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table": "How curious it is that we always consider solemnity, and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits, as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then call blessed! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition — something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met — that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?" This paragraph is a perfect example of Dr. Holmes's manner of writing. His thoughts are always the reverse of meagre, they are brought out definitely and clearly, and they are for the most part polished and finished by a sly and genial turn of humor.

Sala says Holmes is essentially what is termed a "funny fellow." This is a very inadequate epithet for our good doctor, but for many years his own circle of friends thought him so witty that they never dreamed him capable of graver or continuous work. He was brilliancy and sparkle in perfection, they allowed; but when solid and lengthy volumes appeared, they were quite astonished.

With the appearance of the *Atlantic Monthly* a new era be-

gan in Dr. Holmes's literary career. He did not cease to be a wit, but he considerably enlarged his scope and ceased to be merely witty. His friends considered this but a flash in the pan, and that it could not last long; but at the present time we find Dr. Holmes still a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and his writings continue to improve.

Instead of improve, perhaps we ought to say keep to their standard, for to our fancy Dr. Holmes has never gone beyond the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" for real power and unflagging vivacity and originality. And we suppose, after all, this book of many colors may lay claim to the title of novel. It has characters, a scene, and a plot. The scene is a boarding-house, and the plot is a love-affair. The characters are very various. There is our friend the Autocrat, himself anonymous, but *in propria personâ*, and very intimately connected with a Professor, who never appears personally on the scene, but whose good things we enjoy just the same. There is a divinity student, and there is "the young fellow whom they call John." We have also a temporary boarder from the country, "consisting of a somewhat more than middle-aged female, with a parchment forehead and a dry little *frisette* shingling it, a sallow neck with a necklace of gold beads, a black dress too rusty for recent grief, and contours in *basso-relievo*." We must not forget "the old gentleman opposite," nor, last but not least, the pale schoolmistress who so often paces alone "the long path," and finds it at last lead so mysteriously into the long path of love.

The plot, however, in this volume, is very faintly marked; but Dr. Holmes has the rare faculty of keeping up the reader's interest with the smallest possible quantity of complicated machinery. His style is so easy and varied, his turns of thought are so brilliant and unexpected, and genial humor and playful satire so color all his pages, that our pleasure in reading his books never for a moment flags. The jaded reviewer of the day, who has a bushel of novels brought before him every week which must be read and commented upon, has not the same lively enthusiasm for romance as the young Miss just admitted to the glowing field of the circulating library; but we have seen such jaded reviewer take up a novel of Dr. Holmes's, and read it for pleasure, and for hours at a time.

When we have once read a book of Dr. Holmes's, we may take it up at any time, and read a page or two, or a chapter or two, with a certainty of falling upon some racy observation, some wondrously pungent but delicate and mirthful morsel of satire, some thought seriously worth remembering. He does not allow himself to be didactic, but there are many highly-esteemed prosers in whose volumes there is not half the wisdom, the concentrated experience, and the suggestiveness, which are to be found in any chapter of Dr. Holmes's.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" is so rich in good things, that it is difficult to quote from it; one does not know where to begin. The following paragraph is a noticeable mixture of medically-tinctured thought on social matters, with Darwinism. It is sage, and to some extent true: —

"We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this country — not a *gratiâ Dei*, nor a *jure divino* one, but a *de facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life as the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves — very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train-oil, or other such unctuous commodities. . . . Of course, money is its corner stone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race; I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close back streets; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. When the spring-chickens come to market — I beg your pardon, that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who

can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. . . . The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate-glass of its windows, and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach-panels. . . . Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them."

If gold gained by struggling in the tallow-market, or by a lucky discovery of petroleum, is to be taken as the sole basis of progress towards the highest type of humanity, the true aristoi, and if hereditary facility of access to the best cuts of beef and mutton is the sole prop for sustaining such type when once produced, we can scarcely expect anything more to come of it than such pseudo-elevation as Dr. Holmes alludes to. Elsewhere he satirizes more strongly than in the above paragraph the plate-glass gentility of the plutocracy. Let us try and remember that such constitute but a portion of American society, and let Dr. Holmes remember not to call such portion its aristocracy.

Perhaps the best known of the poetical portion of this volume is the wonderful story of the "One-Hoss Shay." We will quote one brief effusion, however, which is quite as amusing in its way. It purports to be by an old Latin tutor, who had become so saturated in the language as to let it encroach upon the purity of his English. The poem's title is "Æstivation :"

"In candent ire the solar splendor flames ;
The foles, languescunt, pend from arid rames ;
His humid front the cive, anhelung, wipes
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine !

To me, alas, no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum ;
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue !

Me wretched ! Let me curre to quercine shades !
Effund your albid hausta, lactiferous maids !
Oh might I vole to some umbrageous clump, —
Depart — be off — excede, evade, erump !"

"Elsie Venner" is a novel of a more ordinary and less lyrical construction. The suggestion upon which it is based is, however, to say the least of it, extraordinary. The question raised is one too deep and difficult by far to come within the range of the average novel-reading class ; a class whose greater proportion must always consist of young girls. Such a subject is far better suited to an abstruse medical essay. However, the covers of a novel appear to be omnivorous, and we never know what out-of-the-way hypothesis or startling theory we may not meet with therein. Nothing seems too trifling or too serious for a novel.

In the preface to his succeeding work, the "Guardian Angel," the author defines the idea from which "Elsie Venner" originated. "It based itself," says Dr. Holmes, "upon an experiment which some thought cruel, even on paper. It imagined an alien element introduced into the blood of a human being before that being saw the light. It showed a human nature developing itself in conflict with the ophidian characteristics and instincts impressed upon it during the pre-natal period. Whether anything like this ever happened, or was possible, mattered little ; it enabled me, at any rate, to suggest the limitations of human responsibility in a simple and effective way." In plainer terms, a woman is stung during pregnancy by a rattlesnake, and her daughter, Elsie Venner, exhibits in consequence certain characteristics belonging, or attributed to, the loathsome reptile. Let us hope that such a result is impossible ; we may, at all events, rejoice that the Elsie Venner of the story is at length enabled to throw off the

hideous influence. Worked up with consummate ability into a story, and so surrounded with vigorous pictures of life and humorous studies, that we lose the bareness of the underlying idea, the speculation is yet of somewhat too grave a nature for a romance.

The real purpose of this, and its companion volume, the "Guardian Angel," is only alluded to in the preface to the latter, and as nothing of this undercurrent is made obtrusive in the stories, "the large majority of those whom my book reaches," says Dr. Holmes, "not being preface-readers, will never suspect anything to harm them beyond the simple facts of the narrative." This purpose is a "protest against the scholastic tendency to shift the total responsibility of all human action from the infinite to the finite ;" and, lest people should be alarmed at such doctrine, Dr. Holmes is careful, both here and elsewhere, to define it more strictly. He does not desire to weaken moral obligation, he remarks in the "Autocrat," but to define it. This is rather a heavy subject for a magazine, still for us to appreciate these novels properly, we must devote a few lines more to Dr. Holmes's explanations. "The fluent, self-determining power of human beings," he observes — and with this power we are more familiar under the term free-will — "is a very strictly limited agency in the universe. The chief planes of its enclosing solid are, of course, organization, education, condition." In simpler words, we do not choose where we shall be born, how we shall be educated, or in what position in life we shall be placed. We can now proceed to the more particular consideration of the "Guardian Angel," which, however difficult may be its underlying idea, is overlaid with such humorous description and fanciful play, that we may easily forget there is anything of an abstruse nature connected with it.

The motive of the "Guardian Angel" is one that comes more nearly within our experience than that of "Elsie Venner." It is the tracing of hereditary qualities from generation to generation, and how the organization of our ancestors, mental, moral, and physical, affects our own. We can all call to mind examples of children taking after their parents or grandparents. We ourselves recollect a case of an individual, all whose ancestors, so far as he could gather, were noted for Roman noses and curiously-shaped thumbs. He has inherited the thumb, but not the nose ; perhaps some of his family have been blessed with the Roman nose, but the ordinary thumb only. This, however, does not go quite so far as Dr. Holmes's theory, under which, at one period of the individual's development, the nose might be imagined as endeavoring to assert itself ; at another, the thumb, according as the influence of this or that remote ancestor from whom these peculiarities were derived, was in the ascendant. We are, however, scarcely doing Dr. Holmes justice in this illustration. It is in the mental and moral, or, to speak generally, in the spiritual sphere, that he makes the hereditary influences acting upon the individual, and, as it were, battling for supremacy. And this inner and unseen part of our nature is, of course, much more plastic than the organism composed of bones and muscles.

In the preface to the "Guardian Angel," we find quoted a story of Jonathan Edwards the younger, in illustration of this. It is of "a brutal wretch in New Haven, who was abusing his father, when the old man cried out, 'Don't drag me any farther, for I didn't drag my father beyond this tree.'"

In the development of Myrtle Hazard, the heroine of the "Guardian Angel," the force of hereditary influences is shown in action. Ann Holyoake, a Puritan martyr, whose portrait is preserved by the family, is one of those who, under the hypothesis that "some, at least, who have long been dead, may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own," forms an element not to be lost sight of in determining Myrtle's growth and development. There was a resemblance between the features of this martyred lady and of Myrtle's mother, and a tradition had always existed in the family that the spirit of the martyr exercised a sort of supervision

over her descendants. Another ancestor, being something akin to the "spiritual medium" of the present day, was accused of sorcery in the eighteenth century. Another was Judith Pride, a famous beauty of the richest and most vigorous type. A tinge of aboriginal blood is brought into the family by the marriage of Jeremy Withers to the russet-cheeked Virginia Wild, of which couple, through their offspring, Candace, Myrtle is the granddaughter. Jeremy Withers's first wife had been a "delicate, melancholic girl, who matured into a sad-eyed woman, and bore him two children, both of whom inherited her temperament." One of these, Silence Withers, is Myrtle's aunt, and has the charge of her bringing-up, the child's father and mother having died young in India, where she was born. Silence Withers is one of those negatively virtuous persons, who have not sufficient strength to be positive in either good or evil. Dr. Holmes is very fond of putting down to their right place in Nature such emaciated characters, who get credit for goodness when the truth is that their nature is only cold.

Myrtle, the child born amongst influences so curiously opposite, is a splendid little creature, with a bright red lip like a cherry, and a strong will of her own. She and her aunt are naturally opposing forces, and the under-vitalized spinster is compelled at length to give up all hope of controlling the little Tartar, who, as she grows up, develops a symmetrical figure, fine features, high-bred grace, and a plump breast like a partridge. It is rather hard to look upon such an one and say with Dr. Holmes, "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus." However, Myrtle does not suffer much finally from the obtrusive personalities of her ancestors, but develops into a grand creature. Dr. Holmes has without doubt the faculty of description. Myrtle is of the type which he appears to affect the most, an example of that "muliebrity, the fact of which femineity often finds it very hard to accept," and whose rich physical developments seem to pinched and meagre natures "as in themselves a kind of offence against propriety."

Dr. Holmes's female characters are always typical. Besides Silence Withers and Myrtle Hazard, we meet with in this story a number of feminine portraits, all of which are clearly and distinctly drawn. We have Susan Posey, nice-looking, simple, and amiable, an unaffected girl of a narrow and ordinary type, pure, sweet, and innocent, but quite inadequate to the nature of Clement Lindsay, the sculptor, a young fellow, "shapely, large-nerved, firm-fibred, and fine-fibred," with a "three-story brain," to whom she was betrothed, and who afterwards finds his proper mate in the heroine. Another girl in the story is of the patient, self-sacrificing order; and we have several slighter studies of the various degrees of vulgarity exhibited in the fashionable young ladies of a city school. Of characters of the other sex we find enough to suit every taste. A pair of parsons, a pair of doctors, a pair of lawyers — one of them being the quick-brained and showy William Murray Bradshaw, who with the aid of Silence Withers's furtive and old-maidenly cousin, Miss Cynthia Badlam, intrigues for the possession of Myrtle Hazard and her property, and, happily, fails — a deacon, a publisher, and a young poet-aster, who is also a "clerk" in a general dry-goods "store," and who throughout the volume affords Dr. Holmes opportunity for some very pretty satire. Do these not constitute a sufficiently varied company? We have one character more to consider — the guardian angel. This mysterious being, who exercises so much influence upon the heroine of the story, is not the spirit of the Puritan martyr, or of Judith Pride, the famous beauty. It is not Silence Withers, faded and sad; or Nurse Byloe, Hibernian and amusing. No, the guardian angel is of the male sex. Byles Gridley, A. M., is the best character in the book. An old college tutor, kind-hearted and crusty, with not quite all of his vitality absorbed in study, but a residuum of curious practical shrewdness, he is long-headed enough to checkmate a lawyer, and knowing enough of human nature to understand the ways of young people of both

sexes. He makes an admirable guardian angel, and saves his protégée, Myrtle, from many a danger to which a girl of her nature, and unprotected, is naturally exposed. He is the author of "Thoughts on the Universe," a dead book, from which we get occasional scraps of quotation, and we are in no danger of being fatigued by either author or book. Here is a quotation from it, which "old Byles" turning over its pages, now many years old, feels to be much more keenly true than when first he penned it. "There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf-mute of literature. The great asylum of oblivion is full of such, making inaudible signs to each other in leaky garrets and unattainable dusty upper shelves." It is only right that before the end of the story, Byles Gridley's book should begin to be appreciated, and be brought out in a new edition, with a less imposing title. He, of course, revises it, and his second thoughts are sometimes rather amusing. Here is a paragraph from the first edition: "Marrying into some families is the next thing to being canonized;" upon which Mr. Gridley comments: "Not so true now as twenty or thirty years ago; as many bladders, but more pins." Could there be a happier or wittier illustration of our social epoch than that conveyed in these half a dozen words? Such epigrammatic turns of thought are Byles Gridley's (and Dr. Holmes's) specialty and strongest point.

Finally, as he objects to the epithet "many-sided," we must endeavor to find a suitable expression for Dr. Holmes, and can only say that of all volumes we receive from the other side of the Atlantic, he provides us with the most "interesting," and we hope we have not seen the last of him.

A NEW FRENCH PAPER.

I. CAPITAL.

THAT brilliant writer on the *Cigare*, M. Timoléon Tartine, contends that Pegasus should never be put in harness, which is another way of saying that a brain such as his own should be left free to work without the curb of editorial supervision. Accordingly, M. Tartine means to found a new paper. Now there are one and-thirty daily papers in Paris, and the want of a thirty-second has not yet been generally felt. But never mind that. The man who has not talent enough to invent a necessity, and then supply it, is unworthy to rank above the porcupine. Besides which, so long as there are men with more money than brains, why should not a man with more brains than money wear polished boots with the best of them? It is a fact that no man in Paris need despair so long as there is a select knot who want 10 per cent. for their money, and look upon literature as a safer investment than railway stock or patent self-acting toothpicks. The only point is to select your capitalists with caution — not to be beguiled by the simple looks of that fat man with the big watch-chain and the knotty fingers, nor to fancy that because this other one has gooseberry eyes he cannot see very far into his own interests. How many colleagues has not M. Tartine known — brilliant butterflies with the bright gold-dust of new-won fame on their wings — who thought they could fly alone, and came torn and faded out of the brambles of prickly bushes which they had mistaken for rose-trees! They would call upon him — Tartine — with their speckless yellow gloves on, and say, laughing with pure joy, "Tartine, I am going to found a paper — something new and witty. I have found a capitalist, the best-natured booby in the world — a very milch-cow in trousers. We are going to worship each other and make our fortunes." Then for a month or so it would be a daily psœn, the milch-cow and the butterfly loving each other like brothers, and putting their coins and wits in common as brothers and sisters ought to do. Then one foggy day there would be a hitch; then the butterfly would discover that the milch-cow had horns; next a collapse. Some evening M. Tartine would hear his erst sparkling but now seedy friend make fiery

excuses at the café for the Communalists who hanged up capitalists by the heels, and wish such an arrangement were practicable nowadays. Yes, yes; M. Tartine has had experience that way, and he is not going to be caught in the toils himself. He knows of a capitalist who is unlike all the others, and this is the man he will honor with his patronage. So he puts on his best coat to visit the paragon.

A stuccoed villa in the suburbs—one of a thousand such, where retired trade wheezes away its declining years amid new furniture and faulty drainage. A garden in front, big as a table-cloth; a door with a fluted porch, and a maid-of-all-work, who answers the bell with the fumes of dinner on her clothes and the heat of the same on her countenance; a card tendered and accepted—these are the ordeals through which M. Tartine passes into the drawing-room of M. Veaudor, who sits musing with emotion over the cheeses he sold for forty years and shall never sell again. A small, lean man is M. Veaudor, with no hair, but plenty of conversation; and M. Tartine respects him, for he thinks the candor of your fat and silent men has been overrated, they being as a fact more dangerous customers than your lean man who lets out in talk all the perilous ideas that may be in him. M. Veaudor has nothing to do all day but look at Mme. Veaudor, and at the sight of a stranger he turns on the taps of his dammed-up eloquence, letting his interlocutor get in a stray word here and there if Providence helps him. He regrets his cheeses, his counter, his white apron, and does not conceal it. M. Tartine sends him an order for the play now and then, and he likes M. Tartine. Has M. Tartine dined? No. Then he shall dine. "Euphémie, we have a friend to dinner; go and announce to madame that M. Tartine is here. And, M. Tartine, how does Paris look? I sigh after the macadam, which is more refreshing to the sight and drier to the feet than the verdure of the fields. I was stung by a gnat yesterday; the bullets of Parisian revolutionists only broke my shop windows. Take the trouble of sitting down. Roast veal with stuffing for dinner and bottle of St. Emilion, which I keep in the loft, because half the cellar fell in the other day. I had a cellar eight metres long in Paris, and it never fell in; but then in the country they are three centuries behindhand. To live here is like going back to the dark ages before gruyère cheese was invented. I observe you were going to say something." "Only this," smirks M. Tartine; "that a man of your talent and enterprise should decidedly live in Paris, with a house in the Champs Élysées, a carriage, and six horses." "Pooh, talent!" interrupts M. Veaudor, modestly. "I began with one cheese and ended with half a million—I mean francs. I suppose there's not many a man either who could judge a cheese as I can. I take a knife and cut right into the middle. Mind you, the secret lies there—good middle, good cheese. Then I wrote a pamphlet on cheeses, advocating their introduction into the army instead of those eternal messes of beef. The Minister of War might have made something of the suggestion if governments were not all obtuse, and I showed the Finance Minister how he might have balanced his budget by increasing the duty on foreign cheeses. Patriotism is the fund of my nature, M. Tartine. 'Why,' I wrote, 'when France glories in her cheeses of Roquefort, Brie, and Bondon, should she borrow the Stiltons and Chesters of England?' If I could find a helper and books of reference, I would write a history of the French cheese, proving its superiority over the cheeses of the foreigner, and treating of its softening influence on the manners of our rural populations"—"Ah!" breaks out M. Tartine, enthusiastically, "I knew you were a man of letters; let us found a newspaper together."

At this juncture enter Mme. Veaudor, twenty years younger than her lord, twice his size, cased in rustling moiré silk, and with hair enough for both of them—so much so, indeed, that one might suppose M. Veaudor had gallantly sacrificed all his own locks to stuff his lady's chignon. Ten minutes to courtesies, and then, dinner supervening, the newspaper question is shelved. But not for long, for by the time the cloth is removed, the future historian of

the cheese, his wife, and M. Tartine have all three a sparkle in the eye, and have raised their voices by an octave. Four bottles of claret have contributed to this result, but not more so than the eloquence of M. Tartine; for who ever opened as he did such a dazzling vista of possibilities to the eyes of retired and wearied tradesfolk? Already does M. Veaudor behold himself installed as the venerated proprietor of an influential daily paper in the best stage-box of a leg-piece theatre, the said box having cost him nothing. He hears the flattering murmurs of the crowd, he marks envy blackening the brow of Moutonneau, his best friend, who is sitting in the pit; he has the run of the Versailles lobbies; two piebald horses drag him through the streets; he says "tu" to Dumas, hobnobs with Villemessant, patronizes John Lemoigne, offers bouquets to Mlle. Pierson, wears a new brown wig, and sees his "*Histoire du Fromage français depuis les Temps les plus reculés*" appear as a daily and eagerly devoured serial in his newspaper! And by and by when the paper has succeeded by judiciously opposing government, why should not he, Veaudor, make terms with the Ministry and receive the Legion of Honor? Who knows but after that he might manage to become a deputy? "For the cheese interest has no representative in the Legislature," remarks M. Tartine adroitly. "And you have such a genius for politics," chimes in Mme. Veaudor, whose own brain is all afire from thinking how she shall eclipse her dear friend Mme. Moutonneau. "My dear," says M. Veaudor, already speaking with gravity which befits a historian and a statesman, "when the paper is founded you shall have a box at the opera, a cashmere shawl, and a footman with powder in his hair." "We shall make two hundred thousand francs a year and apiece by it," continues M. Tartine; "all we need now is three hundred thousand francs to start with." Fifteen thousand louis d'or! It takes another visit to the loft in search of more wine to make this monstrous sum go down; but vanity, the sense of present boredom, and the certainty of future gains—for M. Tartine will stake his life on their certainty—eventually carry it. M. Tartine shall be editor; M. Veaudor shall sell his shares in the Kamschatka railway; there shall be a deed of partnership; and the new journal shall be called *Le Fromage: Organe du Commerce et de la Régénération Nationale*. "You have an in-born genius for literature, as you have for politics," exclaims M. Tartine, as his new partner propounds that title. "Take another glass of wine, my dear M. Tartine, or rather my dear Timoléon," responds M. Veaudor. "We will have the advertisements out next week, my dear Veaudor." "We will, dear Timoléon, for I will sell out the first thing to-morrow." "Allow me to have the honor of embracing you," ejaculates M. Tartine. "Come to my arms," shouts M. Veaudor, and, French fashion, they kiss each other tenderly.

That night M. Veaudor dreams that he is proprietor of the first paper in Europe, and that M. Tartine is a sort of confidential valet to him; simultaneously M. Tartine dreams that he is the editor of the grandest paper in the universe, and that M. Veaudor is his obedient servant.

II. LABOR.

Let us take it that three months have passed since that evening when claret and M. Tartine prevailed upon M. Veaudor to part with 300,000*fr.* of his money and found a newspaper. These three months have been not uneventful. Paris has been regaled with cream-colored posters, heralding *Le Fromage: Organe du Commerce et de la Régénération Nationale*; kiosk-owners have been bargained with; brother editors have kindly announced that a new journal, under the able leadership of our "spiritual confrère," M. Timoléon Tartine, was about to start on its career to fame; last, M. Tartine has put on his swallow-tails and called upon Governor Ladmirault at the Louvre to solicit his permission to publish this news-sheet. General de Ladmirault does not like journalists, and says so with engaging frankness to all of the tribe who visit him; "but considering," adds he, "that I have little power to stop the founding of

your paper, I don't mind licensing it." M. Veaudor, who accompanies M. Tartine, and who has never seen a general but in photographers' windows, is overwhelmed by so much condescension, and feels not a little shocked that M. Tartine should interview his Excellency in a tone of easy composure slightly flavored with persiflage. However, the license is in hand, and the three great rival advertisement agencies ("Fermes d'Annonces") swoop down on M. Tartine with offers for taking the fourth page of *Le Fromage* entirely under their charge. Few struggling newspaper proprietors can resist the inducement to farm out their advertisement columns in this way — indeed, there are but a couple of journals in Paris whose own advertisement pages belong to them. But M. Tartine will mortgage his anticipated profits to no man, and proclaims this in a tone that inspires the agents with the highest respect for the coming *Fromage*. The next thing to do is to recruit the staff; and who that saw the sight can ever forget M. Tartine as he appeared in the discharge of this delicate function? Besieged by the thousand and one unappreciated geniuses who prowl about Paris in search of an editor; prayed to by grosses of the same sort writing from the provinces; arrested by the coat-tails under the porches of theatres, on the threshold of restaurants, and pursued into his very dressing-room by former colleagues and dear friends most disinterestedly anxious to assist him in his new undertaking, what tact it required to distribute treacle among this host, and ruffle the feelings of no man! It speaks well for M. Tartine that he succeeded in this without making himself more than a few hundred or so implacable enemies, who hoped the *Fromage* would come to some good, but greatly feared it would not. M. Tartine, who had sailed through life with none but friends, began to taste the sweets of power. On the whole, though, he was happy. The *Fromage* was a tangible thing. It appeared; it sold. How describe the sensations of editor and proprietor on that magic afternoon when all down the line of Boulevards flew the cry of hawkers and kiosk-women, "Demandez le *Fromage*, Messieurs, qui vient de paraître!" Rabelaisian was the banquet that night in the scarlet room at Brébant's; and let us pass leniently over the fact that on returning to his suburban villa in the small hours, the enchanted M. Veaudor imagined his house had been ornamented during his absence with a double staircase.

So three months have passed. And here let it be said that Mercury, the newspaper deity, awards to all French prints at starting a sort of treble honeymoon. It must be a sorry sheet, indeed, that cannot ride for three months over waves and clear of rocks, with sails sunlit, a fair breeze behind, and a hopeful crew on board. Subscriptions pour in — where from nobody knows; but the abonné is a type which seems multipliable *ad infinitum*. Casual purchasers abound and increase as though Frenchmen had never yet found a paper to suit them, and meant to go on buying every new one steadily till they succeeded. Advertisers, so shy a body in other lands, hurry with preference to new French prints; in short, it is a time of gold jingling and amity, truffles and belief in Providence. Then comes the second quarter, which is the Cape Horn of journalism, and if we would know how M. Tartine weathered the same, let us skip this second term of three months and call upon him while the *Fromage* is printing on its first page "No. 183" and while he, immured in his sanctum, is going over the account books with M. Veaudor. Can those be the same men as six months ago? Is that one with the rough head and the bloodshot eyes Tartine? and this other, who looks as if he had washed his face in vinegar, is that the once sanguine Veaudor? Veaudor is glaring, and Tartine is gesticulating; and it comes to this, that Tartine wants a hundred thousand francs more, under pain of seeing the paper go to smash. Moreover — and judge of the bitterness of experience which must have dictated this request — Tartine insists upon being left alone in his department. Two men cannot hold the reins together. There must be no more country cousins nor fellow-cheesemongers of Veaudor's introduced on to the staff, with pockets full of manuscript. Veaudor himself must submit his prose to be edited

in the usual way. "What!" shrieks Veaudor; "have my writings excluded from my own paper?" "Am I editor or not?" howls Tartine. "A pretty editor!" thunders Veaudor; "when I began my 'Histoire du Fromage,' you converted it into a buffoon burlesque to make people laugh." "And a good thing too," retorts Tartine impatiently; "fancy talking seriously of cheese! Who cares for cheese?" "Why do you eat any then?" is Veaudor's sarcastic retort, hissed in a tone of most withering scorn; and he adds, "But look here; there's no bandying of words needed. It's you who have driven us into this ditch. You've had friends of your own to write leaders which I couldn't read, and jokes which neither I nor my friends could understand. You've thrown away every good chance. That assurance company wanted to give us a lump sum; Mlle. Gredinette, the actress, was for paying us so much a line; there were other people who came to us with money, and you snubbed them all!" "And I suppose you'd have had me accept!" yells Tartine, with eyes aflame. "You'd have had us sell ourselves to the assurance office, to the actress — to any confounded rogue who came to us with a ten-sous piece to buy a puff!" "Well, I want to make money!" roars M. Veaudor. "Go back and adulterate cheeses then," sings out M. Tartine. "Ah, cheeses!" foams M. Veaudor. "I tell you, Monsieur Tartine, if you'd done nothing worse than make cheeses all your life, you'd be an honest man than you are at present; and you wouldn't be coming to me for 100,000f. to put into your pockets." This is too much for M. Tartine. He springs bolt upright, and, resting his hands on the table, leans forward till his nose and his partner's almost touch. "Listen to me, you discolored fragment of mouldy gruyère; since I've been working with you I've not drawn a centime of salary. All the money I had saved has gone into the common fund, and I have toiled like a pack-mule day and night. The money is wanted to advertise the paper and save it from the ruin into which it would have run long ago if it hadn't been for my efforts." Here M. Veaudor laughs creakingly a scathing laugh: "Bah! your efforts! and what account do you take of my capital — my three hundred thousand francs — Monsieur Tartine?" "Your capital! what would it have been worth without my labor?" bellows M. Tartine. "Fish! don't talk to me of labor," responds M. Veaudor with a laugh ten times more sour and contemptuous than before, "I could get any man to do better work than you for half the price — even if it were half nothing." "Then you shall," shrieks M. Tartine, who looks as if he were growing epileptic. "I give you my resignation, M. Veaudor; I'll retire here this moment, and to-morrow morning — yes, to-morrow morning, M. Veaudor — I'll have you out for your insults in the Bois de Vincennes and shoot a bullet through your head." M. Veaudor does not want a bullet through the head, and so, turning slightly pale and with somewhat of choking accent, yelps, "No you shan't, I'll put myself under the protection of the law. I'll bring an action against you for breach of contract, and recover my money. I'll sell you up, throw you into jail, and drive you from the country." Here we must draw a curtain, for a printer's devil who had come with proofs, and was listening outside with his ear to the keyhole, swears he heard a scuffle. In another moment the pair of tried friends are seen bolting dishevelled into the street, the one shouting, "I'll go to my seconds!" the other vociferating, "I'll call on my lawyer!"

That evening somebody strolls into Brébant's and reports pleasantly that Tartine and his capitalist have quarrelled and parted; whereupon one of M. Tartine's best friends brightens up wonderfully and ejaculates, "Poor Tartine, I always thought he was a simpleton!"

THE POETIC FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND.

In Ireland, as in most other countries where folk-lore is or has been abundant and popular, the nature and habits of the goblins will be observed to suit more than one mood

and disposition of those who put faith in supernatural manifestations. The horrific mythology, for instance, is powerfully embodied in the Celtic legends of serpents dwelling in mountain lakes, in the stories of the Phooka, a kind of centaur-demon, or Hibernian dragon; while to the same division might be allotted the whole of the charnel-house tales, including death-coaches, apparitions, brown men (vampires or ghouls), and spectres who present themselves to the living in order to unburden their ghostly consciences by the confession of crimes committed in the flesh. But Ireland has, besides, a curious comic pantheism, if such a phrase may be permitted. To this order belongs the wonderful talking eagle, who carried the famous O'Rourke to the moon and back again, and the vast family of the elves who spent so much of their time in playing Robin Goodfellow tricks with belated peasants. The freaks of gnomes and pixies are to be found almost literally repeated in the tales told at Munster and Connaught firesides, so that an inquirer into subjects of the kind is inclined to believe that all fairies, like the gypsies, have a common origin. The sports, pranks, and revels which took place in the realms of Titania and Oberon, with the appropriate incantations for the suppression of the thorny hedgehogs and long-legged spinners, are described to us over again in the narratives of how court was kept by the elfin monarch Don Fierna, or in similar tales of high festival in the subterranean place of Queen Meav, who, indeed, by some commentators, is said to be identical with Queen Mab. Now Don Fierna hails from a rural parish in the county Cork, and Queen Meav or Meabh belongs to the wilds of Connemara. Of course the peasantry are unable to dress or equip their fairies as fully as the poet could, but they can give the note or suggestion which ends in the bee being robbed for the taper which is to be lit at the eyes of the glowworm, and in the painted wings of the butterfly being converted into a fan to keep off the moon-rays. In its way, what can be prettier than the common folk-lore belief that the top of the mushroom serves for a fairy banquet table, and that you can tell in the morning where the elves have been overnight, by looking at the heads of the daisies? The flowers round which the good people have assembled, are observed to be asleep and shut up in the noontide, having been obliged, contrary to their sober custom, to keep their golden eyes open into the small hours of the morning.

The circumstance of the elves abducting the children of mortals—especially infants who have not been subjected to the rite of baptism—is an ordinary incident of Irish fairy-lore. Sometimes the little boy or little girl is kidnapped bodily into elf-land; sometimes the child, while apparently dead in the cradle, is believed to be in spirit the prisoner, thrall, or toy of a goblin community. In Wales the kidnapping superstition prevails. When a child is removed by the fairies, a squalling eldrich is occasionally put in its place; and in times past, this supposed monster was made to undergo a series of tests to ascertain its origin, of a more crucial than graceful or poetical description. Irish poets, however, have turned to excellent account the pathetic aspect of this myth. Edward Walsh, one of the native bards, in a ballad, tells how a girl had been led into a fairy fort, where she saw her little brother, who had died recently, lying in a gorgeous cradle rocked by a fairy woman:—

"Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee!
When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah! little think the mourners lonely,
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen sho! lulo lo!"

Not only children, but grown people have been often carried or inveigled into fairy land. The story of Thomas the Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune, has its Irish prototype with almost identical features. One version of this legend tells how a hunter followed a milk-white doe until both his comrades and his dogs had deserted him. After

a weary chase the knight—for of course the adventurer was a knight—pursues the doe single handed, until the creature vanishes as soon as it reaches a haunted spring. Round this spot the poet informs us purple heathbells were blooming, and as their fragrance and a feeling of fatigue tempted our knight to repose, he saw a fair lady in white approach him with a jewelled cup in her hand, in which she gayly pledged him by name. The hunter could do nothing less than propose for this lovely apparition on the spot, whereupon the damsel stoops over the fountain from which she draws a ring, and she and the knight then go hand in hand over the hills and far away, or into the hills, to follow the text here paraphrased:—

"And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely, haunted spring."

It will be remembered that Thomas the Rhymer was accosted by the queen of fair elf-land, who, after being kissed on the lips, raised Thomas to a seat on her steed, telling him to keep a guard upon his tongue in the place he was going to, otherwise he would never be able to return to the common world. The condition imposed on mortals who were abducted into fairy land in Ireland, in order that they might have a chance of ultimately escaping from bondage was, that they should touch no food, observe a rigid fast while they were with the good people. The most exquisite meats and dishes of all sorts were laid out to tempt them from this resolve; but the consequence of the slightest indulgence of appetite was understood to be imprisonment forever with the fairies. A great many illustrations of this rule are given in connection with a very curious West of Ireland superstition. Some of the Irish elves at least would appear to be not only born like poor mortals, but to so far further partake of the weakness of humanity, as to require nursing at the breast in fairy babyhood. But the elfin matrons either shirked or disliked their duties to the infants; and so when Queen Meav or other fairy sovereigns required wet-nurses for their children, they sought for them amongst the ordinary midwives of the neighborhood. A story is told of one Mary Rourke, who apparently died in childbirth, but who, in truth, had been carried off to the court of Fin Varra, the fairy king, to suckle an eldrich. This court was held in a grand castle, and one day Fin Var or Varra informed Mary that he was about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster. All the company were formed into a cavalcade, and, including Mary Rourke, were mounted on beautiful winged coursers. They passed over Loch Dan and the hills of Mourni, having set out at cock-crow; at length they arrived at a place called Knocknafeadalah, where the widow Hughes lived with her good son Thady. It was Hallow Eve night, and Thady was standing outside his house, when suddenly he saw the stars hidden by a singular-looking cloud, and heard a noise as of the trampling of horses. This, in fact, was the court of Fin Varra en route for Ulster. Thady, who was so far learned in folk-lore as to know that if the fairies have a Christian imprisoned amongst them they are obliged to release their captive on some one throwing a handful of gravel, in the name of the blessed Trinity, into the airy procession, as the whirlwind swept by him, performed this ceremony, when down tumbled at his feet Mary Rourke herself. Mary was conveyed tenderly to the cabin of the widow Hughes, and Thady fell in love with her and in due time married her. She had, it seems, forgotten that her husband was still living; and, indeed, she stated she had lost her memory for everything which had occurred previous to her abduction by the fairies. She was recognized, however, by a pedlar, who informed her first husband of what had happened, and the people said it subsequently "took six clergy and a bishop to say whose wife she was."

The favorite time for seeing the elves is in midsummer, between lights, or later, or when the harvest moon is at its full. In haunted spots the hour of gloaming comes over

meadows of gray mist threaded with rivers of fading saffron, a lingering flush in the sky, and a star shining over the plumes of a grove of fir-trees. Here is the path or the old castle of which the good people have taken possession. The ground is carefully shunned by the belated or wandering rustic. It may happen, however, that the area of enchantment is limited to a well or a thorn-tree, as in Ferguson's exquisite ballad. The poet relates how Anna Grace, and her three maiden companions, start off of an evening to dance a reel round the "fairy thorn on the steep." Merrily and blithely the lasses glance

"Through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare,
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air."

But no sooner do they arrive near the hawthorn than they breathe and succumb to the atmosphere of enchantment:—

"But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in endless repose.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes in the sky,
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air gliding round."

And, gradually, as they lie in the half-swoon and half-trance, Anna Grace is drawn away from them, and they dare not look to see the hands laid upon her, and Anna is never again seen in the land of the living.

All the accounts that come to us testify to the wonderful effects of fairy music. In the vulgar legends, indeed, the cluricauns are represented as playing upon the bagpipes such planxties and jigs as might be heard at the cross-roads at a wedding or a christening, but we have also stories of harp tunes and melodies so solemn and absorbing that the soul has been made to lose the measure of time by them, and, when the awakening comes, years of the world have passed over the head of the listener unfelt and unobserved. It was a belief also that some of the ancient minstrels were in possession of fairy instruments, that they had been presented by elfin-potentates with the harps which so ravished the senses of the knights and dames for whom they performed. A harper was at any time liable to be carried off in a friendly way to a fairy revel, and pipers and fiddlers have been constantly secured in order to assist in the jovialities of the good people. The elves, however, have also their own musicians and orchestra. When the key bugle, at the Gap of Dunlow, challenges the little folk, you shall hear their brave, fluttering response from the very centre of the grim mountains, the sharp, single reply, the pause of an instant followed by chord swelling after chord, rising and sinking and then flickering like a dying flame to faint away finally in the hills, as if the musicians of Queen Meav had slowly closed the doors of the palace at which they were posted.

May mornings, before the dew is off the grass, and when the lark is in full song, are supposed to be likely occasions for meeting with certain of the good people. Some of them are early risers and evidently not subject to the law by which uncanny things are supposed to disappear as soon as the cock begins to crow. Shepherds and herdsmen have at times been startled, when counting the kine or sheep, to discover that additions have been made to their stock during the night. The illusion only lasts a few minutes, for the fairy cows or fairy sheep, as the case may be, soon seem to separate from the others, and melt gradually into thin air or slide off into meres or lakes which open to receive the phantom cattle. Once it happened that "a strong" farmer of the Golden Vale, walking his fields of a May morning at sunrise, saw five strange cows, small and dun-colored, in a meadow, and watching them and singing to them was a lady in a white gown and a golden belt, and a long staff in her hand. As soon as she perceived the

farmer approaching she attempted to drive her cows into a loch at the end of the meadow, but our friend was too quick for her, and got between her and her charge. Whereupon she threatened him by a gesture, and the loch rippled and opened and she sank into it, but the cows remained quietly enough on the bank. The farmer then took formal possession of these oddly acquired chattels, and they behaved in every respect as honest common cows ought, with this difference, that they were of the most surpassing beauty and furnished the richest milk and butter to the dairy. But from the morning they were first captured nothing prospered with the farmer. His ricks caught fire unaccountably, his other stock were afflicted with the murrain, his children fell sick, the house was disturbed by ghostly tramping at night, and the horseshoe over the door, the bit of rowan above the lintel, had no effect in keeping away the bad luck with which the owner of the elf-cows was so persistently visited. And so at last he determined to seek the aid of a fairy-man, or sort of male-witch, who dwelt amongst the mountains. He travelled to the abode of this wise person, who accompanied him back to his home, and set about freeing the premises from enchantment. The moment he laid his eyes on the cows he attributed the farmer's misfortune to the right cause, and told him that at the next full moon he should drive the cattle to the loch and call on the good people to take their own again. This ceremony was duly performed, the goblin cows disappeared in the loch, and from that hour prosperity returned to the farmer and all were again comfortable and happy under his roof-tree.

In a drawing-room book of the finest and most delicate fancy, the letter-press furnished by Mr. William Allingham and the illustrations by Mr. Richard Doyle, is to be seen a number of pictures in verse and pencil from Fairy Land, in which everything graceful in the idea of elfin mythology appears to be grouped together. The blinking owl lends himself to the frolics and pranks of the fairies with a kind of solemn protest against the levity of the proceedings; the wee folk flit around and in the bells of the flowers; they make butterflies draw them in chariots; they mount sulky frogs with as much determination as Waterton mounted his alligator; now they drive a four-in-hand team of moths beneath the moon; they kiss under the shade of mushrooms; they sleep on the leaves that bend not beneath them, and their dresses, as well as attitudes, could only be dreamt of by an artist and a poet. And yet there is nothing to suggest the Home of the Elves in a pantomime, the red fire, or the purple clouds, the gossamer nymphs, and variegated festoons of paper, the vulgar wonders of a garish theatre scene. Fairies should never appear on the stage. Nothing can be more irritating and ludicrous than the best directed efforts of the kind to bring out in tights and tinsel, with ballet gambadoes and frolics, the Shakespearian elves of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." But fairies may be drawn or may be described so as to appear consistent and in accordance with our thoughts about them. I do not know whether Mr. Allingham or Mr. Doyle have ever come across the following passage taken from a defunct Irish periodical, but it is imbued with exactly the same sort of playful and picturesque ingenuity for which their weird toy-book is distinguished. "First came several little men of venerable years, whose white beards streamed down their breasts like flakes of froth. They were vested in loose white robes confined at the middle with cinctures of dead nettle. On their heads were caps made of acorn shells; in their hands long staves, whose beating kept up a melancholy rhythm to the chant of the multitude. They were followed by a swarm of tiny people, whose wizard-like faces, pimpled and blotched from chin to forehead, showed strangely in contrast with those which had preceded them. They walked on clawed feet, had conical humps on their shoulders, long hair, stiff as barley beard, projecting from their backs. As they passed along they manifested their grief by horrible contortions of mouth and eye, and by stifled screams, resembling the brief reproach of the broken mandrake. In their rear came a motley crew of small people dressed in marigold-colored cloaks and

pink breeches, driving before them a herd of hedgehogs, from whose long quills hung clusters of pots, pans, drinking vessels, musical instruments, and artificers' implements. Each of the little people had a spot on the middle of his forehead, and his head was covered with a strip of snake-skin twisted into the likeness of a cowl. They accompanied their march by a wild plaint and the clashing of cymbals formed of the armor of the black-beetle and studded with the yellow crust of the swallow's nest. On their heels limped a long train of goblins parti-colored as a dead oak-leaf, and nimble as grasshoppers. Some were headed like hawks and crows, others seemed to have borrowed their faces from the gray owl and the lizard. Behind them, like a bed of moving lilies rocked by the wind on the cool rim of a lake, walked a long line of diminutive damsels, clothed in flowing vestments of white and azure sprinkled with minute stars. Each led by a leash a pair of piebald crickets, that chirped incessantly with a lack of cheerfulness which suited the general grief. Garlands of blowing honeysuckle were wreathed round their foreheads, and in their ears, scarcely hidden by the golden weeds of their hair, bells, almost invisible, kept up a melodious but sorrowful tinkling. In the midst of the damsels, mounted on a gray mouse richly caparisoned with dry violets, rode Move (Meav — Meabh — Mab) the queen, the silken reins of her steed being held by two maidens hand in hand, who walked at her side."

With reference to the absolute dimensions of fairies it is difficult to get a standard of measurement. In the older stories of evident pagan origin, mystic presences of all sorts assume either the human or a heroic size. The supposed primitive inhabitants of Ireland, the Tuatha de Danaans, were, tradition relates, great and wonderful magicians. It was by the power of magic that they raised many of the ancient monuments whose traces are still visible. They were also a people renowned for learning and for skill in the arts.

It was thought that many of the Tuatha de Danaans survived by means of self-enchancement, and were in fact the fairy men and women occasionally visible to mortals. According to this superstition the phantoms spirits of course assumed the proportions of human creatures, though usually of creatures of superhuman beauty or ugliness.

The notion of the small elves would appear to date from the period at which the theory of the good people being "fallen angels" was adopted. They were not thought to be "fallen angels" in the usual restricted sense of the term. They were the neutrals — the miserable Uncertain Ones in the awful rebellion which took place amongst the Celestial Intelligences, and they were punished for their lukewarm loyalty by being banished, but only as far as the earth. Hence the mention of the holy name or of the Trinity causes a sad commotion amongst them, and several of the legends describe the pain felt by a fairy at the least reference to God or a future state. The dwarf-size was part of the punishment. The good people, when they fell from the sky, came down as thickly as raindrops. They have no souls to live forever, but they seem to know nothing of death or decay. When the world comes to an end they will come to an end with it, like the flowers, the birds, and the trees.

Merrows, mermen, merwomen, mermaids, are to be included amongst the graceful folk-lore Fauna of Ireland. The most learned commentators on Celtic antiquities assure us that the first merman was named Fintan, who came to Ireland before the Deluge, and was saved from drowning by being transformed into a fish. He afterwards lived in his natural form, though represented in sculptures in the same shape as the Assyrian Dagon (in a kind of salmon-skin cloak), until the days of St. Patrick, by whom he was converted to Christianity, and he ultimately became a saint, and died of a good old age. In the Cathedral of Clonsfert, county Galway, is the figure of a mermaid of the ordinary pattern, except that she carries an open book in her hand instead of the regulation looking-glass. Mr. Marcus Keane, in his "Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland," endeavor-

ors to trace a distinct connection between this county Galway mermaid and Vishnu as represented in the Matsya Avatar.

A drawing of Vishnu certainly carries out Mr. Keane's curious suggestion, the Indian deity issuing from the mouth of a fish, the fish covering the lower portion of the body, while the figure bears a book in her hand. The Irish mermaid, in fact, Mr. Keane concludes, is identical with the fish-god of India, Babylon, and Canaan. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" we are told: "In this year (558) was taken the mermaid, i. e., Liban, the daughter of Eochaidh." But the annals of Ulster set down this remarkable capture as having occurred in 571. "According to a wild legend this Liban was the daughter of Eochaidh, from whom Loch Eathach or Lough Neagh was named, and who was drowned in its eruption (A. D. 90) together with all his children except his daughter Liban and his sons Conaing and Cwman. The lady Liban was preserved from the waters of Loch Neagh for a full year in her *gri-anan* (or cave) under the lake. After this, at her own desire, she was changed into a salmon, and continued to traverse the seas until the time of St. Cumghall of Bangor." It would seem as if St. Cumghall got into communication with the mermaid or salmon, for the legend proceeds to tell us that she or it addressed the envoy of the saint and told him that she had been in and under the sea for 300 years, adding that she would turn up at a place called Larne on that day twelvemonth.

When the time came, the mermaid duly put in an appearance and allowed herself to be taken in a net. Thousands of people witnessed the wonder, and "The next day two wild oxen came to the spot, and, being yoked to the chariot on which she was placed, they bore her to *Leach Debeag*, where she was baptized by Comghall with the name *Muir gen*, or Born of the sea." Of genuine Undine legends there are not many in Ireland, those to be met with bearing distinct traces of literary artifice. It should be known that there are as many mock fairy tales and stories invented for tourists on the Shannon at Killarney, in Connemara, as there are sham relics sold at Waterloo to credulous visitors. But the genuine folk-lore is easily recognizable.

As a matter of fact, however, the old world stories are rapidly dying out. Fairies are kittle cattle, and will not flourish in the neighborhood of railway stations, national schools, or even in the vicinity of such evidences of progress and civilization as Union workhouses. The present race of Irish farmers and laborers are so few in number that they must work hard from morning until night to meet the demands of the landlords, and earn the high wages necessary to pay for high-priced provisions. In the old Paddy-go-easy times there was leisure for holding the wake at length, for the "pattern" or festival of the patron saint, for gatherings by the fireside when legends of the good people were remembered, exchanged, and perpetuated. And it is impossible not to think also that the climate has something to do with this decay or disappearance of the picturesque folk-lore.

Whether from the cutting down of timber, for reasons afterwards explained in the Landed Estate's Court, from the effects of the Gulf Stream, from whatever cause, the climate of the island has grown moist and more moist, and the beautiful May mornings, the gray summer twilights, the bright moonlights when elves would show themselves, the O'Donoghue come up from his lake-dwelling to the rippling top of the mere, the merrow comb her flowing hair in the smooth sea-bays, the wee-folk trip it round the rath and in the green glimmering glades of the wood, such seasons are now as much things of the past in Ireland as potatoes without blight. The Irish fairies have been always lovers of fine weather, and were most plentiful when the soil supported a million of people more than it ought, and when altogether the country, if not so prosperous in its agricultural returns as it is at present, was more picturesque in that light in which an artist or a poet contemplates a ragged cabin with more favor than a trim, quadrangular dwelling-house.

FOREIGN NOTES.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is just recovering from a severe attack of erythema.

MR. SWINBURNE is publishing a series of blood-thirsty sonnets in the *London Examiner*.

A NEW work, called "Problems of Life and Mind," may be shortly expected from Mr. G. H. Lewes.

A FAMILY of fifteen brothers are now living near Lyons, France, under one roof, and all unmarried.

MRS. DALLAS-GLYN is to give a reading at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23d of April, Shakespeare's birthday.

A LIVERPOOL paper alludes classically to Hero and Leander "cursing" the Hellespont. In the end doubtless one did, and the other would an' he could.

MR. RUSKIN has purchased for £1,000 a book of sketches, bearing the title "Dessins de Benozzo Gozzoli," and found by MM. Lotichos at Florence in 1823.

THE *Athenæum* says: In view of Lord Lytton's burying-place it is singular that, five times in the last four leaves of "Kenelm Chillingly" occur the words "Victory or Westminster Abbey!"

MR. THOMAS TOD STODDART, the author of "The Angler's Companion," and other works on the "gentle art," is about to publish a volume of poems. "Fishing Lines" wouldn't be an unhappy title for the book.

THE *Feuille de St. Petersburg* says there are in that capital ninety-nine printing-offices, thirteen of which belong to the Crown, and two to benefit societies. Moscow has fifty-seven printing-offices, six of which belong to the Crown.

A GENTLEMAN "unaccustomed to public speaking," becoming embarrassed, whispered to his Dublin friend, "Quick, quick, give — give me a word!" Upon which the other replied, "Faith, and I will, but just say what word you want."

It is rumored in London that James Gordon Bennett is making preparations to establish a new daily in that city, which is said to have been a favorite project of his father's, who held that a London daily conducted on American principles, and with American enterprise, must reach an enormous success.

EVELYN'S "Diary and Booke of Prayers," containing some MS. emendations by his friend Mrs. Godolphin, to whom it was presented, as recorded on the fly-leaf, "Remember with what importunity you desired this booke of your friend, remember me for it in your prayers," was sold lately in London for £36 10s.

THE *Court Journal* says: "Two well-known Americans are now in this country, Mr. Pullman, who is likely to make a good thing of his sleeping cars, and Mr. Cyrus Field. The latter gentleman always sends a telegram to his wife in the United States before he sits down to dinner, and gets an answer back before he has risen from the table."

A MAN recently ascended the column in the Place Vendôme, in Paris, for the purpose of committing suicide. As he was about taking the fatal step, a gentleman touched him on the shoulder and said, "My friend, be careful what you do. There is a fine of ten thousand francs for leaping from the top of this monument." The man walked down the spiral staircase, not having the means to indulge in such a luxury.

MR. C. G. LELAND has in the press a work entitled, "The English Gypsies and their Language," consisting almost entirely of fresh material gathered from the Rommany themselves. Among the results of Mr. Leland's research will, we are told, be found a number of almost unchanged Hindustani words, not in any Rommany vocabularies, nearly fifty stories in the original with a translation, and a collection of English words of Gypsy origin.

THE ninth and concluding volume of the Bohemian translation of Shakespeare, which has been produced at the expense of the Bohemian Museum, has appeared at Prague. It contains "Pericles," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Tempest;" and it also contains an elaborate essay, by J. Maly, "On Shakespeare and his Works." This translation,

which is considered by good judges to be an excellent one, was commenced in 1856.

ENGLISH novelists profess to find something extremely funny in American names. Whenever an American figures in their stories, he always appears under some such impossible name as "Full-of-love," or "Jefferson Brick." In the *Pall Mall Gazette* just received, Messrs. Bentley & Sons publish a list of new books, among the authors of which we find "A. Eubule-Evans," "Lord Ormathwaite," "Wrottesley," and "Timbs." A Frenchman writing about England would find it difficult to burlesque such names.

THE will of Napoleon the Third has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn at under £120,000, and this he leaves to the Empress without reserve. To the Prince Imperial there is only one bequest, — the Imperial Crown. If this be true, we have here a certain violation of the *idée Napoléonienne*, according to which any Bonaparte may govern who is called by the voice of the people. And the Emperor's will is in this respect an important manifesto to the Imperialists. It is a message to the friends of Prince Napoleon.

M. OFFENBACH has been defeated in his claim to produce his own works at the Galté Theatre, of which he will assume the direction on the 1st of June, the Society of Authors and Composers, at a general meeting, having decided, by one hundred and nine votes against twenty-two, to maintain the present rules, which prohibit managers from playing their own pieces. M. Offenbach, thus deprived of the power to execute his own operas, proposes to fall back on melodrama; but there is a rumor that he will appoint a nominal director, and hereafter evade the stringent regulations of the association.

DELACROIX's great work, "La Mort de Sardanapale" was sold the other day in Paris for 96,000 francs. This picture was far from being held in esteem when exhibited in the Salon of 1827; and we are told that when Delacroix expected to receive the congratulations of M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, at that time Director of the Fine Arts Department, he was met with the unwelcome greeting, "If this is what you call painting, you need never expect any employment from me." This must have been all the more disagreeable, because Delacroix himself had written that "This work is the greatest feather in my cap — the triumph of Orientalism over the Spartan daubs of the David school." For ten years he was covered with invective, and his paintings derided by every small critic and by many of his fellow-artists. Gérard and Gerodet were not sparing in their condemnation, but Gros declared that a great painter had been born into the world as soon as he set eyes upon the "Massacre of Scio;" and posterity has fully confirmed his judgment.

AMONG the books that perished during the burning of the Tuileries was a famous copy of the seventy volume edition of Voltaire, published at Kehl in 1781. This copy, which had been destined for the Empress of Russia, was on large paper, with proof impressions of 108 engravings, from drawings by Moreau; in addition to which, it had bound up with it the original drawings from which the engravings were taken; altogether a very choice work, and magnificently bound in red morocco. Why it never reached the hands of the Empress Catharine, for whom it was destined, has not been explained. After passing, however, from one possessor to another, at length it came into the hands of a M. Double for the sum of 13,500 francs. By that gentleman, it was put up to auction, and bought for the Emperor Napoleon for only 9,025 francs. The Empress Eugénie, upon seeing it, was so much struck with the work, its beautiful designs and handsome binding, that she at once besought the Emperor to present it to her for her private library. With some little difficulty she obtained her request, and the rare Voltaire found a place among the 6,000 volumes which constituted the Empress's private library. But, alas! all these perished in the conflagration which signalized the close of the reign of the Commune in Paris. This was not, however, the only illustrated copy of Voltaire in existence. A Paris bookseller now announces one, profusely illustrated, Beuchot's edition, Paris, 1834, 72 tomes, bound in 77, which may be had for the modest sum of 35,000 francs. This copy, it appears, is enriched with as many as 3,000 portraits and vignettes, all of the choicest kind, which were brought together under the direction of an American gentleman residing in Paris, who is a great admirer of the philosopher of Ferney.

SOME time ago it was resolved to delay the publication of the people's edition of Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," for the purpose of allowing him to make a few additions to it. The volume is now ready for the public, and will be received with in

terest, as containing the latest literary handiwork of its venerable author. The additions are, for the most part, embodied in a supplement, and consist of matter translated from the German, giving an account of the Schiller family, as well as of much in the life of Schiller himself, which has not hitherto been known to English readers.

ACCORDING to an English paper, the posthumous opera of Balfe, "Il Talismano," which is to be produced in London in the approaching opera season, will probably be the best and most enduring proof of the powers of the lamented composer. Unlike most of his previous works, it received full consideration, and to it all his faculties were devoted, exempt from the pressure of writing to time and to order. We believe that the opera was left in all but a complete state, the conclusion even being sketched out. This sketch Sir Michael Costa has most kindly undertaken to perfect: we need not say with what ability and conscientiousness the task will be performed.

AMONG the new plans for making the Parisian portion of mankind happy is that of a theatre capable of accommodating 20,000 spectators at once, and to be called the "Great Eastern Building." The reason for the project is that Paris does not possess any hall of such dimensions, and secondly, because the Romans had theatres even of vaster size; the theatre Marcellus accommodated 20,000 persons, that of Scæurus 80,000, and the Ephesian theatre 50,000. Saxe, of brass band and monster drum notoriety, is the author of the project, and it would not be surprising if he found the capital; France has no end of milliards, and is ready to invest in any speculation.

SPEAKING of the new Opera House, now building in Paris, a letter-writer says: From present appearances we might be justified in concluding that the opening of the new French Opera House is not as distant as has been stated. The ceiling of the great music-hall, composed of allegorical groups relating to the lyric drama, in process of execution by M. Lenepren, is nearly completed. M. Paul Baudry is equally advanced in his work, that of painting the large public foyer, upon which he has been engaged for several years. In this hall there are ten oval panels placed over the doors, in which are represented children holding instruments of music; also ten large arches, with spaces to be filled by figures of the Muses. The two little salons belonging to the large foyer are being decorated by Delaunay and Barrias. The first has taken for his subject the "Triomphe du Chant," and the second the "Triomphe de l'Harmonie." M. Barrias is painting, in addition, three decorative pictures, eight metres high—"Musique Héroïque," "Musique Champêtre," and "Musique Amoureuse." Boulanger has assisted in the decoration of the "Foyer de la Danse." This is composed of four large panels, the "Danse Guerrière," the "Danse Bacchique," the "Danse Amoureuse," the "Danse Champêtre," and of twenty oval medallions, in which will be painted the portraits of the twenty most celebrated danseuses of the opera since its creation. Each danseuse wears the costume of their successful rôle. The first is Mlle. Lafontaine (1681), the last, Mlle. Rosati (1854).

THIRTY years ago two French peasants were attacked as they were returning from a village fair, one of them being murdered outright, while his companion was able to make his escape badly wounded. No trace of the assassins could be discovered for some time, but about a year after, two men, named Lionnet and Dussud, were arrested on suspicion. The survivor, who at first said he should be unable to identify his assailants, was induced to swear that these were the men; and though two persons of respectability declared that Dussud had passed the evening upon which the crime was committed, at a house many miles distant, the court condemned him to fifteen years' penal servitude, and his alleged companion to hard labor for life. The husband and wife who had come forward to prove an alibi in favor of Dussud were, moreover, sentenced to seven years at the galleys for perjury. They served their time and have since died, as also has Lionnet. Dussud, the sole survivor, who always asserted that he was innocent, has long since come back to his native village, and, despite the stigma attaching to a returned convict, has been slowly regaining the good-will of his neighbors. A short time ago an old man named Rambin, who was lying ill in a hospital at St. Symphorien, sent for him, stating that he had some important communication to make, and in presence of the priest and a commissary of police, he confessed that he was the murderer, whence it followed that Dussud and Lionnet had been unjustly punished. But for the favorable antecedents of the accused, they would have undergone the extreme penalty of the law; and even as it was, they not only suffered very severely, but were the innocent cause of ruin to the witnesses who came forward to speak the truth in their behalf.

THE total number of newspapers published in Paris during the past year was 785, ranging from the *Journal Officiel* to the *Shoemaker's Moniteur*. The statistics which have been got together inform us that amongst them were 75 reviews, of which the *Revue des Deux Mondes* enjoys the highest amount of popularity, and no fewer than 84 religious journals, of which 58 represent Catholic interests, 22 belonging to various forms of Protestantism, and 4 to the Jewish faith. Amongst the Catholic journals may be cited the *Echo from Purgatory*, which professes to publish "the works and events calculated to edify the faithful who are devoted to the souls imprisoned in this place of penitence, which is happily but provisional." Miraculous acts find their champion in a monthly publication which is very detailed in its account of what took place at the Grotto of Lourdes last year, and among other curious titles may be cited the "Couronne de Marie," the "Ange de la Famille," and the "Analecta Juris Pontificii." Purely political journals numbered only 54, many of which first saw the light in 1872, and expired before its close. There were 99 scientific publications, and 121 classed as belonging to jurisprudence, public education, political economy, and architecture. The "literary" journals, as they are called in France—those which do not touch upon politics in any shape—numbered 82; but spiritualists, who claim to be in great force, can only muster three exponents of the faith that is in them. These same statistics throw some light upon the newspapers which appeared during the Commune. Various writers have been inclined to estimate the number as very much larger than it was in reality; we learn, in fact, from the compiler of these returns, that there were but 83 daily papers, and many of these were old friends with new faces. Thus when the *Bien Public* and the *Temps* were suppressed by order of the Commune, they came out the next day under new names, and this operation was repeated several times over. The returns are evidently made up with a great deal of care, enumerating the principal features of each paper and review.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A BABY'S boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft:
Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on yon far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over: I came ashore:
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair:

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

[No. 18.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

INTRODUCTION. — AT SEA.

I.

"My lads," said the skipper at last, in his low Dutch, but without removing from his lips the long pipe with its earthenware bowl that seemed to grow there, "my lads, I've seen many a hatful of wind in my time, man and boy, this forty year, but now I've seen a storm."

"Aye, aye, we've had a gale," growled an older sailor, with the certain and deliberate manner of one who had seen a great deal more than any one else in the world. "I've seen but one harder, for that matter, and that was in the Guelder Rose, off Cape Horn. But wind isn't what it used to be, nowadays."

"But the Guelder Rose didn't ride it out like the Claudia, I'll be bound," replied the skipper, looking round the schooner with paternal pride, and then over the bosom of the sea, that seemed to heave with the slumber of exhaustion. It was peaceful enough now, though not wholly at rest; and over the horizon, in the far west, the morning was beginning to blush like a May rose.

"There was but one got to land with me, and he's had a gravestone by the dyke at Medenblyk this twenty year."

But the skipper had something more to be proud of than of having been a sole survivor. All night the Atlantic had been torn by the frenzied rage of a storm such as the grumbling Ulysses of the crew could not have known save in the imaginative memory of age. The periodical fury of the spring equinox, hurrying on before its time, had piled up mountains that must surely have overtopped even those that had overwhelmed the Guelder Rose off Cape Horn, where the waves have a traditional right to rise Himalayas high. There must have been a glorious sight that night from the rocks of Galway; there had been a terrible twelve hours even in the open sea. And over the summit of the mountains, and down, always farther and farther, into the deep, dark gorges of black water, the Claudia of St. Bavons had ridden bravely, and in the end triumphantly, with her

head to the roaring winds and thundering waves. The white, draped figure of the girl which projected from the bow had set her breast like a heroine against the sea, and now, in the morning, looked down upon it with her staring eyes and wooden smile, as stolid in her victory as she had been through the long nocturnal battle. Not a man had been washed overboard, not a barrel thrown to the waves, not a timber overstrained. The builder of the Claudia had known his business well. But if ever skipper merited the thanks of his owners, Peter Eyck was that skipper. If ever skipper had cause to be proud of his ship, that ship was the Claudia of St. Bavons.

How bright with welcome grew up that fresh March morning, ray by ray! The sea still swelled and heaved, and the schooner dipped and swayed, while, as the wind sank down, she once more dared to spread her canvas wings. The depth of the waves was changing under the gray sky from foaming black to pellucid green. The nightmare had fairly taken itself into the limbo of vanished storms, and made way for the bracing dawn of common life and toil.

But Peter Eyck, besides being a careful skipper, was a pious man. Moreover, he had a good, homely vrow and two or three sturdy little Dutchmen over by Middleburg, and he knew of what they had been thinking, and what words they had been sending up high over the summit of the wind, while the waves, driven hard from the west, had been churning the sand-banks that night off Walcheren. When the midst of the Atlantic is maddened with the scourge of equinoctial gales, they have cause for prayer who live round the North Sea. So, having seen that all on board was safe and well — for if work be the best kind of prayer, it is also the best kind of thanksgiving — he for once took his pipe from between his lips, and set his crew, men and boys, singing as they toiled at the yards and shrouds. It was no more strange to hear the rough words of the old chorale after such a night on the open sea, than it is to hear them in any low country church on any Sunday you please.

He who doth seaward him betake,
And there his toil pursueth,

Doth see the wonders of the Lord
That in the deep He doeth.
His outstretched arm, his mighty hand,
Do lead us unto Life, our land,
And unto Heaven, our haven.

Wherefore we praise —

"Boat ahead!" suddenly sang out a voice from the foretop. The skipper went forward, returning his pipe to its usual place and putting his glass to his eye. He looked long and hard, for the swell made it difficult to distinguish objects that were near. At last he made out what looked like a dark bowl, bearing a flag of truce to the storm in the shape of a white handkerchief tied to the end of a mast or pole.

With the glass still at his eye, he directed the steersman, tacking as short as the breeze allowed, until the bowl grew into a boat, easily distinguishable whenever it was not hidden by the swell. But it was long before the Claudia came within hailing distance: nor did the skipper wait till then before sending off one of her boats to pull towards the probable relic of a vessel less fortunate or less skilfully sailed than she.

A mere relic it had become now, to all appearance, even had any once living souls sought to owe their lives to it. Possibly there might be some living soul within it still. But there was no visible sign of life in the shape of sail or oar.

The crew of the Claudia, now brought to, watched the progress of the boat, pulled by four strong sailors, that was forcing its way slowly towards the white flag that appealed for help so helplessly.

After some time, "I don't half like the look of this," said old Caspar — he had no other known name — to a young sailor who leaned over the taffrail by his side, in a growl that did duty for a whisper.

"Why so, mate?" asked the other, with a wink at a third that seemed to speak of old Caspar as fair game.

"I mind," went on the old fellow, slowly, as his eyes followed the boat, "I mind, when I was off Cape Horn" —

"In the Guelder Rose?"

"No, 'twas not in the Guelder Rose that time. But 'twas off Cape Horn, though — and we saw just such another boat as that out there, after just such another storm. She had

neither sail nor oar, and yet she went along right in the teeth of the wind. Only Steen Hansen, that was born on a Christmas Day, and was seventh son of old Hansen, of Browershafen, saw her full of warlocks, rowing with broom-handles."

"One of Vanderdecken's, of course?"

"Who knows? If I were Peter Eyck, I'd let her go by."

"Well—they're not rowing against wind and water this time. She's nearly overhauled by now. So you think the Flying Dutchman's gone down—with all hands?"

"Ah, you may laugh, Steen Rhoon, but I've seen"—

"I wonder if Vanderdecken's owners are good for salvage?"

"Devil's salvage is best let alone. When I was off Cape Horn, fifty year ago"—

But the Claudia's boat was now well alongside, and busily at work. Presently a heavy-looking something was lifted from one boat into the other, and after a few moments the four sailors began to pull home again. Clearly none of the Claudia's crew had been born on Christmas Day or was a seventh son. It looked as though the speculation of Steen Rhoon, who thought of salvage before warlocks, were likely to turn out the more practically interesting of the two. But old Caspar was not a man ready to give up an idea once formed.

"It looks like nought but a sea-chest," he growled. "Only a sea-chest wouldn't be out in a boat alone, and rig out distress signals."

And off he went about some piece of duty, while Steen Rhoon continued to watch the boat's return.

"Come aboard," said the coxswain, as he came up the schooner's side.

The skipper looked his inquiries.

"A long-boat—name on stern, Gustavus, port of Stockholm." The crew of the Claudia were meanwhile hauling up a huge chest, with much difficulty. "Not a soul on board. Only a chest and a handkerchief."

The skipper took the white handkerchief and examined it. It was marked in one corner with the initial "G."

At last the chest was hauled on board.

"Now witness all," cried the skipper. "I'll open the chest with my own hands, and seal it up till we get to New York. It's locked—I must force it, then. Now then—hold on to the box, you there—stand back all."

The chest was massive and more strongly bound than a common sea-chest. The skipper had to put all the force of his broad and thick-set shoulders against the lever; but at last the lid burst open. He started back as though he had received a sudden and heavy blow. But before the crew had time to crowd round he had recovered himself, and had pulled down

the heavy lid again with a ringing crash.

"Only a sea-chest," he said quietly. "Carry it below, some of you. I'll stow it in my cabin, if there's room."

And he followed the men who lifted it. There was room, and, that unlooked-for episode over, the Claudia went once more on her way.

II.

But Peter Eyck, the skipper, who was not given to much active thinking, except in cases of emergency, such as storms and the like, had become thoughtful.

"We shall have a good passage now—we shall make port in three days." This was all he was heard to say before nightfall, beyond giving the necessary orders. He was not ordinarily so taciturn, though always accustomed to take things quietly. Nor, though he spoke the less, did he smoke the more. That was impossible. Only he smoked the harder, and with less apparent relish for his clouds of knaster. Nor was the hymn of praise finished that had been so auspiciously begun. A very small sailor-boy, indeed, high up in the top-gallant rigging, recommenced, in his shrill treble,—

He who doth seaward him betake—

But at the seventh bar of the chorale he stopped, and whistled the rest in *tempo raddoppiato*, as if whistling up a wind for the Claudia to dance to. And, as the fresh breeze blew steadily, veering cunningly to the east, on the Claudia danced, as though she were only the lighter-hearted for her added load.

Martin Dael, he who had seen the waif of the Gustavus from the fore-top, was of the florid, broad-built Frisian type, that marks the first-cousin of the British tar. But like likes unlike: and the Pyrlades of this Orestes of the Zuyder Zee—every sailor has his chosen friend—was of a type which, despite conventional tradition, is as common in the Low Countries as in Spain or Connaught. He was small-made and wiry, with a brown, tanned complexion, but not brown merely because it was tanned: with black, flashing eyes and wavy hair. The descendants of many a Dutch matron owe form and color to the influence of some soldier of Alva upon the stock, and doubtless Steen Rhoon had in his veins the warm, if not the blue, blood of some arquebuser of the body-guard of Margaret of Parma. There were many more popular men in the Claudia than he. He had no nickname, which does not speak well for social amiability at sea. There were also better sailors. But Martin Dael had chosen to elevate him into a hero—a homage which Steen Rhoon was naturally not averse to receive.

"Some people are in luck's own

way, mate," he said, as the two friends were brought together about noon.

Martin hitched himself together. There are some propositions which both assert and accept themselves.

But this was something more than a common proposition. Steen Rhoon rubbed something hard across the back of his comrade's hand, held it between his finger and thumb till it had received Martin's rather ox-like gaze, and then returned it knowingly to some recess among his clothes.

"What's that, Martin, you lubber?" he asked.

"It's real gold?" asked Martin in reply.

"Did you never see an English guinea? Then that's one, worth twelve florins."

Martin Dael stared wider, as well he might. A sailor does not often have twelve florins on shore very long after being paid off, much less at sea before pay-day comes.

"You're right, Steen," he said, not enviously but admiringly. "Some people are in luck's way, sure enough," and he nodded with full approval of any arrangement of Providence by which his friend might have even miraculous florins.

"Oh, I don't mean that, stupid! I don't see much luck in a guinea. But if I had a hundred, now, or even fifty"—

Martin's stare showed signs of reaching the superlative degree.

"It'll pay for a drink at Brooklyn, and you'll go shares, of course. But there's some one else we must go shares with, you and I."

"As who?"

"Martin Dael, one would think you had been stuck behind the cabin door when they served out the brains."

"You mean"—

"What else, dolt? When a guinea rolls out of a box as heavy as your skull, and the skipper slams the lid to, depend upon it there's something more in it than hose and hand-saw."

"Then"—

"Then I mean I should like to run my elbows in, and have my arms well greased into the bargain."

Martin ruminated long. At last he said, "So should I, mate, if it be like what you say. That guinea rolled out, then?"

"It rolled out, and my foot came down. What say you, mate? Is it worth while having our feet down on a few more?"

Just then old Caspar came up to the two, and seeing them engaged in confidential talk, thought, of course, that nothing could be more appropriate than his own experiences.

"What did I say to you, Steen Rhoon?" he asked, with the air of a man who "told you so."

"You've said a great many things to me in my time, worse luck. What's in the wind now?"

"I wish the mischief had been with that boat before she'd come

within your eyeshot, Martin Dael. Did you see how the skipper looked? Ah, it's all very well to talk, but there was more in that box than he cared to see."

"Aye?" asked Steen Roon, carelessly, but with a sharp glance at Martin, which meant, "Keep counsel, and hold your tongue."

"You fellows haven't seen what I've seen in my time, man and boy, this sixty year. The devil goes to sea in a tub, they say—and, tub or box, belike it's true. Be sure he wouldn't do aught like a christened man."

Had he been a good Catholic he would have crossed himself. Being what he was, he only shook his head profoundly.

"So we've got the devil on board? Do you hear that, Martin?"

"Ah, Steen Rhoon! it's plain you never heard of Black Peter Van Westerhoven."

"Well, that's not my fault, I suppose. I should have heard of him fast enough if you'd met the gentleman off Cape Horn."

"Off Cape Horn?" exclaimed old Caspar, touched in his tenderest point as yarnmonger general to the Claudia. "It's not aboard this schooner I'd be, Peter Eyck skipper, if I'd met Peter Van Westerhoven off Cape anywhere. Why," he continued, warning with contempt, "I heard it from old Dirck Jansen when he was ninety years old and I was twelve, and he heard it from one that sailed round the world three times with an admiral. We didn't laugh at such things in my time."

"And the story?"

"Oh, no matter, no matter! You like to laugh, you young fellows. Only don't go to say that I didn't tell you so," and he turned to go away.

"Well, let's have the yarn, any way."

"No, no. I'm not to be caught like that, Steen Rhoon; no, nor by you, Martin Dael. I keep my counsel for them that take warning."

"Come, Caspar; there, out with it. I won't laugh till you've done."

"Maybe if you haven't heard of Black Peter you haven't heard tell of the Spanish Main," surlily began the old fellow, with whom, having preserved his dignity, a very little pressure went a very long way. "Black Peter was a captain among the buccaneers and such like, like Von Tromp used to be among the men-of-war. Maybe you haven't heard of Von Tromp, neither?"

"If you laugh, Martin, I'll—heave ahead, Caspar."

"Any way, there wasn't a merchantman, brique, or cutter—no, nor a frigate, for that matter—that didn't try to steer clear of the Santa Mariana. He used to sail under a queer flag, too, that you won't find in the code of signals—a death's-head and two cross-bones. Pirate they used to call him, but I don't know; it's ill

calling a free life by a foul name. I've known men hanged in chains; but that's neither here nor there."

"True for you, mate," assented Steen Rhoon, generally.

"And well enough it would have been, if that had been all," continued old Caspar, now fully committed to his yarn. "But Black Peter, you see, hadn't been bred to seafaring. He was a Doctor of Leyden, and could box the Pater noster in Hebrew, they say, but for all he was so learned, he couldn't earn a stiver by his wits, and he was so soft-hearted he couldn't hurt a fly. So what must he do but try his luck as chaplain to a privateer. There was a girl at the bottom of it too, but that isn't rightly in my head just now. Anyhow, Dr. Peter—that was his name—went to sea, and, as luck would have it, 'twas not many weeks before they fell in with an Englishman."

"Dutch and English were cat and dog in those days. Up went the flag, and at it they went, grape and chain. So often I've heard the tale, I could think I was there. But the Englishman was beginning to get the best of it—they did sometimes—and she was a royal flag-ship against a two-decker. Down went the captain, cut in two by a bar-shot, maybe. Peter looked about him; not an officer was on his legs to give the word of command. The guns were getting slack, and though the flag was still flying all in rage at the main-topgallant, 'twasn't like to be long—the English admiral was sending out the boats to board. The chaplain was as mild as milk, but he had a good Dutch heart in him, so he bethought him of his Hebrew, and, with an awful oath 'twould make your hair stand up to hear, swore to the devil himself that if the Englishman went down to the bottom of the sea he'd steer the Dutchman straight away to hell. Well, the word wasn't off his tongue before the Englishman gave a plunge and went down like a clap of thunder."

The tale, told with all the force of implicit belief, impressed even the scepticism of Steen Rhoon—much more the seaman-like superstition of his friend. Caspar was well pleased, in his grim fashion, with the effect he had caused.

"And nothing more was left of her but—just a sea-chest floating like as it might have been to-day."

"He picked it up, then? What was in it?"

"No one knew but Dr. Peter. But from that day he was the wildest, cruelest desperado of a buccaneer that ever sailed the Spanish main—Black Peter Van Westerhoven."

And so, like a skilful story-teller, he hitched himself together significantly, and went off without another word.

III.

The skipper, as I have said, had had the sea-chest conveyed into his

own narrow cabin, though it left him scarcely room to turn round, as the Claudia was only a schooner of some three hundred tons. Peter Eyck was, as has sufficiently appeared, a man of well-ordered mind, as one of his countrymen should be—one who, hating a speck of matter in the wrong place anywhere, was careful about keeping both his deck and his thoughts clean. There was, however, no cant about him; he was what he was, and there it ended: a good sailor and an honest man. Beyond the anxieties proper to his calling and to his responsibilities towards the Claudia and her owners, which for the most part sat lightly upon sailors in general, and the troubles of courtship and matrimony that had sat lightly upon himself in particular, he had probably never felt half an hour's real mental disturbance in all the number of his days contained in his fifty years. But to-day he felt a sensation as unaccountable as it was new.

The chance lifting of the lid of the chest had seemed to set free an electric flash, as though from a battery, to tingle through his veins and fill them with a not unpleasant glow. It does not happen often to a man who, in the course of his ordinary business, has the handling of gold, to pick up a chest brimful of it in the middle of the sea. The ocean has gold enough, indeed; but for the most part it is too heavy to swim. So all day long he went about his necessary duties in a fit of abstraction, and with a desire to find himself alone, unusual in one who, though not a boon companion, had no natural tendencies towards solitude. At last darkness fell, or rather crept over the waves.

The day's work was over and the night's watch begun. Having seen, with greater care than usual, that all things were in order, he retired. But instead of lying down, as was his custom in fair weather, when all things were well, he lighted a lantern, shut himself into his cabin, knelt down before the chest, and lifted the lid once more. He had not remembered to seal it, according to his intention.

A golden layer of English coins, closely packed together, some old, some new, guineas and sovereigns, lay almost raised above the edge of the chest, so that the heavy lid leaped open when simply unlatched, as if moved by a spring. He slightly and delicately, almost timidly, disturbed their close arrangement, and thus disclosed a second and similar layer. Moving this also, scarcely less gently, with his hand, he found another, and another still. But there is a certain intoxication that comes from the touch of gold. Its influence is not to be explained wholly on grounds of human nature and political economy; a man does not feel from the inspection of a banker's book, though representing a balance of millions, what he feels from the smooth, cold

touch of the naked metal, coined or uncoined. To lave his finger-tips in the cool basin was but the necessary prelude to grasping the glittering drops with his hands, lifting them, and pouring them back again. It was a fascinating pastime, and the stream, as it became warm from his fingers, made his whole blood run warmer. The equilibrium of caloric was taking place that precedes mesmeric sympathy. It was necessary that he should make further investigations, so he plunged his arms up to the wrists and then up to the bared elbows—and the tips of his fingers still touched gold. For a moment he remained, kneeling and wondering. The electric stream was gradually extending itself from his shoulders up to his head, and from his brain downward again, just as the blood itself ebbs and flows through the heart, its fountain. The sight, and still more the actual arm-grasp, of so much treasure, began to feel the most natural thing in the world, and, if not like a renovation of youth, yet like something not unlike a renovation of youth in the effect of its subtle intoxication. There is no need that a man should be gifted with any unusual power of imagination for him to be moved to the inmost core by the most potent of earthly charms.

At the same time, it is hard to say whether the skipper would have been quite so disturbed in the even tenor of his mind even by so effectual a cause, had it it not been for another fact, or rather fancy.

All this wealth was non-existent, save to the eyes of Peter Eyck alone. As to the world at large, including the owners of the doubtlessly ill-fated *Gustavus*, it might be just as well at the bottom of the sea, with all the gold and the more than gold that have been devoured by the Atlantic since the days of Columbus, and before. As to his own crew, it had simply never been. What only one man perceives, cannot fairly be said to exist for anybody but that one man. Whatever may be our metaphysical theories, subjective, objective, material, or transcendental—and Peter Eyck was most certainly no metaphysician,—that is how we feel, and how we act besides. It takes a very active and positive sort of honesty, or, rather, one may say the very chivalry of conscience, to appreciate that duties can be attached to matters beyond the jurisdiction or cognizance of public opinion. The heir-at-law who burns a will of which the existence is known but to himself and to the dead, has no doubt been guilty of the grossest act of dishonesty: yet such is human nature, that simply to refrain from the grossest act of dishonesty may be to have achieved a very superior sort of virtue indeed. It is seldom just to refuse to give a human being very large credit for merely not doing what he ought not to do. So full

credit must be given to Peter Eyck, skipper of the *Claudia*. Having for those three moments, or it may be for a moment more, indulged in the luxury of possession, he took out his thick memorandum-book and pencil, and began to count slowly, one by one.

But the process was slow and painful. To count each coin seemed like parting with its possession—like a triumph of conscience over temptation, which is not altogether so agreeable a process in practice as in theory it ought to be. It was healthy, however; it induced a consciousness of being tempted, so that the skipper seemed to have received a new precept: Count the devil, and he will flee from thee.

Still, the slow business of simple numeration, unit by unit, is scarcely possible to one who has been fevered by a full embrace. He laid out a piece of sail-cloth, and threw upon it the coins by handfuls, with the view of counting them as he returned them to the chest again. It was a far more exciting method of proceeding, while the ring of the coins taken up together and tossed into a rising heap was almost fiercely musical.

Counting them back into the chest proved to be a very different process from the first failure in numeration. The coins were not coming out into the light, if such a word as light can be applied to the effect of a dim lantern, which seemed to receive from their golden reflection more light than it returned. They were returning to the darkness which concealed them from all living eyes, save those alone of the skipper of the *Claudia*. It seemed to be to himself that he was restoring them now.

He had counted eleven, when the eleventh coin fell into a corner of the chest noiselessly, and not, like the others, with a rattle or a ring. The twelfth brought out the murmur of a crisp rustle.

Putting his hand into the corner indicated by the difference of sound, he brought out what was of more value even than gold—a bundle of Bank of England notes, mostly for five pounds, but many for ten, and some for twenty.

The skipper, Peter Eyck, might, in fact, become a rich man, without a soul being the wiser how. There, in his ship at sea, grew up before the eye of his mind, his ship on shore—the cottage and the garden with its tulip-bed wherein he might close the remainder of his days. There sat Gertrude with her knitting; there, on the other side of the stove, or in the arbor overlooking his vegetables, sat he, Peter Eyck, his pipe filled with the best knaster and his pint mug foaming with the finest *lager*. His children, dressed like ladies and gentlemen, came to see the old father and mother on Sundays and holidays. Every seafaring man looks forward to the time when he shall tempt the

sea no more; and it is just at the age of fifty years that the sweetness of the word "Rest" begins its song. He might even become burgomaster, who knows? and add to the repose of home the dignity of the velvet gown and civic chair. All these delightful dreams issued from the wooden chest, like the genii whom the fisherman set free from the power of Solomon. They were innocent enough, the little house with the green shutters, the paradise of tulips, the quiet, the respect: but—

All things depend upon "But." There was nothing wanting to the delight of such a dream, not even the element of sin, which, according to the Marquise, was all that was needed to transform into nectar so simple and innocent a beverage as iced water.

Peter Eyck threw the crisp bundle of bank-notes back to their corner with a sudden and heavy sigh, and then resumed his counting at number thirteen. As each coin fell back with its proper ring, it seemed to return to himself and secrecy. His pocket-book was forgotten; and, after all, what would be the use of an inventory?

The waves lapped and leaped against the black sides of the *Claudia*, the night-breeze sang through her shrouds. But the skipper was no landsman to feel consciously the influence of a night at sea in giving birth to wild and fantastic dreams. He went on counting deliberately—whether for himself or for others, what did it matter till the *Claudia* reached New York, even if it mattered at all? Till then, at least, Peter Eyck might not only become, but actually was, a rich man.

The rats had been faithful to the *Claudia* when she left port, so an occasional noise or two was nothing noteworthy. The old sailor would have supplied his great countryman Rembrandt with a study of the first order as he knelt in the dark cabin, made darker by the solitary light of the lantern, and with his soul plunged into the chest of gold up to his mental shoulders. Mental abstraction, however, though it blinds the eyes, makes the ears keen. Rats, too, make a noise of their own, and keep to it; they do not walk in shoes that can scuffle, though ever so gently, against a door. Nor can they cough, though ever so softly.

In any case, something was enough for the skipper to drop the lantern among the gold and to start as though caught in the very act of committing a crime. He held two or three pieces in his hand; they followed the lantern without counting. He made but one pace to the sliding-door, threw it back, and found himself face to face with Steen Rhoon. Had he been less in a hurry, he might have seen that the door had not been so wholly closed as to leave no crack for the benefit of a watchful eye.

But his own sturdy figure sufficiently blocked up the narrow entrance to the cabin. "Steen Rhoon!" he stammered, "what do you want here? Is anything wrong? All clear ahead?"

"All's right enough ahead, skipper," answered Steen, with but little of the respect paid at sea to a superior in rank even on board a trading schooner.

"What is it, then?"

"I suppose it'll suit you to go halves?"

It was wonderful how suddenly, now that he had lost his secret, the skipper recovered his honesty.

"Go halves?" he exclaimed with unusual energy. "Be off with you, unless you want a whole reckoning. You've been spying, have you?"

"Not I, Mynheer Eyck. I've seen what I've seen. Halves. I can't speak fairer?"

"Do you know what will happen presently, Steen Rhoon?"

"What?"

"You'll find yourself in irons. I've but got to give the word."

"And do you know what will happen then, Peter Eyck? The Custom House in New York will know why."

"They'll know without you."

"What! You'll let them know — what no one but you and I need know till Doomsday?"

It was not without cause that Steen Rhoon had acquired something of the reputation of a sea-lawyer. The skipper's honesty had been outraged, but so had his fancy that he alone was in possession of the last discovered secret of the sea. His dream had had time and opportunity to become part of himself, and the fact was only too plain that, unless he admitted an associate, his dream and he must henceforth be separate — the Peter Eyck who sailed the Claudia, and the Peter Eyck who was to be burgomaster of Moerdyk. A man whose soul has taken possession can scarcely be expected to be very ready at letting go with his hands. And so he paused; that is to say, he hesitated.

"Steen Rhoon, you're a fool," he said at last, still keeping himself well in the door-way, "to make such work about a few bits of copper not worth twenty stivers, and ship's papers, of no good to any one but the owners of the Gustavus. If there's salvage, you'll get your share."

"I mean to. Halves. Do you think I don't know the look of gold, little of it as I've seen, or the sound of paper money, little as I've heard? Look here, Peter Eyck, I'm no fool, nor you. We're both of us made men, or I'll know the reason why." It was spoken like a man of sense — like a man who does not despise the use of chance. "You'd got to four hundred and thirty-three," Steen went on. "I'll take my turn now. You must have enough of counting, by this time."

"Who else knows about this?" asked the skipper, cautiously, with an unconscious sigh.

"Not a mother's son."

The skipper carried a revolver in his belt, and his right hand felt the attraction of its polished handle. He was a hasty man, but what could be more easy, or even more just, than to use it on the plea of self-defence, from a midnight robber? But then there would be inquiries which it might be advisable to avoid. Nothing, also, would be easier than a great many things which might lead to unpleasant consequences. After all, why should he not do as most men do, and follow circumstances? If the worst should come to the worst, why even then it might be as well not to have the stain of blood upon his hands. It might prove uncomfortable for a would-be burgomaster.

After all, going shares with Steen Rhoon would still leave him a rich man. So at last, with a gulp in which he seemed to swallow his disappointment, he turned on his heel and left the door-way free. There was no need to come to a final and formal decision before reaching New York, even under these new circumstances. Anything would be advisable that tied up Steen Rhoon's tongue at all events — for conscience is fertile in the invention of salve — till then.

So the two went again through the treasure bequeathed to the Claudia of St. Bavons by the Gustavus of Stockholm. It was a far less exciting business, even to the skipper, than before: he was no longer sole trustee, and each guinea now meant only ten shillings and a half instead of twenty-one, not to speak of a partnership which gave a reality to the proceeding, and made it seem less like a golden dream than a conspiracy. Suddenly, once more, down went the lid with a clang.

IV.

Peter Eyck and Steen Rhoon bounded to their feet.

A trampling rush swept over the deck above them. Down rushed a boy, and charged headlong at the door.

"Skipper! Icebergs ahead!" was all he could utter in his panic.

The words froze the slow fever that had entered his veins. Heedless of anything but the Claudia, he rushed on deck, while Steen Rhoon hastily gathered up a number of uncounted pieces that lay on the floor. His eyes met the most glorious sight that mortal eyes can behold.

It was sunrise.

But what a sunrise! The storm of the last night but one had done its work after all. From north and west the changing wind had gathered together the Alps of the sea, that rode and rocked and rose and bowed over the water, whose calm, round

their feet, was that of a lake in summer. Men have scaled the Matterhorn; but no human foot will ever tread the heights of these true *Jungfrauen*; these mountains of virgin ice that are born of mist and foam. They reeled and swayed as though drunken with height and glory. Perhaps it may have been your lot to have seen the rosy flush that proclaims the waking of snow-mountains, of whose blushing beauty, terrible as it is at heart, the timid wild-flowers are not afraid. But the valley, full of life, weeds them, and the chamois bounds over them, and they belong to our human world. Their ocean sisters, not blushing with the rose, but glittering with the rainbow, are less gigantic, but their every inch is so much gained from the level of the sea, so that they seem to tower more than if they met the clouds, and their wild, fantastic, broken shapes make them seem like clouds themselves, petrified into glory.

In the darkness of night, the Claudia had steered into a shoal of icebergs that now stood revealed in the new light, and in all their terrible grandeur. Those to east and south were as gray as the hulls of secret pirates. But those to north and west turned the pale gold of the rising sun into a wilderness of opal. The masts of the Claudia looked beside these moving towers like twigs of aspen; her hull like a toy boat, that might be thrown by the hand into one of those black, yawning chasms. The sea, as has been said, swelled round them in a portentous calm, and borrowed from their whiteness a bright and transparent green, as though covered with grass up to the very verge of these Alps that had grown out of the sky. The silence was profound — all was swallowed up in transcendent vision. "They that go down to the sea in ships" had looked upon another marvel.

Even while the first morning glories burst upon the eyes of the skipper, the Claudia gave a lurch, while an ominous grating of her timbers told that the roots of ice had torn along her keel. "Port helm!" he cried; and port, with another heavy lurch, she bore, with a cracking strain that sounded like a scream. It was just in time; the skipper had not run on deck a moment too soon.

For a full instant the schooner rode free, in black waves divided from the green by an angry line of foam. The right course was obviously to make for the open space ahead between two mountains that sloped gradually away from one another, so that the Claudia might slip through cunningly among the open waves and out of the treacherous calm. But icebergs are not like trees, whose roots you may trace by the course of the branches. Another grating eraunch told that her side had caught the submarine spur of another mountain, or perhaps of a floating

island hidden by the green water. Off that, she received a blow from some unseen mass that made her shudder and groan from topgallant-mast to keel.

In effect, she had become a mere ball, tossed about from floe to floe. The helmsman alone out of the whole crew was able to be of any use against this danger, more terrible than that of a hundred storms; and he could do little more than guess instead of steer. Meanwhile, the icebergs closed, impelled by the mysterious attraction that impels ice to ice, in spite of currents and of winds. And as they closed and drew nearer, their wintry breath closed round the Claudia too, as if the air was full of swords. Suddenly the noise of thunder shattered the silence behind. Two mountains had rushed together, and now formed a double mass that seemed to impend, avalanche fashion, over masts and hull. For an instant it seemed as though their balance would overturn.

It was a time to forget gold and tulips—even wife and child. Nearer and nearer came the cold breath, and nearer and nearer floated the terrible armada, with all its rainbow hues flashing and melting in the sun as he rose, revealing not only their outer splendor, but, in all their horror, the black rifts and caverns that opened like mouths of Acheron. An avalanche is often called down by a whisper; and the Dutch sailors, many of whom had in all their lives seen no hill higher than a canal bank, dared scarcely breathe for fear of moving these mountains from their moving foundations. They stood powerless to do or to will. The skipper, Peter Eyck, alone uttered a mental ejaculation.

"If ever I bring that accursed chest to the Hudson, Steen Rhoon or no Steen Rhoon!"

He did not feel that Steen Rhoon at that very instant stood hard by his ear. He was conscious of nothing but another lurch that threw him from his feet against the binnacle, while the schooner swayed almost to capsizing. She had sprung a leak—and well the skipper knew that there was something perhaps heavier than ballast below.

Meanwhile the icebergs drew nearer and nearer still. The Claudia was now in the black-green depths of a mountain gorge, and the awful, jagged cliffs about her were opaline no more.

A furious crash, and she made a sudden plunge forward, as though eager to bound into the depth before her.

"The boats!" cried half a dozen voices, while the bowsprit was crowded by men prepared to make a leap for life, though on to the ledge of an iceberg.

On it came, the magnet that by its size drew to it all floating things. The Claudia seemed instinct with the actual living fascination of the

hare towards the boa. Another dull roll of thunder shuddered through the air, and the cold of frost seemed to herald not only winter but death himself, whose grasp was held out to skipper, ship, and crew.

But there was one who managed to keep his sea-legs still—the historian of Cape Horn. He came up to the skipper's other ear.

"We're near an end now, skipper," said old Caspar. "It's nigh time, I'm thinking, to leave the devil overboard."

Three or four gathered round, eager to find safety in a straw; while the stout ship rasped her sorely wounded sides against the sharp, jagged knives that pierced her more savagely than English shot or shell had pierced the Santa Maritana.

There was even yet, in this dire extremity, one last outlet, though it looked but little like a path of safety. It might, however, be made, by a happy union of chance and skill; and beyond it lay the open sea.

"Heave the demon overboard!" once more cried old Caspar in the skipper's ear.

"Heave the demon overboard," echoed a chorus of all the crew who heard, though without knowing why. Their voices rolled through the caves of ice and changed into a semblance of infernal laughter.

Peter Eyck looked round, and his eyes fell upon Steen Rhoon, who stood by as white as ashes. The sight manned him.

"There's no demon mates," he spoke out bravely. "There's good gold, and I'll answer for it that, if we bring the Claudia through this day, every man and boy will have his share. If 'twere any good to lighten the schooner by a feather-weight, overboard it should go; but no man shall say Peter Eyck threw away cargo without need. Devil or no devil, with ship and cargo I sink or swim. Starboard helm! and the fiend himself's on board if we don't swing through. Starboard—now! Hard!"

"Starboard yourself," called out the steersman. "Old Caspar's in the right of it; there's no luck with that cursed chest on board."

The skipper leaped forward, felled him with a blow between the eyes, and, grasping the tiller, put the helm hard.

"I'll do my duty," he said. "And sooner than not get clear this day, I'd steer the Claudia straight to!"

The schooner tried to obey, but only gave a frantic reel. Steen Rhoon, upon whom old Caspar's story of the black buccaneer now returned with an awful sense of reality, followed by Caspar himself and Martin Dael, rushed below, with a vague purpose of lightening the vessel of her fatal burden, reckless of what they might see. A nameless, contagious panic had seized the whole crew. Only the skipper looked fate in the face like a man. The vessel was gliding

off the hidden floe, and once more he threw his whole strength into the helm. The one passage was open still.

But it was too late. With a peal of thunder the two mountains rushed and crashed together; and, even had there been an eye to see her, the Claudia would have been seen no more.

(To be continued.)

THE Shanghai Budget gives an account of a new Chinese periodical after the European model, called the *Ying-wan-so-ke*, or Monthly Magazine. It consists chiefly of reprints from the daily paper in whose office it is issued. In the second number the subjects treated take this order: (1) comparative physiology; (2) the building of the steamer that first carried the telegraph wires from England to America; (3) humorous sketches from Japan; (4) ten sketches illustrating various phases of European and Chinese life; (5) five articles on Chinese literature, religion, customs, etc.; (6) two dissertations on style, etc. The contents occupy fifty pages, and the magazine sells for 80 cash, about ten cents a copy. Japan, however, by far outstrips China. Twenty-four books were published in Yedo, last year, of which nearly all were translations. "With one exception," says the *Japan Gazette*, "they relate to what were once foreign subjects. Seven are translations of foreign elementary works on chemistry or physics, four on geography, two on American history, and three on civil law." One gives the Japanese text of all the treaties of Japan with foreign countries; another a full list of all Japanese officers above a certain grade; and a third is on the "Principles of Freedom." In the meantime the old-rag industry has sprung up, those now cast off being largely from stuffs of foreign make, whose coloring presents no obstacle to bleaching, and besides the hitherto exclusive manufacture of paper from mulberry, rice-straw, and similar fibres, the production of paper from rag pulp is now being tried under native auspices. Japan will doubtless find that rags and old bottles go in company, as the nautilus and ammonia sailed together before the latter became extinct. Bottles produce rags, rags bottles; and both are ultimately sold together; thus out of evil cometh good, and intemperance lends a helping hand to learning. This also, perhaps, accounts for a certain wildness to be observed occasionally in modern literature.

It is stated that, owing to the general demoralization produced by the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, the heads of the two universities have under serious consideration the propriety of either discountenancing the race altogether in future, or transferring it to the Henley course.

DIETETICS OF THE SOUL.

"DIETETICS of the Soul" is the title of a little book which has recently been translated from the German, and which, whatever the merits or defects of its composition, deserves the praise of good intention. The leading thought is the intimate connection between bodily and spiritual health. The text is one which has suggested a good many sermons and been illustrated by abundant anecdotes. One story will do as well as another to point the obvious moral. A man, it is said, read in the newspapers an account of a death from the bite of a mad dog. The reader was instantly seized with hydrophobia and taken to a hospital, where he died. Whether this cheerful narrative be true or false—and we certainly do not give it with implicit confidence—there are abundant instances of that reciprocal influence of the imagination and the physical organization, which it is supposed to exemplify. Commonplace, however, as is the doctrine, we have perhaps hardly learnt to apply it as systematically as could be wished. One favorite piece of contemporary slang sets forth the advantages of physical education. Our young men interpret this theory after their own fashion by endeavoring to convert themselves into finished athletes. But the misfortune is that they overlook the intimate connection between the two purposes of education. They argue—assuming, indeed, that they argue at all, which is, we need not add, a very bold assumption—that because the mind and the body are intimately connected, therefore the more you develop your body the more you must improve the mind. The fallacy is obvious enough. Neither the mind nor the body can be in perfect order without a corresponding development of its ally; and any change in one reacts upon the other. But it does not follow that you can stimulate the imagination by improving the digestion, or, reciprocally, that a cultivated imagination is incompatible with dyspepsia. No part of this complex machinery can be touched without some influence being propagated to every other part; but the inference is not that we are at liberty to attend exclusively to one set of functions, but, on the contrary, that a good system of education should regard the harmonious development of all.

Familiar as the observation is in theory, it is strange to observe how completely it is neglected in practice. Mr. W. R. Greg has lately published an interesting essay on the Non-Survival of the Fittest. If we examine into the meaning of his rather melancholy forebodings, we find that they rest chiefly on the neglect of which we are speaking. We will take one instance. The "fittest," in one sense of the word, are the men of highly developed brains. Now it is said that in America, for example, the most intelligent and cultivated classes scarcely increase at all; whilst they are being gradually swallowed up by the comparatively brutal and ignorant, but more prolific, masses. If this be true, it is really a case of the evil consequences of one-sided development. One class cultivate brain at the expense of muscle; and the other muscle to the neglect of brain. Now, whatever the value of our higher faculties, it is plain that the lower are in one sense more necessary; they supply the base without which there can be no satisfactory superstructure. A man can manage to live and even to thrive with a very limited allowance of intellect; but nobody, were he a Shakespeare and a Newton combined, could thrive or live without a stomach. If, therefore, society is so organized in any case as to stimulate intellectual activity at the price of the still more essential quality of sheer vitality, we shall have such a phenomenon as that which Mr. Greg laments. With all the advantages of keener intelligence, the weaker race will be gradually worn down by the stronger. The fittest—if by the fittest we mean the cleverest—will not survive; but the true inference will be, that in the case suggested the fittest are really the most vigorous. In short, it is plain enough that, permanently to improve any breed of men, their animal nature must be developed simultaneously with their spiritual faculties. However civilized we may become,

that nation will have the best of it in the long run, which has the toughest physical fibre, and the problem is how to combine this with the greatest intellectual energy.

If we ask how far our modern methods are favorable to such a result, the answer does not at first sight appear to be encouraging. Granting the general proposition that physical and spiritual health are closely connected, the doctrine scarcely seems to be verified in individual cases. There is an obvious limitation to Mr. Galton's doctrine of hereditary genius. It has been often said since the time of Bacon, though we do not know that any one has collected statistics to prove the fact, that great men seldom leave descendants. If we run over a few of the most eminent names in English literature, it certainly strikes one that the doctrine has at least a *prima facie* justification. If we take the eminent names that occur at the moment, they almost all give the same result. Nobody now living can boast of a descent from Bacon himself, or from Shakespeare, or Milton, or Hobbes, or Newton, or Locke, or Swift, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Hume, or Gibbon; and it would be easy to increase the list without mentioning more recent names. If men of exceptional ability are seldom the forefathers of a distant posterity, it is evident that we cannot expect to breed men of genius as we breed race-horses; and, beyond this, it seems to be also true that an abnormal development of certain faculties is generally accompanied by a defect of others. The man of genius is more liable to certain temptations than his commonplace brethren, though the highest results are obtained where the other faculties are too strong to be overpowered, and first-rate intellectual power is consistent with perfect health. For the great bulk, however, of even the most cultivated classes, these instances are not quite in point. Few men's minds are so powerful as to upset the balance of their faculties. But it may still be argued that, even in a class far below the great leaders of thought, the tendency is in some degree to sacrifice general constitutional vigor to the development of special talents. The University boat-race is bringing before our minds at this moment the natural tendency of our system. We have a great opinion of the value of bodily health, and therefore we encourage one set of young men to devote themselves exclusively to physical excellence, whilst another set is encouraged to indulge in the opposite excess. Competitive examination brings to the front the young men who have converted themselves into machines for the rapid assimilation of knowledge; whilst competition in athletic pursuits induces the most physically vigorous to starve their brains for the sake of their bodies. Instead of an army of lions commanded by asses, to which profane observers compared one part of our arrangements, the modern ideal would seem to be a set of invalids ruling over a race of strong-bodied persons, to whom it would be uncivil to give a coarser name. There is, indeed, a natural limit to the process. Great lawyers are no'oriously men of strong constitution, for the simple reason that men cannot succeed at the bar without great constitutional strength. Until we have applied the competitive system with much greater completeness, the man who has a power of treading on his neighbor's toes with unceasing energy, who is thick-skinned, loud-voiced, and generally capable of thrusting other people to the wall, will always have a vast advantage in the open struggles of life. Indeed, competition itself requires physical strength, though it may be that it also tempts a man to exhaust himself at the first entrance into life, and leaves him a comparatively poor creature for the rest of his days. Assuming, however, that we are still distant from the day when such methods will be applied to select our statesmen, our bishops, and our chancellors, we have to a certain extent a natural guarantee in the fact that bodily vigor is of immense advantage in every profession.

Yet the guarantee, such as it is, acts rather clumsily. If it keeps out the feeble, it weakens the strong. Take, for example, the case of a great Parliamentary leader. Nobody can go through the labor of such a career, the sitting up in a bad atmosphere, the incessant excitement of recur-

ring contests, the labors of office, and the worryings of constituents and the whole race of interviewers and wire-pullers, without a considerable fund of strength to draw upon. Unless, therefore, he is a man of unusual placidity of temperament, or of amazing energy, the chances are that his temper will be ruined and his brain enfeebled by his unhealthy course of life. When the "dietetics of the soul," or whatever the science may be called, are properly understood, statesmen will begin to appreciate the advantages of bodily training a little more completely. At present, a man generally works on till his physician informs him that he is in danger of softening of the brain, and then he retires to recruit himself for another series of excessive exertions. Now, if matters were better arranged, this alternative would be avoided. The ministry would be put through a course of training at least as carefully as the University crew. They would be seen every day taking their morning's run round St. James's Park, the newspapers would inform us which of them had showed symptoms of thickness of the wind, and which was pulled up at the end without a hair turned. Their diet would be carefully regulated, and their hours of rising and going to bed prescribed on sanitary grounds. Of course every man of ordinary sense attends more or less to such considerations, and keeps himself in tolerable order by exercise and moderation in food. But individual efforts at a rational system are not allowed for in the public regulations. We work our ministers to death without considering that they require as much care as cab-horses. Whatever care they manage to take of themselves is in spite of, and not in accordance with, the recognized system. Instead of a proper course of physical training being provided by public regulations, it has to be attained, if attained at all, by the spontaneous exertions of the sufferers. The state of a minister's digestion is at least as important as the state of his brain. A good governor should be in that perfect state of health described in Walker's "Original," when dirt actually refuses to stick to him. But, in the absence of a most exceptional power of self-command, nobody could even aim at such a result under the ordinary conditions of public life. And yet who can count up the evils which are produced by our stupid disregard of all such considerations? Voltaire remarks that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was primarily due to the utter incapacity of the king to digest his food. How much of the distracted state of recent legislation has been produced by the work of law-making being carried on when the brains of the law-makers are obscured by fumes of dinner, and their lungs disordered by an impure atmosphere? The evil is one which everybody recognizes in general terms; but the recognition is of that imperfect kind which produces no corresponding fruit in action. The most important part of all public business is probably performed by men whose state of health is below par, and at hours of unusual fatigue and obfuscation. Everybody who is accustomed to intellectual work knows the importance of seizing the few hours during which his faculties are perfectly fresh, and he is unconscious of the load of heavy matter which he is compelled to drag about with him. But in practice, legislation of all kinds frequently consists in first reducing some hundreds of gentlemen to a condition in which their brains are working with diminished energy, and then inducing them to catch at the first compromise which allows them to escape from a dilemma which they are too dull to solve logically. "If you want to hang him, hang him: and if you want to let him go, let him go; but, for God's sake, let's get out of this!" were the emphatic last words of the celebrated Cornish juryman; and they pretty well represent the state of mind in which decisions are taken by a distracted meeting of any kind. Now a genuine appreciation of the vast importance of thorough physical health would lead to the conclusion that you should no more set people to decide difficult points of legislation when they are necessarily in a state of muddle, than you should set a man to row a race just after a heavy dinner. The work which is done well is that which is done with a fresh brain and a system not overloaded. Our present system seems to go on the hypoth-

esis that the digestion is far too contemptible a thing to be taken into consideration at all. Perhaps the consequences are about what we might expect from the premises with which we start.

ANAGRAMS.

"L'ANAGRAMME," says Richelet, "est une des plus grandes inepties de l'esprit humain: il faut être sot pour s'en amuser, et pis que sot pour en faire." Though, like most things, the study of anagrams may be decried as trifling, it is certainly difficult, and generally pleasing. A few words, therefore, on their origin, number, nature, composition, use, and purpose, may be regarded as not out of place in this magazine.

The origin of anagrams lies in obscurity; their author is unknown. That the art of composing them arose among the Hebrews is not unlikely, having regard to the veneration in which the Hebrews held not only the words of their language, but also the letters composing the words, which are to be found in their sacred volumes. "Secret mysteries," say the Cabalists—those mystic preservers of a supposed traditional teaching—"are woven in the numbers of letters."

There is a story that Lycophron, who has the reputation of being the inventor of anagrams, was a good Hebrew scholar, and thence drew his knowledge of the art. The Lycophron of France was Joannes Auratus, the golden poet who anagrammatized his own name into "Ars en nova vatis" ("Behold the new art of the bard"). The art, however, was not new, as we may suppose the writer to have well known.

The use of anagrams remains yet to be discovered, unless it is supposed to be that their composition gives acuteness to the mental faculties; for the opinion of Artemidorus, the philosopher, that they conduce to the interpretation of dreams, may be rejected as a visionary idea. For their nature, like the atoms or individual bodies of Democritus, are the letters of an anagram, from which, cast by fortune or skill into various relations with each other, all things are made.

For their purpose, though it should be said that the innocent diversion of anagrams and other *jeux de l'esprit* possesses little interest for a serious age, which loves to read lightly-spiced romances, it suited well our pre-goes, who possessed not such literary advantages as ourselves.

Anagrams, besides affording pleasure in their composition, were sometimes used in defence as a kind of *nom de guerre*. And though, in the "Scribleriad," anagrams appear in the land of false wit,—

But with still more disordered march advance,
(Nor march it seemed, but wild, fantastic dance,)
The uncouth ANAGRAMS, distorted train,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain,—

and sour critics dislike them, "yet," says the venerable Camden, and after him Disraeli, and after him a hundred others, and after them the writer of the present paper, "yet do good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds."

Anagrams, if silence on any subject be a proof of its esteem, have now little honor. They are seldom mentioned but in books of riddles, of which they generally occupy, if any space be devoted to them, the last few pages. But in their case, let us rather suppose no news to be good news, and that they still occupy that high estate in the minds of some fit, though few, which they held when Louis XIII. bestowed a pension of 1,200 livres on Thomas Billon, an acute Provençal who had applied himself to the study of their construction, with the title of "Anagrammatist to the King;" and when such historians as Camden the learned, and such poets as Heywood, disdained not to record them, or to compose them for instruction or for amusement.

"This dainty device, and disport of wit not without pleasure," says Camden, "has been by some carried to an excess."

Considering names as divine notes for foretelling events, and attaching themselves to the dreams of Artemidorus and of the Cabalists, they have converted Anagrammatism into Onomantia, or an art of fortune-telling by names." The art is, indeed, of high antiquity, if we may believe the rabbin, who say that an esoteric law was given to Moses, to be handed down in the posterity of certain seventy men, and therefore called Cabala or traditional. And they say that this law was nothing but a volume of alphabetic revolution, or anagrammatism, with all which we may compare the well-known Christian parastich or acrostic of ΧΩΣΕ.

If an art is to be commended in proportion to its difficulty and the patience required in it, the art of anagrams may be well commended. The art of pure anagrams is spoken of, in which there must be no arbitrary change of letters, or licentious innovations in orthography. "For," Camden declares in his Remains, "some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when their names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein."

For the definition, an anagram is a word or words, formed by the artificial transposition of the letters of a given word or words. The subject of the anagram is generally a proper name; and the anagram itself most frequently presents a meaning, complimentary or the reverse, to the person to whom the name belongs. Every anagram so much the nearer approaches perfection as it is the further removed from license. Those who attach themselves scrupulously to the rules of the anagram, permit no change, omission, or addition of letters therein, but with the exception of the "L," which they say cannot challenge the right of a letter, require the letters of the anagram to be precisely the same as those of its subject. Others less timid like a larger, and indeed almost poetical, license, and besides occasionally omitting or adding a letter, think themselves justified in writing, when they find such a change desirable, and that the resulting sense falls aptly, *e* for *æ*, for *io*, *s* for *z*, *c* for *k*, and *vice versa*. Anagrams of this formation are called "impure." Lycophron, before mentioned, one of the Pleiads of the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, has left us two, little worthy of the author of the dark vein "Cassandra," and of the most obscure writer of antiquity.

The one was a compliment to his prince, ἀπὸ μέλιτος from πτολεμαίους (out of honey, from Ptolemy), to mark the sweetness of his disposition; the other to his queen, Ἀραρινὴ Ἀραρινός, the Greek letters of which name, being transposed, form ἰὸν Ἑρας (the violet of Juno). Both these anagrams are exact or pure. Tzetzes, the interpreter of Lycophron, tells us that his author was more dear to Ptolemy for his anagrams than for his verse. After Lycophron, some other Greeks disported themselves in these "literary triflings," to borrow an appellation from Disraeli. Thus we have Ἀτλας (Atlas), the old all-wise Titan god, who sustained the lofty pillars which separated earth from heaven, converted into τῶλας (wretched), which well he may have been in his endurance. And no inferior moral lesson to that of the sophist Prodicus, in his episode of the Choice of Hercules, did he convey, who, out of ἀρετὴ (virtue) produced ἐπαρὴ (the lovely). Some "Epicuri de ege purgatus" must have discovered the anagram of ἱλαρός (joyous) in ἱλαρός (warm).

Not the worst specimens of Greek anagrammatizing were those composed, one by Joannes Auratus, upon the name of Him who was "brought as a sheep to the slaughter," Ἰησοῦς (Jesus). Σὺ ἡ ὡς (Thou art the sheep), with which compare Taylor's Ichova into oveja (sheep), and those of Camden's good friend Utenhovius, ΕΛΙΣΑΒΗΘΑ (Elizabeth) to ΘΕΑ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΑΗ (the goddess queen), and Εὐαγγελιστὴς ἡ βασιλισσα (Queen Elizabeth) into βαθεὴ βασιλείας λυγρὴς (dew of the kingdom).

Examples, however, of Greek anagrams are rare. The first are those following: Alexander, being about to besiege the siege of Troy, dreamed that he saw a Satyr emerge from a dark wood, and dance before him. After some time he caught the Satyr, and awoke. On consulting

his wise men, they formed from the Greek word Σάτυρος (Satyr), these words, Τύρος οὐ (Tyre is thine). The next day the anagram was accomplished.

So Constantine, son of Heraclius, being prepared for battle, dreamed that he was on his way to "Thessalonica." This he told to one of his attendants, who, repeating the Greek word Θεσσαλονίκην (Thessalonica) slowly, and with proper pauses, said, Θες ἄλλαν νίκην (Leave the victory to another). Constantine took no heed of this warning, and, engaging the enemy soon after, was defeated. This, however, is not an instance of an anagram, as there is no different arrangement of letters; the meaning is obtained simply by the division of syllables. Nor is it exact, as one letter is omitted, one added, and one changed.

The Romans seem altogether to have despised "anagrams," and literary toil of a like nature. "Turpe est," says Martial, "difficile habere nugas, et stultus labor est ineptiarum." Latin anagrams are generally of modern discovery. So we have from Roma (Rome), Maro and amor (love); from corpus (body), porcus (pig); from Galenus (Galen), angelus (angel); and from logica (logic), caligo (darkness). Of these, the last approaches the nature of its subject more nearly than that immediately preceding it. There are, however, among the Romans, a few specimens of that pseudo-anagram referred to in the story of Constantine, which consists in dividing a single word into two or more. Such is the riddle of the god Terminus, mentioned by Aulus Gellius in his twelfth book of "Noctes Atticæ." It is proposed by Gellius, as a *scirpus*, or what the Greeks called an *ænigma*, "which I lately found," he continues, "ancient, by Hercules! and exceedingly crafty, composed in three iambic verses; this I leave unanswered, to sharpen the conjectures of my readers in their investigation." This seems to be the earliest instance of a fashion, now much in vogue, amongst the lower order of journals and magazines, of leaving the solution to the next number.

The three verses are these:—

Semel, minusve, an bis minus, non sat scio,
An utrumque coram, ut quondam audiivi dicier,
Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere.

"He," says Gellius, "who is tired of investigating, may find the 'answer' in the second book of M. Varro to Marcellus on the Latin language."

The "answer" is Terminus, a species of anagram from *ter-minus*. Ovid declares that all the crowd of gods gave places to Jove, except Terminus, who held his ground. So the author of the riddle doubts whether it was once, or less, or twice less, or thrice less (*ter-minus*), i. e., the two former added together; who, as he once heard, was unwilling to yield even to King Jove himself. And so "sustineamus" gives "sustinea-mus." Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?"—the reply being contained in the demand—was left unanswered. "Est vir qui adest." This an exact and clever anagram, probably composed by some witty Churchman.

As specimens of the Latin anagrams of Daurot, or Joannes Auratus, the French poet above mentioned, the following are given. From Martinus Basanerius, a celebrated astronomer of the time, "Musæ nubar in astris." From Claudius Binetus, a lawyer with a taste for singing, "Venis tuba dulcis." From Edoardus Mollæus, an eloquent judge, "De ore vivo mella sudas." His own name, "Joannes Auratus," he also anagrammatized thus: "Ars vivet annosa" ("My art will live long").

A simple but clever anagram is suggested in the "Hymn to the Virgin Mary" in the following verse, which, from its setting, the French would call a gem encased in enamelled gold:—

Sumens illud Ave,
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Evæ nomen!

Which may be represented thus:

Ave for thy title claim,
From the mouth of Gabriel

Ave now for Eva's name,
Making us in peace to dwell.

Generally, of course, anagrams in foreign languages must vanish in translation.

A copy of the "Jesuita Vapulans" (Lugd. Bat., 1635) has written upon a fly-leaf the following anagrams, all of which are not perfect, on Andreas Rivetus.

Veritas res nuda,	Sed es vitâ varus,
Sed naturâ es vir,	Sed rare vanitas,
Vir naturâ sedes,	In terrâ sua Deus,
E naturâ es rudis,	Veni sudas terrâ.

Many of these small lines present sibylline difficulties, by no means proportioned to their size to the exegetist.

As a contrast to them we have the following on Mary Queen of Scots — a pure anagram, telling in a single line her unhappy story: —

Maria Steuarda Scotorum regina. Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado.

Though Addison considers the regeneration of anagrams to have occurred in the times of "monkish ignorance," and thinks it no wonder that the monks should have employed their leisure time, of which he supposes them to have had great store, in the composition of such "tricks of writing as required much time, but little capacity," it does not appear that the monks were in any way famous for these compositions; nor was Addison, perhaps, aware of the difficulty attending them, or the ingenious turns they frequently display.

There is a specimen of anagrammatizing in the month of October, 1658, which is undoubtedly clever, and must have caused the compositor considerable toil.

The subject is the "Tenth Worthy, or that most highly-renowned Worthy of Worthies, Oliver, late Lord Protector." The occasion was the following, expressed in verse. Sad news by post from Albion had summoned the author to know what mighty planet had fallen, leaving the people in darkness. Some, considering the military skill of the dead man, said it was Mars; some Jupiter, as he was a *jurans pater* to three nations. The poet leaving us in doubt as to the planet, considers Oliver as an olive-branch of peace, and with many compliments to him and his family, introduces the following anagrams, in English, Latin, and Welsh, upon his name. In English: "O welcom' re-liver;" "Rule welcom' Roy;" "Com' live our rule." In Latin: "Cor verum vel sol visu." In Welsh: "Y lleu mor cower" ("the lion so true"); "Lleu cower y mor" ("the true sea-lion"); "Lleu grea o Cymra" ("the best lion of Wales"). Not being acquainted with the Welsh language, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of these translations; indeed, we are much inclined to suspect that of one of the two first, as, though the words are the same, a new idea seems to be introduced in the second. But the anagrams are exact, and the Latin one presents a happy combination. With regard to Elizabeth Cromwell, the anagrammatist hovers upon the verge of impoliteness, "Be comelier with zeal." Another of the same lady, in which *s* is written for *z*, and the surname is spelt with one *t*, is not open to the same objection: "Chast' love be my rule." Bridget Fleetwood, a member of the family, becomes "O tru' gifted beloved;" and Mary Faulconbridge, also a member, "Go main careful bride." This last is not exact by the addition of an *e*: the *y* and *i* are of course regarded as interchangeable.

Thomas Heywood has left us some anagrams on the names of certain men of his time. One on Sir Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, dedicated to him in some acrostic verses, "To charm out sin;" another rather antiquated, "O hye constant mure." One on Lady Robert Anna Carre, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, "Rarer cannot bear." One on that "worthy and most religious knight, Sir Paul Pindar," "Pray'r in D. Paul." The verses, an acrostic, begin thus: —

Sir Paul, of all that ever bore that name,
You to Saint Paul most deare are, and may claime
Rare privilege; (I might say) above all
Priority, that beare the name of Paul.

Concluding with this distich: —

Saint Paul Sir Paul both travel: one with care
To build Christ's Church: Paul's th' other to repaire.

It is as well for the anagrammatist to be certain of the correct way of spelling the name which he intends to anagrammatize. A story is told of a gentleman who experienced a great failure owing to a want of care in this respect. He intended to compliment a lady of considerable beauty to whom he was paying his addresses. Unable to purchase fame by keen iambics, he ventured on a mild anagram. The lady's name was, as he understood it, Elizabeth Chumley. Not having talents sufficient for the Elizabeth — over which poor word, though tortured in a thousand ways, a retrograde planet still seemed to hang, — he considered it allowable, not being a strict anagrammatist, to change it into "Bess." Having confined himself in his study for several months, in spite of a plentiful lack of wit, by dint of unwearied toil, he at last reached the promised land. His anagram was this, "Angel best Lumley." The only objection to it is that the last word is a trifle too like the original, having besides no decided meaning, and the letters of the first word are not found in the remaining subject ("ch"). The gem was, however, set in an enchaîned setting possessing a poetic character, and necessarily of the lover's own composition: —

STANZA I.

Most divine! adorable of
women!
Bess Chumley!
Accept the following slight
tribute of undy-
ing affection, and heartfelt
love
From me, "best Lumley."

STANZA II.

Angel!

Upon presenting this child of his imagination to his lady, the reader may imagine his chagrin and disgust when he, that "homo miserrimæ patientiæ," was told by her with some asperity that her surname was not Chumley but Cholmondeley. "Ibi omnis effusus labor." The writer is said to have soon afterwards lost his senses, which had been considerably impaired by the composition of his anagram.

With this story may be compared Disraeli's story of Frenzelius, a German who prided himself upon perpetuating the name of every eminent person who died in his time by an anagram; but is said to have experienced such mortal throes during their composition that he seemed to share in the last pangs of the dead he helped to make illustrious.

The old word for anagram was anagrammatism. The difference between them seemed to be this, that anagrammatism refers rather to the work of transposition of the letters of a word, while anagram signifies the result of such transposition. So epigram signifies the thing inscribed, and not the work of inscription. The English word inscription, by the way, has the meaning of inscription.

The numerical anagrams of the Italians, which are represented by the English chronograms, are the Greek *ισοψηφοι*; in which the numerical value of the letters of two words or sets of words is the same. The reader will understand that in Greek, as in Hebrew, letters served to express numbers.

These *ισοψηφοι* are mentioned by Gellius. They were considered by him with disfavor. A quantity of them were brought to him by a learned friend, in a book which he was at first inclined to regard as the horn of Achelous, filled with first-fruits for Plenty by the Naiads, and shut himself up that he might read it without interruption. But the book contained, "Oh, Jupiter! a mere collection of strange tales; such as who was the first called a grammarian, and wherefore Telemachus reposing touched not Pisistratus reposing near him with his hand, but raised him from sweet sleep by a kick with his heel. There also were written down the *ισοψηφοι* or equinumeral verses of Homer, and his acrostics. These and many other such things were contained in this book."

So Δημαγόρας (Demagoras) was complimented with the

term *λοιμός* (pest). The sum of the numbers expressed by the letters in the two names being identical and equal 420. A "stingless jest" in the opinion of Southey, and showing the malice rather than the wit of the satirist. So Heliodorus says that the Nile is nothing else than the year, founding his opinion on the fact that the numbers expressed by the letters of the *Νεῖλος*, Nile, are in Greek arithmetic, $N = 50$; $E = 5$; $I = 10$; $A = 30$; $O = 70$; $\Sigma = 200$; and these figures make up together 365, the number of days in the year. He does not seem to have reflected that *Νεῖλος* is not a word of Greek origin. Artemidorus, in his interpretation of dreams, warns us to beware of forming our *εὐρήματα* incorrectly, lest being deceived we become inglorious. A certain man, he says, lay sick, and dreamed that one called Piso appeared to him. An onciophant explained this of sure felicity, and that the sick person would live for ninety years longer, framing his conjectures from the first syllable of Piso written in Greek character, which presents the number 90. Nevertheless, he who had seen Piso died soon after, of the very sickness under which he then labored. For Piso had seemed to present to him ointments, which for a sick man was of evil omen, as with them they anoint the dead. The dream of the sailor is unlike to this. For to him asking in his dream whether he should come to Rome, a phantasm answered "No!" using the Greek word *οὐ*. Yet he arrived there in 450 days. For it was all the same, whether the phantasm had told him this number, or the letters which signified it. The reason of inferiority of numbers is assigned by some for the victory of Hector over Patroclus, and of Achilles over Hector.

In Daniel and Deborah Dove, written with considerable license in Greek spelling, the worthy "doctor" found the prime number 761. Herein was a mystery. There could be no division between himself and his wife. They would continue to be in all respects as they had been "dum animæ in carne una," two persons with but one disposition. But when the doctor remembered that 1761 was the year of their marriage, supplying the deficient thousand with two M's for marriage and matrimony, he became delirious with joy, which the resemblance between "marriage" and "matrimony," urged by hostile critics, diminished not a tittle.

Daniel Dove extracted the quintessence of his own name, finding the mournful result, "leadens void," which he considered as inappropriate as that of Marguerite de Valois, "de vertu royal image." Another, "vel dona dei," presented the faint semblance of a less unhappy meaning. Had one letter of Dove been changed, he might have become "Ovid." Thus he felt like the man whose lottery ticket was next in number to the £20,000 prize. "Such a superstition," says Southey, "has been and ever will be latent in the most rational of men." So Barton believed there was some secret power and virtue in names. Unfortunately, however, for this idea, the same name makes both good and evil, as in the case of Eleanor Davies, the wife of the poet, and the Cassandra of her age. Having formed the impure anagram "Reveal, O Daniel" on her name, she made herself the organ of prophecies disagreeable to the government, a proceeding which nothing could check, but an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: "Dame Eleanor Davies," i. e., "never so mad a ladie." Upon this being sent to her by an obliging friend, who had the interest of peace at heart, she retired into private life, ceased from her charming agony, and her voice was heard no more. So Calvin, in the title of his "Institutions" printed at Strasburg in 1539, calls himself Alcuinus, the anagram of Calvinus, and the name of a person of some learning in the time of Charlemagne, contributing greatly to its restoration in that age. But François Kabelaïs (Alcofrības Nasier), in whose name, written in Latin, Calvin had found "rabie læsus," found for him, *en reranche*, an anagram of quite an opposite character, "Jan Cul."

There are several happy anagrams in French, as for instance, that, historically just in sense, of the so-called daughter of the Orleans apothecary, the charming "Marie Touchet," mistress of Charles IX. "Je charme tout." Of Pierre de Ronsard, "rose de Pindare," wherein, by an

æquitas prætoris, the omission of two r's may be pardoned for the elegance of the resulting sense. Of Frère Jacques Clément, the assassin of Henri III., "C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé." Of Louis de Bouchérat, chancellor, "Est la bouche du roi." That of Pierre Coton, Jesuit and confessor of Henri IV., "Perce ton roi," is undeserved, and therefore, worthless. Of Pilatre du Rosier, an aeronaut who had the misfortune to fall from his balloon on the 15th of June, 1785, "Tu es proie de l'air." The reader who cares to investigate this anagram will find an r omitted. It is consequently inexact. In the next an s will be found added. Louis Quatorzième, roi de France et de Navarre, "Va, Dieu confondra l'armée qui osera le résister." The temptation to add or subtract a letter in the case of a lengthy anagram, successful only if such addition or subtraction is made, must be almost irresistible; but the anagram as an anagram is spoiled.

Anagrams are sometimes employed in heraldry. The House of Lorraine bears les "alérions" or eaglets. J. B. Rousseau, ashamed of his father the cobbler, changed his name into Verniettes. In which Saurin discovered, what the author probably least intended, "Tu te renies."

So when Bonaparte came into power, the words *La Révolution Française* produced this anagram, "Un Corse la finira." But, in 1815, party spirit discovered in the same words "La France veut son roi." Both these anagrams are, however, though witty, inexact.

The Cabalists among the Jews are, as might be expected from what has been said above, mighty in anagrams. The third part of their art, which they call *T'hemura*, or change, is concerned with nothing but the process of making them. By them they find many mysterious hidden and extraordinary senses in the words of Holy Writ. Out of Noah, by transposition of the Hebrew letters, they obtain "grace;" and out of "Messiah," "and he will rejoice." These examples are some of the most simple, and of those not revolting to the Christian reader.

The Cabalists, it may be said *en passant*, have many conceits of this kind. Out of the letters forming the word "man" they compose "benediction," and out of those forming "woman," "a curse." With this we may compare their anagram of "Vw" from "Eva," because, they say, she was the cause of all our woes. Such misogynistic contrivances come meetly from the mouths of those, a part of whose thanksgivings in their order for daily prayer was once wont to be, "Blessed art Thou, that Thou hast not made me a woman, O Lord our God."

The number of changes which may be formed out of any given word is easily found by the mathematical doctrine of permutations. In the mystic words of the Kabbala, "Two letters build two houses, three letters build six houses, four build four-and-twenty houses, five build a hundred and twenty houses, six build seven hundred and twenty houses . . . Go forth and imagine what neither the mouth is able to speak nor the ear is able to hear." (Ch. iv. Mishna iv.)

German anagrams are comparatively rare. They may be said, from the specimen mentioned by Wheatley, to be as poor as they are rare. This is the specimen. At the general peace of 1814, a portion of Saxony fell to the share of Prussia. The king, to commemorate this addition to his kingdom, issued a new coinage of rix-dollars, with the name *ein Reichsthaler*. The Saxons, by that collateral species of anagram before-mentioned, divided this word into *ein Reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom). So the French in *La Sainte Alliance* found *La Sainte Canaille*. The derivations of *Leben* (life) from *Nebel* (a cloud), and of *Sarg* (a coffin) from *Gras* (grass), are simply palindromes.

Italian anagrams are still rarer than German. If in the one following the lady subject was as beautiful as the anagram is happy, she must have been indeed a cynosure for neighboring eyes. Anna Dudlæmia, *E la nuda Diana*. In this, there is a diæresis of the diphthong, which is allowed even in the pure anagram.

Anagrams have been, we have already said, frequently used as *noms de guerre*. So Voltaire is derived from

Arouet l. j. or Arouet le jeune. "Frip," the signature of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, is an anagram of his initials. So W. Jerdan wrote for the *Literary Gazette* under the title of W. J. André. Another celebrated poet known, like Voltaire, to few but by his *nom de plume*, was Bryan Waller Procter, whose name was metamorphosed by an impure anagrammatism into "Barry Cornwall, poet," or "toper," whichever qualification may be preferred.

Retrograde anagrams, or those formed by the reading the letters backwards, belong to the species of palindromes or *Kúpalivos*. Of these we have an example in "deliver" from "reviled." Anagrams with a retrograde meaning are presented to us in "untie" from "unite," in "real fun" from "funeral," "love to ruin" from "revolution," and in "repel," which is also a palindrome, from "leper." Many more might be added, were it not, in the words of Lamennais, "triste de s'ennuyer, pour ennuyer les autres."

About a quarter of a century ago flourished an eminent physician, who was so bad a tradesman, and withal so wise a man, as to declare ruthless war against tight-lacing, etc., as regards ladies, and overfeeding, etc., as regards gentlemen. This child of light gave his opinions, of a sour sort, in unvarnished language, and would sooner offend the fashionable sensibilities of a patient than tell a lie. Notwithstanding these eccentricities, he managed to obtain and secure a large number of patients, some one of whom, irritated by his moral roughness, and unpolished expressions, probably invented the anagram which exists upon his name. John Abernethy was metamorphosed into "Johnny the Bear." Even "Ursa Major," says Southey, "would not dispute his title. Has any one who knows 'Johnny the Bear' heard his name thus anagrammatized without a smile? We may be sure he smiled and growled at the same time when he first heard it himself."

Of the legion of complimentary anagrams on persons of wealth and rank, which have been composed by hungry and needy "anagram-mongers," as the Water Poet calls them, who was himself no bad example of the class, no mention has been made. They possessed little interest for any but the persons whose names they ornamented, and the composers whom their fair seeming nourished with bread. Out of this class, however, we must except Mr. Tash, "an especial man in this faculty," who anagrammatized Lord Bacon's name thus, —

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper,
Is born and elect for a rich speaker —

on account of the goodness of this anagram, and him who wrote —

John Wilson anagr. John Wilson.
Oh change it not no sweeter name or thing
Throughout the world within our ears shall ring —

on account of its heterodox politeness.

There are, doubtless, still many anagrammatists silver-tongued, and witty enough to convert Benlowes into *Benevolus*, as they did in the days of Pope; that the "poor gentleman to verify their anagram may spend his estate upon them."

Anagrams are not uncommon on tombs. For certain minds, as has been before observed, anagrams contained a religious importance. Some of the most remarkable are, one on Maria Arundel, "Man a dry laurel," and another on an old lady of sixty-six, who lies buried in Taplow church, and has this somewhat inappropriate anagram inscribed upon her tomb: Hester Mansfield, "Mars fled in thee." The pagan god, it would appear, from some doggerel that is subjoined, fled before her when lecturing on true charity. The anagram of John Bunyan (Nu hony in a B), composed by himself, presents a striking example of a victory over orthographical difficulties.

The impure anagrams of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, who was found murdered on the south side of Primrose Hill, "By Rome's rude finger die," "I find murder'd by rogues,"

¹ Akin to these are words which are the same whether read backwards or forwards. Such a word was the title of "Glennig," chosen by the late Mr. Charles Grant; so succus, malum, oro, etc.

the pure ones of Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo," and of William Noy, the proposer of ship-money, "I moyl in law," may serve for mnemonic references — to the student of English history.

Fuller concludes the life of John Whitgift, that mirror of prelates, largely written in his ecclesiastical history, with an impure anagram, in respect of his mild proceedings, upon his name, Joannes Whitegiftus. "Non vi egit, faveat Jesus." And a man of entirely different complexion of life, Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, has not thought an anagram unworthy of his learning. Juno is discovered in the clear æther, sitting on a throne, her attire rich and queenlike, a white diadem on her head, in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a timbrel, and at her golden feet a lion's hide. Around her the spirits of the air make music, and Reason thus addresses the audience in her introduction: —

And see where Juno, whose great name
Is Unio, in her anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair, etc.

The following anagram on "Egypt's favorite," by Sir F. Hubert, is of a consolatory character: —

And, Joseph, though thy sufferings be most great,
Yet think upon the letters of thy name:
Which being inverted, bring some comfort yet,
For [Hope is] is [Joseph], his anagram.

Of Edmund Waller, the poet, was written: —

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with "lawrel" he is crowned.

In "Maunder's Treasury," "her most gracious Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria," is transformed into "Ah, my extravagant, joco-serious, radical minister;" with which absurdity may be compared, to its honor, the anagram on Florence Nightingale, "Flit on, cheering angel." The following quaint conceits have all been collected by Mr. Wheeler, to whose ingenuity in seeking words in words we have been much indebted in the present paper: Lawyers (sly-ware); matrimony (into my arm); melodrama (made moral); Old England (golden land); soldiers (lo! I dress); solemnity (yes, Milton); poorhouse (O! sour hope); telegraph (great help); Notes and Queries (O! send in a request); understanding (red nuts and gin); sweetheart (there we sat); charades (hard case); and catalogue (got as a clue). Such are the quirks and quiddities of modern literature, which might have puzzled the old Cabiri.

But let us conclude in the terms of the learned Camden: "It is time to stay, for some of the sour sort begin to laugh at these, when as yet they have no better insight in anagrams than wise Sieur Gaulard, who when he heard a gentleman report that he was at a supper, where they had not only good company and good cheer, but also savory epigrams and fine anagrams; he returning home, rated and belouted his cook as an ignorant scullion that never dressed or served up to him either epigrams or anagrams. And as for these sour surlings, they are to be commended to Sieur Gaulard, and he with them jointly to their cooks and kitchen-stuff."

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

I. THE FIRST EPISODE BEGINS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was no merrier company in the world than the little knot of musicians gathered round the well-beloved Ogliostro, court pianist and musical director to the smallest potentate in Germany. He was a planet of the first magnitude, and his satellites were small moons by comparison; yet as the moons were all of a size, and the planet enormous, no one seemed out of his proper place. There was everything to make life pleasant — abun-

dance of music, agreeable women, ease, and variety. All were contented with poverty from the sovereign downwards, and as luxuries, so called, were not to be had, superfluous means would only have been an incumbrance. Very likely things have changed by this time, and that bloom of virginal simplicity has been swept from the face of the little capital forever; but twenty-five years ago the era of innovation had not set in. Then the world lived as it liked without getting into debt. Take our musician for example. His salary was exactly a hundred pounds a year, and when he condescended to receive money from his pupils, he accepted a Prussian thaler for a lesson, and no more. He gave choice little banquets, recollected his friends' birthdays, and never forgot the children's Christmas-trees. He was always purchasing new music and new musical instruments. He smoked cigars from morning till night. And, over and above these current expenses, he found means of helping many a deserving pupil to London or Paris. This is what a generously disposed — nay, a rather extravagant — person could do upon an income of not much more than a hundred a year in this small German state, a quarter of a century ago.

This story opens in the height of the musical season — that is to say, in the spring — when life was preëminently gay and busy in the little capital. An event was sure to happen at such times; either a new opera was brought out under the Maestro's auspices — for thus our beloved Ogliostro was called — or some prima donna just alighted like a bird to sing away all hearts, then fly off, or the latest production of the musician himself enticed celebrated critics and connoisseurs to visit us. Each season seemed more attractive than the last, which was most likely to be accounted for in the fact that it was the fashion to be pleased.

The Maestro was now thirty years old. He looked much older, as it behooved him to do, firstly, because the two young princesses, daughters of the reigning house, were his pupils; and, secondly, because he had a sprinkling of sentimental young Poppenheimers among his ordinary pupils, in whom he found it necessary to inspire reverence as well as affection. So, though a vain man, circumstances obliged him to disfigure himself by wearing his hair long, a coat of eccentric pattern, and spectacles. In spite of these devices he was universally acknowledged to be bewitching. And he was a little wild. Hitherto his escapades had been of a harmless nature, but when a man is bewitching as well as wild, what may or may not be expected of him?

So thought the Grand Duke, who, being a man of rigid morality, as well as an ardent lover of art, was at times almost distracted by anxiety concerning his favorite. He prided himself upon his Court being the seat of the domestic virtues; and having a Duchess as rigid as himself, and a young family of Princes and Princesses growing up, he kept a vigilant eye upon the Bohemia outside the palace doors. Now the ruling spirit of this Bohemia was the Maestro, as the Grand Duke knew well enough, and if he once broke loose from the social bonds that had hitherto restrained him, there was no saying how far Bohemia might encroach upon other territory.

Again, there was a mystery about the man, which troubled his royal master; he had sprung from the earth like the ancient Greeks, for all any one knew to the contrary; he owned that his name had been assumed because of a certain musical sound he found in it, but what he was really called, whence he came, and to what nationality he belonged, he had never said. In spite, therefore, of his personal fascinations and his extraordinary gifts, the Grand Duke felt a little afraid of him.

Having in vain tried various expedients to tame this perplexing creature, he at last hit upon one which he flattered himself was sure to succeed. So one day, when the two young Princesses, Irma the Melancholy and Feodora the Mischievous, as they were familiarly called by the loyal Poppenheimers, had finished their music-lessons — Irma in tears at her master's rendering of a certain piece of Schubert, Feodora falling behind their attendant governess to

make her scream by putting a pet kitten on her neck — Ogliostro was summoned to his sovereign's presence.

"My good Herr Direktor" (this was the way in which the Court always addressed him), "I have something very important to say to you, and I trust that it will not prove of a painful nature." As if anything a friendly Grand Duke might say could possibly prove of a disagreeable nature! The Maestro merely bowed and smiled.

The Prince went on: —

"When a man gets to be your age, my good Herr Direktor, and especially when he attaches himself to a Court like my own, which, without self-exaltation, I may style the throne of purity and the domestic affections, it is his wisest course — indeed, it is his clear duty — to marry."

The musician had long expected something of this sort, and met the Duke's scrutinizing look with the same assenting bow and smile as before.

"Marriage," pursued the Prince, "if it can be said to do nothing else, makes a man a respectable member of society. It may make him the happiest of men — or the reverse — but at least it achieves the end of making him respectable. I believe the Herr Direktor cannot deny the truth of this assertion?"

Again a bow and a smile were Ogliostro's only answer.

"And in choosing a wife," the Duke went on, "a man's first duty is not to select the youngest or the fairest, or the most charming woman of his acquaintance, but the one who, by virtue of social position, age, and character, most effectually makes him respectable, settles him in life, in fact, and — forgive me for the personal allusion — when he is a genius, corrects those erratic tendencies which are among its most marked, its most pleasing, but, alas! its most dangerous characteristics!"

The musician knew what was coming next, but did not betray his feelings, and the Duke went on briskly: —

"Among the ladies who have the honor of the Grand Duchess's acquaintance there is none more distinguished for solidity of mind, and those charms of character which are not the less valuable because they do not lie on the surface, than the Fräulein Kambell-Sonnenschein. Descended on her mother's side from a good Scotch family, possessed of an ample fortune, accustomed to the best society from her infancy, it is an alliance, my good Herr Direktor, which would do any man credit. The lady is certainly some years your senior, but what an advantage to a child of fancy, like yourself, to be allied to a woman of experience and a practical turn of mind! whereas, a young and visionary wife would undoubtedly be your ruin."

This was a sly allusion to a lady whose name will transpire later. The Prince added with a benignant smile, "In token of my approval of this match, I shall have great satisfaction in bestowing upon you the title of *Von*, also of adding to your salary a hundred Prussian thalers a year, and of presenting to you for your lifetime the little villa which you now do me the honor to inhabit."

The Grand Duke was always as generous to artists as his moderate income would allow, but in this case he felt that he had even stretched a point, and looked for suitable acknowledgment. The musician's thanks were, however, lukewarm, and given in a thin voice.

"There is no necessity to make a prompt decision," he added, kindly patting the crestfallen Ogliostro on the shoulder. "We will talk over the matter again when next you give the young Princesses their music-lesson."

Thus the interview ended, and the Maestro at least flattered himself that he had preserved a strict neutrality. But he felt wretched. His sovereign was not indeed a Louis Quatorze who could send him to a Bastille for disobeying his wishes, and if he positively refused to marry this odious woman, — for in such a light Ogliostro regarded the lady, — there would be an end of the matter. But to contradict a person of exalted rank is always unpleasant, especially when he has been almost fatherly in his benevolence and protection, as was the case with Ogliostro's Grand Duke. And to be subjected to the same sort of interference again, was equally disagreeable to contemplate.

Two alternatives seemed open to him; either to please

the Grand Duke and make himself miserable ever after by marrying the Fräulein, or to choose a wife according to his own fancy, and bear the consequences. But the only wife he wished for was some thousands of miles away just then, and, truth to say, though very much in love, he would have preferred to wait a little longer before becoming, as the Duke expressed it, a respectable member of society.

Two or three days passed in a state of miserable indecision, and when at last the time came round for his appearance at the Palace, he felt further from making a resolve than before. In despair he shut himself up in his room; and sent a messenger to the Princesses' governess to say that he was ill and could not give their Royal Highnesses their music-lessons as usual. All kinds of cordial inquiries came from the Palace, with presents of flowers, fruit, and dainties from the Ducal table to tempt the invalid's appetite. Such self-imposed seclusion was by no means unpleasant, for the Maestro's days were always too short for his friends and his fancies; and it was as new as it was delicious to him to have the entire twenty-four hours to himself. He composed from morning till night, ate, drank his Rhine-wine and smoked his cigars, and, when every one else had gone to bed, stole out for a long moonlight walk in the park. When his so-called indisposition had lasted several days, there appeared in the little morning paper which chronicled all the events of Poppenheim, the following notice:—

"The Countess Serono, with her servants, arrived at the Burg Hotel last evening from Cracow."

The Maestro uttered a cry of delighted surprise, played three or four triumphant roudades on the piano, then sat down to his writing-table with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

The Countess was a beautiful Viennese lady, a widow, whose musical gifts and personal fascinations had created quite an excitement at Poppenheim a year ago. She was the only person, he avowed, who could learn nothing from him. From becoming excellent comrades, they became lovers, at least in the eyes of the world, but the lady had taken flight just as matters seemed coming to a climax, which looked very much as if she did not approve of it. She had returned; and comments would naturally be made upon the fact without loss of time.

What Ogliostro wrote were two announcements for the little *Tagesblatt* before mentioned. Thus ran the first notice:—

"The Herr Direktor Ogliostro has recovered from his indisposition, and will receive his friends at a *matinée musicale* to-morrow morning."

Thus ran the second notice:—

"Rumors are afloat that a marriage is arranged between the Herr Direktor Ogliostro and the Fräulein von Kambell-Sonnenschein, and that the betrothal will, ere long, be formally announced."

"The news will be read by all Poppenheim to-morrow," he said to himself with a gesture of exultation, "and when the Countess comes to my *matinée* I shall know at the first glance whether she wishes to marry me or no. If not, I may as well please the Grand Duke as go to destruction in any other way."

He straightway dressed himself with the greatest care, and proceeded to leave a card for the Countess at the Burg Hotel, not looking at all as if he were bent upon going to destruction, but very elate, very much in love, and very handsome, as behooved a young man and a genius.

II. PIANO-FORTE LOVE-MAKING.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Ogliostro's musical parties were perfect. Though publicly announced, no one presumed to go without an invitation, firstly, because the music-room was small; secondly, because it was well known that the Maestro loved to arrange his guests choicely as he did his bouquets, assorting colors and perfumes as best pleased his fancy. Beyond abundance of flowers from the Palace Garden, which had almost come to be regarded by the musician as a perquisite, and coffee, there was no kind

of preparation. About eleven o'clock—for in Poppenheim things were called by their proper names, and a morning concert ended punctually at one o'clock *post meridiem*—the musicians entered. A spectator's first impulse was to rub his eyes and ask himself if there were not four Ogliostros in the flesh instead of one only—if the musician performed quartettes by the mysterious help of three doubles; so curiously alike at first sight seemed pianist, first violinist, second violinist, and violoncellist. But on further inspection this fancied resemblance between the Maestro and his friends almost vanished. It was a mere matter of imitation. All three men had suffered their hair to grow long, wore spectacles, dressed themselves exactly like their adored master, and, with a mimetic skill that did them credit, had caught certain modulations of his voice and laugh, and even something of his smile and glance; so that when he was away, his image was vividly recalled by these admiring friends.

In the wake of the musicians followed two or three girls in white frocks and colored sashes, with music-books under their arms. These were the Maestro's pupils, of whom it is only necessary to particularize one, Helena Blum, a wild-looking creature with black eyes, tawny skin, and raven locks hanging down her back. Helena could play anything, and she was to be introduced to the public of London or Paris under her master's auspices some day, when the necessary money could be raised for the journey.

After the pupils came the Countess, one of those small, vivacious beauties to be seen in Vienna, and hardly anywhere else. Dressed in colors as brilliant as the plumage of a bird, according to the fashion of her countrywomen, she made a striking contrast to the other ladies. Not even the Duchess, who was a king's daughter, wore a costume half so gay and costly as she; and as to the two young Princesses, they happened, on this occasion, to look particularly dowdy in their shabby silks and faded feathers.

After the ordinary salutations, the music began, and the Maestro, in his ardor to do justice to a quartette of the great Spohr, all but forgot the existence of even the Countess. The masterpiece was performed in a masterly manner; and when a trio had been given and one or two solos on the violin, he sat down to improvise.

Now a pianoforte improvisation may be, and often is, the most commonplace performance one can listen to, because almost every tolerable musician can improvise, and thereby make a certain show of originality without being in the least degree original. But Ogliostro's improvisations were much more like himself, and had much more of himself in them, than his teaching, his conversation, or, indeed, many of his compositions. He often composed carelessly, talked at random, and gave lessons whilst his mind was occupied with other things. He was always at his best when he improvised, which happened but seldom.

Before he sat down to the piano he looked at the Countess, who was standing close by, and said in a low voice,—

"To-day I am going to play to you."

He began by giving full vent to the mixed passions that had been secretly raging within his heart during the last few days; first, he thundered out his indignation at the conventionalities propounded to him by his patron, the Duke, denouncing worldliness, respectability, so called, and other names that impose upon the multitude, and vehemently protesting on behalf of the true, the beautiful, the ideal; then he melted all hearts by a thrilling declaration of love; finally, he wound up with the despairing, almost maniacal outpourings of a soul that has sought refuge from a contemptible world and a contemptuous mistress, in the solitude of nature. This was the story he told, as plainly as music could tell it.

He rose from the piano, heedless of the low-murmured applause of his listeners, and, looking at the Countess narrowly, said that it was now her turn to play.

"I will answer you," she whispered, and he saw that there were tears on her dark eyelashes. She bent her head over the notes and played an exquisite little impromptu, that was only so far original as a good transla-

tion is original. She had heard the melody she knew not when or where, and, changed to the minor key, it seemed to express exactly what she wanted to say. And what did she want to say? Ogliostro sat by with quickened pulse and heart beating wildly. No note was lost upon his eager ear, no delicate gradations upon his impatient soul. As he listened, not only with the appreciation of the musician but with the suspense of the lover, he gradually read in that pathetic melody what was at the same time a sentence and a benediction. She loved him, but for some reason, which she could not or might not make clear, must reject him as a lover.

All this she said, if not with the fire of the Maestro, at least with as much sincerity and with pitying womanly tenderness. The little poem went straight to every heart, though only one had read its meaning aright.

The party now broke up, and in the bustle of the Ducal departure the Countess slipped away unobserved. Ogliostro generally dined with some of his musical friends at a tavern after his morning parties, but to-day he dismissed them somewhat curtly, shut the door upon his last guest with a slam, desired his servant to admit no visitors, then, throwing himself upon a sofa, closed his eyes in a fit of melancholy abstraction.

When the sweet spring afternoon was drawing to a close, and the servant, hearing him move about, ventured to bring in his master's dinner, Ogliostro roused himself, and, having eaten a little bread and soup, sat down and wrote a submissive letter to the Grand Duke, declaring himself ready to comply with his wishes. "I may as well make the most of the last days of liberty that remain to me," he mused; "why not take some of the young people" (he always spoke of his pupils in that paternal way) "into the forest, and have a moonlight supper? There is little Helena, for example, who never gets a treat; and Annchen and Lotte."

With the Maestro a pleasant thing said was as good as done; and in less than an hour, a basket of provisions was packed, the guests were assembled, and the carriage stood at the door. The oldest and most important guest was a Kapellmeister from Württemberg, an agreeable but stout and rather unwieldy person, and he was placed in the middle of the front seat with a slender young lady, Annchen Baer, on one side, and on the other a still more slender young lady, Lottechen, her sister; both of them fair-haired, rosy-checked girls, with that air of homely sweetness for which the beauties of Germany are notable; on the box was placed another of the Maestro's pupils, by name Edouard Merk, a sallow-complexioned, feverish-eyed youth, who looked as if his soul, in its vehemence, were wearing out his body. The Maestro himself sat beside Helena, his favorite pupil of all, and in the highest spirits they drove away. These little banquets were always as choice and charming as could be; sometimes there was a dash of Bohemian flavor about them, but of a hearty, harmless kind; and what wine tastes so fragrant, what meats so delicious, as those we feast on in our youth with a few boon companions? We may grow rich and worldly-minded in after years; but the pompous feasts to which we then sit down do not taste half so good as the cheap entertainments of bygone days.

How sweet the breath of the young spring as they drive along! After two hours' ride amid bright green fields and thriving little villages, they reach the mysterious border-land between fact and fiction, prose and poetry; in other words, they are on the borders of the Thuringian Forest. Already it is growing dusk, and one or two stars glimmer in the pale green sky. The air is fragrant with wild flowers, and the nightingales are singing.

"Delicious!" cried the Maestro as they approached a little opening in the wood. "Here is the very spot we want. Let us alight and feast round a fire of pine logs like gypsies."

Every one acquiesced, for the evening was warm and balmy. Hither and thither they ran in search of chips like children out for a holiday, beguiling the task with playful talk, laughter, and snatches of song. When the fire was

made, great merriment prevailed over the construction of a rule tent, by means of carriage rugs and a tall pine stem; having spread another on the ground and laid out their little feast, they sat down. "I never imitate vagrants' life," began the Maestro, "without longing to adopt it altogether. How little do we obtain in exchange for what we give up by living according to the rules of civilization! There is not a day of my life upon which I do not commit a dozen follies or puerile insincerities because I have chosen to put my neck into the yoke of social bondage. I hate myself for doing it, but I do it."

"And as for me," said Helena, whilst she prepared the salad, "my mother scolds me night and morning because I do not behave meekly like other girls. Why should I pretend to be meek, when I am by nature wild and headstrong?"

"Why, indeed?" cried the Maestro. "You and I, my poor Helena, were born to roam the world like a pair of gypsy minstrels, and not to play the fine lady and gentleman. What a life that would be! When we were hungry, we should have nothing to do but sing a ballad before some rich man's door. Out would come the pretty mamma with the children hanging to her skirts, eyes and mouth wide open at sight of us. You would hold up your apron for the piece of silver, courtesy, and off we go again, thrumming the guitar!"

Just then the notes of a guitar were heard in the distance, and all started up and clapped their hands, thinking that Ogliostro had prepared a surprise for them in the way of a gypsy concert. He was a man given to surprises. But his astonishment was as unfeigned as their own when two gypsies, a man bearing a guitar, and a woman, approached. Springing from his seat, he bade the new-comers eat and drink with them, adding that the company would be very glad of some music afterwards.

"This is the best piece of good luck that could have happened to us," he said as he sat down again; "our guests' hearts will be warmed by our wine, and they will sing and play for pure enjoyment. We are all musicians, you must know," he continued, addressing himself to the pair, "and we gain our bread by music as you do. So let us all feast together like brothers, and amuse each other afterwards."

Annchen and her sister turned red with dismay, but Helena whispered to them that no harm could come of it; and, after a little hesitation on the part of the intruders, the supper was resumed. Bread, meat, cheese, fruit, cakes, and wine disappeared rapidly amid lively conversation; then the music began.

There was nothing remarkable about the wandering minstrels, who were, indeed, just such a pair of gypsies as a traveller in Germany may encounter at fairs and wakes at any time, but the circumstances under which they had come made them doubly interesting. The blaze of the pine logs lit up their dark faces with almost a supernatural glow, and lent to their bits of blue and scarlet drapery a picturesque and even gorgeous effect. The woman, moreover, was young and handsome, and with her companion entered into the spirit of the occasion. It was quite evident that the two sang and played then more because they loved it than because they looked for practical results in the shape of silver pieces at the end of their performance. To crown the evening's entertainment, Ogliostro himself took the guitar and played a dance-compelling waltz of his own composition. The gypsy led off with Helena, his companion with Edouard, Annchen and Lottechen danced with the Kapellmeister by turns. Never was music danced to with such wild exuberance of spirit as Ogliostro's impromptu waltz in that moonlit glade. When indeed the little party broke up, it was long past midnight, and host and guests drove home in that exquisite hour of twittering birds and cool gray sky that heralds the full-voiced rosy dawn.

III. THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND EPISODE.

For a few days all went smoothly. The musician had for once proved so tractable that he stood on a pinnacle of

Court favor. There was nothing he might not say or do just then: and being very much of a child, and of a spoilt child too, he found it delightful to be petted by the Duke, the Duchess, and the young Princesses. But when the day of betrothal approached—in Germany an engagement hardly less binding than marriage itself—his courage gave way.

One morning, therefore, the serenity of the little city was disturbed by the almost incredible tidings that Ogliostro was gone—none knew whither! and that the cause of his going was the marriage that the Duke would fain have made between him and the elderly Fräulein with the large fortune. Every one had heard of this betrothal, but none believed that it would ever take place.

Still such a solution of the difficulty was wholly unforeseen, and afforded a delightful scandal for the ladies over their tea, and the gentlemen over their cigars. Ogliostro gone in the height of the musical season! and gone because the Duke, having taken fright at his wild ways, had urged him to marry one woman, he being all the time in love with another! Could it be true? The more meddlesome and inquisitive took it upon themselves to apply for intelligence at the Maestro's little villa, but could learn nothing beyond the fact that he was not there.

The Duke was made aware of his protégé's defection by a short, impatient but glowing letter from the culprit himself.

Having stated what steps he had taken to prevent any break in the musical programme of the season, and apologized profusely for his unusual conduct, he wound up with the following rather high-flown sentiments:—

"I am sure your Serene Highness will appreciate these irrepressible yearnings after the remote and the unfamiliar which drive me from a life I have long felt unsuited to an artist—these inward struggles between the lower and the higher instincts of genius, the first urging me to accept the material advantages of this life at the sacrifice of my individuality; the last calling upon me solemnly to abjure friends, fortune, and tranquillity, anything and everything that stands in the way of my freedom and self-development. Music is my life, my mistress, my love. I own—forgive me, my Prince—no other allegiance; and class me, if among the most disobedient, at least among the most grateful of your subjects."

The Duke's first impulse was to be very angry. Nothing more inopportune could have happened. There was the impending visit of his royal father-in-law to begin with, who had expressed himself extremely anxious to hear the renowned Ogliostro play, and who must now bear the fate of common mortals, and be disappointed. Then there were the disagreeable remarks of his spouse, the Grand Duchess, to contend with, that lady having set her face against any interference with the musician's marriage from the first, regarding him, not from a social point of view, but much as a court jester was regarded in old times. Then there was the general flatness of the musical season to contemplate—an unpleasant fact to a music-loving sovereign with but small business as sovereign; and, lastly, the disadvantage to the young Princesses of losing the very best piano-forte teacher in Germany. But his second impulse was to laugh, and he laughed so long and heartily, that when he had done he found himself in a good temper again.

"The foolish fellow!" he mused. "What a career he has thrown away, for the sake of the remote and the unfamiliar! He will be reduced to beggary if some one does not look after him. I wish he had left his address, so that I could send him his pension all the same. Well, he is sure to turn up when he wants me!"

But weeks and months elapsed, and Ogliostro did not turn up. The summer passed at Poppenheim as usual. For a time all was gayety. The King came and went. The Countess played away a good many hearts, and went also. Three times a week, rich and poor, the great folks and the small folks, flocked to the little theatre by daylight to see a play, or hear an opera; and when at last the doors were closed, every one made a holiday in the country. The Maestro had been missed and lamented, but the world got on without him, as it gets on without the best of us.

Where was he?

He had left no address, and he had written no one a word since he went away. Once Helena received an anonymous present of music, which she felt sure must have come from him, and the Countess every now and then found a box of flowers among her letters, having the unmistakable fragrance of the Maestro's bouquets about them. But that was all. Helena went to her daily work with a kind of persistent recklessness that betrayed a mind ill at ease, whilst the Countess, though fascinating as ever, was said to look pale and melancholy. To these two women indeed the Maestro's absence had been the greatest loss that could have befallen them, and they did not feign indifference or forgetfulness.

And all the time he was living an existence that for years he had pictured to himself as ideal. At last he was free—free as the birds that roam the heavens, and the wild deer that have the forests to themselves. Without a duty, without a care, without expectation, and without remorse, he enjoyed the day to the full, alike untroubled by yesterday or to-morrow. If the remembrance of the Countess was painful to him, it was also delicious. Who could tell but that some time or other he should again make love to her on the piano, and not then be answered by the word *impossible*, spelt as plainly as music could spell it?

It was in the glorious days of June that he went away. Almost always afoot, carrying his knapsack on his shoulder, after the fashion of a travelling student, he pursued his happy journey.

The first few weeks were spent in the Thuringian Forest. Careless of time, and only anxious to elude observation, he sought out the remoter spots; now lingering in some secluded valley, now on some mountain top, where the wind sighed among the trees. He always tried to end the day with music; often the little inn at which he slept possessed a piano; or he would fraternize with the sacristan, and play for hours on the organ of the parish church. If he happened to fall in with feast or fair, wedding or funeral, he was on the alert to catch any new melody he might hear, thus accumulating fragments of music and song as he made his way.

Now and then he met a gypsy cavalcade, and that intoxicated him with delight. He would have a concert at any price, and often spent days in the track of some dark-visaged musician or dancer who had bewitched him. No one took the young musician's advances amiss, and in truth he acted the vagrant so well that he seemed to be one of them.

The gypsies' reckless, rollicking existence fascinated him as much as their music, for which he had a passion; he would ask himself if indeed there were any truth in what was said of him, that he had come of a gypsy stock, stolen from a gypsy tribe by some wandering impresario on account of his precocious musical gifts. His own early history he did not know; even his name was of his own choosing, and he felt no repugnance to the notion of having such wild kinsfolk. Well might the Grand Duke have stood in terror of his beloved Herr Direktor.

But whilst Ogliostro was amusing himself after his own fashion—of which the quiet Poppenheimers only knew years after—Poppenheim itself was growing just a little dull. When autumn came round, and the theatre opened, every one in the capital, from the Duke to the door-keeper, at last realized how much they had lost.

The Countess came, but could not bring herself to stay. She talked of spending the winter at Rome, Dresden, Berlin, and her friends accounted for her restlessness by the fact of Ogliostro's absence. One cold December day she called upon Helena, wrapped to the delicate little chin in fur, threw herself in an arm-chair with a sigh of mock despair, and said, "My good girl, I am obliged to go home to-morrow, but I cannot support the solitude of the country without some one to play duets with me. Will you pack up your clothes and be ready to start for Salzburg in four-and-twenty hours?"

Helena opened her large black eyes, thought for a moment, and then said,—

"Mamma will set her face against it."

The Countess clapped her hands delightedly.

"Where is your mamma?" she asked. "I can convince her in two minutes that it is the right thing for you to do. I want music lessons, my dear, and I will pay a Prussian halber for each you give me. You are the very person I need."

"What can I teach you?" Helena said with dismay. "That is the difficulty. How can I receive money from you for doing nothing?"

"It is all settled, my child," replied the vivacious little lady, who, like all pretty women, was used to having her own way. "I will pay you twelve thalers a month for being my *dame d'atours*, and we will play the piano and violin from morning till night. Ah! what an enchanting thing a violin is! those who play it and understand it are wholly different beings to the rest of the world."

They talked of music and of musicians till they were interrupted by the entrance of Helena's mother; a good woman in the main, but being the commonplace mother of uncommon children, she was rather apt to regard them from a worldly point of view. Helena's eldest sister was making her mark as a vocalist in Prague, and she looked upon her second daughter's musical talent in the light of so much money to be earned, saved, and profitably invested for the comfort of her old age.

However, a fascinating and richly-dressed lady in a poor little room on the sixth story is an imposing presence, and the Countess gained her point. The next day the two started for Salzburg, and Poppenheim grew duller than ever.

The Grand Duke, always an optimist, rubbed his hands when the snow began to fall, saying in a cheerful voice. —

"When winter really sets in, the remote and unfamiliar will be some uncomfortable, and we shall have our spoiled child Ogliostro back again."

But the Poppenheimers were hemmed in by the snow as by a besieging army, and no Ogliostro came.

IV. IMPRISONED BY THE SNOW.

It was such a winter night as only those dream of who live in the neighborhood of forests and mountains. There had been a fortnight of snow storms already, and the trees round the Schloss of the Countess were laden with snow, the mountains smooth and glittering; the valley was a sheet of gleaming white; the wind raged unceasingly. Travelling was dangerous on account of the drifts in the roads, and the Countess and her companion, Helena, had spent twelve days entirely in each other's company.

They had sped fast enough. Music is a life and a world in itself, and these two enthusiasts were absorbed in it, needing for the moment nothing else. Trouble, toil, love, and even duty, seemed hidden from them by a veil in the first days of their well-assorted companionship. Helena lost recollection of the little wearing domestic cares which had made her look old for her years; the Countess forgot her family quarrels and complications on her account, which, for the time being, made any second marriage, not to say marriage with a poor musician, impossible.

The two sat by an enormous wood fire, in a confidential mood, every now and then pausing, as some gust of wind swept like thunder among the pine-trees. What a contrast they made! You could see at the first glance that the delicate little lady, in ruby-colored velvet and gold ornaments, had been accustomed from her cradle to softness and luxury, taking even music and other passions with a certain kind of indolence; whilst the hard-worked, large-featured, yet, in the eyes of the more discriminating, rather handsome Helena, in her gypsy's costume of black and scarlet serge, showed not only in her demeanor, but in her looks, that the drudgery of life was familiar to her, and was accepted as naturally as spiritual things and great exhilarations.

"I would give anything to know where our poor Ogliostro is to-night," said the Countess, who with all her tact had not yet discovered whether this impulsive, half-savage,

half-infantine creature really concealed a love for the Maestro or no. As she spoke, she turned towards her companion with a questioning expression.

Helena gazed in the fire, and made no answer.

"What a pity too that he should have been driven away by that meddling Duke!" continued the Countess. "With all his gifts he may fare badly away from dear little Poppenheim. Some designing woman may persuade him to marry her against his will, for example."

Still Helena was silent.

"You are looked upon as his favorite pupil," pursued the Countess. "Why do you not try to find him out, and persuade him to go back in the spring?"

She was stayed from further banter by the girl's imploring look.

"I cannot talk of him," she said. "Let us play to each other instead. Music is the easiest speech."

Helena never improvised or composed, but her playing was wholly original; not this or that famous reading of masterpieces, but purely her own, indebted neither to critic nor connoisseur. She played one of those marvellously passionate sonatas of Beethoven, which seem to tell the story of a wild human life, and it was Ogliostro's story that she wanted to tell. As she threw herself, heart and soul, into the mingled fierceness and tenderness of the music, the Countess, listening, read her interpretations aright. Helena consented, woman-like, to entire self-abnegation, so long as her beloved Maestro should be happy and triumphant. She divined that his triumphs would signify little to him, if he must suffer the one defeat that would spoil all, and mingled with prophecies of his artistic successes were intercessions on his behalf. The other listened eagerly, only half comprehending this voluntary renunciation of her companion. Her speech, "I cannot talk of him," had told her the truth, but she was far as yet from realizing it.

The piece came to an end, and the Countess was about to take Helena's place at the piano, when the sound of a man's voice crying, "Bravo! bravissimo!" from without, caused both women to utter a little cry of surprise.

"Ogliostro!" cried the Countess.

"The Maestro!" cried Helena.

And true enough it was he.

They ran into the hall, and in another minute Ogliostro ascended the stone staircase leading from the court-yard. He was dressed in furs from head to foot, and, booted and spurred, with pistols at his side, he looked more like a freebooter than a wandering musician. He made a dozen apologies for appearing before them in this fashion; and having laid aside his furs and weapons, the three sat down to a hastily prepared supper, laughing and talking gayly.

"How good of you to ask no questions!" said the Maestro, looking from one to the other. "I drop out of the clouds, you make me welcome, and I am not bored by having to explain everything. But when I have satisfied my hunger, I will tell you all that has happened to me since I went away."

He drank a glass of wine and began to eat; enthusiasm, however, soon got the better of hunger.

"Only think," he said, "it is seven months since I left Poppenheim, and for the greater part of that time — tell it not in Gath, declare it not in Askelon — I have been living among my kinsfolk, the gypsies."

"Do but listen to him!" cried the Countess, with a gesture of mock horror. "Helena, how dare we sit at table with such company? But continue."

"Madam," pursued the musician gayly, feigning a subservient manner, "I am sensible of the condescension shown to me, but have no fear. I can comport myself in the palace as well as in the tent, not having lived long enough with the gypsies to unlearn decent behavior. But, oh!" he added, returning to his natural tone, "you do not know what a fascinating life it is! And what a life of music! Forgive me if I leave the table to play you one incomparable serenade. I can no longer control my impatience."

He left his half-finished supper, nor would be persuaded to resume it till he had played half a dozen wild melodies.

The ladies clapped their hands with delight, and when the meal was at last finished, he played a dozen more.

"Gypsy music," he said, when he left the piano, and threw himself into an arm-chair with a sigh of fatigue, "must be, by the nature of gypsy life, the most real and natural of all. In the grandest compositions of our great masters, the cold spirit of criticism creeps in, not marring, but certainly modifying the first idea — sweeping from it, in fact, the first bloom. But in popular music, just as in ballad poetry, we get the pure untrammelled spirit of the people; who toil, make love, suffer, and die, and tell it all without any notion of what is proper or improper in the making of a song. But I have so much to tell you and ask of you, dear ladies, that I know not where first to begin. You, my little Helena, shall first give me news of my dear pupils at beloved Poppenheim. Anchen and Lottchen, Edouard and Walther, and all the rest — are they well? I have heard no word from any of you since I went away."

But his own story proved the most absorbing, and he answered their questions with great glee, telling them his plans and projects. He was composing a gypsy opera; he was going to try his fortune in London or Paris — to found a new school of music — what was he not going to do? They listened; too well pleased to have his company again to feel jealous or unhappy. For the time it was good fortune enough.

The next day and the next saw Ogliostro the Countess's guest, if for no other reason, for the very simple one that he could not get away. More snow had fallen, and to reach Salzburg in the present state of the roads was impracticable. Every one was contented that the weather and the roads should remain as they were. Music occupied the trio from morning till night, each in turn being inspirer or inspired. Individualities seemed for a time lost in artistic enthusiasm.

But before the weather changed from without, it changed within. On a sudden — none knew how it was — the Countess would fain have had the Maestro leagues away. Helena wished she could wake in her little attic at home. The musician found himself wondering what had happened to turn the snow-bound Schloss into a disagreeable place. All felt relieved when news came that the road was clear.

A few hours after receiving this intelligence, Ogliostro was on his way to Salzburg.

"I suppose the Countess was jealous at my fondness for Helena," he mused. "But how unreasonable women are! I must marry some day, and how can I marry a woman who says she cannot have me? And Helena was moody and out of spirits, too! Ah! it may be that I talked too much of Rhona, the beautiful gypsy maiden who captivated me last summer. I see that if a man wants to accomplish anything really great in art, he must set his face against all love affairs."

V. FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

Two or three years passed, and Poppenheim had to get on as well as it could without the beloved musician. His admirers read with mournful eagerness of the enthusiasm created by his playing in Paris, London, and Vienna, but were compelled to admit that he showed some ingratitude in remaining so long away from his unforgetting friends. What was the rapture of the warm-hearted little city, therefore, when the following announcement appeared on the walls of the Theatre one May morning?

BY PERMISSION OF THE GRAND DUKE,
WILL BE PERFORMED ON THE OCCASION
OF THE ROYAL BIRTHDAY
RHONA, A GYPSY OPERA, BY OGLIOSTRO
(LATE COURT PIANIST
AT THE COURT OF POPPENHEIM),
UNDER THE COMPOSER'S DIRECTORSHIP.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the town, and for the time every one's head was turned by it. Preparations were immediately set on foot so as to make the occasion one of extraordinary brilliance. The ladies sent to Frankfort for new dresses. The Duke commanded an *al*

fresco entertainment in honor of the great man's return. His pupils and musical friends organized a fête, at which he was to be crowned with a wreath of silver laurel leaves. All contributed their best to celebrate such a home-coming.

At last the long-looked-for day dawned: a gay festival at all times, what with the flags and garlands, the military review, the crowds of holiday makers in Sunday clothes, the lines of open carriages conveying richly-dressed ladies and officers in full dress, and covered with decorations, to pay their respects to the sovereign. But when evening came, all felt that the Duke's fête was over, and that the musician's had begun. Pleasant it was to see the stream of play-goers, old and young, rich and poor, wending their way in the warm summer evening to see Ogliostro's opera. It was an entertainment all could afford, and all could enjoy, from the prince to the peasant, and expectancy was written on every face.

Exactly at seven o'clock, three strokes from the chamberlain's staff on the edge of the royal box betokened the arrival of the Grand Duke. When he appeared, accompanied by the Duchess and the young Princesses, the little theatre rang with cheers, which would have been repeated more tumultuously still for Ogliostro, had he not foreseen such a dilemma. No sooner had the Duke taken his seat than the conductor, Ogliostro himself, who till now had been invisible, raised his bâton, and the overture began.

The gypsy opera, was, of course, a success. It was new, it was naïve, and it was in a certain sense true. Ogliostro, never false to himself where his art was concerned, had invented not only a new story, a new *mise-en-scène*, and a new opera, but he had put these together in a form peculiarly his own, discarding stage canons and stage precedents. In part the story was familiar to Helena and the Countess. A wandering musician falls in with a band of gypsy minstrels, lives with them as one of themselves, accompanies them to fairs and festivals, finally sings away his own heart and that of Rhona, a gypsy girl; stays on, in spite of his own misgivings and scruples and her own (for she has a lover among her tribe and nation), till matters are brought to a terrible climax. In a moonlight dance, got up in honor of the gypsy betrothal, Rhona's betrothed falls murderously upon the intruder, and he is borne off the stage dead or dying. This is, of course, the merest outline of a rather long and complex story. The music was fantastic, the dances fresh, and the singing very good. Every note seemed inspired by the wave of Ogliostro's arm, and large bursts of applause greeted him each time the curtain fell.

Helena and the Countess were present, both alternately listening with the happy absorption of musicians, and wondering how Ogliostro's visit would affect themselves. The two had never been on quite easy terms since his departure from the Schloss that wintry morning, more than two years ago; but they felt the same towards him. He was especially their prodigal, all the more welcome because of his long and apparently forgetful absence.

That very evening the Countess received the musician's homage as she sat next to him at the Ducal banquet given in his honor; but Helena had to wait for the next day to pass, and the next, before any sign of remembrance came from him.

When it did come in the shape of a present of flowers and music, accompanied by an invitation to play duets that very afternoon, she felt no more envy of the Countess or of any one else whose privileges have come first. The old delightful relationship of master and pupil was about to be renewed, and she wanted no more. What relationship, indeed, can be compared to that of a musician and his disciple, inspirer and inspired? Some almost divine emanation seems to be imparted from a teacher of music who is really an enthusiast, putting genius out of the question.

He greeted her warmly, and after a very little talk they sat down to the piano. Helena noticed that the Maestro was more than usually excited, and that as he played he seemed rather trying to exorcise some demon of unquiet thought, than to call up some angelic vision. And so in-

deed it was. In the midst of a wild and beautiful composition of his own he broke off, drew a deep breath, and rose from the piano.

"I will play no more to-day," he said. "Has it ever happened to you, little Helena, to feel that the thing you love best in the world jars, disturbs - nay, tortures? So is it with music at this moment. I can play, but the sounds I evoke are painful to me. Let us do something else. Suppose we go into the garden and take a cup of coffee?"

It was a perfect June day, and the musician's little summer-house, which was covered with roses and honeysuckle, invited a dreamy mood. He gradually lost his inquiet expression, growing instead pensive and abstracted. Never before had Helena seen her beloved Maestro so unlike himself. Had she not possessed that fine tact which is part of the true-born artist's organization, she would have plunged into some good-natured congratulations, really as ill-timed as they would have seemed opportune. As it was, she said nothing, though the sympathy written in her face soothed and cheered him.

"I dare say things will come right in time, when I am old and wise and gray," he said, with a faint smile, "and you can no more help me out of my troubles than you can cure me of my follies. But talk to me of yourself, dear child. Are you doing well? and when shall we be able to send you to Paris and London? You must be twenty now, and old enough to go into the world and make your mark."

They chatted of Helena's prospects for half an hour, and he fell into his naturally genial and affectionate manner, when he looked at his watch and jumped up with dismay. "Past five o'clock!" he cried, "and I promised to wait on the Duchess at half-past four, and her Serene Highness's temper is not of the best! Adieu, adieu. We shall meet to-morrow evening at the torchlight festival the Duke has commanded on my account. Do not fail to be there, and look your prettiest, to please me."

He rushed off, and Helena went away, wondering how it happened that her beloved Maestro could be so absent and melancholy in the midst of his triumphs. His table was covered with cards and notes of invitation. His sideboard was loaded with gifts of flowers and fruit. A new piano, homage of some admirer, stood in the music room. What could it be that weighed upon his spirits?

Poor inexperienced Helena had no idea, in the first place, how easy it is for an open-hearted man like the Maestro to get into pecuniary difficulties. His notions of the necessities of life had somewhat changed since leaving Poppenheim nearly three years ago, and if there were no other ties to recall him to the gay cities he loved so well, there were his debts! And then, in the second place, she did not know what other entanglements a wandering musician may get into, whose ideas of duty and happiness are bounded by composing good music and having a pretty woman at hand to criticise it. She prepared for the coming festival somewhat sadly.

It was to be one of unusual splendor. The white muslin dress she ironed with such care, looked so worn, so old-fashioned, so shabby! If she could only find a casket of jewels in her chamber, like Gretchen!

VI. HOW THE THREE EPISODES ENDED.

THE festival in honor of Ogliostro promised to be a great success. The weather was magnificent. None of the arrangements had fallen through in consequence of bad management. Everything was ready in time.

A more picturesque sight than the park presented that summer evening can hardly be imagined. An open space, lawn-shaped, had been set aside for the entertainment. Foremost among the illuminations were the letters composing the musician's name, whilst Chinese lanterns and torches lighted up dusky alley and glade. At the farther end of the enclosed space, a tent had been erected for the banquet, dazzling the eyes of the more homely guests with its display of shining plate and sparkling crystal, flowers, fruit, and decorations. Banners and garlands were hung

around; and to add to the splendor of the occasion, military music was to open and conclude the proceedings.

The programme was rather long. First of all came the banquet, and the crowning of the hero with the silver wreath; then a gypsy entertainment, singing and dancing by trained performers; finally, an open-air dance and a torchlight procession. The Duke contributed the banquet, but the other entertainments were organized by Ogliostro's friends, admirers, and pupils.

At seven o'clock precisely, the little company, numbering in all about fifty persons, most of them musicians, sat down to supper. A merry supper it was, all the more enjoyed because to most of the guests such a feast was an event in life. The Grand Duke had kindly withheld his presence, so that Ogliostro and his guests were perfectly unrestrained. Stories were told, toasts were given, glasses were touched, without fear of offence, and all were sorry when they had to rise from the table.

The affair of the coronation was a little dull. Ogliostro at least looked unmistakably bored, and on the plea of having no hair-pins at hand, laid the silver wreath aside. But the donors consoled themselves with the thought that if he would not wear it in life, at least it would decorate his brows when he was dead.

Then came the gypsy dance. As the performance took place in the open air, a crowd collected; the little band of dark-visaged musicians and dancers, three men and three women, in picturesque gala dresses of their nation.

Helena, holding her friend Annchen by the arm, looked on, rooted to the spot. "Do you remember that evening we supped in the forest with the Maestro?" she asked. "How happy we were! How I should like to join in a gypsy dance again!"

"Hush!" said Annchen, shocked at her friend's Bohemian propensities; "ought we not to find mamma or one of my brothers, instead of standing here alone?"

They were about to move away when Helena felt an eager hand laid on her arm. It was Ogliostro.

"Come away," he said. "I have something to say to you. There is Annchen's brother; she can join him. You come with me."

They were out of earshot, when he said, greatly excited, —

"Do you see that splendid girl who sings so plaintively, apart from the others? That is the Rhona I talked of to you and the Countess many a time. She is here. I knew it yesterday. Is it not a strange coincidence?"

Helena gazed on the group curiously.

"When the performance is over, I will speak to her," he said. "It is unwise, I know, but I must. How she sings! Her voice is not sweet, but with what passion and pathos she brings out the meaning of that little song! And is not the melody itself enchanting? It brings before me the life of such a woman — half savage, half splendid, abounding in adventure! How little she fancies that the wandering musician who has led her in the round many a time, is at hand!"

The girl's figure was indeed striking, and Helena hardly heard what her companion said, so absorbed was she. These gypsies were Bohemians of the purest race, and not without personal beauty, though of a wild, one might almost say, ferocious type.

Soon the little concert ceased. The band struck up a waltz, and Helena finding herself on a sudden alone, joined Annchen and her brother. They were soon dancing merrily, and, indeed, with the dance, the culminating enjoyment of the evening had come. As Helena was whirled round in the waltz, she caught sight of Ogliostro, dancing with the gypsy girl he had pointed out to her. She begged her partner to stop in order to assure herself that she was not dreaming. There, in the eyes of all Poppenheim, was the beloved but incorrigible musician waltzing with a gypsy as unconcernedly as he had done in the solitude of the Thuringian Forest! She saw the girl's handsome face; she heard her reckless laugh, as the pair skimmed by; she heard, also, the expressions of amazement from the watching crowd. But on he went; it seemed as if his very life depended

upon that wild dance; pair after pair fell aside, panting for breath; and for very wonder at the strange sight, none who rested began to dance again. So at last they were left in the circle alone, Ogliostro neither knowing nor caring why; the girl as heedless as he, her splendid black hair blown about her scarlet vest, dark eyes shining, brown cheeks glowing, red lips parted in a smile of enjoyment.

When at last they stopped, and Ogliostro had led his companion to her friends, another surprise was in store for the somewhat overexcited Poppenheimers. For a scene of confusion followed, such as had never disturbed the social annals of the little city. The gypsies gathered round the offending girl and her admirer in rage. Harsh invectives were heard, weapons flashed, over all Ogliostro's voice trying to calm as suage; finally his, too, rose into an angry cry; then a terrible scuffle ensued, which might end none knew how direfully. Ogliostro's name was passed from mouth to mouth. One said that the woman had been stabbed; another that Ogliostro had fallen; a third that he was dead.

Dancers and musicians were jostled together in wild confusion some trying to run one way, some another, all hindered by the press; one crying for the police, another for the soldiers, children weeping, women shrieking—all had become fright and dismay.

"Good heavens! where is my Christine, then?"

"Dear neighbors, don't be frightened; don't press so. Do please make way for two poor, innocent women, who only want to get home in safety."

"That is what we all want. Why doesn't some one tell us what is the matter?"

"My poor boy Johann, for aught I know, may have got a broken head in the scuffle."

"Ah me! there is my best gown torn again, and my lace collar clean gone. What a warning to us all to give up pleasure-seeking!"

"There come the police. We are to fall back, they say, but how can we? Oh, what will become of us?"

It seemed just then very likely that mischief would happen from the pressure put upon the crowd. Helena found herself violently separated from her companions, now swayed this way, now that, finally leaning against one of the illuminated pine-stems, breathless and bewildered.

She strained her eyes in the direction that the police had taken, but could see nothing; she tried to move, but the throng prevented her.

But on a sudden there was silence. The crowd fell back, and she saw that Ogliostro was lying on the ground wounded. Her knees trembled, she could not utter a cry, but somehow she made her way to the spot. How she got there, through the masses of horror-stricken gazers, she never knew; but there she was, kneeling beside her adored master, alone of all his women friends, doing what she could for him in that hour of humiliation, agony, and dismay. She hardly heard the curses of the gypsies as they were laid hold of by the police; she knew not what was happening besides; she only thought of stopping the wound as best she could, and long before a doctor could be found, that much despised limp cambric dress of hers had been torn into bandages, her cheap little sixpenny scent-bottle had revived the fainting man, and she had prevailed upon one of Ogliostro's friends, a stout Kapellmeister, who stood by, sobbing like a child, to fetch a tumbler of water. The ladies were fleeing as fast as they could, for all kinds of rumors had reached the crowds waiting to see the procession—fire, murder, assassination, and so on. Some of the police were looking after the Grand Duke's spoons and forks, the banquetting booth not yet being cleared; the miscellaneous mob that delight in a panic was screaming, yelling, and capering; in fine, amid such a scene of confusion as had never disgraced Poppenheim annals since the wars of Napoleon, poor Ogliostro was helped into a carriage by Helena and his friends.

But as there is ever a comic element in human tragedy, so it was now. The Grand Duke, who had gone to bed early, appeared on the balcony of the palace in slippers and dressing-gown, thinking that, perhaps, Prussian annexation

or the Socialists were at the bottom of the uproar; the young Princesses, who were sitting up to see the torchlight procession, rushed into their governess' bedroom—Fedora the Mischievous waking that plethoric and timid lady out of her slumbers by shouting, "A revolution! a revolution! we must fly for our lives!"—the royal attendants sleepy and stupid—the Grand Duchess in curl-papers and *peignoir* finally scolding all round, and restoring order with the presence of mind for which her august race was remarkable.

When the truth reached the palace, the royal pair were not a little shocked at the scandal that must ever after be linked with the names of Ogliostro and Poppenheim. Inquiries, however, were posted off, and not only inquiries, but the Grand Duke's private physician and the Duchess's favorite plaster were dispatched, for Ogliostro might have forfeited royal forgiveness, but Ogliostro must not die. Both Duke and Duchess sat up till almost daylight, to hear the latest particulars; perhaps the time seemed unusually long, as they spent the time in conversation, taking different views of the question, the Duke feeling privately inclined to be lenient to the poor musician, the Duchess more than usually severe. When at last news came that for the present, at least, there was no danger, they retired to rest.

Next day the more didactic of the Poppenheim world were a little shocked at discovering that at the bottom of the mystery lay the musician's fancy for a gypsy girl. Never had such a scandal happened before. Full particulars were not to be had, of course, but thus much transpired, that in his last wanderings he had testified a stronger liking for this girl than it behooved him to do. Some went so far as to say that having originally come of a gypsy stock himself, he had even promised her marriage. It was well known that he had a strong inclination for the music, the language, and everything else connected with her race; and story after story was brought forward in confirmation, not only of his gypsy likings, but his gypsy idiosyncrasies.

What more Helena knew than this she discreetly kept to herself, not only during the first days of suspense and anxiety, but during the sater period of convalescence and criticism. Had our Ogliostro died then, it is hardly necessary to say that the period of criticism would never have set in. The men would have held their peace; the women would have wept. As it was, the wound, which at first threatened to rob the world of one of its brightest musical ornaments, healed slowly, but not so slowly that by the time he was himself again, Poppenheim had forgiven him. Now it cannot be said that Helena's task of nursing her hero was as enchanting as her more romantic young friends might imagine. The Maestro was, as we have seen, the most spoiled of all the children of genius, and like all spoiled children was not amiable under the discomfort of pain, the tedium of confinement, and, what was worse than all, the cloud of disapproval. As all his other lady friends kept aloof in virtuous indignation, the Countess's forgiveness only going so far as to send jellies, which he insisted upon being thrown out of the window, Helena had to bear the brunt of all his caprices, and he scolded her and ordered her to do this and that, just as if she were his wife. And there was not only this to bear, but her own conduct was severely condemned. No one wanted the Maestro to be neglected; there were elderly mothers of grown-up sons who would have taken care of him, and the duchess offered to send a nurse from the palace; why, then, need she stay? said her mother, and her friends Annen and Lotte, and the austere feminine world. But Helena cared little for what might be said or thought of her conduct, and kept her post with unwavering courage. She was accustomed to a hard life; it was nothing to her to have to keep watch at night, dress wounds, cook invalid's food—in fact, do all the hard unpoetic work that one human being entails upon another in severe illness. She knew well enough that no one else understood the sick man and his humors as she did, or would have the same patience with them, and no one else would have been so rigidly obedient in the fulfilling those orders, "Out of window, to the cabbage-beds at once!" when flowers or some little dainty came from the Countess. Out of window, to the cabbage-beds, they went, roses, com

sections, fruits, no matter how rare; and though he forbore to treat the Duchess's gifts in the same manner, he declared that a posset of Helena's making pleased his palate better.

However, he got well again, and upon the very first day that the doctor was dismissed, Helena was bidden to pack his portmanteau, fetch a cab, and see him off to Paris by the next train, without saying a word to any living soul. The train started in an hour's time, and she had no leisure to weep or sigh over what seemed very much like ingratitude on his part, or reflect that he ought to have accompanied her home and mediated with her mother on her behalf — done something, in fact, to smooth things for the poor little nurse who had, perhaps, saved his life! But she thought of none of these things, and when, on reaching the station, he just kissed her as a father might have done, and said she was the dearest and best little girl in Poppenheim, she walked back almost elated, set to work with the help of a charwoman to put his little villa in order from top to bottom, and when it was done, returned home, to make up matters with her mother and the world as best she could. Of course, Ogliostro's friends of his own sex took Helena's part, and it was even rumored that the stout Kapellmeister, before mentioned, wanted to marry her outright. Be this as it may, by little and little, reconciliation was made with all, her pupils returned one by one, the Countess sent her a present of jewels, and before the autumn and winter had passed, Helena forgot the obloquy she had suffered on the Maestro's behalf.

Meantime he was in Paris, paying his debts — so he wrote to Helena — and if he got into any scrapes there, rumors of them never reached Poppenheim. In fact his escapades were over.

When the next musical season came round, neither Ogliostro, nor the Countess, nor Helena contributed to those entertainments for which the little city was famous. Ogliostro was still in Paris, whither Helena had also gone under his auspices, and was making her *début* as a pianiste; the Countess went to Vienna; and had it not been for the brilliant bridal of Fordora the Mischievous with the heir apparent of a neighboring Duchy, dull indeed would have been the Poppenheimers. But what was the general surprise, some time after, when news came of Ogliostro's marriage, and marriage with his pupil Helena, who had been one of the poorest and least admired girls in Poppenheim!

It seemed incredible that the great man should take such a step in the zenith of his reputation; yet his princely patron was well pleased, and his intimate friends saw in this homely alliance the best guarantee of a worthy career. So the days of Poppenheim romance and adventure drew to an end. The musician and his wife soon returned to the little city, and quietly settled down there. Society became at last sedate and respectable.

Music and art still reign supreme there, but improprieties and indiscretions are banished forever. Ogliostro and the Countess are now stout and elderly, and can play duets without raising a breath of scandal. Helena is the same impetuous creature she ever was, but her impetuosity does not damage her reputation as when she nursed her Maestro in the days of her youth. Whenever the celebrated pair make a musical tour, they create a sensation and reap a golden harvest. But that is seldom. They are devoted to each other and to Poppenheim, and receive at their musical parties princes, ambassadors, poets, artists, wits, and beauties. But, on the whole, Poppenheim is quite a different place to what it was twenty-five years ago; and, if the truth must be told, a little dull.

SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL.

Place. — STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Time. — THE 25TH OF APRIL, 1616.

SCENE I. — *The Taproom of the Falcon Tavern in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Conyng.*

HOSTESS and SLY.

Hostess. Kit Sly, Kit Sly, dost thou hear? There be

guests alighting in the yard; run thou and help Robin ostler hold their stirrups, and so do somewhat for the ale thou ne'er pay'st for.

Sly. If I do, wilt thou let this one day slip without rating and prating of thy score that I owe thee?

Hostess. Yea, good Kit, if thou run quickly.

Sly. But wilt thou bid Francis draw me what ale I may chance to call for?

Hostess. Nay, that will I not, or thou wouldst empty my great tun. Thou wouldst serve me as thou didst the ale-wife of Wincot,¹ who says, poor soul, that she ne'er had cask in cellar these twelve years but thou wert more fatal to it than a leaking tap. By these ears, I heard her say so when the deputy's men were seizing her goods. Thou shalt not cozen me as thou didst Marian.

Sly. Hold stirrup thyself, then. I'll not budge. I'll to sleep again by the chimney till it please God send me drink.

Enter DRAYTON² (the poet) and YOUNG RALEIGH³ (son of Sir Walter).

Drayton. Sly, said she! Didst thou not hear, Walter, yon varlet's name? but 'twas scarce needful. The sudden face, the shaking nether lip, the eye watery and impudent, the paunch ale-swelled, the doublet liquor-stained, the hat crushed from being much slept in, the apparel ruinous, because the tapster intercepts the fee that should be the tailor's and the cobbler's — hath not the master, without cataloguing one of these things, implied all, in half a score of pregnant words, for all the future? What a skill is that can make a poor sot immortal!

Sly. Sit, saidst thou! — but I care not. Will ye stand me, gentles, in a pot of ale?

Raleigh. Wilt thou answer, then, a few questions I would put to thee?

Sly. Aye — but the ale first; and be brief; I love not much question. Say on, and let the world slide.

Raleigh. A pot of ale, drawer, for this worthy man. And now tell me, Sly, is't not thy custom to use that phrase, "Let the world slide"?⁴

Sly. It may well be; 'tis a maxim I love; 'tis a cure for much. I am cold — let the world slide, for anon I shall be warmer. I am dry — let the world slide, for time will bring ale. I sit, pottle-pot in hand, i' the chimney nook — let the world slide while I taste it.

Drayton. 'Tis a pretty philosophy, and might serve for greater uses. But, for a further question — Wert thou acquainted with old John Naps of Greece?⁵

Sly. John Naps, quotha! what, old John! by Jeronimy, I knew him many a year, mended his pots and helped him empty them. 'A had been a sailor, or to say pirate would be to shoot nearer the clout; when sober his fashion was to say nought, but when drunk his talk was of the things 'a had seen in Greece — whereby they had called him Naps of Greece.

Drayton. And didst thou know, too, Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell?

Sly. Yea, as this pot-handle knows these fingers. For Turf, he was deputy-sexton of Wincot, and indeed digged Naps' grave, and was found lying drunk therein, with his spade beside him, at the hour of burial. For Pimpernell, 'twas a half-witted companion, but his grandam kept money

¹ "Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not," says Kit Sly in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Wincot is a village about three miles from Stratford.

² Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire poet of great repute in his day, was about a year older than Shakespeare, and had known him long and familiarly.

³ Young Walter Raleigh was Sir Walter's eldest son, and was now twenty-two years old. He accompanied his father, soon after, to South America, as commander of one of the companies that formed the military part of the expedition, to prepare for which was the express condition on which Sir Walter was released from the Tower in January, 1616.

⁴ A phrase much affected by Sly the Tinker in the prelude to the *Taming of the Shrew*.

⁵ One of Sly's acquaintances at Wincot.

"Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece, And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell." — *Taming of the Shrew*.

A manuscript memorandum, in which Stephen Sly is mentioned, written at Stratford in 1614, is still extant.

in's purse, and 'a served to pay scores, and 'a could join in a catch on occasion, tho' 'a had but a small, cracked voice, and mostly sung his part to psalm tunes. And now, masters, a question to ye — an ye answer not, faith, I care not — but how should such as ye know Naps and the others?

Drayton. They have been recorded, and thou too, in what will outlast your epitaphs. Doubtless thou hast heard of Master William Shakespeare of New Place.¹

Sly. Heard of him, said he! Aye, and seen him and talked with him both here and at Wincot when he came thither to his kinsfolk.² By this malt-juice, a merry gentleman, and a free — 'a should have been a lord, for, look you, to bestow liquor on the thirsty is a lordly fashion, and I have owed him many a skinful. Marry, that tap's dry now.

Drayton. What, knave, hath he found at last that it is more virtuous to forget thee than to countenance thee?

Sly. Nay, I will say nought in his dispraise; 'a was good to me, and hath oft spoke with me, and I'll ne'er deny it now's dead and gone. Mayhap ye have come to the burial?

Drayton. Dead!

Raleigh. Master Shakespeare dead!

Hostess. Oh, masters, he hath spoke the truth, tho' he be no true man; by these tears, he hath. Master Shakespeare parted o' Tuesday, and he will be buried this diential day; the coffin will be brought forth of New Place upon the stroke of two. I have talked with the bearers, and all.

Raleigh. Thus perish the hopes which drew me to Stratford. I thought to look on the foremost poet of the world — to hear his voice — perchance to be honored with some discourse of him — and now I shall look but on his coffin. Oh, Master Drayton!

Drayton. We looked not, indeed, for this. 'Tis as if the sun were drawn from the firmament, and had left us to perpetual twilight. The radiant intellect is gone, and hath left but its pale reflection in his works — tho' these shall be immortal. Methinks, in future, the sky will be less blue, the air less warm, the flowers less gay; for I honored this man more than any, and what'er I essayed to do 'twas with a secret thought of his judgment over me, as if he had been the conscience of mine intellect.

Hostess. Ye look pale — a cup of sack, sweet sirs; for, ye know, a cheerful cup the heart bears up.

Drayton. Nay, woman, nay.

Hostess. 'Tis of the best, I warrant you; 'tis from the stores of Master Quiney — him that hath married Master Shakespeare's daughter Judith, and he deals in none but the best.

Drayton. 'Tis not sack that will help us. But canst thou tell us, good hostess, aught concerning his end?

Hostess. Yea, well-a-day, that can I, for 'twas Gossip Joan Tisick who goeth out nursing, the same, your worships, that brought young Elizabeth Hall, his grandchild, into the world, that was sent for to him when 'twas seen which way 'a was likely to go; whereby, she told me thereof yesternight over a cup of ale and sugar with a toasted crab in't — for, said she, there's none in Stratford, Mistress Comyng, that Master Shakespeare thought more on than you. The doctor, Master Hall, says to her, "Have a care, Joan, of my father-in-law Shakespeare, says he; for 'tis a parlous case, says he; we be all mortal, says he — and the breath goeth when it listeth — therefore keep thou the better watch, for 'tis a man we could ill spare." "Fear not, Master Hall," quoth Joan, "I'll tend him an 'twere his mother." So, o' Tuesday night he said he felt easier, and he bid Mistress Hall and the Doctor that they should leave him and take good rest. And 'a says to Joan, "Art drowsy, good Joan?" Whereupon she made answer, "A little; for I have been up," saith she, "all last night at a labor with Mistress Coney her thirteenth child." "Aye," quoth he, "in thy calling thou seest both ends of

life; well, thou shalt sleep to-night, and all night if thou wilt." "Nay, sir," saith Joan, "not so; but your worship being of so good cheer to-night, mayhap if I take a short nap 'twill do no harm." "If thou take a long one, good Joan," said Master Shakespeare, "it matters not, for, I warrant you, I shall take a longer." "It doth me good to hear your worship speak so," says Joan, "for sleep well is keep well, and a night's rest physic's best" — and so tucks up the bedclothes, and draws the hangings, and leaves him as 'a was closing his eyes. Well, sweet sirs, all the night he lay quiet, and with the dawn Joan peeps me in through the curtains, and there he lay, quiet and smiling — and as the sun rose she peeps me in again, and he was still quiet and smiling — and she touched his forehead; — and he had been lying for hours (so the doctor said when Joan called him) as dead as his grandam.

Drayton. 'Twas, then, with good heart that this great soul passed to what himself hath called the undiscovered country: of whose inhabitants he must sure take his place among the most illustrious. Thou art sad, Walter — this grief touches thee, and, sooth, it becomes thee well. It bespeaks thy youth generous; 'tis an assurance that thou hast thy father's spirit, who, great himself, owns near kinship with greatness, and will sorrow for Shakespeare as for a brother.

Raleigh. 'Twas my father's wish, when he knew I was to be thy guest in Warwickshire, that I should pay my duty to Master Shakespeare. For, said he, there is no worthier thing in life than to take note of the greatest of thy companions in earth's pilgrimage; in them thou seest the quintessence of man's spirit, cleared of the muddy vapors which make common humanity so base and foolish: and this man is of the greatest, a companion indeed for princes, nay, himself a king, whose kingdom is of the imagination, and therefore boundless. Tell him, Walter, said my father, that in my long captivity³ I have oft remembered our pleasant encounters at the Mermaid; ⁴ tell him, too, that I have solaced mine enforced solitude in the Tower with studying all of his works that have been given to us; and entreat him, in my name, not to leave those plays of his to the chances of the world, as fathers leave their misbegotten children, but to make them truly the heirs of his invention, and to spend on them that paternal care which shall prove them worthy of their source.

Hostess. Please you come in here to the Dolphin chamber, where Master Shakespeare loved to sit.

Raleigh. Well — now we are in it, I find it convenient and well lighted; and yet methinks 'tis but a small one.

Drayton. Aye, but seest thou that, through the door, one that sits here can mark the whole company of ale-drinkers in the tap-room without, and therefore Shakespeare loved it; here would he sit and note the humors of such guests as yonder Sly. For in such, he would say, you see humanity with its vizard off; and he held that nurture, though it oft cherishes a good apprehension, yet as oft doth overlay and smother it. He hath said to me, pointing to the company without, "If you find wit here, 'tis the bird's own feather, and no borrowed plume; if you see courtesy, 'tis inborn, and will bear the rub; if you note a quaint humor, 'tis in the man by the grace of God or the force of circumstance: your weaver or your tinker, whatsoever other gift he hath, hath not the skill to counterfeit, for that comes by art, and leisure, and commerce with men of condition, and desire of their good opinion; wherefore methinks I oft see deeper through your leathern jerkin than your satin doublet."

Hostess. Yea, here would 'a come many a time and oft, with Master Ben, that was full of quips as an egg of meat. "Mistress Quickley!" Ben would say (for so 'a called me, I know not wherefore), "set us in the Dolphin chamber;⁵ and let us have a sea-coal fire," 'a would say, "and I will

¹ The two years' imprisonment in the Tower to which James I. had condemned him.

² The Mermaid was a tavern in London where Sir Walter had established, before his imprisonment, a club, of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others were members.

³ For the allusions here made by Master Ben, see the *Second Part of King Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 1.

¹ New Place was a large house, with garden attached, in the town of Stratford — built by Sir Hugo Clopton in Henry VII.'s time, and purchased by Shakespeare in 1597.

² The Ardens, Shakespeare's relations by the mother's side, lived in the parish of Wincot.

drink none if thou give me not a parcel-gilt goblet," whereby Master Shakespeare would cast at him out of 's eye a merry glint. "Hast thou thy plate yet?" Master Ben would ask me, "and the tapestry of thy dining chambers? Come, let us have Doll Tearsheet meet us at supper." "Oh, Lord, sir," would I say, "I know no Dolls nor Tearsheets neither;" but 'twas a merry man, I warrant you, tho' I did never know what his meaning was.

Drayton. These memories of thine breed but sad mirth in me now.

Hostess. Well-a-day, if there be not Sir Thomas and Master Thynne, rid from Charlecote,¹ and alighting. By your leave, kind sirs, I will go receive them.

[*She goes out.*]

Drayton. Dear Walter, this stroke is so sudden that it bewilders me; methinks I am dreaming; I discourse, remember, reason, and so forth, and yet my brain all the while wrapt as in a cerement. Coming here with my thoughts full of him, sitting in this room where he and I have sat so oft, what could seem less strange than that he should enter and greet me; and yet a little word hath made me know that to be impossible for all time.

Raleigh. Aye, sir, amidst my own pain I remember how you have been familiar with that divinest man, and must feel a far deeper sorrow than myself, that know him but in the picture my imagination hath formed; and I perceive by the blank made in mine own present, what a void must be left in yours. Would you have us quit Stratford forthwith?

Drayton. Nay, by no means; let us rather give our sorrow somewhat to feed on; let us fill it with the sad memories that abound here. For, to me, everything in Stratford speaks of Shakespeare; 'twas here he lived while that unmatched apprehension was most waxlike to receive impressions, when wonder and observation were quickest in him; and 'twas here he began to fill a storehouse from whence to draw at will. For his manner was always to build on a ground of fact, or, rather, to sow fact like a seed, and let it strike in that rich soil till oftentimes none but himself could tell (even if himself could) what the ripened fruit had sprung from. Sometimes he would limn a man in brief as he saw him, and, again, he would so play with his first notion, dressing it and transforming it, yet ever working even as nature works, that the citizen of Stratford or Warwick would grow into a Roman or ancient Briton, a lover or a king, a conspirator or a jester, compounded part of fact, part of fancy, yet would the morsel of fact leaven the whole with truth.

Raleigh. Was this Sir Thomas Lucy he whom the world calls Justice Shallow?

Drayton. Nay, he hath been dead these many years — this is his son; but the companion that's with him thou mayst chance to have heard of.

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY and MASTER THYNNE, in mourning habits.

Hostess. Wilt please you walk this way, Sir Thomas? This chamber is warmer, and the day is fresh. There be here, sirs, none but these two gentlemen.

Sir Thomas. Master Drayton, as I remember me. You are of our county of Warwickshire, I think, sir?

Drayton. I am so, Sir Thomas, at your service. Give me leave to bring you acquainted with my friend and comrade in travel, Master Walter Raleigh.

Sir Thomas. I salute you, sir. Of the Raleighs of Devonshire, mayhap?

Raleigh. The same, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. An honorable family, sir, and one that hath borne itself among the best these many reigns past. You quarter the arms of Throckmorton, as I think, sir — you bear gules, five fusils, in bend argent, and your cognizance a stag; or is't a martlet?

Raleigh. I knew not we, being but simple gentlemen, and out of favor, were of that mark that our quarterings should be thus well known.

¹ Charlecote, still the family seat of the Lucys, is some four miles from Stratford.

Sir Thomas. I am something of a herald, I would have you know, sir. Methinks 'twere well that men of quality were familiar each with the pretensions of all the rest, making as 'twere one family in condition; thus should we at once know who are of the better, who of the baser sort. And so, sir, of the leisure I spare from mine office as justice of the peace, and from mine own concerns, I give somewhat to heraldry.

Drayton. I perceive by the sad hue of your garments that you design to be present at Master Shakespeare's funeral.

Sir Thomas. Aye, sir. His son-in-law, Doctor Hall, is our physician at Charlecote, and I have had dealings with himself, and held him in esteem.

Raleigh. 'Tis as it should be — the whole world should honor such worth as his.

Sir Thomas. Nay, good sir, I go not so far with you; though he were indeed so honorable that his neighbors, even of condition, may well accord him a last show of respect.

Drayton. I am glad that the old grudge between Master Shakespeare and Sir Thomas your father holds not in this generation.

Sir Thomas. Why, for that, Master Drayton, in respect of the deer-stealing, 'twas not such a matter as is ne'er to be forgiven nor forgotten; he was but a youth then, and he suffered for't; and, for the scurril ballad concerning which the rumor went 'twas writ by Shakespeare, why, 'twas none of his.

Drayton. I'll be sworn 'twas not. Know we not the hand of the master better than to take such 'prentice-stuff for his? As well affirm that a daw's feather may drop from an eagle.

Sir Thomas. Nay, sir, I have better assurance; he himself, of his own motion, told my father (and hath repeated it to myself) that he ne'er wrote it.

Drayton. He hath told me the same — and for the plays —

Sir Thomas. For the plays wherein 'twas said he drew my father, 'twas idle gossip. How should a Gloucestershire justice, one Shallow (for such I am told is what passes for the portrait), represent Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote in Warwickshire?

Thynne. 'Twas said, too, that he had set me down along with mine uncle. By the mass! I should not care though it had been so; for I saw the play¹ once in London, and Master Slender was a gentleman, and an esquire, and of good means, though the people did laugh, I know not why, at some of his discourse. But he and the rest lived in Harry Fourth's time, 'twas said; and how could I live in Harry Fourth's time that go not back beyond Elizabeth? though the Thynnes were well thought on afore that, look you.

Sir Thomas. Well, sir, I have ne'er seen the play, and love not players. I ever noted that when they came to Stratford there was new business for the justices. The idle sort grew idler — they drew others on to join them that would else have been better conducted — there was less work, more drink, and more disorder. I could never away with the players, sir; and I was heartily with those who were for inhibiting their theatre in Stratford.

Thynne. And I too, Cousin Lucy, I care not for the play, though, good sooth, I liked it well enough. But give me for sport a stage with two good backsword or quarter-staff men; or a greased pole with a Gloucester cheese atop; or a bull running: but of all sport, by the mass! I love the bear-garden — man and boy, I ever loved it; 'tis the rarest sport, in good sooth, now.

Drayton. Methought, Sir Thomas, when you talked of honoring my dear friend, 'twas for his works.

Sir Thomas. Nay, sir, I make no account of his works, and, indeed, know nought of them. He had won a good station, and maintained it, and therefore he should have his due.

Drayton. For his descent, that, as all men know, was not above humble citizen's degree.

¹ *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Sir Thomas. His mother was an Arden; and his father was granted a coat of arms by the College, a spear or, upon a bend sable, in a field of gold — the crest, a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colors, supporting a spear, and he might impale with Arden. And the gentleman himself hath for years been of good havings, with lands and houses, and of good repute in all his dealings; therefore, say I, that we who be neighbors and gentlemen, should have him in respect.

Thynne. Yea, forsooth! gentlemen should give to other gentlemen (thof they be new-made and quarter not) what countenance they may, for their better advantage, and to maintain them in consideration, look you, and to prosper them; and therefore 'tis we come to make two at the burial.

Raleigh. O ye gods! this of him that conceived Lear and Othello! Sirs, with your leave we will now bid you farewell.

Sir Thomas. Nay, I pray you that we part not so. I beseech you, Master Raleigh, and you, Master Drayton, that you lie this night at Charlecote. I would have you home to supper, and thank you, too, for your good company.

Thynne. And I, sirs, have a poor house of mine own within these dozen miles, and thof I be not a knight like my cousin Lucy here, yet I can lodge a guest as well as some; no^a that my mother be dead, I live as befits a gentleman, good sooth, and I would bid you welcome truly, now, and show you a mastiff that hath lost an eye by a bear.

Drayton. Sir, I thank you. For your good kindness, Sir Thomas, we are beholden to you; but, pray you, let us stand excused. Master Raleigh hath business that —

Raleigh. Nay, Master Drayton, that business we had is sadly ended, and our whole journey marred. With your good leave, therefore, I would rejoice that we should take Sir Thomas at his word.

Sir Thomas. By my troth, sirs, I am glad on't, and you shall be heartily welcome. We'll e'en meet here at four o' the clock, and ye shall find wherewithal to bear you and your mails to Charlecote.

Raleigh. Till then farewell. (*To Drayton as they go out.*) Seest thou not, Master Michael, that to sit in Master Shallow's house, perchance in his very arbor¹ — to eat a pippin, maybe, of his own grafting — to look on his effigy, clad as he went to the Court with Falstaff — were a chance that would lead me to journey barefoot in the snow to Charlecote? For being here in the birthplace (alas! now the death-place) of him I so revered, what better tribute can I pay (now that nought but his memory is left for our worship) than, even as thou saidst but now, to trace the begettings of those bright fancies which he hath embalmed forever?

Drayton. You look on these things, Walter, as I would have you look; a true disciple art thou of him whom we shall always love and always mourn, and gladly will I go with thee to Charlecote. And now, ere we stand by that greenly grave that is presently to swallow so huge a part of what is precious in England, we will see to that other business of thine, the raising of money for thee. 'Tis but a step, as I remember, to Master Sherlock's house. Now I pray thee mark that old man well — and if we deal not with him, as is likely, 'tis no matter, for I can take thee elsewhere; but I would thou shouldst see old Master Sherlock.

SCENE II. — *Master Sherlock's counting-house. SHERLOCK sitting at his desk in an inner room.*

Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.

Drayton (aside to Raleigh). Dost thou not spy in him a likeness to an old spider, black, still, and watch'ul, and in that money-changing den to a cob-web? There be many flies have suffered loss of wings here.

Raleigh. How old and bent he looks! and, but that he be a money-lender, I should have deemed him poor.

¹ See *Second Part of King Henry IV.*, act v. sc. 3.

Drayton. Nay, 'tis not a spider of the sleek sort — blood-sucking hath not fattened him as it doth some.

Raleigh. His attire doth not bespeak much wealth. That old gown were dear at two shillings, fur trimmings and all; nay 'twere a fair price even were the velvet cap and copper spectacles thrown into the bargain.

Drayton. Soft you, he comes.

Sherlock. Sirs, your servant. What would you?

Drayton. Marry this, Master Sherlock — me you remember — Michael Drayton — we have had some small dealings together of yore.

Sherlock. Aye, sir, I forget none who deal with me.

Drayton (aside). Nor they thee, I'll be sworn. (*To Sherlock.*) But thus it is: my friend here, Master Raleigh, hath had a manor in Surrey assigned² him by his father, Sir Walter, and having pressing need of moneys, inasmuch as he hath been appointed captain in a force which will shortly embark for Guiana, whereof Sir Walter is chief commander, he would raise a sum thereon to furnish him forth.

Sherlock. Be there none in London that would lend him the moneys?

Drayton. Certes; but he goeth now into Devonshire, and his need is pressing.

Sherlock. His need is pressing — well, sir?

Drayton. To which end he would be beholden to you for a present loan.

Sherlock. For a present loan — well, sir?

Drayton (aside to Raleigh). Mark you his manner of speech? 'twas ever thus with him. (*To Sherlock.*) And for security he hath brought the writings pertaining to the estate; till thou canst prove which to be sufficient, myself will be his surety.

Raleigh. These be they.

Sherlock. These parchments, these parchments — aye, aye — Manor of West Horsley³ — all those messuages and tenements — aye, aye. Well, sir, time is needed to examine these; what moneys dost thou require?

Raleigh. In brief, four hundred pounds.

Sherlock. Four hundred pounds — well?

Raleigh. If upon inquiry and advice the security satisfy thee, at what rate of usance wilt thou lend me?

Sherlock. Rate of usance? — why, sir, money is hard to come by at this time; we have suffered great fires in our town,⁴ and money hath been needed for the rebuilding; the rate hath risen of late — and there is talk of war with Spain, which will raise it further. I must myself borrow ere I lend, and must needs pay roundly. I cannot supply you at a less yearly rate than fifteen in the hundred.

Drayton. Nay, sir, my friend's need is not so great that he should pay so dearly. He laid his account for ten, and by my counsel he will give no more — for, look you, this is no venture, but a surety.

Sherlock. Then, I fear me, we deal not; but I will look into these writings — 'tis possible I may be able to lend at fourteen and a half.

Drayton. Put up your papers, Walter, we will make other shift. This was but part of our business in Stratford, Master Sherlock; our intent was to visit your most illustrious townsman, and now, woe the day! we hear he is dead.

Sherlock. Aye, who may he be?

Raleigh. Who but Master Shakespeare, for whose burial you will straightway bear the bell toll.

Sherlock. I heard say he was dead.

Raleigh. Didst not know him?

Sherlock. We had dealings together years ago — aye, he hath had money of me more than once or twice; but he consorted with mine enemy, John-a-Combe,⁵ and we would none of each other after.

² An estate in Devonshire, thus assigned to him several years before, had been confiscated by James I.

³ Sir Walter's second son afterwards lived here, and his arms long remained (perhaps still remain) on the walls.

⁴ There had been a co. flagration in Stratford in 1616, which had destroyed a great part of the town.

⁵ John-a-Combe was a rich tanker in Stratford, and a friend of Shakespeare, to whom he left a small legacy.

Drayton. I knew not John-a-Combe was the enemy of any man.

Sherlock. He was mine enemy in the sense that he hindered my dealings. This Shakespeare, too, outbid me for the titles¹ when they were sold. I had been a richer man had he died a dozen years ago. I spend not, therefore, much sorrow on him.

Raleigh. Why, this comes nigh to blasphemy — let us be gone.

Drayton. Well, God be with you, Master Sherlock, — (aside) though I fear that may hardly be. Come, Walter. But, Master Sherlock, a moment, I pray you; I saw your daughter, Mistress Visor, of late.

Sherlock. My daughter, Mistress Visor, aye!

Drayton. A woman, sir, that is held in much respect, though not for her worldly means. In truth, she hath but a sorry life of it.

Sherlock. She made her own bed when she fled from this house twenty years ago, with young Visor. Let her lie on it, and if she find it hard, let her see that she complain not. The curse of disobedience hath been on her.

Drayton. Well, sir, she hath paid for that long ago, if misery may pay it. She looks like one that the world hath done its worst on, and is ready to quit it.

Sherlock. Sir, sir, I had thought you came here on a business matter. I have somewhat pressing to see to.

Drayton. One word, Master Sherlock. Her eldest son, your grandson, is a lad of promise, and for education she hath done what she may for him; but I heard of late that he was driven to hold horses in the market-place, and such chance-shifts, for a bare living.

Sherlock. Let his father look to it; he took my daughter — let him look to his son — let him look to his son. (To *Raleigh*.) Will it please you leave the writings?

Drayton. Her daughter, near womanhood, is fair to look on, but —

Sherlock. Hast thou been set on to this? Your pardon if I quit you.

[Retires into the inner room.]

Raleigh. Come, let us away. So, I breathe again, now we are quit of that den. I have heard of such flints, but ne'er saw one till now.

Drayton. So thou carest not for his money at fifteen in the hundred?

Raleigh. Were't five I would not deal with him. 'Tis a stone, sure, that hath been cut in human shape and possessed by some vile spirit from the nether world. I almost marvel, Master Michael, that thou broughtst me to him.

Drayton. Why, was it not of our compact that I should show thee some of the models whence our master drew?

Raleigh. Models? how, Sherlock? Yet that name. Soft you, now, soft you! And money-lender, too. And then his daughter — why, Master Michael, 'tis clear as the sun — it runs on all-fours with the devil in the play; and yet, but that thou gav'st me the clue, I might have borrowed money from him twenty years without guessing. Well, this passes!

SCENE III. — *The Churchyard of Stratford. A crowd waiting about the gate.*

First Woman. Didst not hear say there would be a dole? I see no signs of it.

Second Woman. 'Twas too good to be true; comfort is chary of coming to poor folk.

First Man. I have been here since one o' the clock, and with a toothache, for which thou seest my face is tied up, and the wind is keen. I had stayed within four walls but for the word that went about of a dole.

First Woman. Thou look'st none the comelier, Peter Quince, for the clout about thy yellow chaps, like a blue dish full of butter-milk.

Second Man. Thou shouldst have covered the rest of thy face with it, Peter, then wouldst thou have been fairer to look on than e'er thou wert yet.

Second Woman. I'll warrant thou eatest thy share when thou get'st it, crust and all, in despite of thy tooth-ache.

Peter Quince. Look if here be not lame Davy, coming for the sharing; how his crutch thumps in's haste! — do but mark how he outspeeds blind Harry that feeleth his way by the wall.

Second Man. Aye, and look, Madge, my buxom lass, at what will please thee better, for here come gentlemen of worship.

Madge. The younger is as gallant a youth as e'er I set eyes on.

[The bell tolls for the funeral.]

Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.

Raleigh. "No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than ye shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled." 2

How strange sound these words of his, with that bell for commentary! How his own phrases rise to the lips!

Drayton. Aye, Walter, you shall find but few occasions in life, solemn or merry, regarding which something apt; something that goeth deeper than common to the heart of the matter, hath not been said by him that is now silent.

Raleigh. One that reads him as a student, and lovingly, as my father from my first youth hath taught me to do, and hath moreover a good memory, shall find in him (my father is wont to say) a rich vocabulary. But mark you the crowd here! 'tis the spontaneous respect of the people for so famous a townsman. Now look I to see (what we have not yet seen) the sorrow of Stratford for the loss of her great son. As the sun lights the hovel no less than the palace, so should his fame reach to, and warm, the poorest here.

Drayton. Be not too assured that his fame is of a kind to be felt by such as these, though were he a commander who had brought home a Spanish galleon, or a courtier who had set the fashions at Whitehall, or a foolish lord with fifty retainers at his back, no cap so greasy but it would cover an idolater. But let us mark what passes 'twixt the townfolk and this old beadle who cometh hither with his older satellite.

Enter a Beadle and Assistant-Beadle with Servants bearing baskets.

Assist.-Beadle. Neighbors, make way, I pray you; stand aside from the gates.

Crowd. The dole, the dole! Good Master Beadle, a word with you — me, sirs, me — look hither, 'tis I, etc.

First Beadle. What a consternation is here! Make not such a clamor. We are charged, I and my partner, with the contribution of this dole, and we will contribute it without respect of persons, save that we will give most to those we think most worthy. Stand you back, Quince and Flute.

Quince. Yet do not overlook me, good Master Beadle.

Flute. Remember me, an't please you, Master Derrick.

Assist.-Beadle. Heard you not what Master Derrick said? Would you set yourselves to teach him in this business?

Beadle. Aye, would they, such is their vanity and their greediness. It might be thought they had ne'er seen a funeral before. When did any of you know me overlook one that should be remembered? Have I been beadle here forty years for nought?

Assist.-Beadle. Ye dare not say he hath for your lives.

Crowd. The bread! the bread!

Beadle. 'Ods my life, they would tear it out of the baskets, like wolves. Neighbors, though it be customary to give loaves only, yet Master Shakespeare, out of his love for you, and because ye should mourn him fittingly, hath desired that beef should be bestowed along with the bread.

Several. Worthy gentleman!

First Woman. Oh, good soul, this shall profit him, sure! where he's gone.

¹ Shakespeare invested a considerable sum in a lease of these titles.

² The opening lines of Shakespeare's 71st Sonnet.

Second Woman. Nay, I ever said there were none in Stratford more rememberful of the poor than Master Shakespeare.

Assist.-Beadle. Aye, and more than that, there be four firkins of ale to be broached after the burial, behind the church.

Beadle. Neighbor Turgis, wilt thou still go about to forestall me? I was coming to the ale presently, when time fitted. Do thou stand by the baskets and give out the dole as I shall tell thee. Hast thou the bag of groats ready, too?

Assist.-Beadle. Yea, Master Derrick.

[*They distribute the provisions and money.*]

Flute. Shall I not have a loaf and a groat for my wife? She hath had twins this morning, therefore could not come.

Old Woman. Thy wife forsooth! — my son hath worked at New Place, and helped to mend the fence i' th' garden last winter, and now is he rheumaticky and bed-ridden. A dole for him, I pray you, sweet Master Derrick.

Beadle. Be not too forward, woman; thou art not too well thought on, I warrant thee.

Old Woman. Is acquaintance and service to count for nought? — 'tis a shame, then.

Beadle. Quiet thy tongue, mistress; it may be I shall be called on to deal with thee in other fashion than doles. Thou art deputed by many for a witch, let me tell thee; thou art suspect of keeping a toad, and, moreover, 'tis thought thou hast a familiar, one Hopplance.¹ (*To another.*) But wherefore hangst thou back, Cicely Hackett,² thou that wast once a maid-servant at New Place? Press nearer, and hold out thine apron.

Cicely. Oh, sir, I came not here for the dole, but indeed to see the last of him who hath been ever kind to me and mine.

Beadle. The more reason thou shouldst have any part. Let her do so, Goodman Turgis, for thou knowst that she that humbleth herself should be exhorted; and 'twere not ill, methinks, if thou gav'st her, moreover, a share for her sick mother. (*Calling through the gate to boys in the churchyard.*) Young fry, wilt thou leave leaping over the grave-stones? else shall my staff and thy backs be better acquainted. I see thee, young Pickbone, drumming with thine heels on Mistress Keech's epithet; come off the stone, or 'twill be worse for thee, thou naughty varlet — and thy tall slip of a sister, too, I saw her but now up with her coats and over the railing of yonder tomb like any stag.

Drayton (to Raleigh). The oldest of these servants that came with the beadies is Shakespeare's own man Adam. I will speak to him. This is a sharp sundering for thee, Adam. Leave thy basket. Step aside, and speak with me of thy good master.

Adam. O Master Drayton, I looked that he should bury me! would I were with him! Were I young, I could ne'er hope to see such another master; and being old, I have no desire but to follow him.

Drayton. Was his sickness sudden?

Adam. Nay, sir; I have foreboded, this many a day, how 'twas with him. He hath pined and dwindled, and then again he hath mended for awhile and would walk abroad; and ever with a kind word and a jest, as was his wont. But I found, from day to day, his step slower, his hand heavier on my shoulder, his breath shorter.

Drayton. Did himself look for his end?

Adam. Aye, sir; but made as though he had a long to-come before him. Four days since ('twas o' Sunday) he said to me, "Adam, I have a fancy about my burial; but say nought of it as yet to my daughter. I have here set down the names of those I desire to bear me to the grave;" which he thereupon read to me, and they are even now in the house, making ready.

Drayton. Some of note and condition, mayhap?

Adam. Not so, not so, not so, Master Drayton; there art

thou wide indeed of the mark. Never trod man among men who looked on gentle and simple with a more equal brotherly eye than Master Shakespeare. A fine coat or a ragged jerkin made no more difference in a man, in his eyes, than whether his hair were black or brown. Nay, strange to tell of a man of his gifts, he seemed o't to find as much matter in a fool as in a wise man; he would take pleasure in discoursing with many a one of this town that simple I would have fubbed off as a lackwit. So he said to me, "First have I set down, to carry the head of my coffin, Hugh Barilolph and Corporal Nym,"³ poor men, both, Master Drayton. Bardolph, one of many of the name here, was a tapster; Nym, a pensioner of the Earl of Leicester, in whose army he served in the Low Countries, though I did never hear with much credit.

Raleigh. Bardolph and Nym! O brave Shakespeare!

Adam. "Next," he said, "I have set down John Rugby and James Gurney," ancient serving-men, your worships, and now almshouses.

Drayton. Whom in his plays he hath allotted, Rugby to Dr. Caius⁴ —

Raleigh. Gurney to the Lady Falconbridge.⁵

Adam. "After them Thomas Wart," an old fletcher of this town, sir —

Raleigh. One of Falstaff's ragged recruits he —

Adam. "And Kit Sly. And, to end the company, Snug the joiner,"⁶ and Nick Bottom," — and, the list being thus ended, my dear master laughed so long and so merrily that I cried, "Sure one that can laugh so hath small need to name his bearers."

Raleigh. Truly did he make Romeo say, —

"How oft, when men were at the point of death,
Have they been merry!"

Adam. "And be sure, Adam," he said, "that thou have old Derrick, and his ancient comrade Turgis, to give out the dole — and see it be of good kind and plentiful." And he charged me again I should not tell his daughter, Mistress Hall, of these dispositions. For wherefore, said he, should I add a few days, or hours, to her grief?

Drayton. Derrick is now in the sixth age, he is the *slipper'd pantaloon*; and Turgis toucheth on the seventh, that of *second childishness and mere oblivion*, — yet are they still the shadows of that pair whom men shall long smile at.

Beadle. Hath every one his portion?

Assist.-Beadle. Yea, Master Derrick.

Beadle. Then give what's over how you will, and make an end shortly, for we are needed at New Place.

Drayton. Do ye walk in the procession, Master Beadle?

Beadle. Of a surety, worshipful sir. The funeral might as well make shift without the coffin as without me and my partner; we walk before choir and parson, at the head of the train; we be its eyebrows. And, neighbor Turgis, if thou shouldst walk half a foot or so to the rearward of me, 'twould be forgiven thee, for so would the people on both sides the way have me in view; and thou, neighbor, art old — and moreover small — and feeble, moreover — and thy port doth scarce beseech the van of a ceremonial, the gifts for which are, in truth, not given to all.

Assist.-Beadle. I will govern myself as thou desires, good neighbor.

Adam. I have here herbs, for those who will bear them at the funeral. Will ye have cypress or rosemary, sirs?

Drayton. Thanks, good Adam; we will bear each a branch of cypress, and will long wear it in our hearts, too.

[*The Beadies and Servants depart for New Place. Drayton and Raleigh pass into the churchyard.*]

Drayton. "Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."⁷

[*They enter the church.*]

¹ "Hopplance" cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel!" — *Edgar (feigning madness) in King Lear.*
² Cicely Hackett, described by Sly as "the woman's maid of the house," in the *Taming of the Shrew.*

³ See *King Henry V.*

⁴ *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

⁵ *King John.*

⁶ *Mid-summer-Night's Dream.*

⁷ *King Richard II., act iii. sc. 2.*

(To be continued.)

ORD LYTTON ON NAMES AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

IN the amusing opening of Lord Lytton's posthumous *Wel*, "Kenelm Chillingly," there are some admirable marks on the moral responsibilities of parents for the names they give to their children. Sir Peter Chillingly is very hard on his own name, and ascribes his mediocrity in great measures to it. "Peter," he says, to the assembled family council, "has been for many generations, as you are rare, the baptismal to which the eldest born of our family has been devoted. On the altar of that name I have been sacrificed. Never has there been a Sir Peter Chillingly who has in any way distinguished himself above his fellows. That name has been a dead weight on my intellectual energies. In the catalogue of illustrious Englishmen there is, I think, no immortal Sir Peter, except Sir Peter Teazle, and only exists on the comic stage;" and Sir Peter Chillingly might have added that Sir Peter Teazle is immortal only for the amusement he affords to others, not for any intrinsic capacity. One of the family council, however, suggests "Sir Peter Lely," on which Sir Peter Chillingly replies with unanswerable force, "That painter was not an Englishman. He was born in Westphalia, famous for me. I confine my remarks to the children of our native land. I am aware that in foreign countries the name is not an extinguisher to the genius of its owner. But why? In her countries its sound is modified. Pierre Corneille is a great man; but I put it to you whether, had he been an Englishman, he could have been the father of European tragedy as Peter Crow?" And Sir Peter might have added that Peter the Apostle got his weight from his Hebrew name, Cephas. Cephas gives the impression of a rock; Peter the impression of commonplace respectability, with a wavering turn. Now, Lord Lytton in touching this subject, touches one of the most real grievances which children have against rash parents, and he touches both sides of it. He not only deprecates the names which stamp a child with mediocrity, but he deprecates those which stamp him with an impress of absurd and indecent ambition. A worthy cousin had suggested that Sir Peter's child should be called Hannibal or Charlemagne, in order to give him a ventitious grandeur, on which Sir Peter replies, with great temper and justice, "On the contrary, if you inflict on a man the burthen of one of these names, the glory of which he cannot reasonably expect to eclipse or even to equal, you crush him beneath the weight. If a poet were called John Milton, or William Shakespeare, he would not care to publish even a sonnet. No, the choice of a name is between the two extremes of ludicrous insignificance and oppressive renown." This is very just, and should ring a warning to many a parental heart. There is no more terrible mischief done to a child than either a grandiose or a mean name. The moral influence of names must be limited, however, to depend in very great degree on somewhat arbitrary and subjective influences. We have heard a man deplore having been called "James," with the utmost pathos, asserting that it had to some extent made a mockery of his very soul against his will. That man, of course, had been a student of Thackeray, and the subjective influences which worked upon his mind were of the names de la Pluche order. Had he instead been steeped in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and full of the chivalric associations with the Knight of Snowdon, — And Normans call me James Fitz-James," — he might have regarded his name as injurious to him, if at all, only through its too unreal, romantic associations. But who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not a flunkeyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the beck and call of society. It is to James," even under its worst aspects, exactly what the motto is to the flunkey, — and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by everybody he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment.

But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as "Jim" might be very popular and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence.

It is worth observing that the shrewdness of the world has given a certain elasticity to the moral influence of names, by inventing a good many different modifications of them, and modifications with very various *nuances*, especially in the case of women. You can't have a much wider range than is contained, for instance, in Elizabeth, Eliza, Betty, Betsy, Bessy, and Bess. — Elizabeth with a z, again, being really distinct in moral effect from Elisabeth with an s. No one would dream of spelling the name of St. Elisabeth — Mr. Kingsley's heroine — with a z; the hard, grinding sound of the z would be altogether inconsistent with her essence. But Elisabeth with an s should be fair and feminine, with something, perhaps, a little secret and brooding in her nature. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's name should always have the z, — both for the sake of the hardness and imperiousness it gives, and for the sake, somehow, of the touch of awkwardness and coarseness it throws in. This is the direction in which it has developed into the familiarities of Betsy and Betty, the former clumsy, but shrewd, homely, and trustworthy; the latter loud and fast. Lady Betty used to be a common name enough in the aristocracy at one time, but it must have tended to make all its owners vulgar talkers and managers. And just as Elisabeth was degraded into Betsy and Betty, so Elisabeth was familiarized into Bessy and Bess, both fond names, the former suggesting a touch of weakness, the latter, like all monosyllabic names, suggesting a want of atmosphere about the character, but also implying a certain practical brevity and decision.

Is the enormous string of names which royal personages usually assume, a sort of way of asserting for themselves that their dignity shall be independent of name, by providing a channel and opening, as it were, for any possible characteristic in some appropriate name? We suspect the practice must have originated from the kind of feeling which made some American theologian (Dr. Horace Bushnell, we think) exult in the Athanasian Creed, on the ground that the more contradictions you could accumulate in the attempt to express the Infinite, the nearer your mind would rise to a conception of the Infinite. It is difficult to imagine any other conceivable reason for burying a human being in such a string of names, for instance, as this of the King of Saxony, — "Jean-Népomucène-Marie-Joseph-Antoine-Xavier-Vincent-Louis-Gonzague-François-de-Paule-Stanislas-Bernard-Paul-Félix-Damians." The only conceivable motive for such a name could be to prevent any possibility of limiting the development of the royal character in one single direction, by providing an indefinite number of moral conduit-pipes for the conceivable variety of the royal qualities. We suspect, however, that a good deal of the actual mediocrity of reigning families is due to the labyrinth of names in which the baby is hidden, like a moth in a silk cocoon. It takes more mental energy than most human infants have, to break your way out of such a verbal palace-prison as that. It must be very like being born in a wood, to find yourself at the core of such a name as the Saxon King's, when you come to the possession of the very limited consciousness of infancy. Indeed, if the truth were known, might it not be discovered that the noble novelist himself, whose posthumous work has given rise to these remarks, got a little mystified among the reduplicated Lyttons and Bulwers of his earliest name, and that it was the bad effect of this confusing impress upon his literary character which led him to deal so much as a novelist in grandiloquent mystery and capital letters? We are disposed to maintain that simplicity in naming is the right of the great as well as of the small. As you may smother a child in luxury, so you may smother him in names. No realist in art could ever have come out of Sir Edward Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton. Did anybody ever write a really great book yet, who had been embarrassed in childhood by the heavy armor of a complicated name?

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. THIERS is to visit London this summer.

THE Prince of Wales has suppressed "The Coming K —," which formed part of Beeton's Christmas Annual, and was advertised to appear as a separate volume.]

HERR ZUKERTORT (in English sugar-tart) is the wonder of the chess world in London at present, on account of his brilliant play, as well as for his extraordinary feats of what is called "blindfold" playing, in which Morphy was so great an adept.

AT Prince Orloff's last dinner of fifty *couverts* the experiment was tried of arranging the guests in five departments—a star with five rays, ten persons to each ray. As there were fifty servants for the service it was convenient; at dessert there was a fusion of guests.

DURING the German Emperor's presence in St. Petersburg, it is proposed to perform a monster tattoo, similar to that executed at Berlin at the Three Emperors' *fête*. Fifteen hundred military bandmen are to take part in the performance. Tattoo marks—of respect, on a scale of this magnitude, are rare.

DR. ETHE, who is entrusted with the cataloguing of the Persian Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, has discovered several lyrics of the great Persian poet, Firdusi, the author of the "Shahname." He has published the Persian text, with a metrical translation, in the *Transactions* of the Royal Academy of Munich.

THE French sailors have introduced a new luxury into England. Garden snails, already prepared and cooked, are now being publicly sold in the streets of Gloucester, and they appear to find ready customers. They are pronounced by local epicures to be a delicacy which cannot be too highly appreciated, and they are devoured with gusto.

A REPORTER finding his office door in London closed and the porter asleep, while the telegraphic clerk was at work beyond hearing the knocker, in an upper story, procured entrance by telegraphing from another office to a clerk at Glasgow, who in turn sent the message back to London. The double process occupied but a very few minutes.

THE *Athenæum* says: Mr. Browning's poem is in type, and consists of 4,501 lines. It is a poetic version of a great tragedy which came before the law-courts of a department in the North of France last year, and we hear that the poet has in the outlines of the story kept closely to the facts, with the view of presenting to the reader's mind the key to them in human passion.

A DIPLOMATIST who gives great dinners at Paris, it is said, always surrounds each guest at the place where he sits at the table, with flowers that belong to the country of which he is a native. The idea must be difficult to accomplish, as few countries have a distinguishing flower, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales excepted. Doubtless the native of the first gets roses, the second shamrocks, the third thistles, and the last leeks.

ROSSINI'S "Guillaume Tell" is about to be produced for the first time at Rome, where the subject of the opera could not but render it ineligible for representation under the Papal government. It is to be remarked that this insurrectionary work has been longer finding its way to Rome than to St. Petersburg, where, absolutely proscribed by the Emperor Nicholas, it has been performed many times during the present reign, with the distinguished tenor Tamberlik in the part of Arnold.

OLD-BOOK lovers in Paris have been greatly excited lately by a fresh acquisition of the well-known brothers Tross, a "Horace," printed on vellum, without place or date, but in Italy, probably Venice, about 1469, in small quarto, 157 leaves, 26 lines to a page, without signatures or initials. It is not the unique copy on vellum that Van Praet described, which formerly belonged to M. Fenaroli, at Brescia, and it has not heretofore been known. It is the greatest "find" of the last half century, says M. Louis Gonse, in the *Chronique des Arts*.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has been delivering a series of lectures on "Language," in the Theatre of the Royal Institution, in London. The spirit of Mr. Max Müller's lectures was essentially conservative and anti-Darwinian. He considered that the break which language made in the so-called law of evolution was explicable on no other theory than the existence of an impassable gulf between man and the lower animals. This was the main drift of his argument. Mr. Darwin himself, we believe, formed one of the distinguished audience which assembled to hear the justly celebrated Oxford professor.

A RATHER sensational marriage case is reported from Cassel. Two German officers, one of them a Count, made a bet, founded on the Count's declaration that he could engage himself to a rich heiress within eight days. He at once began paying furious court to a girl whose father had made a fortune out of a gambling house, and who at his death left her the bulk of his wealth. The suit succeeded, and the betrothal was, according to custom, announced in the newspapers. The Count, with refined delicacy, then informed the maiden that he had simply been anxious to win a bet, and that it was impossible he could marry the daughter of a gambler. It was an exquisite joke, but, as so often happens, it was sadly spoiled at last. The story came to the knowledge of the Emperor William, and it may be inferred that his Majesty did not appreciate its humor, for both officers have been placed under arrest, and they are to be tried by court-martial.

AT the Théâtre Français there is a rule that the *fauteuil* reserved for a journalist on first nights, shall remain at his service even when his connection with his journal shall have ceased. An occurrence which recently took place is a proof of this. During the first representation of a play, a gentleman who had been standing during the entire first act pushed about, getting his feet trodden upon, and generally inconvenienced, perceived an empty stall and took possession of it. An attendant signed to him to vacate, but the gentleman had no desire to resume his former unenviable position, so he took no heed of his expressive grimaces. "Sir, you cannot remain there, the gentleman will be coming to take his seat." "Well, I will give it up when he comes." "Impossible, sir! Be off with you, the curtain is rising." However, the municipal officer's influence is soon brought to bear upon the truculent occupant of the stall, and he yields to a nod from the shako of authority. "Well," he says, "I shall just go and see if this stall is really let," and goes to the boxkeeper's desk, who, looking in his book, finds the following entry opposite the number of the *fauteuil*: "Service de presse, M. Adolphe Thiers, du *Constitutionnel*, 1822."

A CORRESPONDENT at Beyrout writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna: "I met to-day an old acquaintance, the camel driver, Sheikh Abdul, and he told me that his wife has died. Abdul's wife was no common woman. Her name was once known all through Europe. Sheikh Abdul is the ninth husband of Lady Ellenborough, whom I met for the first time about thirty years ago at Munich, just after she had eloped with Prince Schwarzenberg from the residence of her first husband. She then went to Italy, where, as she told me herself, she got married six times in succession. These unions were dissolved after a short duration. In 1848 I met her at Athens, where she concluded an eighth marriage with the Greek colonel Count Theodoki—however, also only for a short time. Her affections were now bestowed on an old Palicar chieftain, for whom she built a beautiful house at Athens. When her latest marriage was again dissolved she went to the Levant. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she got pleased with a camel driver, Sheikh Abdul, and selected him for her ninth husband. She was married to him after the Arab fashion, and accompanied him for a whole year on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling her duties. She even milked the camels. When she had grown tired of the nomad life, she built for herself a charming palace at Damascus, where her latest husband, whenever he came to Damascus, found hospitality for some days. I had heard nothing of her since 1855, when I met her here dressed as an Arab woman, and, notwithstanding the wrinkles in her face, still beautiful. Soon after she won the lawsuit against her first husband, and with it a colossal fortune, which will probably go to her relatives in England, for she had no children, as far as I know."

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 19.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK I.—ON SHORE.

CHAPTER I. THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

In one of the western counties of England there is a certain city called St. Bavons. In that city, under the noontide shadow of its not very imposing cathedral, there is a square, wherein stand many old-fashioned houses thrown about in picturesque irregularity round a railed green and an avenue of elms. In one of the largest and handsomest of these houses, built of dark red brick and terminating a high garden wall, was one of many large and handsome though not lofty rooms; and in this room was—not one of many, but quite alone—a young lady with whom, if the reader please, he may have a great deal to do.

I am not afraid that St. Bavons will suffer in popular estimation from the fact that it shares with Redchester the distinction of being one of the only two cathedral cities in England which are seaport towns besides. It is not the fault of St. Bavons. The real sea lay many miles away, but it stands upon a tidal river which runs into a broad estuary which grows into the sea. Even so I am not afraid that any one will set out with a prejudice against my heroine, on the ground that in personal appearance she resembled no heroine of recent years. Heroines are, by antithetical convention, *petites* and *mignonnes*, or, at least, depend for effect less upon feature than upon expression. The lady who lay in an attitude of repose on the couch in this room, which has for her sake been selected out of the whole city of St. Bavons, was, though still a girl, of a style that would have attracted Rubens rather than Raphael. She was of full woman's height; her figure freely and naturally developed in the style more of Artemis than of Aphrodite; her waist was not too fragile, her bust and shoulders were statuesque and fully formed. The face might have been reproduced in Parian marble without the artist's having to turn the chisel a hair's-breadth from the line of exact proportion. "Pretty" was the last epithet that could be applied to it. The features were in form those of a Greek statue, from

brow to chin; they were fair, as lightly and freshly colored as the pearl of a pink shell, and were framed in a mass of hair that needed but one more touch of sunlight to make it golden. Not a very intellectual type, it may be urged, and one that would, probably, prove to be at its best when in statuesque repose. But it had character, as statues will have whose veins are not the veins of marble. The mouth, though not formed for laughter, was admirably formed for a bright and frequent smile. Nor was this promise of the lips contradicted by the eyes, which, though only of a dark gray, were as full of life as if they had been of hazel brown—an expression enhanced by well-marked brows of a darker color than the hair. The white forehead was ample, and not hidden by descending curls. In fact, her hair, though thick and waving, did not curl, and its waves were all thrown back, as if to prevent their hiding anything, or being in the way of a frank lookout into the open world. Altogether it was a gracious face, with plenty of quiet light in it that spoke of a calm, honest heart, and of a quick and ready brain. Some might miss a few of those essentially feminine touches that draw men without their knowing how or why. Men are apt to be a little afraid of girls who look as though they are better hands at thinking sense than of talking nonsense, and who are set down as cold because they prefer friendship to flirtation, and as sarcastic because their obvious sense of truth implies a corresponding sense of the ridiculous.

I have coupled her with the style of Rubens; and, in spite of anything that may have appeared to the contrary, it is impossible to deny that she had about her something of that note of *bourgeoisie* inseparable from the most refined examples of low country portraiture, save those of Vandyke alone. It is hard, though, to say why. She was throughout in harmony, even to her dress, which was elaborately, but not economically, plain. It was also appropriate to the hour, which was that of morning—and to her surroundings, which, in return, for some subtle reason, seemed essentially appropriate to her.

Yet it was not in the College Green of St. Bavons that one would expect to find a painter's studio. That ancient city is picturesque in itself, and,

to some extent, a cause of picturesqueness in others; but the studios of its professors are for the most part the schoolrooms where the achievement of a chalk head in half a year is considered a prodigy of genius and industry. The lady of the classic brow was plainly an art-student of a different order, and her room was fitted up in the severe style that means the pursuit of art as a reality if not as a profession. There was a large easel, bearing a full-sized copy of the great "Immaculate Conception"—the first lines of it had probably been laid in the Louvre. There was a small easel, bearing a small canvas—a quiet English landscape, suitable to a certain feminine fidelity to local accidents with which it was rendered. There were also two lay figures, plaster casts of the Discobolus and of the Laocoön, two arm-chairs, a stool in front of the small easel, a round table, on which were several books and a vase of fresh flowers, and the couch, on which lay the mistress of all these treasures. Had there only been a pipe-rack by the fireplace and a little more litter, nothing would have been wanting to what was almost an affectation of the artistic proprieties. The lady of the easels, the casts, the chairs, the pictures, the books, and the flowers was apparently enjoying herself very much in doing nothing at all.

Well might she be content to do nothing. It was a glorious summer's morning. The window was thrown wide open, and through it streamed the softened hum of St. Bavons, the whispered smile of its sunshine, and the buzz of its bees—not its human bees, but those that plunder the stocks and wallflowers, the scent of which every now and then perfumed the sunshine. It was service-time in the cathedral, and the sound of the anthem, etherealized by distance like far-away church bells, served as a sort of soul to the every-day life without and within.

So, in peace, the moments and the minutes glided by, until the parish steeple of St. Catherine, a few streets away, broke into its familiar chimes—a light and lively air rung out in quick time, as if the common voice of all the joys and sorrows of St. Bavons for three hundred years and more felt bound to put into audible sound the bright side of to-day, while the undertone of the cathedral organ added a

subdued and solemn bass to the melody of the bells. The young lady on the couch took out her watch — a fanciful piece of Geneva-work, set with brilliants — and followed its hands until a knock came to the street door. She glanced from her watch to the window, and threw back her hair.

"Miss Claudia, may I come in?"

The door of the room was standing open, and a young man was standing at the door.

Miss Claudia rose, holding out her hand with a bright smile, and stepped forward to meet him. She was lame.

CHAPTER II. PATIENT AND PHYSICIAN.

"MANY greetings to you, doctor," said Miss Claudia in a rich, soft voice, and with a slight foreign accent, which, however, had in it no southern sharpness.

"How dare you get up from your sofa without first asking leave?" asked the visitor, with an air of mock authority, and taking in the whole room at a glance, of which the quickness was hidden by the fact of his eyes being gray. It is short-sighted, dark-eyed people who get the credit of being observant; it is the eyes without inner light that really observe. "Ah, I see you have been tolerably obedient, however; and that means you are better."

"And how do you know that, pray, doctor? How do you know that I do not spend my time in running up and down stairs, and only pretend to be down when you come in?"

"In that case I should have to suppose you only pretended to be ill. No, it is clear that you have not yet fathomed all the mysteries of the faculty."

"You make me curious; it sounds like mesmerism."

"Don't you know the anecdote of Lavater, or some other great physiognomist? He looked into the face of an inn-keeper, and, after studying it carefully, informed him that he had a waiter named Peter, and a room papered with yellow."

"By looking in his face? Nonsense."

"I did not say by looking in his face, Miss Claudia. I said after looking in his face, which is not quite the same thing. He astonished the patient considerably, but nothing was more easy."

"How? Please tell me; I never can manage riddles."

"He had stayed in the inn a year or two before; so it was only a simple exercise of memory, after all. So I need not feel your pulse to tell me that you have been obedient; I need only look at that easel. If you had not been obedient, that picture would not have been at a stand-still."

Miss Claudia gave a gracious smile.

"I always thought," she said, "that the secret of medicine was more than

half humbug. So now I may say so on your authority."

"Not quite. You must wait to see if I do not cure you. I shall not consider myself a humbug when I call some morning and find you hard at work again. . . . That will be very soon now."

The young doctor half sighed. Perhaps he was thinking of having to close his list of fees.

"Do you know, though," said the patient, after an interval of consideration, — "do you know, I am not at all sure that I shall be so very glad to get quite well?"

There was nothing peculiar in the tone of this eccentric observation, but the doctor seemed to prick up his ears.

"Nonsense, Miss Brandt; you will be only too glad. I can see that you are already longing to take a flight out of the window, which you are quite right to have open on so glorious a day."

"Not at all. In the first place, I have no wings; in the second place, if I had, I am much too heavy for them to carry me; and in the third place, it is so delightfully quiet here — I get the essence of out-of-doors without any of the trouble, the music of it without the noise. I always used to hate being driven out for a walk, even when I was a child, and used rather to like rainy days, so I could amuse myself at home in my own way."

"I hope they drove you out, all the same?"

"Most cruelly; and I liked it very much when they let me sit down in a field and scribble in my drawing-book. Besides, I have got everything round me so comfortably, so that I have actually come to feel myself most at home when I am at home. I suppose you, with all your activity, think me a dreadfully lazy kind of girl?"

"I should, certainly, if I thought you were describing yourself properly."

"But I am. I can read novels, and I can think a little, and dream a great deal, and tell my conscience that it is by the doctor's orders. I can't go out to parties, and escape from everybody but my very particular friends, and even those I can get rid of when I am tired of them. When I am well, I shall miss quantities of things."

"For instance?"

"Oh, I don't know," she went on, disappointing him unconsciously.

"Your doctor, for example?"

"Do you mean, then, quite to give me up because I do not happen to be an invalid? People meet in St. Bavons sometimes, do they not?"

"I hope so, with all my heart. But do you know, Miss Claudia, you put me into a terrible temptation to keep you ill?"

Miss Brandt turned her eyes full upon her doctor. His question might have been a mere passing compliment,

though scarcely belonging to the ordinary course of a medical visit; but she did not think so, and her cheeks brightened a little, in a perfectly healthy way. Indeed, for the sake of strict professional propriety, either the patient ought to have been rather more ill, or the physician should have been a little less young; and there was quite sufficient difference between the handsome and rather Rubenesque young woman and the grave-eyed doctor, to suggest the danger of contrast in creating sympathy.

It may have been some not very far-fetched association of ideas that made him ask suddenly, —

"But how is Mr. Brandt? I have not come across him for some time."

"I am afraid he is rather worried — about business, I mean."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"You know he has a ship named after me — the Claudia? She ought to have arrived at New York at least three months ago, and she has not been heard of since she sailed."

"Indeed! I know nothing about sea matters; but if she is not safe, I shall really begin to think that there is nothing in a name."

"Only think how terrible if she was caught in those fearful gales!"

"Oh, I will stake my reputation on the safety of the Claudia; she has fallen on her legs I am sure, wherever she may be."

"Then she has not followed the example of her godmother. I wish I had managed to fall on mine."

"Well, you must not let your father be too anxious. I should like to have seen him, to give him good news of his other Claudia. Besides, I wanted to ask him a question."

"Can I answer it?"

"I am afraid not; and yet perhaps you can. Any way, I will tell you the story."

"A story? By all means. I have just been reading one, and it has given me an appetite."

"Oh, mine is not a real story, only a description. What was yours? Is this the book? But it looks Greek to me."

"That is because you are holding it upside down. I wish you knew German, Dr. Vaughan. It is really disgraceful that you should know nothing about one of my chief worlds."

"It is indeed; I will begin to learn it this very day. You may smile, Miss Brandt, but I mean it really."

"Really? I should be so glad. But your story?"

"Did I not tell you it was not a story?"

"So much the better. So begin. Would you mind reaching me that pencil and that scrap of paper? My hands always help my ears. Thank you; I'm quite ready now."

"I am quite ashamed, after all this preparation. You must know then, Miss Brandt, that when I first came to St. Bavons —"

CHAPTER III. GAANO.

WHEN Harold Vaughan first came to St. Bavons, all that was known about him by that ancient city was that he was a general practitioner who wrote after his name, on a brand-new brass plate, the letters M. D. He had bought no man's practice, and at the expiration of a year all that St. Bavons knew of him may be summed up in precisely the same words. He was a young man of about eight-and-twenty, looking older than his age, grave and gentleman-like in manner, regular in his habits, who made little or no effort to mix in good society, none whatever to mix in bad, spent very little money, and gave his time to professional study. His acquaintances were all of the masculine gender, and were made up of those, necessarily few enough in a provincial town, who were willing to share his sole dissipation — sitting up very late at night in order to talk about everything in the universe and a great many things that are out of it. Gradually he formed round him a small clique of men — some of his own age, some rather older — who regarded him as an intellectual head-centre, and, affecting or feeling a contempt for all the pursuits of their less enlightened companions, treated human life as if to speculate according to strict logic in a cloud of tobacco at one in the morning were the whole end of man as well as of the day. At last, in one or two quarters, Dr. Vaughan began to have an evil reputation. One or two young men, coming home at unreasonable hours in the morning, excused themselves on the ground of having been with Dr. Vaughan — a reason naturally not considered as sufficient. Fathers and mothers of respectable families in a place like St. Bavons have an invincible tendency to associate disreputable hours with disreputable things, and will not believe that mischief and the hours of mischief are separable. Besides, "to have been at Vaughan's" was too convenient an excuse not to be sometimes used unfairly; so that the young doctor often had the credit of being the sharer or ringleader in dissipations of which he never dreamed. Then uncongenial spirits occasionally strayed into his little society.

One was a certain black sheep of a merchant's clerk, of good education, intellectual tastes, and a fair share of brains — a fish out of water in a dull provincial town — who liked occasionally to relieve the monotony of his nightly wanderings by dropping in for an evening at the doctor's, the only place open to him where he could be quiet without being bored. His occasional society did not improve the character of the doctor's rooms, especially as his departure occasionally led some of those who left with him to finish the night elsewhere. He was named Luke Goldrick.

Another was a curate of St. Cather-

ine's, who had once been brought in by an inconsiderate admirer of Dr. Vaughan. He did not seem to do otherwise than enjoy himself, but he never returned; and it was after his visit that these meetings obtained the repute, in certain circles, as forming part of an organized system for corrupting the youth of St. Bavons and filling their heads with dangerous and sceptical ideas.

A third was a man who only came to St. Bavons on business every now and then, and being a collector and retailer of good stories, had not failed to discover an unworked audience for them ready made to his hands; while a fourth, the junior partner in a firm of attorneys, had a thundering bass voice, which he never lost an opportunity of displaying in all his glory. These were only chance visitors, but the effect was to produce all the outward signs of the loudest joviality, not the less marked for being exceptional, or for being heard in the dead silence of universal bedtime.

In effect there grew up a belief, on the part of all who cared to know, that Dr. Vaughan was a perverter of the youth of St. Bavons, leading them into habits of drinking, gaming, infidelity, and every kind of dissipation and debauchery. Not a card was ever seen in his rooms; no one ever left them less steadily than he came in; while the conversation and expression of opinions, if unrestrained, was always kept within reasonable bounds. Its fault was an affectation of superiority; and there were at least a hundred respectable tables in the city where the after-dinner talk would have borne verbal reporting far less than that of the friends of Dr. Vaughan.

It need hardly be said, therefore, that patients were not attracted by the brass plate, in spite of all the energy of wash-leather, and that the new doctor, as a doctor, remained unknown. But there is no reason why the reader should share the ignorance of the people of St. Bavons. The doctor himself, though by no means egotistical, never sought to hide his antecedents from any one who cared to know them; at least so much of them as he knew, for the child is indeed wise who knows his autobiography from the beginning.

One autumn evening the wind was blowing more roughly even than usual over the high, flat table-land that looks down upon and over one of the richest plains in all England. It whistled through the short, dry grass as if to shave yet more closely the barren downs already left almost bare by the black-faced flocks they had to feed. Where the cold wind was blowing now, it was always windy and always cold; and no wonder, for there was nothing but a line of low walls, built roughly of unhewn stone, to keep the wind from even the most shorn of lambs. Trees were conspicuous for

their absence, and so were houses. All that was to be seen of the presence of man was a succession of shallow stone-quarries along one side of a road that reached across the downs as straight as if it had been driven by Cæsar's legions, as indeed it may have been.

It was afternoon, or rather early evening, and the scud, flying rapidly across the gray-blue of the sky, was being followed by slower and heavier clouds. It was neither place nor weather for a dog, or for any one indeed who was not near home, and to be near any kind of home seemed out of the question. But there are people in the world who are lucky if they have to tramp along the roads in nothing worse than dogs' weather. The woman now passing by the quarries must be one of them.

She is no common-looking vagrant either; yet a vagrant she must be, for she is no countrywoman. She strides along as though used to walking, and almost with the free stride of a man, the more easily as her skirts are drawn up nearly to her knees. She is tall and meagre, but broad-shouldered and strong; her dress — a voluminous dark-blue cloak and straw-bonnet — plain, but of good material and whole. Her face is that of a plain woman of about middle age, with harsh, high features, dark complexion, dark, grizzled hair, and dark, keen eyes. She goes straight forward, only occasionally glancing to right and left, but never at the threatening sky. Her arms held something folded tightly in her cloak — plainly a child from the way she carried it, but not from any other visible sign.

After a long, straight mile or two, during which the clouds had been gathering more thickly, and the wind had risen into a continued howl as it struggled against her, she arrived at a sign-post where the road was crossed by another, not so smooth or broad. Here she paused, as if considering her way. She did not look at the sign-post, however, though its directions were plain to read. Going to the right-hand edge of the road, she stooped down and examined the ground with her eyes.

After a little groping, she found three small twigs tied together with an end of string, and kept with a stone from being blown away or disturbed. She did not touch them, however, but rose up again and struck into one of the cross-roads, which led slightly down-hill.

At first it descended very slightly indeed; then it began to become broken, rough, and deep-rutted, and then steeper. The table-land, flat as it is, is broken here and there by bottoms, over which the eye passes in taking a distant view, and this was one of them. The wind also swept over it, leaving it sheltered; but of course, for the same reason, the darkness came on more quickly.

What she came to next will be easily conjectured by those who, in the little bundle of twigs, have already recognized what is termed *Gaano*.

This was in England. But if you travel over the steppes of Russia, over the plains of Hungary or Poland, through Spain, Germany, or Sweden, even through Persia or Tartary, you may find the same thing called by the same strange word — unless indeed it is called *Patron*. It is to be looked for where roads diverge; and when found you may know yourself to be not far from those who laid it there and to whom the name belongs. Had this woman been a thousand miles away she would have looked for and directed her course by the same sign, so meaningless to uninitiated eyes, even if observed.

The glow of a large fire shone in the lowest part of the bottom, where grew also a few ragged and weather-beaten fir-trees. As she approached nearer, she gave a long, low whistle, answered by a lurcher that bounded towards her with a sullen and angry growl, and by a gruff voice that called back the dog roughly. But she had herself pacified the watch-dog, who contented himself with leaping up as if curious about her burden.

She soon arrived at the entrance of the low tent, beside which was an old cart, while a shaggy-looking donkey was looking for thistles hard by. The owner of the dog, an ill-conditioned middle-aged man, with black eyes, yellow face, and rough beard, was stretched on his back by the fire, smoking a short, black clay pipe. Over the embers hung the inevitable pot from its improvised tripod, and gave forth a steaming promise of good things brewing within.

The man, without touching his pipe, pulled himself together, and stared. She might pass in the twilight for a farmer's wife; and the conscience of a wanderer who is about to sup on poultry is not apt to be very clear towards farmers' wives. So to stare in silence and let her pass by was, perhaps, the best thing he could do.

But she did not pass by. She brought herself face to face with the man, who brought himself to his elbow.

"*Romana. Na hi tut yaka?*" she asked, in a sharp tone. The words sounded strange in English air; but the man understood them to mean, "Have you no eyes?"

There is always one moment at which the self-consciousness of a child is born. Generally it wakes but for that one moment, and in the next becomes dormant again, perhaps for years. But that moment, so Harold Vaughan used to maintain after midnight, is always remembered even if it comes years before the intellectual life fairly sets in. It is by no means uncommon for children to remember some scene, or word, or face, from so early an age as to make such an effort of memory seem

impossible, and to be set down as a caprice of imagination, or as a confused dream. The fire, the dog, and the old man with the yellow face made up the first picture in the life of Harold Vaughan.

"*Dzion!*" exclaimed the man. "*Kohn 'hi? Kohn kamaha? Han amende? Na fasti meishanyum. Tam 'hi quento. Sunta!*" he called out loudly, "*Af acri! na fasti sunulha?*"

It may be well supposed that the sudden flash that brought its first ray of life to the child's mind, and brought it into contact with the outer world, did not carry the meaning of unknown tongues, even dreamwise, into its once more sleeping soul. To the nurse they meant, —

"Wonderful! What's up? What do you want? You are one of us? I did not make you out. But it's all right. Sunta! Come out! Can't you hear?"

Apparently, however, Sunta could hear well enough; at all events a woman came out of the tent, who might, to all appearance, have been the man's twin sister. She was just as ill-conditioned, just as yellow, and just as black-eyed. But, while he was dressed in ragged velveteen and corduroys, as if he were a gamekeeper turned poacher, she was set off in all the glory of a scarlet hood, thrown back from her coal-black hair, and a pair of ear-rings that looked like gold.

As the scene died from the child's mind into nothingness, and the strange Eastern-sounding words no longer rested even for a moment in his ears, there is no need to continue the talk of these three in their own jargon. It is enough to say that they might have conversed as safely in a room full of listeners as among the barren hills. For those who speak their tongue, walls have no ears.

The visitor sat down gravely by the fire, while the man re-lighted his pipe in the ashes, and Sunta stirred the contents of the pot with a long ladle. Then she laid the child in her lap, so that it might be seen plainly.

"You wonder who I am," she said. "You see what I am — a good *Romani* like yourselves. I have come from far to find the tents. But this is a strange child. See here — he has flaxen hair and blue eyes."

Sunta looked at the poor little sleeping thing, and touched its face slightly with her slender fingers.

"It is not yours then? Ah! it is of some *Reiah*, some gentleman. 'That is plain to see."

"You are right; it is the child of a gentleman."

"It is a pretty child, and big and strong, too. But go your way, sister. My man is but just out of jail."

"You think I'm followed, maybe? Not I. Look at its clothes — all real lace; they sell it like that for a guinea a yard. And look at the coral — real gold; that would look well round your throat, *miri pen*."

The man was enjoying his pipe in silence, but his filmy eyes seemed to listen, instead of his ears.

"And only think — there's no one to offer a reward. Would I speak lies to my own people? I am the only one in the world that knows of this child."

The woman shook her head.

"It's ill meddling with these things," she said. "They say the law's harder on the kinchin lay than used to be."

"Hold your tongue, Sunta," growled the man. "What do you know about the law? So that's real lace? and real gold? It's a bonny child."

"As real as real. And look — there's legs and shoulders for you. It's a bonny child, and will be a bonny man. Hear it, how strong it cries! Listen, *miri pen*: there's many a man and wife this day without chick or child, that would pay a hundred guineas in good red gold for one that was but half as bonny, and cowed but half as loud. And a boy, too!"

"I know my sister would not speak lies to her own people," said Sunta, with a deepening look of cunning in her eyes. "Why, then, does not my sister sell the little *Reiah*, if she knows the way?"

"Why do not I? Because I hate the *Buro* brat! Because I would not soil my hands with the gold it would bring — because I would crush the life out of it if I dared. Ah! I am a good *Romani*, and I love many things beyond gold. Listen, my sister; would you take gold to be avenged? 'What is taught us by our fathers?' she went on passionately. "'Be faithful to thy people: wed not with the stranger.' What did they in old time to the law-breaker? They burned her with fire."

Incoherent as were her words, their sudden energy awed her two hearers who were probably not much in the habit of looking for connection of ideas. It was enough for them that she had a motive with which they could sympathize, for there is no untamed race, however degraded it may be, that does not consider vengeance to be tainted by gain. A profitable *vendetta* is a refinement of civilization.

She was no common wandering gypsy, that was plain, though so familiar with their language and their ways. Though obviously of humble rank, unrefined in speech, and coarse in appearance, to them she was a lady, if only for her clothes' sake; and thus, being at the same time one of themselves and eloquent in their own style, gifted with a right to rule. It was from such as she that the wandering tribes used to choose their queens.

"My sister," she went on, "what would you do to the child of him who wronged you? Would you sell it even for a thousand pounds?"

The other exchanged a single glance, while the child, awakened and frightened by his nurse's energy, began to cry more loudly than before.

She made no attempt to soothe it, but looked towards Sunta with commanding eyes. Then the man sat up, and the child, seeing his hideous face through the firelight, covered its eyes, but became cowed into silence.

"*Hi questo* — it is well," he said, nodding across to his wife. "*E rani na kamela rupa* — the lady does not care for any money."

So Sunta put out her arms and took the child. It was not without a struggle on its part, but Sunta's arms were strong.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GROTE AND MR. BABBAGE.

BY LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

THE two distinguished men whose names are prefixed to this article are associated together merely by reason of the accident that their lamented deaths occurred at nearly the same time. It seemed desirable to record a few personal details respecting them, before those details were forgotten. Such a record, compressed into a short article, must needs be desultory; and this is especially the case in regard to Mr. Grote, in proportion as my materials concerning him are less scanty. Others have a better claim to comment on those materials, and to testify to the historian's vast range of knowledge, and ready use of that knowledge; and, above all, to his signal endowment with that chivalrous and old-fashioned courtesy which charms us where it is genuine, but which the rising generation finds it hard to imitate, without betraying the effort of imitation.

I. MR. GROTE.

In recording my recollections of Mr. Grote, I am anxious to explain that I have been careful to divulge nothing which could possibly have been meant as confidential. As a precaution against doing this unwittingly, I have submitted my manuscript to those who have a right to speak authoritatively on the subject; and I take the opportunity of expressing my thanks for the permission kindly granted me to publish the following memoranda.

When I had the pleasure of paying Mr. Grote a visit at Barrow Green early in 1862, Sir George C. Lewis's "*Astronomy of the Ancients*" had just appeared, and Mr. Grote spoke much about its author, with whom he felt great sympathy. He was much struck with what Lewis says about the uncertainty of the interpretations of hieroglyphics (I believe that Macaulay had been sceptical on the same subject); and, with characteristic candor, he admitted the force of the doubts expressed as to the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, although these doubts were opposed to the view which had been taken in the "*History of Greece*." On the other hand, when Lewis (page 444) expressed doubts as to the antiquity of man, and thought that the finding of the "celts" along with the remains of extinct mammalia might be owing to those extinct animals having been subsequently destroyed by man, Mr. Grote thought that this strange excess of scepticism arose from a "confusion of thought." Also, some years later, when I consulted Mr. Grote on an article that I was writing on "*Longevity*," for the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Grote told me that he regarded Lewis's scepticism on that subject (*i. e.*, whether any one had ever reached the age of 110) as unreasonable. Mr. Grote, as is well known, thoroughly agreed with Lewis as to the slight value to be attached to early traditions; I understood him to say that he doubted whether there was any ground for the belief that Troy had existed. Another historian of our own time, of whom Mr. Grote always spoke with extreme respect, was Mr. Buckle. Mr. Grote said he was indignant at the way in which Mr. Buckle was attacked for making such a great number of quotations and references; and he thought that there was much exaggeration as to his

inaccuracies. He mentioned incidentally, to illustrate the variety of Mr. Buckle's accomplishments, that he was a first-rate chess player, and could play with his back to the board. He even spoke in high terms of Mr. Buckle's style, which he regarded as "one of the best and freest from the reigning defects." By this last term he said that he meant especially the continual aim at smartness. On being asked how far Macaulay was liable to such a charge, he said that he considered Macaulay's style as an extreme instance of it. With some other contemporary historians he sympathized less. Dr. Merivale he thought too much addicted to a glorification of the Cæsars. He naturally brought a similar charge against the work of the Emperor Napoleon; though he considered the Emperor quite sincere and earnest in his Cæsarism. I asked him whether he did not consider that Roman freedom was practically extinct before the time of Julius Cæsar. He said that, although under Marius and Sulla liberty was in so many respects put down, there was more freedom of speech allowed than under Cæsar.

He was very jealous of the tendency to construct historical hypotheses and speculations, and to give plausible explanations of historical phenomena, concerning which we have not sufficient data. With this excessive "use of the imagination" (if I may so apply Professor Tyndall's phrase) in history, he charged Mommsen. He thought that the latter, though his position was carefully distinguished from that of Niebuhr, was scarcely less defective in this respect than Niebuhr himself. On similar grounds he differed from those who treat sociology as an approximately exact science, and who regard history as a soluble theorem and as a compound of a few simple factors. Thus, while feeling great admiration for Comte, he said that both Comte and Buckle take too little account of what may be termed the accidents of history; indeed, he went so far as to say (differing therein from the view somewhere expressed by Mr. Mill) that he thought Comte's historical survey the least instructive portion of Comte's great work. Mr. Grote's opinions on this subject are stated in a very kind letter which he wrote to me respecting my paper on "*Historical Prediction*." I should mention, that that paper was written after discussing the subject with Mr. Grote; and it expresses, I believe, his views exactly. In the article are embodied two statements derived from Mr. Grote: first, that Napoleon, after Tilsit, might have produced a great and permanent effect on the world; secondly, that the geocentric theory was once as firmly held as the heliocentric now is; so that, even in the exacter sciences (*à fortiori* in sociology), we must not claim infallibility or immunity from criticism.

From Mr. Grote's opinions about historians I will now pass to his opinions about poets. He spoke to me of Lord Derby's Homer (though at the time he had not read it through) as undoubtedly a very "credible" work; but I understood him to say that, until a translation has been written on entirely a new method, we had better content ourselves with Pope. I asked him respecting what seems to so many readers (myself included) the great merit of Swinburne's "*Atalanta in Calydon*" as an imitation of an early Greek play. Mr. Grote did not take the same view; but said that the best English substitute for a Greek tragedy he considered to be "*Samson Agonistes*." On being asked about a reaction which was thought to be setting in against the extreme admiration felt for "*Paradise Lost*" by the last generation, he spoke of the poem as being unquestionably a very unequal one; but he admired extremely its earlier portions, especially that portion where the scene lies in Pandæmonium. He said that his favorite English poets were Milton, Dryden, and (I think) Pope. He admitted that there were no doubt "very fine passages" in Shakespeare; but, owing to the inferiority of other parts, he did not class Shakespeare with those I have named. He had no toleration of the obscure poetry of the present day. I told him that a distinguished friend and contemporary of his own, agreeing with him in this, had likened the poetry of our day to some poetry in the decline of the classical period, and augured no good from the re-

semblance. Mr. Grote said that, on the contrary, he thought the poetry of Claudian clear, and liked it much better than that of our day. At the same time, he seemed to me to feel rather painfully his want of sympathy with the poetic tastes of the rising generation. He said, somewhat gloomily, that he supposed that Tennyson and Browning must supply a want, as people appeared to like them so much; and he seemed to be hoping against hope that the bad taste was his own, and that the taste of the age was not becoming vitiated.

This tendency to take an unsanguine view of the future naturally exhibited itself in regard to politics. It might at first sight seem strange that such should have been the case with an advanced Liberal, in whose youth were agitated the reforms which since have been, or are being, carried out. Nor was this unhopefulness connected with physical weakness and depression; for Mr. Grote told me, some years ago, that his health had always been good. And yet I have been informed that, except for a short time after the first Reform Bill, this foreboding was habitual to him. It may have been that his own great elevation, both intellectual and moral, raised his ideal and made him more sensitive to the shortcomings of all around. I will merely add, on this subject, that I understood him, though not very confident as to the effects of Reform, to desire the extension of the franchise on principle. On principle, also, he desired the enfranchisement of women. I once asked him whether he did not think that, intellectually as physically, the average woman is inferior to the average man, so that the enfranchisement of women would lower the level of intelligence among the electors. He replied that he thought, with Plato, that in intellect, as in other respects, a first-class man is superior to a first-class woman, and a second-class man to a second-class woman; but that a first-class woman might be better than a second-class man; and it seemed to him unjust that the sex should be disfranchised.

In regard to the American Civil War, Mr. Grote was not as thorough a Northerner as Mr. Mill and some others; and he told me, in general terms, that he agreed less completely with the political than with the philosophical, or, as he particularly said, the "logical," writings of his illustrious friend. Nor did he altogether take Mr. Mill's view about Jamaica. On this point he expressed to me an opinion directly the opposite of that of the late Mr. Charles Buxton. He thought it important that the question should be tried; and he approved of the capital charge against the governor, as being apparently the only effectual means of trying it; but, when the capital charge had failed, he held that the prosecution of Mr. Eyre on the minor charges was a course needlessly vexatious to one whose motives had been patriotic.

In social matters Mr. Grote was probably a more thorough reformer than in politics. I asked him whether he did not think that there were drawbacks to the classics forming part of female education, in consequence of the peculiar matter of all sorts that abounds in them. He, however, attached no weight to the difficulty, and disapproved of the state of public opinion on this subject. It seemed to him desirable that the whole range of social phenomena should be brought under general discussion; and he considered the omission of an important part of human nature from ordinary conversation as absurd as would be (to use his own phrase) "the omission of hydrogen from chemistry." I wanted to know whether this discussion was to lead to many reforms, such as marriage with the deceased wife's sister. I will not report Mr. Grote's remarks on the subject in full; but I will merely say, that not only was he in favor of this measure, but he thought some of the existing restrictions on marriage, on the ground of consanguinity, unnecessary. On being asked whether frequent intermarriages might not tend to the injury of the race, he said that, assuming this to be so, less harm was to be apprehended from such intermarriages than from marrying into a consumptive family — which public opinion permits. He expressed an emphatic opinion (which of course he held with due qualifications) that we are too ready to sacrifice the known wishes of living persons to the possible interest

of an unborn issue. He, however, added that, though the State had no right to prohibit such marriages, it was another question whether, individually, one might not prefer abstaining from them. I was already under the impression that he was in favor of relaxations of the law of Divorce, and I took the opportunity of asking his opinion more precisely. I will merely say that he met the popular objection based on the conditions required for the proper education of the children, by urging that it might be better for the latter to be brought up independently than for them to have to live with parents who were always quarrelling. On being asked whether married persons did not become more easily reconciled to each other's defects through knowing that the bond was to be lifelong, he replied that, in other matters, we do not consider this a sufficient reason for making bonds perpetual. A prisoner for life, he said, would, if a sensible man, make the best of his lot; but it does not follow that an imprisonment for a shorter period would not be preferred.

I have hardly anything to say about Mr. Grote's opinions on scientific subjects. He was, of course, a strong Evolutionist; and he spoke to me in high terms of Professor Huxley's "Place of Man in Nature." On my telling him of a scientific man of some eminence who, while recognizing Darwinism up to a certain point, thought the theory inadequate to account for the structure of the eye, Mr. Grote treated this as one of the numerous instances in which the adepts in the special sciences seem to lack the aptitude for wide generalization.

Respecting Mr. Grote's very interesting remarks on Theology, I will say but little, and that little shall relate chiefly to his negative opinions — I mean, to the opinions which he did not hold. He had no sympathy whatever with Comte's "Religion of Humanity," which he considered an entire departure from the principles of the *Philosophie Positive*; he told me of the good saying about the Comtist creed, "There is no God, and Auguste Comte is his prophet." I called his attention to a passage in which Comte speaks about "the real or ideal founder" of the great system which Comte, and other assailants, call by the euphemism, or dysphemism, of Catholicism; and I asked whether a doubt was suggested as to the existence of such a person. He said that, for himself, he could conceive no reasonable doubt on the subject. On the other hand, he had a strong sense of the weakness of the logic of what may be termed Clerical Rationalism; indeed, he had a sort of *timeo Danans* feeling about the authors of this half-way movement, and he had only a partial sympathy even with Sterling. As a specimen of Mr. Grote's view on this subject, and of the way in which he applied the principle of "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," I will mention a curious conversation which he told me he had had with Dean Milman. Bishop Colenso has raised some difficulty about the sewage of the Hebrew camp in the wilderness. Some orthodox apologist seems to have answered that the manna (and, I suppose, the quails) may have been so formed as to do away with the necessity of sewage. The Dean spoke of this answer as very absurd. Mr. Grote replied that he could not agree with him; for, on the hypothesis, he should expect that the miracle would be made complete, and that, if the food was supernaturally supplied, the refuse would be supernaturally either rendered innocuous or removed.

Mr. Grote, as appears from his "History," was a firm believer in the mythopoetic tendency of the human mind, and in the facility with which the founders and apostles of the wildest religious systems believe in themselves. He extended this view even to the founder of Mormonism. On my calling his attention to the passage in which Mr. Mill, in his book on "Liberty," speaks of that superstition as founded on a palpable imposture, he told me that he doubted whether even such a man as Joseph Smith may not in some sort have believed in his own divine mission. For Smith, as Mr. Grote remarked, could bear Paley's test, and was willing to confront martyrdom. Mr. Grote lent to me Dr. Giles's "Christian Records," which he recommended as one of the best handbooks concerning early

Christianity and the Canon of the New Testament. He did not always agree with the author; but he liked the way in which, besides many judicious criticisms, the *ipsisima verba* of the various authorities, both pagan and Christian, are given within a short space.

I have understood that it was at the suggestion of Mr. James Mill that Mr. Grote first thought of writing his History; and there seems to be no doubt that it was partly through the influence of Mr. James Mill, and of the other followers of Bentham (who is said to have called poetry "misrepresentation in verse"), that Mr. Grote labored to repress his naturally strong imaginative faculty,¹ and wrote in a style clear and forcible, but studiously unadorned. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this circumstance that he, as I have said, preferred the simple but rather unformed and diffuse style of Buckle to the style of Macaulay. But he approved of the latter's elaborate grammatical correctness. The question was asked of Mr. Grote whether he thought that Macaulay was pedantic in this, that he, at least in his later works, always tries to avoid ending a sentence with a preposition (for example, if writing in prose, instead of using such a phrase as Shakespeare's "shocks that flesh is heir to," he would probably have spoken of "the shocks to which flesh is heir"). A very experienced writer who was present, suggested that this use of the final preposition is idiomatic in English, and is of great advantage to us in forcible expression. But Mr. Grote, while recognizing the convenience of so placing the preposition, said that he preferred, when possible, to use some other construction.

Mr. Grote, thoroughly agreeing with what Mr. Mill has said in his "Inaugural Lecture at St. Andrews" in praise of Quintilian, spoke with admiration of the latter's great work, which is so strangely omitted from our University curriculum. He also thought that it would be useful if all of us, when young, were to bestow more pains on the cultivation of the vocal organs; and a young friend who, on account of a vocal impediment, studied with an elocutionist, he good-humoredly compared to Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was diligent "with a *phonascus*."

In conclusion, I will give three extracts from letters that I received from Mr. Grote. The first of them relates to the accidents of history, and illustrates his opinions on sociology, of which I have spoken. He is writing about the sixteenth century: "Only turn to the regal family of England. If Prince Arthur had lived, and Henry VIII., as younger brother, had become Archbishop of Canterbury; if Edward VI. had lived, and had children; if Mary had lived, and had had a son by Philip; if Mary Queen of Scots had had a brother or two to keep up the succession of Scotch kings—all these events are as much in the nature of accident as any events can be, yet upon all of them the most important consequences turned." The next passage relates to the Franco-German war, and indicates one of the many points on which Mr. Grote was at issue with some of his philosophical friends: "The experience of the last few months has shown how powerful the bellicose passions are in Europe, and how narrow and easily crossed the *πολιμὸν γέφυρα* is. The provokers of the war have in this case been the principal sufferers in the end; but our public press has been so impatient at the neutrality of England, and so furious to assert what is called the *dignity* of England by active, dictatorial intermeddling, that nothing except the wise and admirable moderation of the present English Ministry has prevented the war from becoming general. The horrors and sufferings of war are fine themes to talk about, and to serve as a prospectus for charitable subscriptions; but it is plain that they operate very faintly as deterrent motives." In another letter he expressed the following opinion about egotism: "It is agreeable to me when a man talking to me will talk about himself. It is the topic which he knows most about, and which I can hardly know from any other quarter. Of course he may talk about himself in a tiresome way, or to excess; but so he may about any other topic. When a

man either talks or writes his own personal experiences, you are pretty sure to learn something; and if he does not know how to make *these* interesting to hearers, he will hardly know how to make outlying matters interesting. Personally, I dislike talking about myself; but I am rather pleased than otherwise when others in talking with me throw off that reserve. A brilliant talker like Macaulay might be expected to feel impatient of egotism in others; but those who are more content to listen than he was, will hardly share the same impatience."

II. MR. BABBAGE.

I made Mr. Babbage's acquaintance shortly before Mr. Grote's, in the autumn of 1861; and, on the whole, I probably saw as much of the one as of the other. But I have less to write about Mr. Babbage; for ever since I first knew him, though he still retained much power of thought, he had lost the faculty of arranging his ideas, and of recalling them at will. Indeed, he gave this as one reason for the vehement war which he waged against street-organs. It was not merely that he hated music—though he did this thoroughly—but also because it often happened that, when his mind was big with some weighty idea, an organ-grinder began, and the idea vanished.

To the ordinary Englishman Mr. Babbage's name merely suggests a hazy conglomeration of calculating machines and street-musicians. And this is because he effected nothing very definite; but was always what Lord Dalling called Sir James Mackintosh, a man of promise. Macaulay mentions several generals, including William III., who, though often on the losing side, have yet earned a great reputation; and I think it is Hazlitt who says that we judge of men, not by what they do, but by what they are. In this way, men of science, while regarding Mr. Babbage as a great man almost wasted, never doubted that he was a great man, and took his powers on trust. Of course it may be urged that his life was not wholly barren, as he wrote a Bridgewater Treatise, and invented a calculating machine. It may, however, be doubted whether either of these was in all respects worthy of him. The machine certainly engrossed a very large portion of his time; and, what was worse, irritation at the real or supposed disparagement of it embittered his whole life. He used to speak as if he hated mankind in general, England in particular, and the English government and organ-grinders most of all. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there was something harmless, and even kindly, in his misanthropy; for (always excepting the musicians) he hated mankind rather than man, and his aversion was lost in its own generality. This hatred of the aggregate, combined with a love of individuals, is well illustrated by an anecdote wholly unconnected with Mr. Babbage. It is said that, some time ago, an Oxford Don, noted for his good wine, invited to dinner the then Dean and Canons of Christ Church. The wine gave general satisfaction, until a new kind was brought round, which all were expected to drink, but which no one seemed to appreciate. "You liked all my wines separately," said the host, "but I have now mixed them together, and you dislike the compound. Just so, individually, you are my best friends; but, when you act collectively, you are the most detestable set of men I know!"² Possibly, a somewhat similar distinction may have been made by Mr. Babbage in regard to his likes and dislikes. Nor should the combination seem incredible to those who remember that Shakespeare has described a character much resembling this; for, in truth, Mr. Babbage was a mathematical Timon.

It is, however, probable that the gloom which overshadowed his life was partly due to other causes, even if it was not in the main constitutional. He told me that during the

¹ I was surprised to hear from one of his oldest friends that, when young, Mr. Grote had it in him to be a great poet; and that, but for Mr. James Mill's influence, he would possibly have become one.

² Some years ago a near relative of the writer, on his way to America, met an American farmer, who liked the English so much that he had gone all the way to England to choose a wife. The same man had invented a reaping-machine, and so strong was his feeling of national antipathy that he had never mentioned the subject in England, not even to his future wife's relations. Was not this a mode of distinguishing between a nation and its inhabitants?

many long years that he had lived alone, he had never known a happy day. Doubtless an extreme statement of this sort is not to be taken too literally; at any rate, it most fortunately was not realized in practice. Indeed, Mr. Babbage, though he hated life, was a remarkable illustration of Mr. Tennyson's rather hazardous statement that —

"No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death."

George Eliot, with her characteristic knowledge of human nature, has described Casaubon, who was ill and wretched, and who, according to his theories, should have had a desire to depart, but who was nevertheless dumfounded when he was made to realize that he must die, and die soon. Mr. Babbage had not much in common with Casaubon; but he too, unhappy as he was, still restlessly clung to life, and indeed took at least one singular precaution against risking it. He thought it safer to travel as near the centre of a train as might be; and he made it a rule to avoid the first and last carriages at any inconvenience. I remember being with him when, on this account, he was almost obliged to give up going by an express train, although he would otherwise have had to wait some hours at the station, and to reach his home in the damp of an autumn evening. To the same effect I may repeat an interesting remark of his, which showed that, though he did not set much store by the remainder of his life, he regarded it as a boon rather than the reverse. I heard him say more than once, that he would gladly give up this remainder, if he could be allowed to live three days, 500 years hence, and might be provided with a scientific *cicerone*, who should explain to him the discoveries that had been made since his death. He judged that the progress to be recorded would be immense; for, as he said, science tends to go on, not merely with a great, but with a constantly increasing rapidity.

And here I may remark that he seemed always to take a confident view about human progress, which Mr. Grote somehow did not. This was the more singular as Mr. Babbage was by far the less happy man of the two; and we are all disposed to see the world through our own medium, so that the eyes of an unhappy man often become jaundiced, and make him a prophet of ill. Also, Mr. Grote, as we have seen, was to the last a sweeping reformer, and reformers might be expected to be in high spirits respecting this very reforming age. Mr. Babbage, on the other hand, went the way of almost all flesh, by becoming half a Conservative as he grew old. How was it then that, in spite of this, and in spite of his being gloomy about himself, he was yet sanguine about his fellows? One reason probably was that, as a man of science, he inclined to be more hopeful than others, even than philosophers; for, while the philosopher laments that mankind falls short of his ideal, and that the course of history will not run in his own groove, to the scientific man the belief in progress becomes a second nature, until, as it were, by faith he sees in temporary and local evil merely a zigzag path towards the final goal of good.

In reference to the probable direction of scientific progress, I have heard Mr. Babbage make some interesting, though desultory, remarks. It seemed possible to him to obtain an exact record of the succession of hot and cold years for long periods in by-gone ages. His plan was as follows: Among the stumps of trees in some ancient forests, he proposed to select one in which both the number and the size of the rings that have been annually produced were clearly marked. He would write down the succession of hot and cool summers as marked in this tree, assuming that the larger the ring in each case, the hotter has been the summer. He then proposed to examine other trees of about the same date, until he found some which recorded a series of hot and cold seasons, exactly similar to that which he had already noted down, and until the series extended far enough for him to be sure that the resemblance was not accidental, but that he had before him a natural register of the same seasons which had been recorded in the first tree. As some of these trees would be somewhat older than the

first tree, while others would have survived it, he considered that it would be possible, so to say, to piece out the information obtained from one tree by means of the others; and that, after examining a great number of trees, his record of warm and cold seasons might be extended at both ends almost indefinitely. The above is a good specimen of the disjointed information which one obtained from him. Indeed, it was from odds and ends of this sort that one had to form an impression of what he had been; just as from a few broken pieces of pottery an archæologist draws a picture of the original vase.

A yet more curious instance of the same kind may be given in regard to the views he expressed about the capacities of calculating machines. Not merely did he think that such machines could work out sums, but even that they might be so constructed as to perform the most complex processes of mathematics. He went so far as to say that they might give the proofs of mathematical theorems. Without expressing any personal opinion on this last point, I may indicate how very much the statement involves. For certain mathematical theorems have two or more proofs already discovered, besides probably others as yet undiscovered. In regard to these cases there will be a sort of Sadducean difficulty; for as the various proofs, like the seven husbands, have about an equal claim, the machine (if I may use a pardonable Irishism) will have to make up its mind to give an invidious preference, unless it thinks it more impartial to give a turn to each in succession. Mr. Babbage also held that a machine might be made which would play games of skill, such as chess. He of course did not mean by this merely that it could perform the part of the automaton, and register the moves of an unseen player; but he held that it might take the place of the player, and find out perfect play by itself. On my showing signs of incredulity, he added that he could prove this to be the case in respect of a simple game, such as Tit-tat-to; and between Tit-tat-to and chess the difference would be one only of degree: if a comparatively simple machine could discover perfect play, and therefore provide against the possible moves of an adversary, in the easier game, was there anything absurd in the supposition that a far more complicated machine might take into account the immense variety of the manoeuvres at chess? It thus appears that, according to Mr. Babbage, machines might be made to find out perfect play at chess, though the united labors of so many generations of players have as yet failed to discover it. But, if the ingenuity of machines can so far surpass the ingenuity of miserable mortals in one department, why not in others? On this supposition, do not future generations seem likely to realize in a new and almost literal sense, the old saying, *Deus ex machina*? Or, at any rate, is the author of Erewhon far wrong when he says that at length men and machines will have to change places, and that, instead of men employing machinery, machines will end by employing "machinery"?

I will close this article with two anecdotes of a lighter kind; the former of which I heard indirectly, the latter from Mr. Babbage himself.

He is said to have complained that he had caught cold at dinner from mistaking a plate glass window behind him for an open one; and then to have illustrated the power of imagination by adding that, on finding himself at a strange house without his night-cap, he had been able perfectly to replace it by tying a piece of string round his head. Would he have carried this reasoning further, and, after substituting a few pieces of string for his ordinary clothes, have defied the inclemency of the weather?

The anecdote which Mr. Babbage himself told me, as personally interesting to me, relates to a visit which he paid, when young, to that most mournfully fascinating of places, Ham House, near Richmond; where the bounty of Lauderdale and others has amassed countless treasures of all sorts,¹ which now lie buried and forgotten, like the "un-

¹ Macaulay ascribes "the more than Italian luxury of Ham" to Lauderdale, who held Ham House in right of his wife. The room is still shown where the Cabal Ministry used to meet. It was to Ham that James II. was first told to retire on the arrival of William.

alued jewels" which, in Clarence's dream, lay at the bottom of the sea. To this enchanted palace of desolation Mr. Babbage obtained admission, along with a large party, one of whom was a Dutch baron, and another an Indian prince. It was understood that the prince was to be shown over Ham by a daughter of the house, who was, not beautiful merely, but rich; but some of the visitors, including Mr. Babbage and the baron, were left under charge of the housekeeper. This last part of the arrangement was unknown to the Dutchman; who surprised his companions by the persistent eagerness with which he kept close to his conductor. At last, on turning a corner, they saw him on his knees, proposing in broken English to the astonished housekeeper; while she was in vain trying to explain to him that he had mistaken the object of his courtship, as she herself was not the heiress.

SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL.

Place. — STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Time. — THE 25TH OF APRIL, 1616.

SCENE IV. — *The inside of the Church.*

Raleigh. I have seen many a great cathedral, both in England and abroad, holding the bones of kings and saints and heroes; but never one that enshrines dust so sacred as all this we stand in.

Drayton. 'Tis a fair church, and our poet might find any a less fitting resting-place than amid these pillars and arches, with the plash of Avon for requiem. Yonder, before the altar, yawns the dark portal through which he will pass out of our sphere. (*They approach the grave.*) What wealth of ripened thought will be summed up here! what world of promise is the future robbed of! This grave divides us not from one man, but from unnumbered men and women that might have taught and delighted us; it engulfs not one life but a multitude of unacted lives with their passions and vicissitudes; here will pass away not a solitary figure but a pageant. It may be that, so long as time hath dominion here, he will never spare such another spirit to eternity.

Raleigh. Here doth the poet fulfil the prophecy he made through the mouth of Prospero, that other enchanter: —

"I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms of the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book!"

[*Chanting heard in the distance.*]

Drayton. Those choristers tell us that he is on his last journey; let us go meet the funeral train.

[*They pass out into the porch. The funeral approaches the gate of the churchyard. The Beadles walk first, the Choristers, in white robes, and the Minister follow, preceding the Coffin; then the Mourners, two and two, each bearing a branch of yew, cypress, or rosemary in one hand, a taper in the other. As the Choristers enter the churchyard they begin to sing the following: —*]

FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

Part of our hearts thou bear'st with thee
To silence and to dust,
Fond hopes that now must withered be,
Unfading love and trust;
So thou wilt lie not all alone
Beneath thy monumental stone.

II.

No echoes of this fretful world,
No glimmer of the day,
Can reach thee, in thy shroud ensurled,
Thou canst not hear us pray,
Nor cease our tears, nor heed'st our moan,
Beneath thy monumental stone.

III.

The good thou didst thy brother here,
The evil put aside,
The victory gained o'er sloth and fear,
O'er avarice, hate, and pride,
These make the wealth thou still canst own
Above thy monumental stone.

IV.

With these for warrant thou shalt go
Where sorrows enter not;
Still new thy paths, when here below
Thy sculptured name's forgot,
The roof decayed, the grasses grown
Above thy monumental stone.

Raleigh. Methinks, Master Drayton, these verses might better befit some good husband and father of the common sort, than Shakespeare, whose glorious intellect, shining through his works, is his indefeasible title to remembrance. To sing of him thus, is to speak of a falcon and say nought of her wings; to commend behemoth for other qualities than his strength; to sum up Cæsar and forget his universal empire.

Drayton. It is apparent, Walter, that these good citizens believe they have in hand one who differs from them only in that his steps have lain in paths apart from theirs, even as an ostrich differs from a swan in strangeness rather than in excellence. Therefore it may seem to them that this hymn, which hath, doubtless, heralded many an honest alderman to his grave, may also serve very well for Shakespeare.

Raleigh. Tell me of the mourners: who is she that stoops her long hood so low between her taper and her branch of rosemary?

Drayton. His daughter, Mistress Hall; beside whom walks her husband. Next, with flushed, tear-bedewed face (yet with a corner of an eye to beholders, methinks), his other and younger daughter, the buxom Judith, married, 'tis two months since, to that comfortable vintner, Master Quiney, who trieth vainly to cover his natural contentment with a decorous mask of woe.

Raleigh. And who handleth his taper and his branch as 'twere a bottle and a glass. Sir Thomas and Master Thynne I already know; but who are the next?

Drayton. He with the shrewd pale face and bushy eyebrows is Julius Shaw, with whom walks jovial William Reynolds — both friends and neighbors of Shakespeare; and after them come two other of his friends, — Antony Nash, whose face of gloom is the endowment of nature, and lendeth poignancy to his many jests — and Thomas Combe, son of John-a-Combe. The pair that follow are Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the god-parents of Shakespeare's twin-children. And marked you the austere aspect of the minister? he is one of the Puritan sort,¹ much thought of by the Halls, out of favor to whom he comes, doubtless, to do this office. The rest be town dignities, as aldermen and burgesses, and other townsfolk.

[*The Procession passes into the church, Drayton and Raleigh joining it, and the service begins. After prayers at the grave, the Minister preaches a short sermon, which ends in this wise: —*]

"So, friends, having essayed to draw from the presence of death in our midst some matter for edification, I will speak a word of this particular brother who hath departed, dwelling, as is at these seasons the custom, chiefly on what may do him grace, and serve to sweeten his memory in the nostrils of those whom he hath left still in the bonds of the flesh. And, first, of the fountain of his charities — it hath been known in Stratford for a perennial spring, abundant in refreshment to the poor, and in counsel and all good offices to those who needed countenance of another kind; and if (as must be said were a man to speak truly) he ever regarded necessity more than deserving, and inquired not over closely into the way of life of those he relieved — nay,

¹ Probably the same preacher who is mentioned in old records of the Stratford Corporation as having been a guest at New Place a year or two before.

would oftentimes succor and comfort the godless no less than the godly, and bestow his bounty where it was like to be ill-spent — yet is that to be accounted better than the withholding altogether of alms, as some use. Next, of his excellent charity of another sort, I mean the brotherly relation he held with all conditions of men; it hath been noted among you that he, who was used elsewhere to consort with the great, and hath been favored even by princes, would yet converse with the lowly on a general level of good-will, as if the only apparel he took thought of were the skin we are all born with; for which, indeed, he had great ensample. And, again, he hath ever gone among his fellows with a cheerful spirit, so that his presence hath been as wine among friends, and as oil among makebates. And though I dare not say that he inclined of preference to the conversation of the godly, nor could be counted of the fellowship of saints, nor even a favorer of them, yet have I ever found him apt at serious converse, courteous in bearing, weighty in reply, and of unshakable serenity when I have adventured to press the truth on him somewhat instantly; insomuch, that I, whose vocation 'tis to battle for the truth, have myself, ere now, been sore put to it to hold mine own, and found me in straits to oppose him, so nimble was his wit; though I doubt not that (the clear right being with me) I should, with time for recollection, have had vouchsafed to me the wherewithal to give him sufficient answer. And it hath, at these times, seemed to me that he was a goodly vessel full of merchandise, yet driven by the wind apart from the port where alone her cargo could be bartered for that which is bread; and I have travailed over him with a sore travail; for I have hardly doubted that, with such gifts, he might, had it been so ordered, have justly aspired to be chief magistrate of your town, or even to serve you in Parliament; or again, with diligent study and prayer, to become a preacher of weight, and have struck in the pulpit a good stroke for God's honor and the devil's discomfiture. But, alas! it is known to all of you, and I dare not dissemble it, that his calling hath been one that delighteth the carnal-minded, and profiteth the idle, and maketh the godly sad of heart; while, as for his talent, it hath been put out to use where the only return is the praise which fleeteth as the bubble on the stream, and the repute which perisheth as the leaves of autumn; for the making of rhymes and verses which flatter the ear, and the art of representing the vain shows of things, which howe'er skillfully practised (and I profess not to have that acquaintance with the writings called plays, nor poems other than godly hymns, to judge his handiwork), cannot be held profitable for him that writes nor him that hears them. And therefore, whatsoe'er of wit and sense they may contain must be accounted as water poured out on the sand, which, better bestowed, might have solaced the thirsty, and nourished the herbs and the fruits, whereof many would have eaten and been strengthened. But though I may not altogether hold my peace on these matters, yet am I loth to dwell on them at this time; rather would I point to the hope that our departed brother had, in the soberer life he of late led among you, put aside such toys as unworthy, and given us warrant to forget in him their author, and, moreover, to believe that, had he been spared unto us, he would have removed himself further, year by year, from such vanities and lightnesses of his youth, until, haply, by the ensample of a godly household, and the ministrations of faithful expounders of God's Word, he should have attained even to the perfect day."

[The sermon ended, the coffin is borne to the grave, the Minister and Mourners stand around, the service is concluded, and all depart from the church.]

SCENE V. — The Street near New Place.

Raleigh (hastening to rejoin *Drayton*). Your pardon, sir, for seeming to forsake you; I did but stay to throw my branch of cypress into the grave, and have kept only this handful, which I will preserve as a memorial, and make of it an heirloom. But, Master Drayton, I had some ado to refrain from answering that preacher even in the church;

for I have somewhat of my father's bluntness, and cannot abide that folly or conceit, in the guise whether of honesty, or religion, or philosophy, should go unchallenged; and here was a man who, having the vision of a mole, mistook Parnassus for a mole-hill, and went about to measure it with his ell-wand, and even thought to do men service by persuading them that the golden lights and purple shadows of the mountain, its fountains and dells, the forests that clothe it, the clouds that crown it, and the Muses that make it their haunt, are all vain illusions together.

Drayton. You shall find, Master Walter, as you grow older, that all greatness which is not gross and palpable doth require some keenness of vision to discern it; therefore doth fame oftentimes grow slowly, and from small beginnings, as when a man notes, of a sudden, in the else familiar aspect of the heavens, an eclipse or a comet, and others gather to him, till the crowd swells, and the rumor goes abroad of a portent. And thus will it be with the fame of Shakespeare, who had so much in common with common men that they accounted him one of themselves, as Mercury passed among herdsmen for a herdsman, and Apollo among shepherds for a shepherd.

Raleigh. Lo you, where the mourners of his household approach the house. Let us wait here while they enter, and I pray you beguile the minute by telling me of them. Of what fashion is Mistress Hall?

Drayton. Susannah is, from a child, of an earnest nature and a serious wit. Learning little from books, she hath learned much from converse and observation, and so in her hath her father found a companion; somewhat retiring at first, but upon occasions speaking warmly with spirit; devout withal, capable of strict argument for conscience' sake, yet of a becoming humility; so that I have oft thought her father drew the Isabella of "Measure for Measure" from her, she being about twenty years old when 'twas writ; even her who says

"Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better."

Raleigh. Is her helpmate worthy of her?

Drayton. A worthy man is Doctor Hall — who consorts with Susannah in piety as in love: one who, next his God and his wife, loveth his most honorable calling, and hath grown to a physician of repute here in Warwick much sought after by great ones of the shire.

Raleigh. Taketh the fair Judith in aught after her father?

Drayton. Hardly, sir; though her twin brother, Hamnet, who died young, was a child of rare promise. The girl is sprightly, but of small depth or substance, favoring the mother. She might have sat for Anne Page, being about sixteen when her father drew Anne, and she is well-matched with Master Quiney, whose wit o'ertops not hers, who is gay and jovial as becometh a vintner, taking pleasure in what pleases her. Marry, he hath the merit of being the son of her father's old friend Richard Quiney.

Raleigh. Sir, a nobleman might have fittingly found in her a mate, she being Shakespeare's child. But what of the wife who helped him to these daughters?

Drayton. 'Twas Shakespeare's mishap, sir (and I say it for your warning), to wed at an age when the fancy and heat of youth o'ercrow the judgment. He had seen few women, and none of the finest. Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's elder by eight years, was buxom as Judith is now; his fancy dressed her in qualities not hers; the secrecy of their meetings lent a flavor of adventure; and so he became bound to one who matched with him as finch with falcon, in youth a country lass, in age a mere housewife, something fretful, but, in the sum, contented; and Shakespeare, who was of a temper to fit himself to what is, dwelt with her here in much kindness. But see — Doctor Hall doth await us on the steps of the entrance.

Doctor Hall. Master Drayton, I pray you that you pass not by the house of your departed friend without entering; I beseech you, sir, you and your friend; 'twill be a kindness to come in. You shall not be excused, sirs.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in Shakespeare's House.*

DOCTOR HALL, DRAYTON, and RALEIGH.

Doctor Hall. Here, sirs, is my father-in-law's parlor, where he hath mostly abided in this last illness. Be pleased to sit while I fetch my wife, who will part with a few moments of her sorrow in seeing so old a friend.

[*He goes out.*]

Raleigh. By Saint George, sir, the poet was bravely lodged! How rich the staining of this window, where, through the lower panes, we look on the garden! and above, there stands emblazoned the falcon with his golden spear, steel-pointed, that Sir Thomas told us of. This wainscot, too, is quaintly carved, and the chimney-front of a rich design. But, soft you now — whose graven portrait is this that hangs in the midst of it? By my troth, 'tis my father's!

Drayton. Aye, Master Raleigh; think not but that the poet, with his wide embrace for his fellow-men, took such merit as Sir Walter's near his soul. The daring that went forth on the unknown deep, the search for El Dorado, the finding of strange lands and stranger peoples, all these fired his fancy. 'Tis to our great mariners we owe the sweet magic of Prospero's isle, the innocence of Miranda, the savageness of Caliban, the witcheries of Ariel.

Raleigh. And above my father's hangs Bacon's; these Shakespeare looked on as he sat by the fire, and thus was homage done both to adventure and to thought. And on this side, engraven like the others, from a painting I have seen, hangs the Earl of Southampton's.

Drayton. Whereby is homage done to friendship; greatly and constantly did the Earl love Shakespeare. And here, when he sat by this window that looks on the garden, he saw on the wall opposite, the presentments of his more level associates — Ben Jonson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher (twinned in one carven oak frame), Spenser, Sidney, and, lo you, mine unworthy self.

Raleigh. But what strange company for such progeny of the Muse are these others on the opposing wall! Calvin and Knox, Ridley and Jewel, and here, portrayed in chalk by a cunning hand, the divine who preached to us even now. What do these godly men here? Did Shakespeare love them?

Drayton. Shakespeare, Master Walter, looked on Puritan and Prelatist as the wearers of certain garbs hiding men underneath; 'twas concerning the men he chiefly cared to inquire. 'Tis the Doctor and Mistress Hall who have solaced themselves by hanging these here; the Doctor hath long been a chief of that party in Stratford which, though it forsakes not quite the Church, yet holds by that corner of it which is nearest Geneva; and his wife, from her natural bent, leans to the austerer (perchance I should say, the more earnest) side of religion. But Shakespeare, in such matters, would, as Polonius advises, give his ear to all, his voice to few, and tolerated the effigies of these grave divines without any special love for themselves.

Enter DOCTOR HALL, his wife, their young daughter ELIZABETH, aged eight, and Shakespeare's Widow.

Mistress Hall. Master Drayton, your pardon yet awhile if I cannot greet you — seeing you stir up thoughts that rob me of all words. [*She turns aside.*]

Mistress Shakespeare. O Master Drayton! Son Hall, lead me to my great chair. Oh, what a loss is mine!

Drayton. Your loss is the world's loss, too, good madam.

Mistress Shakespeare. Oh, sir, who will uphold me now, a poor, weak woman? Mr. Shakespeare in his merry mood would say, "Come, thou'lt make a brave widow, Anne — who shall be thy next?" But Lord, sir, I'll ne'er marry again.

Raleigh. Kings, madam, might be proud of such a predecessor.

Mistress Shakespeare. Kings, sir! What should kings have to do with me! You are pleased to jest, young sir; though kings and queens, too, have looked with favor on

Mr. Shakespeare. But the funeral, Susannah — was all becoming? Did the sermon make good mention of my husband? And the dole — was all the dole given away? But oh, my poor brain! Master Drayton and his friend must eat somewhat. There is a stuffed chine. Oh, how he that's gone loved a stuffed chine! Here be the keys, Elizabeth; see the chine set forth in the dining chamber.

Drayton. Nay, nay, good madam, think not of us.

Mistress Shakespeare. But ye must eat somewhat, sirs, indeed, now. Daughter, dost know that my new black hood is sewn awry, and I can go not forth till it be straight? And for drink, sirs, will ye a posset, or sack with sugar? The wine is from my son Quiney's cellars, and of his choicest.

Drayton. Nay, Mistress Shakespeare, we will rather talk than eat or drink.

Mistress Shakespeare. O Master Michael! seeing thee minds me of my youth, and of Shottery where my husband courted me — the bridge of the stream where he would await me; but I can talk no more — I can but weep. Lead me forth, son Hall. Go not till you have eaten, Master Drayton; do but taste the chine. O sweet husband.

[*The Doctor leads her forth.*]

Mistress Hall. Master Drayton, your pardon once again. I feel some shame at being thus o'ermastered, — 'tis not meet to let our spirits be held in dominion by a private sorrow — but when I think on him, my heart turns to water. But, Master Drayton, I have marvelled you came not to my father in his sickness.

Drayton. I knew not of it — think you I could have stayed from him? I was far beyond rumor of his condition, and had come now, O heavens! hoping to behold him and listen to him, as of yore.

Mistress Hall. Much and oft hath he talked of you; for it was growing to be his chief pleasure to sit with old friends, or, they absent, to talk of them. His sickness, though it subdued not his spirit, sobered it; his mirth fell to the level of cheerfulness; he was oftener silent and rapt; and oh, sir, though I dare not aver it, I will yet hope that his thoughts were above.

Drayton. Trust me, Mistress Hall, 'twould be a narrower heaven than we should all hope for, where room and gracious welcome were not proclaimed for him. Think you his place can be elsewhere than with the greatest and best that have gone before?

Mistress Hall. Oh, sir, 'tis that troubles me. Hath he not trusted overmuch to that bright intellect? Hath he not been as one that looketh forth from his watch-tower, and beholdeth a fertile land, and a great dominion, and heedeth not that the foundations of the building are of sand? Hath he not — but I will not speak of the thorn that, since he is gone, pricketh me sorer than before. He charged me, Master Michael, that you should see what writings he hath left behind. Would, oh, would they had dealt with such things as only are of great price!

Drayton. Wrote he much in these latter days?

Mistress Hall. Yea, often, and would call his pen the sluice without which his thoughts would o'erflow his brain, and perchance drown his wits. But now, sir, I will take you to his own chamber, where I will show you the coffer wherein he kept his writings.

[*DRAYTON follows her out; RALEIGH takes up a book.*]

Doctor Hall (returning). Your pardon, sir, for leaving you without company.

Raleigh. Nay, I had the best of company — even fancies about the great one that so lately dwelt here. Was this book his?

Doctor Hall. Yea, and one of the last he read in.

Raleigh. Right glad am I to hear it — and right proud will my father be to know that the book he wrote in his captivity was of the last studied by the man he hath ever esteemed the most illustrious of this age.

Doctor Hall. Thy father! the History of the World! you are then the son of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh. Aye, sir, I am but too forward to own that kinship.

Doctor Hall. Sir Walter's health must needs have

suffered much wrong from his long imprisonment. I have heard that he hath been mightily shaken of an ague.

Raleigh. Aye, sir, one contracted years ago in the service of our king's famous predecessor.

Doctor Hall. Well is it said, Put not your trust in princes. I may tell you, sir, that I do strongly desire to see that time when none shall be so great as to o'ertop the law, and do think it better that the claws of kings should be pared, than that in their breath should lie the liberties of men. But I pray you, sir, hath Sir Walter made trial of the decoction of dittany, or of fumitorie, to correct the malice of this ague? I have made essay of the root satyrion, in like cases, and found his effects to be good.

Raleigh. I doubt not, sir, that all approved remedies have been used by his physicians. Did Master Shakespeare suffer much pain?

Doctor Hall. His malady was wasting rather than painful, save that toward the last he was oft seized with a panting and passion of the heart which left him very nigh to death, for the which I found the syrup of gilliflower, and flour of marigold, in wine, of much avail; the juice of roses also doth greatly comfort the heart. But of your father. I have ever heard Sir Walter reputed for a gentleman of qualities the most diverse, as skill in war by sea and land, courtiership, and statesmanship, the poet's and the chronicler's art, and in all a master—some of which concern not greatly an obscure physician; but I have also heard that he hath a pretty knowledge of pharmacy.

Raleigh. He hath some skill in simples. But I pray you, tell me somewhat of Master Shakespeare, the hope of seeing whom fetched me hither, and, next to that lost contentment, will be the hearing of him from those he loved. Was not a play called the "Tempest" (which I have not yet seen imprinted) one of the latest of his works for the theatre?

Doctor Hall. I believe it was. It hath been told me that the famous cordial which bears Sir Walter's name¹ was administered both to the queen and Prince Henry. I have the receipt writ down, but I doubt me whether I have the ingredients in just quantities. Can you advise me of this?

Raleigh. I think my memory may serve me so far. But, sir, 'tis Master Drayton's opinion, as he said but now, that such expeditions by sea as my father hath adventured may have caused conception, in the poet's fancy, of the story of that play.

Doctor Hall. It may be so: 'tis of a shipwreck and an enchanted isle, as I remember me to have heard; good sooth, Master Raleigh, there be so many evils in this world crying for redress, that I bestow not much thought on enchantments, and love-tales, and bygone histories. (*Takes out a memorandum-book.*) First, there be, in the cordial, of zedoary and saffron each half a pound.

Raleigh. True, sir. But talked Master Shakespeare greatly of his plays while he was busied in inditing them?

Doctor Hall. Perchance, to others who were poets; but, indeed, my business in life hath so little relation with what he writ that I did not greatly seek his confidence at such times. Now, regarding this recipe—as to the powder of crab's claws, I have set it down at fourteen ounces.

Raleigh. It should be sixteen, sir.

Doctor Hall. Why, there now, see, good youth, what a service you have done me; for just proportion is of the essence of a prescript, and I have hitherto compounded this rare remedy but imperfectly. Of cinnamon and nutmegs, two ounces,—cloves, one,—cardamoms, half an ounce,—sugar, two ounces.

Raleigh. All these be right.

Doctor Hall. I thank you heartily for your correction in the matter of the crab's claws. I will note it. (*Goes to write at a table.*)

Raleigh (to Elizabeth). Come hither, pretty one, and tell me thy name.

Elizabeth (whispering). My grandfather called me his Queen Bess; and said that he would liefer be ruled by me than the older one. (*Aloud.*) Didst thou not say, sir, thou wouldst like to hear of him from those he loved?

Raleigh. Aye, little maid.

Elizabeth. Then thou must talk of him to me, for he hath oft said 'twas me he loved best, and (*weeping*) I shall ne'er be tired talking of him.

Raleigh. Didst often bear him company, Bess?

Elizabeth. Aye, for my father goeth much from home, and when my mother was in her store-closet, or visiting the sick, my grandfather and I kept together, we and our two friends.

Raleigh. Who be they?

Elizabeth. Mopsa is one—this, look you, is Mopsa (*fetching a cat from the hearth*). When I would do her pleasure, I scratch her behind the ear, but my grandfather would always tickle her under the chin. Her father and mother were fairies.

Raleigh. How cam'st thou to know that, Bessie?

Elizabeth. She was left by them one night in the snow, where my grandfather found her, and brought her hither wrapped in his cloak; and he told me all the tale of how she left fairyland—when there is time I'll tell it thee. And our other friend is Bobadil.

Raleigh. Is Bobadil a man?

Elizabeth. Nay, surely you know he is a dog; kind and civil to us, but with other dogs he quarrelleth and growleth, and then flieth from them in fear, loving not to fight. And I have a little horse which grandfather did buy for me, and a riding-coat like the queen's maids, and, so long as he could, we did ride together.

Raleigh. Well, Elizabeth, I am going presently to the wars, and when I come again thou and I shall be married, shall we not?

Elizabeth. Aye, if my mother will let me, for thou art handsome and kind.

Raleigh. Seest thou this chain round my hat, with the pearl clasp? well, I have kept it for my lady-love, when I should have one—so 'tis yours—look, I clasp it on your neck for a token, and when we are wedded you shall tell me the story of Mopsa.

Elizabeth. Sure, 'tis the prettiest chain. I give thee for't these four kisses. I will show it my grandmother.²

[*She goes out.*]

Raleigh. Methinks, Master Hall, that Elizabeth might serve at a pinch for her grandfather's very faithful chronicler.

Doctor Hall. Aye, sir, better than most; she bore him company ever when he was inditing, and oft at other seasons. For me, I did greatly love and esteem my good father-in-law, and we lived together in pleasant communion; but for the works which, as I have heard, those that make a play-place of this world find such content in, he ever knew that ceaseless warring with the diseases of the bodies, and (what is more) of the souls of my neighbors, and care for those public matters in which I discern a way to a better condition of the world's affairs, have left me small leisure for fancies to which I am, good sooth, noways affected; therefore he spake not to me of them. But there is one sweet piece of work, of which (not to speak profanely) he was author, that I daily study with reverence and love—and hither it comes.

Reënter MISTRESS HALL and DRAYTON.

Drayton. I am like the man in the fable who was privileged to look in the cave where a wizard had collected the treasures of the earth, and was so dazed that he could neither pouch any, nor even take account of what he saw. Only I know there be there, beside plays already acted though never imprinted, and others of which only false copies have gone abroad, a multitude of uncoined inputs and uncut jewels of thought, which that matchless mind hath thrown off as if in mere exercise and at breathing.

¹ A specific, or panacea, well known in that age as *Sir Walter's Cordial*, the ingredients of which are given in the text.

² Elizabeth married, at eighteen, Mr. Thomas Naah, and, secondly, Sir John Barnard, leaving no children by either.

me. What measureless delight will these bestow on the old!

Mistress Hall. But I know not, sir, if the world shall ever see them. My father gave me no command in that matter, and it may be that I shall serve his memory better, with pious men, by keeping them private.

Drayton. Trust me, Mistress Hall, the holder of these all owe a heavy debt to thy father's fame.

Mistress Hall. Nay, sir, what is fame that it must needs be satisfied at all hazards? the bandying of a name from one idle mouth to another! — praise as hollow and unavailing as the night wind sighing o'er an epitaph! — what profit or comfort is in such for the departed?

Raleigh. By heaven, madam, not so! — rather is fame the linking of far-off generations by the common bond of a great name; for the dead, it is a second life among men, in which earthiness is purged away, and what is imperishable carries — and, for the living, their just inheritance; so, to defeat fame is to commit a double, nay, a twofold wrong. Her trumpet sounds no empty strain; 'tis an appeal against our baser promptings, the summons to action, the meed of achievement, the celebration on earth of the spirit's triumph over the grave; thus it maketh the music to which mankind do march; and which, silent, could leave them slaves.

Mistress Hall. Your words, young sir, are manly, but I know not if they be godly. Of what avail that men should march, if not heavenward? How poor be centuries of this time of yours to one hour of that other life we look for! Think not, Master Drayton, that I am dull to the spell of my father's verse; as a maiden it enthralled my fancy and harmed mine ear; even now could I taste the delights of it; but I have come to know that in such enchantments lies deadly peril, and I must pass on with my fingers in mine ears. Feeling thus, I know not if, in conscience, I may give what he hath left a voice, in books.

Drayton. I will not do battle with these scruples in the hour of your grief, but will trust to the future for overcoming them. Even if no new matter go forth, it were grievous to withhold the true versions of his plays.² Methinks espy, in the depths of time, his image veiled, and mark the generations of men toiling to unravel his meanings, and seeking out his maimed verses, and clapt fancies, with guess-work; collecting the while, in pain and doubt, what interthreaded memories tradition may preserve of him. And do I fear me, that if some disciple be not found elsewhere, more devoted than any his birthplace affords, to tell posterity what manner of man he was, there may, in a brief space, and ere his fame hath reached its zenith, remain of his chief of English poets nothing but a wondrous name.

[DRAYTON and RALEIGH take their leave, and quit New Place.

SCENE VII. — *The Dolphin Chamber in the Falcon Tavern.*

DRAYTON and RALEIGH. *Through the open door those who were Bearers at the funeral are seen drinking in the taproom.*

Enter HOSTESS with a bottle of sack, glasses, small loaves in a basket, and a plate of anchovies.

Drayton. This small reflection will bring us handsomely to supper with Sir Thomas. So, hostess, now fill to Master Raleigh — and to each a crust. What do these roisterers without?

Hostess. Sir, Master Shakespeare, who was ever full of kind thoughts and maleficence, left it in 's testament that the bearers should be entertained at the Falcon with cakes and ale after the burial; and, in truth, sirs, they have borne themselves like men this hour past; they drink rarely.

¹ Halliwell says, "According to Roberts, two large chests full of Shakespeare's loose papers and manuscripts" (belonging to a baker who had married one of his eleven sons) "were destroyed in the great fire at Warwick." *Faint speech.* "I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them," seems almost prophetic of this.

² The corrected plays were first published seven years after, in the well-known Folio of 1623.

Drayton. What a coil the varlets keep! Let us listen to them.

Sly. Well, a health, boys, to Master Shakespeare, where-so-e'er he be. [Sings.

*And we'll trowl the brown bowl
To the health of his —*

Bardolph. Nay, no singing, except any man knoweth a virtuous psalm-tune.

Nym. The fitting humor is — melancholy, and pass the ale.

Sly. Are we to be mute, then, in our drink, like fish?

Bottom. Let us discourse, but no revelry. Let us suit our matter to the occasion, and enjoy the good liquor sadly. Yet, methink, I could sing something to the purpose.

[Sings.

*Out fieth breath,
In cometh Death
With his candle, bell, and book-a,
With his prayer so loud
And his woollen shroud,
And his cell in the churchyard-nook-a.*

Sly. A less comfortable song I ne'er listened to. I am of the party of silence rather than this.

Bottom. I can be silent, too, an it comes to that, as well as e'er a man of you.

Bardolph. More ale, hostess. What, must I take to my old trade again, and turn tapster?

Wart. Canst thou mind, Rugby, when the play was held in John-a-Combe's great barn at the end of Chapel-lane, many years ago?

Rugby. Aye.

Wart. There was somewhat played then, writ, 'twas said, by Master Shakespeare, that would have served our turn now; something of ghosts and a burial.

Rugby. Was't not the play of King Hamlet?

Bottom. Aye, that or else the goodly tragedy of Makebate.

Bardolph. To see Master Shakespeare sitting there on the bench highest the stage, with his daughter, Mistress Quiney that now is, beside him, and to think the play he looked-on at was writ by himself — by heaven! 'twas as a man should say — wonderful.

Wart. I ne'er saw Makebate, but I saw another. I was lingering by the play-house door, with Margery my wife one night, thinking to peep at the stage through a chink in the boards, when Master Shakespeare comes me down the lane. "Art for the play, Wart?" quo' he. "Nay, sir," quo' I; "no pay no play, and my pockets are e'en like Skinfint's pot." "Never stay for that," quo' he; "thou shalt pass, and Margery too, as freely as coined silver — and I hope, Margery, thou'lt lay the play to heart, for they tell me thou lead'st Wart a terrible life of it." Now, the play, sirs, was of a masterful woman whose Goodman got the better of her. Marry, 'twas named — let me see — by the mass, 'twas —

Rugby. Was't not named the Turning of the Screw, or some such?

Several. Aye, 'twas so, indeed.

Bottom. Nay, if you are for remembering names, my masters, I am he that can serve your turn. 'Twat named the Quelling of the Sould — 'twas, as Wart truly said, the history of a crowing hen that had her comb cut, as all such should.

Sly. When wilt cut Goodwife Bottom's, Nick? Folk say she playeth Chanticleer to thy Partlet.

Bottom. Folk say much, neighbor, that it beseeemeth not a man of sense to hearken to. But touching these plays — I am all for the love-passages; it giveth one, as 'twere, a yearning; it maketh one feel young again — the billing, now — and the sighing. I have played the lover, neighbors, both on the stage and off it, when my sweetheart hath borne her most tenderly.

Wart. I also was loved in my youth.

Sly. Thou loved! was there ne'er a scarecrow in the parish, then, to set heart on?

Hostess (entering with fresh ale). Nay, sub not the good

man so, Christopher — thou art ever girding. I warrant me, neighbor Wart hath had his cooings and his wooings like the rest, and could tickle a maiden's ear as well as another. What! have we not all been young!

Nym. Well, for me, I care not for the love-humors — there is a mawkishness and a queasiness in overmuch ogling and lipping. I am for your deadlier humors; give me a murder, now, — or the witches.

Wart. I love the witches, too.

Bardolph. Since ye talk of witches, saw ye Goody Broom at the burial to-day, hanging on the skirts of the crowd, and lurking behind a grave-stone, wiping, the while, her old red eyes with the corner of her ragged cloak? I am well persuaded that Master Shakespeare had no truer mourner than that same ancient leman of Lucifer.

Hostess. And well she may, poor soul! Between water and fire there was like to have been soon an end of her, but for Master Shakespeare.

Wart. Well, I was one of those that ducked her i' the pond; and I ran a needle, too, into a mole she had, and she winced not — a sure sign of a witch; but when Master Shakespeare stepped forth and bespoke us, I felt I knew not how at his words, and made home an 'twere a dog that hath been caught in the larder.

Snug. And when they haled her before the justices, Sir Thomas was for burning her, had not Master Shakespeare o'ersuaded him.

Sly. Well, he saved her then, but she may chance have her whiskers singed yet. I am not one that favors witches, any more than our good king, and I shall keep eye on her.

Hostess (entering the Dolphin Chamber). Sirs, here be Sir Thomas's men, and the horses, awaiting you in the yard.

Drayton. Thanks, hostess — our score. Now, Walter, set on.

Raleigh (passing into the taproom). Good friends —

Bottom. Hear him! hear him!

Raleigh. Good friends, all simple as ye sit here, ye have this day done an office that the foremost nobles of England might envy you, and that might make their children's children proud to say — our forefather was one of those who bore Shakespeare to the grave.

Bottom. Sir, we did it passing well, and becomingly, but we boast not of it.

Bardolph. 'Sblood, sir, to be a bearer is no such great matter — and for nobles, why, we have been paid with one each, and are content.

Raleigh. Aye, ye have had greatness so near ye that ye saw it not — ye are as daws that build in a cathedral and take it for an old wall. But I blame ye not — your betters have seen no clearer. And now, to show my good-will for ye, as those whom Shakespeare hath sometime honored with a word, or look, I will entreat Master Drayton to lodge for me a sum with his friend Master Quiney, which shall suffice to let ye all meet and carouse here once a month, for a year to come — and each year that I live¹ will I do likewise — and ye shall call it Shakespeare's holiday.

Bardolph. By heaven! a most noble gentleman, and of a choice conception.

Nym. This humor likes me passing well.

Sly. I would there were more of your kidney in Stratford.

Bottom. I will invent a new speech every year in your lordship's honor, and every year it shall be better than the last. My masters, let us, all that can stand, attend these gentles to the door.

All. Farewell, gallant sirs.

Raleigh and Drayton. Good friends, farewell.

CAPRI AND ITS ROMAN REMAINS.

AMONG the many charms of the little island of Capri must certainly be counted the number and interest of its Roman remains. The whole island is in fact a vast Roman

¹ At the close of the following year he was slain, sword in hand, gallantly fighting the Spaniards, on the banks of the Orinoco. g.

wreck. Hillside and valley are filled with a mass of *débris* that brings home to one, in a way which no detailed description can do, the scale of the buildings with which it was crowded. At either landing-place huge substructures stretch away beneath the waves, the relics of moles, of arsenals, and of docks; a network of roads still links together the ruins of Imperial villas; every garden is watered from Roman cisterns; dig where he will, the excavator is rewarded by the discovery of vases, of urns, of fragments of sculpture, of mosaic pavements, of precious marbles. The churches of the island and the royal palaces of the mainland are full of costly columns which have been removed from the ruins of Capri; and the Museum of Naples is largely indebted for its treasures of statuary to the researches made here at the close of the last century. The main archæological interest of the island, however, lies not in fragments or "finds" such as these, but in the huge masses of ruin which lie scattered so thickly over it. The Pharos which guided the Alexandrian corn-ships to Puteoli stands shattered on its headland. The waves dash idly against the enormous fragment of the sea-baths of Tiberius. His palace-citadel still looks from the summit of a mighty cliff across the Strait of Sorrento. The stairs of Anacapri, which, in the absence of any other date to which it is possible to assign them, we are forced to refer to the same period of construction, hewn as they are to the height of a thousand feet in the solid rock, vie in boldness with almost any achievement of Roman engineering. The smallness of the space — for the lower part of the island within which these relics are crowded is little more than a mile and a half either way — adds to the sense of wonder which the size and number of these creations excite. All that remains, too, it must be remembered, is the work of but a few years. There is no ground for believing that anything of importance was added after the death of Tiberius, or begun before the old age of Augustus. We catch glimpses indeed of the history of the island long before its purchase by the aged Emperor. Its commanding position at the mouth of the great Campanian bay had raised it into importance at a very early period. The Teleboæ, whom tradition, according to Tacitus, named as its first inhabitants, have left only a trace of their existence in the verse of Virgil; but in the great strife between the Hellenic and Tyrrhenian races for the commercial monopoly of Southern Italy, Capri, like Sorrento, was seized as a naval station by the Etruscans, whose alliance with the Phœnicians in their common war against the Greeks may perhaps explain the vague legends of a Semitic settlement. The Hellenic victory of Cumæ, however, settled the fate of Capri, as it settled the fate of the coast; and the island fell to the lot of Neapolis, when the "new city" rose in the midst of the bay to which it has since given its name. The most enduring trace of its Greek colonization is to be found in the Greek type of countenance and form which endears Capri to artists; but, like the cities of the mainland, it preserved its Greek manners and speech long after it had passed with Neapolis into the grasp of Rome. The greater proportion of its inscriptions, even when dating from the Imperial period, are in Greek. Up to the time of Augustus, however, it played in Roman story but the humble part of lighting the great corn-fleet from Egypt through the Strait of Sorrento. Statius tells us of the joy with which the sailors welcomed the glare of its Pharos as they neared the land, the greeting they addressed to its cliff, while, on the other hand, they poured their libations to the goddess whose white temple gleamed from the headland of Sorrento. Its higher destinies began with a chance visit of Augustus when age and weakness had driven him to seek a summer retreat on the Campanian shore. A happy omen, the revival of a withered ilex at his landing, as well as the temperate air of the place itself, so charmed the Emperor that he forced Naples to accept Iechia in exchange for it, and chose it as his favorite refuge from the excessive heat. Suetonius gives a pleasant, gossiping picture of the old man's life in his short holidays there, his delight in idly listening to the prattle of his Moorish and Syrian slave-boys as they played knuckle-bones on the beach, his enjoyment of the

cool breeze which swept through his villa even in summer, or of the cool splash of water from the fountain in the peristyle, his curiosity about the big fossil bones dug up in the island and which he sent to Rome to be placed in the galleries of his house on the Palatine, his fun in quizzing the pedants who followed him by Greek verses of his own making. But in the midst of his idleness the indefatigable energy which marked the man was seen in the buildings with which Suetonius tells us he furnished the island, and the progress of which after his death may possibly have been the inducement which drew his successor to its shores.

It is with the name of the second Cæsar rather than of the first that Capri is destined to be associated. While the jests and Greek verses of Augustus are forgotten, the terrible invective of Tacitus and the sarcasm of Juvenal recall the cruelties and the terrors of Tiberius. His retirement to Capri, although, as we have seen, in form but a carrying out of the purpose of Augustus, marks a distinct stage in the development of the Empire. For ten years, not Rome, but an obscure island off the Campanian coast, became the centre of the government of the world. The spell of the Eternal City was suddenly broken, and it was never thoroughly restored. If Milan, Ravenna, Nicomedia, Constantinople, became afterwards her rivals or supplanters as the seat of empire, it was because Capri had led the way. For the first time, too, as Dean Merivale has pointed out, the world was made to see in its bare nakedness the fact that it had a single master. All the disguises which Augustus had flung around his personal rule were flung aside; senate, consuls, the Roman people itself, were left contemptuously behind. A single senator, a few knights, a little group of Greek pedants, were all that accompanied Tiberius to Capri. The figure of the Emperor stood out bare and alone on its solitary rock. But, great as the change really was, the skill of Tacitus has thrown over the retirement of Tiberius a character of strangeness which, as we have seen, hardly belongs to it. What in fact distinguished it from the retirement of Augustus to the same spot was simply the persistence of his successor in never returning to Rome. Capri in itself was nothing but a part of the great pleasure resort which Roman luxury had created round the shores of the Bay of Naples. From its cliffs the Emperor could see through the pure, transparent air the villas and watering-places which fringed the coast from Misenum to Sorrentum, the groves and lakes of Baïæ, the white line of Neapolis, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, the blue sea dappled with the painted sails of pleasure-boats as they wooed the summer air. The whole bay was a Roman Brighton, and the withdrawal of Tiberius from the world was much the same sort of withdrawal from the world as the seclusion of George IV. at the Pavilion. Of the viler pleasures which are commonly attributed to him in his retreat we need say nothing, for it is only by ingenious conjectures that any of the remains at Capri have been made to confirm them. The taste of Tiberius was as coarse as the taste of his fellow-Romans, and the scenes which Seneca paints as common at Baïæ — the drunkards wandering along the shore, the songs of the revellers, the drinking-toasts of the sailors, the boats with their gaudy cargo of noisy girls, the coarse jokes of the bathers among the rose-leaves which strewed the water — were probably as common in the revels at Capri. But for the more revolting details we have only the scandal of Rome to rely on, and scandal was easily quickened by the veil of solitude and secrecy which Tiberius flung around his retirement. The tale of his cruelties, of the fisherman tortured for having climbed the cliff which the Emperor deemed inaccessible, of the criminals dashed into the sea down the steep of the "Salto di Timberio," rest on the gossip of Suetonius alone. But in all this mass of gossip there is little that throws any real light on the character of the island or of the buildings whose remains excite our interest there; we can only guess at its far wilder condition from a story which shows us the Imperial litter fairly brought to a standstill by the thick brushwood, and the wrath of Tiberius venting itself in a ruthless thrashing of the centurion who served as his guide. The story is curious because it shows that, in spite of the

rapidity with which the Imperial work had been carried on, the island, when Tiberius arrived, was still in many parts hidden with rough and impenetrable scrub, and that the wonderful series of hanging gardens which turned almost the whole of it into a vast pleasure-ground was mainly of his own creation.

It would of course be impossible to pass in review the numberless sites where either chance or research has detected traces of the work of Tiberius. "Duodecim villarum nominibus et molibus insederat," says Tacitus; and the twelve villas may in most cases be identified to-day, some basking in the sunshine by the shore, some placed in sheltered nooks where the cool sea-breeze tempered the summer heat, the grander ones crowning the summit of the hills. We can trace the docks, the grottoes still paved with mosaic which marks them as the scene of Imperial picnics, the terraces and arbors of the hanging gardens with the rock boldly cut away to make room for them, the system of roads which linked the villas together, the cisterns and aqueducts which supplied water, the buildings for the slaves of the household and for the legionaries who guarded the shore, the cemetery for the dead, the shrines and pavilions scattered about on the heights, and a small Mithraic temple hidden in the loveliest of the Caprese ravines. If we restore in fancy the scene to which these ruins belonged, fill the gardens with the fountains and statues whose fragments lie profusely scattered about, rear again the porticos of marble columns, and restore the frescos whose traces exist on the ruined walls, we shall form some inadequate conception of the luxury and grace which Tiberius flung around his retirement. By a singular piece of good fortune the one great wreck which towers above all the rest is the spot with which the Emperor himself is historically associated. Through the nine terrible months during which the conspiracy of Sejanus was in progress, he never left, Suetonius tells us, the Villa Jovis, and the villa still stands on the huge promontory, fifteen hundred feet above the sea, from which his eye could watch every galley that brought its news of good or ill from Misenum and from Rome. Few landscapes can compare in extent or beauty with the view on which Tiberius must have looked. The promontory of Massa lies across the blue reach of sea, almost as it seems under one's hand, yet really a few miles off, its northern side falling in brown slopes dotted with white villas to the orange gardens of Sorrento, its southern rushing steeply down to the hidden bays of Amalfi and Salerno. To the right the distant line of Apennine, broken by the shadowy dip that marks the plain of Pæstum, runs southward in a dim succession of capes and headlands; to the left the sunny bow of the Bay of Naples gleams clear and distinct through the brilliant air till the broken mass of Ischia leads the eye round again to the cliff of Anacapri, with the busy little Marina at its feet. A tiny chapel in charge of a hermit now crowns the plateau which forms the highest point of the Villa Jovis; on three sides of the height the cliffs fall in a sheer descent of more than a thousand feet to the sea, on the fourth the terrace walls are formed of fragments of brick and marble, which recall the hanging gardens that swept downwards to the plain. The villa itself lies partly hewn out of the sides of the steep rock, partly supported by a vast series of substructures, whose arched vaults served as water-reservoirs and baths for the service of the house. In strength of site and in the character of its defences the palace was strictly what Pliny calls it, "Tiberii principis arx," but this was no special characteristic of the Villa Jovis. "Scias non villas esse sed castra," said Seneca of the luxurious villas on the coast of Baïæ; it was as if the soldier element of the Roman nature broke out even amidst the patrician's idlest repose in the choice of a military site and the warlike strength of the buildings he erected on it. Within, however, life seems to have been luxurious enough. The ruins of a theatre, whose ground plan remains perfect, show that Tiberius combined more elegant relaxations with the coarse revels which are laid to his charge. Each passage is paved with mosaic, the walls still retain in patches their colored stucco, and here and there in the small chambers we find traces of the designs which adorned them. It is, how-

ever, rather by the vast extent and huge size of the substructures than by the remains of the house itself that we can estimate the grandeur of the Villa Jovis; for here, as at the Baths near the Marina, the ruins have served as quarries for chapels and forts and every farmhouse in the neighborhood. The Baths stand only second in grandeur to the Villa itself. The fall of the cliff has torn down fragment after fragment, but the half of an immense calidarium still stands like an apse fronting the sea, a grand sea-wall juts out into the waves, and at its base, like a great ship of stone in the midst of the water, lies still unbroken after eighteen hundred years the sea-bath itself. The roof has fallen in, the pillars are tumbled from its front, but the high walls, though undermined by the tide, still stand erect. On the cliff above, a Roman fortress, which must have resembled Burgh Castle in form, and which has since served as a modern fort, seems to have protected the Baths and the vast series of gardens which occupied the whole of the lower ground beneath the Stair of Anacapri, and whose boundary wall remains in a series of some twenty almost perfect arches.

As we have said, however, we cannot attempt to describe the Roman remains of Capri in detail. Their importance has long been understood by the archaeologists of Italy, and something of their ruin may be attributed to the extensive excavations made by the government a hundred years ago. But far more of the terrible wreck is owing to the ravages of time. With the death of Tiberius Capri sinks suddenly out of sight. Its name had in fact become associated with infamy, and there is no real ground for supposing that it remained as the pleasure-isle of later Emperors. But the vast buildings can only slowly have mouldered into decay; we find its Pharos flaming under Domitian, and the exile of two Roman princesses, Crispina and Lucilla, by Commodus, proves that Imperial villas still remained to shelter them. It is to the period which immediately follows the residence of Tiberius that we may refer one of the most curious among the existing monuments of Capri, the Mithraic temple of Metromania. Its situation is singularly picturesque. A stair cut in the rock leads steeply down a rift in the magnificent cliffs to the mouth of a little cave, once shrouded by a portico whose fragments lie scattered among the cacti and wild thyme. Within, the walls are lined with the characteristic reticulated Roman masonry, broken chambers and doorways on either side are blocked by *délbris*, and two semi-circular platforms rise one within the other to a niche in the furthest recess of the cave, where the bas-relief of the Eastern deity which is now deposited in the Museum at Naples was found by the first excavators. Beside it lay a stone with a Greek inscription so strangely pathetic that it must tell its own tale: "Welcome into Hades, O noble deities — dwellers in the Stygian land — welcome me too, most pitiful of men, ravished from life by no judgment of the Fates, but by a death sudden, violent, the death-stroke of a wrath defiant of justice. But now I stood in the first rank beside my lord! now he has left me and my parents alike of hope! I am not fifteen, I have not reached my twentieth year, and — wretched I — I see no more the light! My name is Hypatus; but I pray my brother and my parents to weep for wretched ones no more." Conjecture has coupled this wail of a strange fate with the human sacrifices offered at the shrine of Mithras, and has seen in Hypatus a slave and favorite of Tiberius devoted by his master to the Eastern deity; but there is no ground whatever for either of the guesses. Such as it is, however, the death-cry of Hypatus alone breaks the later silence of Capri. The introduction of Christianity was marked by the rise of the mother church of San Costanzo, whose inner columns of giallo antico and cipollino were torn from the ruins of the Baths hard by, and from this moment we may trace the progress of destruction in each monument of the new faith. The sacrum of San Stefano is paved with a mosaic of marbles from the Villa Jovis, and the chapel of St. Michael is erected out of a Roman building which occupied its site. We do not know when the island ceased to form a part of the Imperial estate, but the evidence of a charter of Gregory II., overlooked by the local topographers, show that at the opening of the eighth

century the "Insula Capreae cum monasterio St. Stefani" had passed like the rest of the Imperial property in the South to the demesne of the Roman See. The change may have some relation to the subjection of Capri to the spiritual jurisdiction of Sorrento, of whose bishopric it formed a part till its own institution as a separate see in the tenth century. The name of the "Bishop of Quails," which attached itself to the prelate of Capri, points humorously to the chief source of his episcopal income, the revenue derived from the capture of the flocks of these birds who settle on the island in their two annual migrations in May and September. From the close of the ninth century, when the island passed out of the hands of Amalfi, it has followed the fortunes of the mainland; its ruin seems to have been completed by the raids of the Saracens from their neighboring settlement on the coast of Lucania; and the two mediæval fortresses of Anacapri and Castiglione, which bear the name of Barbarossa, simply indicate that the Algerian pirate of the sixteenth century was the most dreaded of the long train of Moslem marauders who had made Capri their prey through the Middle Ages. Every raid and every fortress removed some monument of the Roman rule, and the fight which wrested the isle from Sir Hudson Lowe at the beginning of the present century put the coping-stone on the work of destruction. But, in spite of the ravages of time and of man, enough has been left to give a special archaeological interest to the little rock-refuge of Capri.

OUR HAIR.

THE moderns, no less than the ancients, continue to hold a beautiful head of hair in high estimation. All persons are proud of it. It is an object admired and coveted by all. It is still considered an important qualification in manly beauty, and one of the very essentials of female comeliness. The interest taken in the hair at the present day is shown by the enormous sums which are annually spent in Western Europe and in America in hair cosmetics, and in articles of the toilet connected with it. Polished Frenchmen and fastidious Englishmen bestow a vast amount of attention on this portion of the toilet, to the occasional neglect of some of its other equally important functions. In France, the number of barbers, coiffeurs, perruquiers, friseurs, etc., that display their signs in the streets of Paris, testify to the extreme interest devoted by the population to the crinal covering on their heads.

Europeans, nevertheless, must yield the palm to those whom they designate as savages, for not even the French can vie with the natives of New Ireland in the ornamentation of their hair. According to Captain Kuppel, these aborigines possess a vast quantity of hair, which is frizzed out and colored white, black, and red. The men part their hair in the middle, and present one half of their heads covered with a jet black mixture, whilst the other half is of a bright red or white. The crews of the boats were painted uniformly, and it must have been a curious sight for a crew to appear all black from one side of the ship, and then, rowing round the vessel, suddenly become white or red.

The hair, though unsusceptible of expression under the will, like the mobile portion of the face, and though popularly regarded as a parasitic growth rather than as an essential part of the body is capable of being affected by the stronger emotions and passions. Most of us have experienced the sensation popularly described as "hair standing on end," or seen the partial erection of the hair of women and children under similar circumstances — not to say witnessed its representation in sculptures and paintings. As for the effects of fear, grief, or anxiety, on the hair, we shall speak more of them hereafter.

Now let us consider the purposes fulfilled by the hair and its formation. Hairs are appendages of the skin, contributing to its defence, like the scarf-skin, of which latter, indeed, they may be regarded as modifications, suited to a special use. The hairs cross the skin like the per-

spiratory and oil tubes, and resemble both in the extent to which they are prolonged into it, the downy hairs, like the latter, being limited to the superficial strata; the long hairs, like the former, extending more deeply, and even piercing it altogether, so as to reach the subcutaneous fat. Within the skin, each hair is enclosed in a sheath or tube, closed at its extremity where it supports the roots of the hair, and constructed, like the perspiratory and oil tubes, of three layers derived from the skin. These are a lining of scarf-skin, a middle vascular layer, and a protective or fibrous layer. These sheaths or hair tubes, as they resemble the perspiratory and oil tubes, so also do they imitate them in function.

Each portion of the skin is organized for the production of hairs, with the exception of the palm of the hand and sole of the foot. On the greater part of the body the hairs are short and fine, and in some instances they scarcely rise to above the level of the skin. In others, as in the scalp, the eyebrows, and in man the whiskers and beard, they grow to a considerable length. The length and thickness of the hair are regulated by a law of Nature, the hair of the head being always longer and finer than that of the beard, and the latter longer than the whiskers and eyebrows. When hairs are left to their natural growth, they attain a certain length, and are then thrown off by a process analogous to the change of coat in animals, their place being supplied by young hairs, which grow from the same tubes. This temporary decay of the hair happens also when it is kept cut.

The length of the hair of the head in women ranges between twenty inches and a yard, and its weight to between six and eight ounces. In many instances the length far exceeds the above, and the case is known of a lady in whom it measures two yards, and trails on the ground when she stands erect. When the hair is frequently shaved, it becomes more persistent, and increases in strength and bulk. It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week. This will give a length of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches for a year, so that an old man of eighty would have shaved from his chin twenty-seven feet of beard. This is by no means surprising, when Mr. Erasmus Wilson tells us in his treatise on "Healthy Skin," that according to Eble, there is in the Prince's Palace at Eidam a painting of a carpenter whose beard was nine feet long, so that when engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag, as a lawyer carries his briefs. Moreover, we are told by the same authority, that the Burgomeister, Hans Steinigen, having on one occasion forgotten to fold up his majestic beard, trod upon it as he ascended the staircase leading to the Council Chamber of Brunn, and was thereby thrown down and killed.

The shape of individual hairs is cylindrical for the smaller kinds and oval for those that are longer. With the view of ascertaining the thickness of hair, Mr. Erasmus Wilson made a series of curious experiments. He measured the diameter of 2,000 hairs taken from 38 persons, and found them to range between $\frac{1}{1000}$ and $\frac{1}{800}$ of an inch, the mean being $\frac{1}{900}$ of an inch. He then measured 155 hairs taken from the heads of three South American chiefs and one New Zealander, and he ascertained the thickness of the hairs of the South Americans to be about the same as those from English heads, whilst the hairs belonging to the gentleman from New Zealand were somewhat thicker, averaging about the $\frac{1}{700}$ of an inch.

To our surprise, we learn that the hair of the fair sex, who are so much superior to us in point of delicacy and sensibility of feeling, is as a rule coarser than that of the dark sex. In children it is naturally finer than in adults. Great diversity is discovered in hairs from the same head, and even in the diameter of the same hair, and one tested by Mr. Erasmus Wilson was perceived to range between $\frac{1}{1000}$ and $\frac{1}{800}$ of an inch. Flaxen hair is the finest and black the coarsest, the mean thickness of the black being $\frac{1}{700}$ to $\frac{1}{800}$ of an inch, gradually decreasing to $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{900}$ in the flaxen. The beard produces the coarsest hair, each tube in a dark man averaging $\frac{1}{600}$ of an inch.

Few of us have any idea as to the number of hairs we

possess on our heads. Mr. Erasmus Wilson can tell us to a nicety. He observed on inspection, in a square inch on the scalp of a brown-haired man, 744 pores, each pore being supposed to give passage to one hair. The surface of the scalp presents 120 square inches, which would yield 89,280 hairs. The calculation refers to thin heads, for in others many, if not all, pores give passage to two hairs. Reckoning that only half the pores in a head should give passage to two hairs, we should find 1,116 hairs per square inch, or 133,920 hairs on a medium head; whilst, if we calculate two hairs on each pore, we shall arrive at the conclusion that those who own luxuriant heads, carry on them as many as 175,560 individual hairs.

The shades of color of human hair appear to be referrible to type and to climate. If we proceed towards the north, the hair becomes lighter, while if we proceed to the south it deepens in its hues, these differences being connected with the amount of pigment in the scarf-skin. The Caucasian variety of mankind, as we behold in the inhabitants of Europe, has hair of a "nut-brown, running on the one hand into yellow, and on the other into black, long, soft, and undulating," whilst the hair of the Mongolian variety is black, stiff, straight, and sparing, as we observe in the natives of the East Indies, China, and the Laplanders and Esquimaux. The hair in the Ethiopian variety is black and crisp, and accompanied by a black skin as in the negro. The American Indians, who possess a copper-colored skin, have black, stiff, straight, and spare hair like the Mongolian race; and the Malay variety, which includes the inhabitants of Malacca, the East Indies, and the Pacific Islands, is characterized by tawny skin, and black, soft, curly, thick, and abundant hair.

As a rule, the complaint we usually hear is of a deficiency, rather than an excess, of hair, but when the latter event occurs, it is sometimes exceedingly disagreeable to the owner. In their normal state and condition, the little hairs growing on the skin all over the body are colorless and transparent, but under the influences of increased action of the skin, they are susceptible of growth to a considerable extent. Schenkins and Ambrose Pare have left accounts of cases in which the entire body was covered with hair. Rugeiri published, in 1815, the case of a lady, twenty-seven years old, who was covered from her shoulders to her knees with black, soft, woolly hair like a poodle dog.

During the time of the embassy to Burmah in 1822, a man was met at Ava, who was completely hairy from head to foot. On his face, ears and nose the hair was eight inches long, and on his breast and shoulders four or five inches. This man had a daughter named Maphoon, whose face also was covered with thick, silken, brown hair. It was especially close about the ears, which were scarcely visible, and there it grew to the length of eight or ten inches. The hair over her forehead was brushed so as to blend with that of her head, the latter being dressed according to the custom of the country à la *Chinoise*. The beard was pale in color, and soft and silky. Maphoon's manners were good and modest, her voice soft and feminine, and her expression not unpleasant when the first repulsion was conquered. It is said that her appearance rather suggested the idea of an agreeable woman masquerading than of anything brutish. Her neck, bosom, and arms were, too, covered with a fine pale down. The lady, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her aspect, had found favor in the eyes of one man at least, for she was a wife and the mother of two boys. The youngest of these, only fourteen months old, was evidently taking after the parent, and promised to continue in a third generation the freak of nature carried out in two previous generations. Other instances of a similar nature are on record. A French physician mentions the case of a beautiful damsel, with dazzling fair skin and deep black eyes, who, on recovering from a fever, found her person overspread with a "goose-skin," and, to her horror, at the end of a month she was covered from head to foot with hair an inch long. During the reign of Maria Theresa of Austria, a woman served in the army for many years, attaining to the rank of captain, and she was noted for the luxuriance and beauty of her

moustache. Such cases might be multiplied to any length. They are far from common in England, and some of our readers may recollect having seen or heard of a bearded woman who was exhibited at shows some years ago, under the name of Julia Pastrana. It was a complete illustration of this kind of phenomenon, and the hair on her chin was quite equal to that owned by some men.

Chemical analysis shows the hair to be composed of a basis of animal matter, of a certain proportion of oily substances, of the salts of lime, which enter into the composition of horn, of sulphur, and of two metals—manganese and iron. The constituents of hair of different color differ somewhat; red hair contains a reddish colored oil, a large proportion of sulphur, and a small quantity of iron; fair hair, a white oil with phosphate of magnesia; and the white hair of the aged, a considerable quantity of bone earth, or phosphate of lime. According to the latest analysis, fair hair contains the least carbon and hydrogen, and most oxygen and sulphur; black hair follows next, whilst brown hair gives the largest proportion of carbon and the smallest of oxygen and sulphur. The whiteness of the hair appears to be derived from a diminished secretion of the follicles. When the coloring pigment ceases to be produced, the hair becomes gray or white.

When the power of the nervous system is reduced, the formation of pigment is the first function that suffers. When grayness shows itself in the hair, it indicates a want of tone in its producing organs, and if this tone could be restored, the hair would cease to change. Dr. Copland says, in his "Dictionary of Medicine," that in some cases with which he was acquainted, the hair grew white in winter, and that it gradually darkened in summer, when, moreover, it sprang up from the roots in its original color. Mr. Erasmus Wilson found on occasions premature grayness amenable to treatment, when caused by illness—especially in neuralgic or nervous complaints—and in certain instances he was enabled to restore the hair to its pristine hue by internal remedies.

Much has been said or written as to the possibility of sudden blanching of the hair, a fact which is admitted by some physiologists, and denied by others. The believers appeal to evident facts, whilst the unbelievers say that emotions of the mind can have no direct effect on the hair, that they can only influence it through the general health, and that when such changes have been observed, they must be attributed to a cessation from the use of hair dyes. When doctors disagree, a layman must not venture an opinion. We can only say that Mr. Erasmus Wilson, formerly a scoffer, became converted from some facts that occurred within his own knowledge, and he relates some cases in point. A lady, who was expecting her intended husband to arrive by sea from the north of England, on hearing of the foundering of the ship which carried him, swooned, and on the following evening her hair, which had been a deep brown, became as white as snow. Subsequently, the whole of the white hair fell off, and another crop appeared, which was gray, and lasted for many years. Her whole system underwent a revulsion: the fountain of life seemed to dry up, and the very color of her blood exhausted. The instances of Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, both of whom became gray with grief in a short time, are recounted in history. Henry of Navarre, on hearing that the Edict of Nemours was conceded, was so incensed and grieved that in the course of a few hours part of one of his moustaches whitened.

It is also narrated that a young Spaniard of noble family, had prevailed upon a young lady of high lineage to grant him an interview under the bough of a tree within the garden of the King of Spain. The lovers being betrayed by the barking of a dog, the gentleman was seized and imprisoned by the King's guard. He knew he had committed a capital offence, for which prompt death would be the swift punishment, and he took to heart his impending fate so much, that on the same night he turned gray as one stricken with years. The jailer being moved at the sight, stated the accident as a prodigy to King Ferdinand, who thereupon pardoned the venturesome wooer,

saying he had already been sufficiently punished for his fault.

We are also told that a banker, during the panic of 1825, became gray in three days from intense anxiety, which is not very surprising. But what is astonishing is that a gentleman 40 years old, who was married, in the possession of a dark head of hair, on his return from his honeymoon, had become so completely snow white, even to his eyebrows, that his friends no longer recognized him, and even doubted his identity. The happiness of matrimony seemed to have a very unusual effect upon him, and the wonder of the bride may be better imagined than described. Mr. Erasmus Wilson does not attempt to explain the *modus operandi* of these changes, which may be attributed either to electrical action or chemical alteration in the blood itself.

Some men, in their old age, have a return of this dark hair, just as some individuals have been known in very advanced life to shed their teeth. It is recorded that a man named John Weeks, who died at the ripe age of 114, had recovered the original hue of his hair some years before his death; and that Susan Edmonds, in the 95th year of her life, regained the natural blackness of hers, as in her youth, though it became gray again previous to her death, which occurred when she had numbered 105 years.

The consideration of gray hair naturally leads to the consideration of hair-dyeing. The practice of artificially changing the color of the hair has descended to us from remote antiquity. That it is common with us may be inferred from the innumerable nostrums continually advertised, as well as from the appearance of the heads and beards of some of our acquaintances. We may roughly divide the methods employed in dyeing the hair into two. The one, which is founded on the rational means of restoring the color of the hair, consists in supplying the materials employed by Nature for the pigment. Sulphur and iron, and perhaps manganese, appear to constitute the pigment in question, iron being found principally in the darker hair. Availing ourselves of this knowledge, we may darken hair by conveying to its bulbs by means of the absorbent power of the skin one or more of these materials, as may be required. They must be applied in a diluted solution to the hair glands, on the same principle that we are able to stain the bones of young animals by the administration of madder with their food. When iron is administered alone, it has the desired effect by mingling with the sulphur of the hair. When the hair is so far blanched, as no longer to possess this last substance, it must be supplied artificially in a separate form. Iron has this advantage, that it is beneficial to the system, and that its use can scarcely ever be hurtful. Bismuth, lead, and copper are frequently substituted for iron by fashionable hairdressers. Most of the hair restorers sold in shops owe their coloring power to lead, which, combining with the sulphur of the hair, under the influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, obtains the desired effect. Lead combs exercise a similar action. The long-continued employment of the last named metal must necessarily prove injurious, and is said to have caused colics, and even palsy, though these latter cases do not seem to have been well authenticated. Some people have used it for years without any apparent evil result; but the risk is certainly there, though it may be somewhat remote; and at any time dangerous symptoms may set in under exposure to the hazard.

Electricity has been tried to restore the color of the hair, by the daily use of magnetic brushes. But the process is so slow, laborious, and uncertain in its results, that few persons have the patience to have recourse to it.

The other and best-known process for changing the color of the hair is by the application of ordinary dyes. They act on the hair mostly mechanically, by simply staining it, just as silk, and cotton, and wool are made to change their hue. These dyes do their work in a few hours, or in a few minutes. They consist of different salts and preparations of iron, bismuth, lead, silver, and copper. Also some vegetable substances are employed, such as pyrogallol acid, and the juice of the walnut, the whortleberry, and

the betel-nut. These and many other articles have been tried, with more or less success, to conceal the ravages of time. Much ingenuity has been bestowed in the preparation of hair dyes, and great improvement has been obtained in their results. We do not often see now a human head of hair passing through a gradation of tints, as we did formerly, beginning from snow white roots and ending with purple-black tips. Nevertheless, even the most skilfully dyed head cannot approach Nature, and can scarcely fail to be detected by a close observer.

The curling nature of the hair is attributed to a large proportion of oily substance, which prevents the absorption of water. The effect of dampness in destroying the curl of the hair is well known, but it is not so well known that the state of the hair participates in the state of the general health. In many instances strong curly hair becomes straight if the possessors be out of health, and the condition of the hair with them is as great a test as the condition of the tongue. The state of the hair depends much on that of the general health. In perfect health, the hair is full, glossy, and rich in its hues, in consequence of the absorption from the blood of a nutritive juice, containing its proper proportion of oily and albuminous elements. In persons out of health, it may lose its brilliancy of hue, and become lank and straight, from the presence of imperfect juices. In others, again, there may be a total absence of such nutritive elements, and their hair consequently looks faded and dead.

Climate exercises great influence on the curliness of the hair, as may be illustrated in the difference in this respect between the natives of the north and of the south, the long lanky hair of the former, as compared with the frizzly curls of the natives of Africa. Even Europeans, whose beards were soft and silken at home, on reaching Africa, found them to grow temporarily crisp, strong, and coarse, resembling horse-hair. This effect, which could only be ascribed to the extreme dryness of the climate, ceased on the travellers returning to their own country. No doubt this is the cause which, operating through thousands of years, has changed the negro's hair into a coarse wool.

Human hair is not the less useful because it is ornamental. It is a bad conductor of heat, and keeps the head warm in winter and cold in summer. It wards off the effect of the sun; and we find negroes exposing themselves without head covering to its burning rays in tropical climates, without the slightest injury; and some tribes of wild Arabs, who wear neither tarboosh nor turban, are said to rely solely on their bushy heads of hair as protection against sunstroke. The moustache is a natural respirator, defending the lungs against the inhalation of cold and dust. It is a protection of the face and throat against cold, and is equally in warm climates a safeguard for those parts against excessive heat. The moustaches of blacksmiths show by their color the dust which they stopped as a natural respirator, and which, if inhaled, would have been injurious. The moustache is beneficial to those who follow the trades of millers, bakers, masons, to workers in metals, and even to travellers into Egypt and Africa, when they are exposed to the burning sands of the desert. Full beards are said to be a defence against bronchitis and sore throats. It is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has been recommended to persons liable to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was a sufferer from sore throat for many years, and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according to the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The writer adopted the same course for the very identical reason, and with fair success. But he is bound to state that he has seen individuals with long flowing beards, whom those ornaments did not save from attacks of bronchial and laryngeal disorders.

Let us now turn our attention to the greatest calamity that can befall us with reference to hair—that is, its partial or total loss. The loss of hair is unpleasant in the

young, and more in females than in males. The former, however, seem to be less subject to it than the latter. If the fall be limited to the beard, the visitation may be bearable in a young man, though the sight of a cranium as smooth and shining as a billiard ball is not a pleasant spectacle. But when not only the entire scalp is laid bare, but the eyelashes and the eyebrows and the whiskers and the beard disappear also, it is no common affliction. The annoyance is great also when, instead of a total fall, round white patches of the scalp become denuded, making people fancy that they are caused by some disagreeable disease. This is supposed by the public to be caused by ringworm, because ringworm produces similar effects. Mr. Erasmus Wilson says that in these instances the skin is healthy enough, and that the evil arises from the nerves that supply the skin. Under these circumstances, he advises that the parts be well brushed until redness ensue and a warm glow be produced, and then the patches should be well brushed with a soft tooth-brush, dipped in distilled vinegar, morning and night.

Though great pains are generally taken in dressing the hair, they are often misdirected, through sheer want of knowledge. Mr. Erasmus Wilson is of opinion that by proper management, not only might the color of the hair be preserved for many years beyond the usual period of such change, but also that the hair itself might be retained to the end of life.

According to Dr. Copland, among the principal causes of premature baldness may be reckoned anxiety of mind, extreme or protracted grief, unexpected and unpleasant intelligence, fright or terror, great mental exertion; severe, repeated, or continual headaches; eczema, and other chronic eruptions of the scalp; excessive hemorrhage; mercurial courses; an hereditary predisposition; adynamic fevers; and too great sacrifices at the altar of Venus. The hair falls from the atrophy and wasting of the pilous follicles, or from their impaired or suspended vital action. In the latter case, the evil may be arrested or averted; whilst in the former, it would be almost hopeless to attempt it. When the baldness is complete, and comes in youth without apparent cause, there is probably some vice inherent in the constitution, unless it be inherited, in which case the vice must have existed in the constitution of the progenitors.

Now for the treatment of the hair. Let us first say what is to be avoided. Masses of hair pomatum must be particularly eschewed. The film of greasy matter excludes the genial action of the atmosphere from the hair, and relaxes the texture of the skin, chokes up its perspiratory pores, and damages its functions. The rancid grease acts as a corrosive irritant, inducing scurfiness, and at length actual disease of the scalp. When this decline of the hair is noticed, the doses of oil or pomade are increased, or some advertised nostrum is resorted to, and naturally in vain. The hair is certain to decay under such treatment. The hair bulbs wither, and grayness and baldness ensue before their time. Of the oleaginous compounds used for the head, the best are olive and almond oils, veal suet, and recent hog's lard, perfumed with some aromatic essential oil.

Frequent brushing of the head is beneficial, as it increases the action of the skin. Mr. Erasmus Wilson says that the head cannot be brushed too much, any more than the horse's coat can be too much groomed. By combing and brushing, grooms not only produce a fine coat, but improve considerably the healthy condition of the animal. Thus the more the scalp be brushed, the more healthy will be the skin, and, by a reflected power, the general health of the individual will greatly gain. The hairdressers, like other professors of more scientific pursuits, seem to be divided in opinion on this subject. One party advocates hard brushes and constant brushing, on the above grounds. Another party, on the other hand, recommends soft brushes and moderate brushing, alleging that the contrary practice tears away the root of the hair. Mr. Erasmus Wilson, admitting that there is a show of reason in favor of the non-brushers, considers that the brushers have the best of

the argument, and supports their view of the case. The object of brushing the head is twofold — the one being to smooth the hair, and the other to excite the vigorous action of the skin. It follows that whilst surface brushing should be done gently, so as not to tear the roots of the hair, when the skin is to be acted upon, the brush cannot be too hard and penetrating. Therefore Mr. Erasmus Wilson considers that the pros and cons of the question are pithily summed up in the axiom of a hairdresser of Bristol, who says that "The head cannot be brushed too much, or the hair too little."

To preserve the hair in health, it should be daily well brushed; it should be washed once a week in soap and water, and occasionally one of the oils or light greases may be applied with advantage. If the hair shows a tendency to weakness, proper attention is required to arrest the evil, otherwise premature baldness will follow. These cases are frequently far from being as hopeless as people imagine. The fall of hair may be arrested in many instances by adequate internal and external treatment, and new hair may be produced if the roots be not utterly destroyed. The hair should be plunged into cold water morning and night, then thoroughly dried and rubbed, and afterwards brushed until redness appears. It is said that when the skin does not become red, but remains white, dead, and shining, the case is hopeless, and then further efforts are useless. On the contrary, when a healthy glow readily occurs, the case may be said to promise well. In mild instances, gentle stimulants should be daily applied after the above process, such as will operate moderately on the skin and excite a tonic action without clogging the pores. Of this kind are strong rosemary water, or a weak solution of essential oil of rosemary or garden thyme, which may be rendered more active by the addition of a little ammonia or alcohol. The skin of the head may be moistened with any of these lotions whenever the hair is dressed, and its action should be assisted by the use of a clean hair-brush. Strong black tea, with a little tincture of cantharides, has been said to be very beneficial. The occasional employment of a bland oil, impregnated with oil of rosemary, or origanum, or nace, is often of service, when there is dryness of the hair and poorness of the blood. In severe cases, the brushing must be more prolonged, the daily ablutions more complete, and the preparations used considerably stronger.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson pointed out long ago, that the local treatment of weak and falling hair and baldness consisted in the principle of excitation or stimulation of the skin. Those who profess to restore hair have recourse to different methods, all pointing to the same direction. An old lady who practises the art of hair restoring in London, is said to place the patient between her knees, and then to begin a system of pommeling, pinching, and rubbing every part of it until it is effectually stimulated; another administers blistering powder; and a third uses fluid irritants. All take different paths, and in their ignorance of the philosophy of medicine, each one believes himself to be exclusively right, because he achieves empirically what the physician accomplishes scientifically.

One of the most favorite ingredients in the specifics prepared by hairdressers is cantharides, or Spanish fly, or cantharidine, its extract, which, in reality, possesses some of the properties attributed to it. This drug has been recommended for the purpose by some eminent physicians and surgeons, among whom may be ranked the celebrated Baron Dupuytren. Dr. Copland has found Peruvian Balsam, mixed with six or eight times its quantity of some grease, of great service in promoting the growth of the hair. Essential oils, ammonia, croton oil, Norwegian tar, juniper tar, iodurated and phosphorated oils, have all been employed for the same purpose; all these substances tending to increase the action of the skin.

The hair, moreover, should be cut frequently, and kept short whilst under treatment. The ordinary method of hair cutting is of little avail remedially. Usually the long hairs only are trimmed, whereas it is the short, weak hairs that should be cut, that their stem may receive more sap,

and grow up stronger and thicker. Some require lopping off near the summit, others on the surface, whilst diseased or withered hairs require plucking altogether. This plan is practised by a hairdresser named Williams, in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, whose method, according to Erasmus Wilson, has produced the happiest and most remarkable results. This haircutter told Mr. Erasmus Wilson, that there would be enough work for all his brethren of the scissors, if hair were cut properly, but then there would be an end to wig-making. This system tends much to prevent the extension of grayness, and, combined with judicious plucking, is capable of correcting completely the disorder. In order to render it generally popular, we must remark, the scale of charges should be reduced so as to place it within reach of the multitude.

No external treatment in the severer cases of hair falling can be successful, unless it be accompanied by proper internal remedies, taken under medical guidance. The digestion will have to be attended to; and tonics, such as quinine, strychnia, cod-liver oil, the various preparations of iron and phosphorus, will have to be employed to build up the constitution, and repair any nervous exhaustion. Fowler's Solution of arsenic has been found to possess extraordinary properties in this respect by Mr. Hunt, F. R. C. S., as stated by him in his "Guide to the Treatment of Diseases of the Skin." The discovery of this peculiar influence of this powerful medicine was made accidentally on an elderly man, who was being treated for a disease of the skin, and who had become partially bald from natural decay. He had taken arsenic for six weeks, when he called the surgeon's attention to the surprising fact, that his hair was growing luxuriantly on the bald portion of his scalp. The hair was short, but healthy and thick. Mr. Hunt tried the remedy on one hundred and sixty patients, and though it occasionally failed in elderly people, it was invariably successful in young and middle-aged subjects. The effects were apparent after six or eight weeks, but the treatment had to be continued for many months before it could be left off. Here no outward applications were required.

It has been asserted that wearing a beard often causes baldness, as it is alleged that the strength which is spent in promoting the growth of the hair on the chin leaves so much less to assist the growth of the hair on the scalp. In support of this theory, those individuals are pointed out, who, possessing more or less luxuriant beards, have lost their hair early. But it is not proved that those two circumstances are in any way connected together, and it is impossible to ascertain whether the same individuals would not have equally lost their hair, had they never exhibited those ornaments on their chins. This is one of those theories that, like many other physiological problems of far greater importance, must remain unsolved for the present. Attention to the rules we have repeated, and to the observations we have made, will do more towards the preservation of our hair than any doctrine with reference to our beards.

LITTRÉ'S DICTIONARY.¹

THE completion of a great work like this is an epoch to be noted in the history of literature. During thirty years M. Littré has been steadily — we dare not add unweariedly — concentrating his attention on the development of his original plan, and we have the finished result in four splendid imperial quarto volumes, containing in all 4,778 pages.

The words of a language are in a certain sense the representatives of all the knowledge possessed by the nation who speak it, and, viewed historically, representatives not only of the nation's present but also of its past knowledge. A collection of these words, therefore, as representing all the feelings and conceptions which have passed into verbal expression, is a complete record of the mental history of

¹ *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*. Par E. Littré, de l'Institut (Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles-Lettres). Quatre tomes. (London and Paris: L. Hachette and Co. 1873-1872.)

the nation. By examining such a collection we could ascertain both what the nation has been and what it is. The detection, for instance, at a special date, of a word presenting a definite idea which no word in the language had before presented would be tantamount to the discovery of the time when a new increment of knowledge was added to the existing store; for though the word is not itself the knowledge, it stands in a fixed relation to the knowledge, and, in the ordinary currency of language, passes for it. A dictionary, then, is, as some writers have called it, a *gazophylacium* — a treasure-house, wherein are stored up the riches represented by the words of a language. These words, viewed as the *ensemble* of ideas called into being by the operation of successive circumstances, should, strictly speaking, be arranged in the order of their geneses. As such arrangement, however, is for obvious reasons impracticable, we are driven for the sake of convenience to the alphabetical order, and hence under this aspect of the case history merges into biography. The word thus viewed ceases to be a coefficient of the general mental growth of the nation, and takes its place as an individual which has a history of its own. The time and circumstances, therefore, of its birth and growth, the vicissitudes of its career, its various transformations, while still preserving its essential identity, its death (if it dies), or its occasional resurrection — all should come under the notice of the philosophical lexicographer who is to furnish its biography. Its pedigree, too, must be investigated, for in its ancestry we often find the true causes of the idiosyncrasies of its organic life. All these circumstances are naturally coördinated by the law of historical development, and we therefore find that M. Littré, true to his positive philosophy, makes the historical development a leading feature of his dictionary. We have before insisted, in noticing M. Brachet's skilful application of this principle in his "Historical French Grammar," and Dr. Morris's adoption of it in his "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," that it is the only principle which furnishes a solution of the philological problems, involving both grammar and vocabulary, which we continually meet with in investigating any special stage of the history of a language, and the phenomena of the special stage are often satisfactorily explained by simple reference to those of the antecedent stages, when nothing else will explain them.

The general plan of M. Littré's work is as follows: He first gives the order of pronunciation of the word, then, with copious illustrations, the different senses in which it is now employed, educing the various significations from that founded on its etymology, which governs the rest. He next, by an admirably selected series of quotations, chronologically arranged, helps us to see what the form and meaning of the word were when it first appeared in French literature, and the changes which it has undergone in its descent from the eleventh or twelfth to the sixteenth century. Lastly, he investigates the etymology of the word in accordance with the results of the most advanced philology. This general plan he carries out with rare fidelity, leaving, in our judgment, little for succeeding French lexicographers to do in the way of correcting or supplementing his labors. The only suggestion that we would venture to make as to the plan itself is this: (1) that it would be better to begin rather than end with the etymology, which furnishes the radical and essential meaning of the word that peeps out from all the disguises which it may wear, lies at the foundation of all the rest; (2) that the passages which illustrate the history of the word should follow next, and that with them should be given explanations (which M. Littré has not given) of the various significations which the word had in its early stages of existence; and (3) that the exhibition of the phenomena of its present life should be the last of the three main divisions of the plan, which would then be developed on strictly natural and historical order. These suggestions come of course all too late for the service of M. Littré, whose great work will remain pretty much what it is now for many years to come, but they may be of use to the future editor (perhaps hardly yet born) who will somewhere about the year 1900 would

into one colossal fabric the vast heap of materials already gathered by numerous workers for the dictionary of the Philological Society. He, whoever he may be, will have for many reasons a harder work than M. Littré's to perform. It will be fortunate if he is endowed with M. Littré's wonderful energy and perseverance, administrative skill and perspicacity.

We have no space for any detailed criticisms, for which, no doubt, opportunity could be found, were we in the mood to look for them. One, however, happens to fall at this moment under our eyes, which shows that our good lexicographer, like the "good Homer," sometimes nods. This is the etymology of the verb *trahier*, which M. Littré derives directly from *trahire*, without giving us a hint even to account for the intrusion of the *n*. This is certainly a singular omission, which might easily be supplied by reference to the low Latin *trainare*, to drag a heavy log or sledge along; from *trahna*, a huge beam or block of wood, hence the modern meaning of *trainant*.

We need not, however, dwell on the merits or defects of M. Littré's splendid dictionary. It is, and will long remain, one of the most remarkable literary achievements of our time.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FEMORUS, the celebrated French Barnum, is dead.

LAND has lately been sold in London at the rate of one hundred and sixty dollars a foot, or \$3,500,000 per acre.

A STATUE of Buddha, 50 feet high, copied from a bronze statue made 600 years ago, has arrived at Vienna, for the Exhibition, from Japan.

A DUBLIN physician, in speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

THE admirers of George Herbert will be glad to learn that eight poems of his, hitherto unpublished, have been discovered, and will be published at once. It is said that they throw considerable light on some of the poet's religious opinions.

MR. GEORGE W. SIMONDS, the young English sculptor in Rome, who made the colossal statue of the "Falconer" for the Central Park in New York, has just forwarded a life size copy of the same statue to the Vienna Exposition, along with the production of the artists sent from Rome by the Italian government.

THE publication of Mr. Browning's new poem is delayed in England, in order to allow of its appearance in the United States on the same day on which the London edition is issued. The poem is entitled "The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," and will be published in a few days by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Mr. Browning's American publishers.

M. THIERS possesses in his collection of pictures a small canvas some few inches square, which may, with the frame, be worth twenty francs, for which he gave 8,000, having bought it in 1864 as a Ruysdael. It has, however, paid its expenses over and over again, for whenever M. Thiers feels tempted to buy a work of art, he looks at it and — overcomes the temptation.

THE *Journal des Débats* tells a good story of Rossini. On the death of Meyerbeer, his nephew, M. Beer, composed a requiem, which he submitted to Rossini. The Swan of Pesaro returned the production to its author, with the remark, "Your requiem will do; but it would have been far better that you should have died, and that your uncle should have composed one for you."

IT has been pretty well known for some time whose name is represented by the initials C. E. M., attached to a little volume of poems called "Stray Leaves," which had quite a success in this country and in England, a few months since. A new edition being called for, Mr. C. E. Mudie, the well-known London librarian, has summoned up courage to put his name in full on the title-page.

THE *Athenæum* gives its readers a characteristic story of Mr. Dickens. An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of

the Crimean War, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir, — Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your Serial, I send you some." To which Dickens answered, "Sir, — We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

A PARIS letter-writer says: "The assistant executioner has just died here, probably from over-exertion; for though there are members of the government averse to capital punishment, the guillotine has never been plied so briskly since the Reign of Terror as at present. The most remarkable thing about the deceased was his wonderful likeness to Victorien Sardou, who was by no means flattered at the resemblance."

A CURIOUS case has come before the Tribunal of the Seine of one lodger having driven another lodger mad by his constant piano-forte playing, chiefly of classic symphonies. The irritation which was caused by the repetition of the nuisance at length took the form of mental aberration. There's a young gentleman in our neighborhood with a midnight passion for a French horn. We trust that capital punishment will not be abolished in this country until we have attended the execution of this breezy young man.

AN English translation of "The Life of Moscheles," the composer and pianist, with selections from his diaries and correspondence, by his wife, will be published in London this month. The work comprises not only a detailed account of Moscheles' own long artistic career, but particulars respecting his intercourse with Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and other great composers, besides almost all the celebrated artists, vocal or instrumental, who adorned the operatic stage or flourished in the concert-rooms of his day.

DURING a whole week, says the *Bengal Times*, the streets of Dacca have been enlivened by marriage processions, the most remarkable of which were those in honor of the marriage of two dolls belonging to the daughters of the wealthiest Hindoo citizens. The celebration of these extraordinary nuptials has afforded much amusement to the people, whilst the parents of the juvenile mothers-in-law availed themselves of this opportunity to spend a few thousand rupees to satisfy the one inclination foremost in the mind of every Hindoo — feeding the Brahmins, relations, kinsmen, friends, neighbors, and the poor.

SAINTE-BEUVE was during his life a most assiduous correspondent of Princess Mathilde. We may be sure that in writing to her about literature, æsthetics, and politics, the senator never kept out of his mind the public for which they were finally designed. It appears that both correspondents agreed to exchange their letters, which returned to their own writer. Now, M. Troubat, the executor of Sainte-Beuve, is about to publish the letters returned to him; whilst Princess Mathilde will not, for the present, let us judge if she is or is not the rival of Sévigné. In any case, the letters of Sainte-Beuve are welcome, even without the answers.

THE *Court Journal* prints the following: Apropos of the American story we recently gave of a book agent whom the Omaha people tried to kill, but who returned with Cassel's Illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party, an equally good story is told of the canvasser of a London publisher. He found his way into the parlor of a branch bank, and saw the manager, who, as soon as he learned his business, ordered him out. Very quietly he said, "I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of the week that I can afford to meet a snob occasionally," and walked out. Next day he called at the bank again, and wished to open an account. He was again shown in to the manager, and gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited £270. The manager could not do less than apologize for his rudeness on the day preceding, and ordered a copy of the work — an expensive Bible — and allowed access to the clerks, several of whom did the same. Two days afterwards every farthing was drawn out.

THE prospect held out to the Viennese of having sixty thousand guests or more quartered on them at a time seems to have turned all heads in the gay capital on the Danube. The most absurdly speculative prices are being asked and given for houses available to be let out in detail to the expected strangers. The local humorist caricatures the present rage for letting, in the following terms: "To visitors to the World's Exposition. A cheap lodging to be had, without bedroom or sitting-room, at \$50 per week for the term of the Exhibition. Lights and water to be paid for extra. Clothes-brushing and attendance according to special agreement. Douceurs (trinkgeld) a separate charge, but not to be less than \$1 a day. Information may be had by personal inquiry of the housekeeper; fee, \$2.50." It seems that

the Viennese bakers have already reduced the dimensions of the breakfast roll in forethought for the coming visitors; and another caricaturist portrays their greed in a sketch which represents the favorite *semmel*, the invariable accompaniment of the morning coffee, so shrunk as to be served with ease through the keyhole of the seller's shop to a late customer.

THE Italian gentleman who recently swallowed a fork and found a dangerous rival in a French lady who has been long accustomed to seek nourishment in needles. Notwithstanding the most careful and anxious precautions of her friends, the old lady in question was successful in her daily endeavors to possess herself of her favorite fare. The most remarkable feature in the case was, not that the needles did her no harm, but that she seemed to thrive upon them. What became of them all was not unnaturally, a constant theme of wonder in the circle of her acquaintance. The mystery has just been solved by a post-mortem examination made in the amphitheatre of L'École de Médecine at Paris, and witnessed *de ses propres yeux* by a well-known journalist. The needles were all found embedded in the flesh near the old lady's backbone, ranged in neat order, as if in a cushion. So bountifully had the deceased fared that there was scarcely an inch of room left for the proper disposal of another pennyworth; and her friends have at least the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that she died before the total absorption of the available space had served to make the approach of the lanchon hour a terror to her.

A MELANCHOLY account of the island of Santa Cruz in the West Indies, is given by the *Bulletin* of the Terrey (American) Botanical Club. This island is said to have a garden of freshness, beauty, and fertility twenty years ago; it was covered with woods, trees were everywhere abundant, and rains profuse and frequent. The recent visit of a gentleman who had known the island in its palmier days revealed a lamentable change, one fourth of the island having become an utter desert. The forests and trees had been cut away, rainfalls had ceased, and the process of desiccation beginning at one end of the island had advanced gradually and irresistibly upon the land, until for seven miles it had become as dry and barren as the seashore. Houses and plantations had been abandoned, and the advance of desolation was watched by the people, wholly unable to prevent it, but knowing almost to a certainty that the time must come when their own habitations, their gardens, and fresh fields will be a part of the waste. Indeed, the whole island seems doomed to become a desert. This sad result is owing entirely, according to the belief of the inhabitants, to the destruction of the trees upon the island some years ago.

NOTHING could be more calculated to break the continuity of an epistolary correspondence than for one of the parties to it to post his letters in a disused pump. It seems, however, that this mischance has befallen several letter-writers residing in the parish of St. Marylebone. "Scattered over this parish," writes Mr. W. J. Wilson, "and probably in other parts of the metropolis, there are several old-fashioned iron pumps, the handles of which have been removed, leaving a vertical slit which looks like the opening of a letter-box." Into these pumps, it appears, many confiding persons are in the habit of putting their letters, a fact which Mr. Wilson first became aware of some months ago, when a friend of his "saw a boy putting a letter into the pump in Great Titchfield Street." Mr. Wilson's friend found several other letters in the pump, and took them all to the post-office at Oxford Street, the post-master of which told him that a similar discovery had been made in a pump in Newman Street. After this occurrence Mr. Wilson supposed that the post-office authorities would take some steps to prevent further mistakes, but nothing appears to have been done, and a few days ago, happening to pass another of these pumps not far from Portland Place, the writer had the curiosity to look through the slit, and saw three letters lying within. "Probably," he adds, "there were many more that I could not see; and as it is not impossible that letters of value or importance may be lying in some of these hiding-places, surely it is expedient that a search be at once made, and that something be done to prevent such mistakes in the future." It is painful to reflect upon the feelings of a person who has posted a series of letters in a pump with the hope of getting an answer from his correspondent.

IN the course of a review of Mr. Freeman's "Historical Essays" the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "One of Mr. Freeman's characteristic merits is particularly valuable in essays that treat of Greek and Roman history; his perseverance, namely, in keeping before the reader's mind the close organic connection between Greece and Rome on the one hand, and the life of Europe since the fall of the Empire on the other. He seems, indeed, to think

is notion of the unity of history much more of a novelty than really is, just as he thought the notion of the duration of the holy Roman Empire a novelty to modern readers, though it tared us in the face in accepted text-books like Hallam, and in widely read books of a more popular kind, like Carlyle's 'Fredrick.' But though the idea of the unity of history has been of familiar as the alphabet to all well-read people since the days as Lessuet in France, and Lessing in Germany, it is an idea which we cannot have too often pressed upon us or too diligently illustrated. And Mr. Freeman reduces this idea from the general to the particular, and gives precision to a thought that is apt to slip off into an elegant vagueness. Besides this, he makes the most vivid by constant reference to modern counterparts or quasi-counterparts. The Achaian League, which is a shadow to so many people, acquires a sort of reality and intelligible significance when we are bidden to think of the federation of the Swiss cantons. Sometimes the modern references are intrusive, and the too frequent introduction of stereotyped sarcasms upon France and the First and Second Empires amount to what the French call a *tic*. All this, however, must be pardoned as the effect belonging to the writer's quality. As he says, 'The highest side of history is its political side,' and it is because his interest in politics is sincere and whole-hearted that he has acquired such firm grasp over the greater movements of the old times. If Mr. Freeman was less keen in caring about these modern events, to which he seems sometimes to make superfluous reference, he would have been less keen in his exploration of past events. In the preface Mr. Freeman takes well-deserved credit for having done his best to expel as far as possible all but honest English speech from his pages. It is easy to push this excellent antipathy to strange or mongrel diction too far, until it ends in archaic affectation. Mr. Freeman is as yet on the safe side; but we fear for him, if he does not keep a keen eye on the evil of excess. His vocabulary is so correct that we gasp as we come upon a sentence about 'Joseph Hume calling the Ministers *aliens over the coals*.'"

SOME time ago (says the *Manchester Examiner*) a pawnbroker named John Butler, residing at Oldham, received a key by post with an accompanying note, which contained the following: The key to the mystery; open it and you will know your enemy. Yours, NOBODY." A week after, a box, wrapped in brown paper, was found attached with a piece of string to the handle of Mr. Butler's house-door. He was from home at the time, and his servant placed the parcel on the table to await his return. He got home about eleven o'clock, and the matter being explained to him, he proceeded to unwrap the parcel, which was found to contain a common workbox. Remarking that the receipt of the key explained the mysterious appearance of the box, he proceeded to apply the former to the lock of the latter. The lock easily slipped, but to the apparent surprise of Mr. Butler the lid would not open. His brother attempted to open it, whereupon Mr. Butler laid hold of the box and attempted to open it. He placed the box with the front from him, and, applying considerable force, the lid yielded. Simultaneously a loud report was heard, something went crash through the window, and Mr. Butler fell to the floor apparently unconscious. The box was a cleverly designed infernal machine, containing a pistol loaded with slugs, and the whole was so ingeniously contrived that the lid of the box could not be opened without discharging the pistol. On the wood-work inside was written the word "Revenge," in large letters. On the matter becoming known, the whole town was thrown into a state of excitement, and terrible things were uttered against the person or persons who had concocted and well-nigh carried out such a murderous design. The police took the matter up in earnest, and, after a careful investigation by Mr. Hodgkinson and Detective Holt, the mystery is cleared up, and strange to say, John Butler himself is sole author of the whole affair. Wire, catgut, and paper, exactly corresponding with those which composed the machine and parcel, were found in Butler's house. He was charged with carrying out the affair, but stoutly denied it. Subsequently he confessed that he was guilty of the action, and not only so, but of a large number of threatening letters which he had received during a period extending over several years, together with a tab which he received eight years ago, and which up to now it was supposed some one else had inflicted. As showing his hypocrisy, the Chief Constable read the following letter which Butler addressed to a friend since the infernal machine was opened: We have not as yet any clue to the mystery; but whatever the result of the inquiry may be, I have placed my whole trust and confidence in the Lord, who alone is able to deliver me, and whose mercy endureth for ever." The bench thanked the Chief Constable for his successful exertions, and suggested that means should be taken, if Butler could not be prosecuted, to make him pay the expenses incurred in solving the mystery.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* in speaking of the complete edition of Lowell's works, just issued in London, says: All readers who are able to recognize and appreciate genuine verse will give a glad welcome to this beautiful little volume. Mr. Lowell has distinguished himself in many ways, and his writings are perhaps as well known in this country as in America. . . . There is a little volume by Mr. Lowell, known, perhaps, to few of his admirers, which, although very inferior in matter and style to his maturer works, scarcely deserves to be forgotten. We allude to "Conversations on some of the Old Poets" — a book produced in an English dress nearly thirty years ago, and now, we believe, out of print. Defective and weak in many respects, as the critical work of a writer "standing as yet only in the outer porch of life" needs must be, it contains many a fair blossom giving promise of future fruit. And the promise has not been disappointed. "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows" are delightful — the style pure, the thought suggestive, the criticism just and pregnant. But if as a critic and essayist Mr. Lowell has won an honorable reputation, he has gained a far more noticeable place in literature as a poet and a humorist; and we advise those who do not as yet know him as he deserves to be known, to read with the care it merits this first complete edition of the poems. They will be struck, we think, by the versatility of power displayed. Here, for instance, after laughing once more over the humor so racy of the soil to be found in the "Biglow Papers," we may turn to many a charming lyric, to sonnets of rare beauty and weighty with thought, or to ballad, legend, or ode. Of the ode, indeed, a highly difficult form of poetry, and one in which, so far as we know, but three modern poets — Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley — have achieved success, Mr. Lowell has proved himself a master. The "Poems of the War" will be read with interest, but one of them, the 'Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration,' may arouse the enthusiasm of English readers as well as of American citizens. The poem is in a grand strain throughout, and ends nobly. The lines ought to be and probably are familiar, but they will not suffer from being read once more: —

O beautiful! my country! ours once more;
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare!
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

BETSY LEE.

A FO'C'S'LE YARN.

PART I.

I SAID I would? Well, I hardly know,
But a yarn's a yarn; so here we go.
It's along of me and a Lawyer's Clerk:
You've seen mayhap that sort of spark!
As neat and as pert, and as sharp as a pin,
With a mossel of hair on the tip of his chin;
With his face so fine, and his tongue so glib,
And a saucy cock in the set of his jib;
With his rings and his studs and all the rest,
And half a chain cable paid out on his breast.
Now there's different devils ashore and at sea,
And a devil's a devil wherever he be;
But if you want the rael ould mark,
The devil of devils is the Lawyer's Clerk.
Well — out it must come, though it be with a wrench,
And I must tell you about a wench
That I was a courtin' of — yes, me!
Aye, and her name it was Betsy Lee.
Betsy Lee — you thought there was love
In the case — did you, Bob? So help me, I'll shove
This boot down your throat, if you don't stop laughin';
It's a regular stopper, that snigglin and chaffin.
When a man has a yarn to spin, d'y'e see,
He must spin it away, and spin it free,

Or else — well perhaps — *there is no call* —
But just don't do it again, that's all !

Now most of you lads has had a spell
Of courtin and that, and it's hard to tell
How ever a youngster comes to fancy
That of all the gels it's Jinny or Nancy,
Or Mary or Betsy that must be hisn.
I don't know how it is or it isn,
But some time or other it comes to us all,
Just like a clap of shoot or a squall,
Or a snake or a viper, or some such dirt,
Creep — creep — creepin under your shirt,
And slidin and slippin right into your breast,
And makin you as you can't get rest ;
And it works and it works till you feel your heart risin —
God knows what it is if it isn pisin.
You've bathed in a dub that had seaweed in it,
And just dropt your legs to rest for a minute,
And let them go lazily dingle — dangle,
And felt them caught by the twistin tangle —
That's somethin like the kind of job ;
But ah, I loved Betsy, I did — now, Bob !

You see — we're a roughish set of chaps,
That's brought up rough on our mummies' laps ;
And we grow and we run about shoutin and foolin
Till we gets to be lumps, and fit for the schoolin.
Then we gets to know the marks and the signs,
And we leaves the school, and we sticks to the lines,
Baitin and settin and haulin and that,
Till we know every fish from a whale to a sprat ;
And we gets big and strong, for it do make you stronger
To row a big boat, and to pull at a conger.
Then what with a cobblin up of the yawl,
And a patchin and mendin the nets for the trawl,
And a risin early and a goin to bed late,
And a drammin of scollops as big as a plate,
And the hooks and the creels and the oars and the gut,
You'd say there's no room for a little slut.
But howsomdever it's not the case,
And a pretty face is a pretty face ;
And through the whole coil, as bright as a star,
A gel slips in, and there you are !

Well, that was just the way with me
And the gel I'm speakin of — Betsy Lee.
Ah, mates ! it's wonderful too — the years
You may live dead-on-end with your eyes and your ears
Right alongside of the lass that's goin
To be your sweetheart, and you never knowin !
Her father and mine used to hob-and-nob,
Bein next-door neighbors — avast that Bob !
You didn't laugh ? — you lubberly skunk !
It's div'lish nice for a fool in his bunk
To be lyin and laughin, and me goin on
And a tellin such things — now isn it, John ?
Eh, Bill ? He says he — *meant nothin by it ?* —
Well, I only want the chap to be quiet.
For there's wounds, my mates, that won't take healins,
And if a man's a man, he's got his feelins.
All right ! I thank you, William my lad,
I will just taste it — it's not so bad.

Well — as I was a sayin, her father and mine
Was neighbors, and both in the fisherman line ;
And their cottages stood on the open beach,
With a nice bit of garden aback of them each.
You know the way them houses is fixed,
With the pigs and the hens and the childher mixed ;
And the mothers go round when the nights begin,
And whips up their own, and takes them in.
Her father was terrible fond of flowers,
And his garden was twice as handsome as ours —
A mortal keen eye he had for the varmin,
And his talk was always of plantin and farmin.
He had roses hangin above his door,
Uncommon fine roses they was to be sure,
And the joy of my heart was to pull them there,
And break them in pieces on Betsy's hair.
Not that Betsy was much of a size
At the time I mean, but she had big eyes,
So big and so blue, and so far asunder,
And she looked so sollum I used to wonder.
That was all — just baby play,
Knocking about the boats all day,

And sometimes a lot of us takin hands
And racin like mad things over the sands.
Ah ! it wouldn't be bad for some of us
If we'd never gone furdur, and never fared wuss ;
If we'd never grown up, and never got big,
If we'd never took the brandy swig,
If we were skippin and scamp'rin and cap'rin still
On the sand that lies below the hill,
Crunchin its gray ribs with the beat
Of our little patterin naked feet ;
If we'd just kep childher upon the shore
For ever and ever and ever more.
There's Bob again, and also Dick !
Now the question is, which am I goin to lick,
Though it's an ugly sort of a thing to lather
A lad, when you was shipmates with his father.
You — *ast my pardon ?* — well, there let it end,
For a son is a son, and a friend is a friend.

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is
The terrible wonderful length the days is.
Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done :
And you're chasin the bumbees hummin so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,
Or gath'rin blue-bells, or lookin for eggs,
Or petlin the ducks with their yalla legs,
Or a climbin, and nearly breakin your skulls,
Or a shoutin for divilment after the gulls,
Or a thinkin of nothin, but down at the tide,
Singin out for the happy you feel inside.
That's the way with the kids, you know,
And the years do come and the years do go,
And when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.
Now, Bob ! are you at it again ? all right !
Just somebody give the fellow a light !

Well, I never took notions on Betsy Lee,
Nor no more did she, I suppose, on me,
Till one day diggin upon the sand —
Gibbins, of course you'll understand,
A lad as was always a cheeky young sprout,
Began a pullin of Betsy about ;
And he worried the wench till her shoulders were bare,
And he slipped the knot of her beautiful hair,
And down it come, as you may say,
Just like a shower of golden spray,
Blown this way and that by a gamesome breeze,
And a rip-rip-rippin down to her knees.
I looked at Betsy — my gough ! how she stood !
A quiv'rin all over, and her face like blood !
And her eyes, all wet with tears, like fire,
And her breast a swellin higher and higher ;
And she gripped her sickle with a twitchy feel,
And her thumb started out like a coil of steel,
And a cloud seemed to pass from my eyes, and a glory
Like them you'll see painted sometimes in a story,
Breathed out from her skin ; and I saw her no more
The child I had always thought her before,
But wrapped in the glory, and wrapped in the hair,
Every inch of a woman stood pantin there.
So I ups with my fist, as I was bound,
And I d——s his eyes, and I knocks him down,
But from that day by land and sea,
I loved her ! oh, I loved her ! my Betsy Lee !

It's a terrible thing is love — do you say ?
Well, Edward, my lad, I'll not say nay.
But you don't think of that when the young heart blows
Leaf by leaf, comin out like a rose,
And your sheets is slacked off, and your blood is a prachin,
And the world seems a floor for you to dance on.
Terrible — eh ? yes, yes ! you're right,
But all the same, its God's own light.
Aw, there was somethin worth lovin in her —
As neat as a bird and as straight as a fir ;
And I've heard them say, as she passed by,
It was like another sun slipped into the sky —
Kind to the old and kind to the young,
With a smile on her lip, and a laugh on her tongue,
With a heart to feel, and a head to choose,
And she stodd just five feet four in her shoes.
Oh, I've seen her look — well, well, I'll stop it !
Oh, I've seen her turn — well, well, then ! drop it !

Seen, seen! What, what! All under the sod
The darling lies now — my God! my God!

All right, my lads! I shipped that sea;
I couldn't help it! Let be! let be!
Aw, them courtin' times! Well, it's no use tryin'
To tell what they were, and time is flyin'.
But you know how it is — the father pretendin'
He never sees nothin', and the mother mendin',
Or a grippin' the Bible, and spellin' a tex,
And a eyin' us now-and-then over her specs.
Aw, they were a decent pair enough them two!
If it was only with them I'd had to do.
Bless me! the larned he was in the flowers!
And how he would talk for hours and hours
About diggin' and dungin', and weedin' and seedin',
And sometimes a bit of a spell at the readin';
And Betsy and me sittin' back in the chimley,
And her a clickin' her needles so nimbly,
And me lookin' straight in ould Anthony's face,
And a stealin' my arm round Betsy's wais'.
Aw, the shy sho was! But when Anthony said,
"Now, childer! it's time to be goin' to bed" —
Then Betsy would say, as we all of us riz,
"I wonder what sort of a night it is;"
Or, "Never mind, father! I'll shut the door;"
And shut it she did, you may be sure;
Only the way she done it, d'ye see?
I was outside, but so was she!

Ah, then was the time! just a minute! a minute!
But bless me the sight of love we put in it!
Ah, the claspin' arms! ah, the stoopin' head!
Ah, the kisses in showers! ah, the things that we said!
And when — now, Bob, I know what you're at —
Oh, God in heaven! not that! not that!
I know what you're thinkin'! I know your surt,
Your trollop in madams, and all that dirt.
I know the lot with their cheeks so pink,
And their eyes a swimmin' and blazin' with drink,
With blackguard talk for whoever they meet,
And a squealin' and scuttlin' about the street:
I know their laugh too — aw, I know it well —
The sort of a laugh you might laugh in hell.
Oh yes! they can laugh, but just you mind them,
And you'll see the devil that's grinnin' behind them.
Now listen, Bob! and listen you, Jem!
Did you think that Betsy was like one of them?
Like one of *them*! why that's what you'd wish!
Well, there's chaps that's the straight like a cuttle-fish:
For though the water be clear and blue
As the heaven above, they'll manage to brew
Some stuff in their brains, or their lights, or their gall,
Or the devil knows where, that'd muddy it all.
No, no! my lads! that's not what I moant —
Innocent! Innocent! Innocent!
Aw, I'll say it; aw, I'll swear it, and swear it again,
For ever and ever and ever — Amen.

Now avast, my lads, with chaffin' and smut,
And I'll tell you my notion of an innocent fut.
For it's no use the whole world talkin' to me,
If I'd never seen nothin' of Betsy Lee
Except her foot, I was bound to know
That she was as pure as the driven snow.
For there's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,
And there's feet that thumps like an elephant's hoof;
There's feet that goes trundlin' on like a barra;
And some that's crooky, some as straight as an arra;
There's feet that's thick, and feet that's thin,
And some turnin' out, and some turnin' in;
And there's feet that can run, and feet that can walk,
Aye, feet that can laugh, and feet that can talk —
But an innocent fut — it's got the spring
That you feel when you tread on the mountain ling;
And it's tied to the heart, and not to the hip,
And it moves with the eye, and it moves with the lip.
I suppose it's God that makes, when He wills,
Them beautiful things — with the lift of his hills,
And the waft of his winds, and his calms and his storms,
And his work and his rest; and that's how He forms
A simple wench to be true and free,
And to move like a piece of poetry.

Well, a lass is a lass, and a lad is a lad;
But now for the luck ould Anthony had.

For one ev'rin', as I was makin' the beach,
I heard such a hollabaloo and a screech
That I left the boat there as she was, and I ran
Straight up to the houses, and saw the whole clan
Of neighbors a crowdin' at Anthony's door,
For most of the boats was landed before,
And some pressin' in, and some pressin' out;
So I axed a woman what it was all about;
And "Didn' ye hear the news?" says she;
"It's a fortin' that's come to ould Anthony Lee."
Then she tould me about the lawyer chap,
That was in with them there, and his horse and his trap,
And his papers "with seals as big as a skate" —
Bless me! how them women loves to prate!
And "a good-lookin' man he was," she said,
"As you might see! and a gentleman bred;
And he's talkin' that nice, and that kind, and that free!
And it's a fortin' he's got for ould Anthony Lee!"

So I said, "All right!" but I felt all wrong;
And I turned away, and I walked along
To a part of the shore, where the wreck of a mast
Stuck half of it out, and half of it fast.
And a knife inside of me seemed to cut
My heart from its moorins, and heaven shut
And locked and barred, like the door of a dungeon,
And me in the trough of the sea a plungin',
With the only land that I knew behind me,
And a driftin' where God himself couldn't find me.
So I made for the mast, but before I got at it
I saw Betsy a standin' as straight as a statit,
With her back to the mast, and her face to the water,
And the strain of her eyes gettin' tauter and tauter,
As if with the strength of her look she'd try
To draw a soul from the dull dead sky.
Then I went to her, but what could I say?
For she never took her eyes away;
Only she put her hand on my cheek,
And I tried, and I tried hard enough to speak,
But I couldn't — then all of a sudden she turned,
And the far-off look was gone, and she yearned
To my heart, and she said, "You doubted me;"
And I said — "I didn't then, Betsy Lee!"

So her and me sat down on the mast,
And we talked and talked, and the time went fast,
When I heard a step close by, and — behold ye!
There was the Lawyer chap I tould ye
Had come with the papers (confound the pup!),
And says he, "I'm sorry to interrupt,"
He says, "such a pleasant tettertete;
But you'll pardon me; it's gettin' late,
And I couldn't think of returnin' to town —
Without payin' my respects, as I feel bound,
To the lovely heiress, and off rin' her," —
And cetterer, and cetterer —
You know how they rattles on. So we rose,
And all the three of us homeward goes.
But blest if he didn't buck up, and says he,
With a smirk, "Will you take my arm, Miss Lee?"
And Betsy didn't know what to do,
So she catched a hould, and there them two
Goes linkin' along. Aw, I thought I'd split
With laughin', and then I cussed a bit.
And when we come up to the houses — the rushin'
There was to the doors, and Betsy blushin',
And him lookin' grand, and me lookin' queer,
And the women sayin', "What a beautiful pair!"
Now it mattered little to me that night
What stuff they talked, for I knew I was right
With Betsy; but still, you see, of a rule,
A fellow doesn't like to look like a fool.
And the more I thought of the chap and his beauin',
The madder I got; so when he was goin',
And I held the horse, and gave him the reins,
And, "There's a sixpence," says he, "for your pains —"
A sixpence, my man! I couldn't hold in,
And once I began I did begin,
And I let him have it *hot*, as they say;
But he only laughed, and druv away.
And they all of them laughed to hear me swear;
But Betsy — of course she wasn't there.

Now heave ahead, my lads, with me!
For the weeks rolled on, and ould Anthony Lee

Did just what he always wanted to do,
 For he took a farm they called the *Brew*,
 In a hollow that lay at the foot of a hill,
 Where the blessed ould craythur might have his fill
 Of stockin and rearin and grassin and tillage,
 And only about a mile from the village.
 And a stream ran right through the orchard, and then
 Went dancin and glancin down the glen,
 And soaked through the shilly, and out to the bay,
 But never forgot, as it passed, to say.
 With the ringin laugh of its silv'ry flow,
 "She's thinkin of you, and she tould me so."
 Laugh on, my hearties! you'll do no harm;
 But I've stood when the wind blew straight from the farm,
 And I've felt her spirit draw nigher and nigher,
 Till it shivered into my veins like fire,
 And every ripple and every rock
 Seemed sweep' with the hem of Betsy's frock.

A blessed ould fool? very well! very well!
 But a blessed ould fool's got a story to tell,
 And a blessed ould fool must have his own way,
 For a song is a song, and a say is a say,
 But maybe there's none of you wants any more!
 Oh yes! Bob Williams! I heard you snore!
 Or was it a pig with a twist in his snout?
 Take a rope's-end, Bill! and hit him a clout!
 But — of course! of course — Ah, little Sim!
 Is he off? little lad! just fist us the glim!
 Ah, beauty! beauty! no matter for him!
 No matter for him! Aw, isn he gud?
 With his nose like a shell, and his mouth like a bud!
 There's sauce enough in that there lip
 To aggravate ev'ra man in the ship.
 Did ye hear him to-day agate of his chaff?
 Well! how he made the skipper laugh!
 Just come here and look at him, mates!
 Isn he like them things up the Straits?
 Them picturs the Romans has got in their chapels?
 Brave little chaps, with their cheeks like apples!
 Holdin on to their mawthers' petticoats,
 And lookin as spunky and bould as goats!
 Bless me! the body them craythurs has got!
 Clean! without a speck or a spot!
 And they calls the little boy Jesus, and her
 With her head wrapped up in a handkecher
 They calls the Vargin, and all them starts
 And patterin-nostrin, and — bless their hearts!
 What is he dreamin of now, little lad!
 Brother and sister and mother and dad?
 And lobsters a creepin about the creel,
 And granny hummin her spinnin-wheel?
 Or him in the parlor a lyin in bed,
 And a twiggin the spiders over-head?
 Hushee-bow-babby upon the tree-top!
 And when the wind blows the cradle will rock'' —
 Ah, Simmy, my boy, I've done my best —
 Somethin like that — but as for the rest —
 Leave the hammock alone now, Dick, and be civil!
 But he raelly is a purty young divil.

"Go on! go on!" Is that your shout?
 Well, what is this I was thinking about?
 I'm in for it now, and it's no use bilkin —
 Oh, aye! the milkin! ould Anthony's milkin!
 I never thought on for the whys or the hows,
 But I was always terrible fond of cows.
 Now aren't they innocent things — them bas'es?
 And havn they got ould innocent faces?
 A strooghin their legs that lazy way,
 Or a standin as if they meant to pray —
 They're that sollum and lovin and studdy and wise,
 And the butter meltin in their big eyes!
 Eh? what do you think about it, John?
 Is it the stuff they're feedin on —
 The clover and meadow-grass and rushes,
 And them goin pickin among the bushes,
 And sniffin the dew when it's fresh and fine,
 The sweetest brew of God's own wine!
 And the smell of the harbs gets into their sows,
 And works and works, and rowls and rowls,
 Till it tightens their tits and drabs their muzzle —
 Well, it's no use o' talkin — it's a regular puzzle:
 But you'll notice the very people that's got to atten'
 To the like, is generally very aisy men.

Aw, ould Anthony knew about them pat,
 Alderney, Ayreshire, and all to that!
 And strippin and rearin, and profit and loss —
 Aw, he was a clever ould chap, ould Anthony was.
 More by token that's the for
 Him and me had our first war.
 You see, I was sittin there one night
 When who should come in but ould Tommy Tite?
 Tight he was by name and by nathur,
 A dirty ould herpocrite of a craythur,
 With a mouth that shut with a snick and a snap —
 Tight for sure like the devil's own trap:
 And his hair brushed up behind and before —
 Straight like the bristles that's on a boar.
 Well, that man was thin! I never saw thinner,
 A lean, ould, hungry, mangy sinner!
 Hitched up all taut on the edge of his chair —
 And his guts stowed away with him — well, God knows when.
 And he'd sit and he'd talk! well, the way he'd talk!
 And he'd groan in his innards, and retch and hawk —
 And, "Scuse me!" he'd say, "it's my stemmick, marm!"
 And wawn it him that owned the farm?
 And of course ould Anthony made a fuss
 About him, but I didn care a cuss.

Well, there they were talkin and talkin away
 About carrots and turmits, and oats and hay —
 And stock and lock and barrel, bless ye!
 The big words they had was enough to distress ye!
 With their pipes in each other's faces smookin,
 And me lookin and longin, and longin and lookin —
 Lookin for Betsy's little signs —
 The way them pretty craythurs finds
 To talk without talkin, is raelly grand —
 A tap of the fut, a twitch of the hand!
 A heise of the neck, a heave of the breast!
 A stoop like a bird upon its nest!
 A look at father, a look at mawther!
 A one knee swingin over the other!
 A lookin lower, and a lookin higher!
 A long, long straight look into the fire!
 A look of joy, and a look of pain!
 But bless ye! you understand what I mean.
 So on they talked till all the fun
 In her darlin little face begun
 To work — and I couldn hold it in,
 And I laughed, and I laughed like anythin'.
 My goodness! the mad ould Anthony got,
 With his eyes so wide, and his cheeks as hot,
 And as red as a coal; and the other fellow
 Was turnin green and turnin yellow;
 And the ould woman bucked up as proud as you plase,
 But ould Anthony spoke, and says he, he says,
 "It's most unfortnit — I hope you will —
 I mean it's most disrespectable —
 But I hope's, Misther Tite, as you'll excuse" —
 And so he went on with his parley-voos —
 "Just a young man from the shore," says he,
 "As drops in in the ev'nin for company!
 A umble neighbor as don't know batther,
 You see, Misther Tite, I knew his father."
 Well, I choked that down, but I says to myself —
 Pretendin to stare at the plates on the shelf —
 "You've got me, ould man! but I'll owe you one
 For that, before the stakes is drawn."
 But it's my belief, that from that day,
 He never liked me anyway.

"But about the milkin?" all right! all right!
 I'm nearly as bad as ould Tommy Tite!
 Spinnin round and round and round,
 And never a knowin where am I bound.
 Well, mostly every ev'rin, you see,
 I was up at the milkin, with Betsy Lee.
 For when she was milkin, she was always singin;
 I don't know what it was — maybe the ringin
 Of the milk comin tearin into the can,
 With a swish and a swelsh and a tantaran,
 A makin what the Lawyer gent
 Was callin a sort of *accompliment*.
 But the look of a cow is enough to do it,
 And her breath, and her neck, the way she'll slew it —
 As if she was sayin, the patient she stud,
 "Milk away! it's doin me gud."
 And the sun goin down, and the moon comin up,
 And maybe you takin a little sup,

And the steam of the hay, and your forehead pressin,
Agin her round side; but for all it's a blessin
When they're nice and quiet, for there's some of them rough,
And kicky and pushy and bould enoug.

Now Betsy would sing and I would hear,
And away I'd be like a hound or a deer,
Up the glen and through the sedges,
And bless me the way I took the hedges!
For I'd be wantin to get in time to the place
To see the last sunlight on Betsy's face.
And when I'd be gettin a-top of the brew
Where ould Anthony's house was full in view,
Then I'd stop and listen till I'd got it right,
And answer it back with all my might.
And when I come down, she'd say, "I heard!
You're for all the world like a mockin-bird."
She had her fun! aw, she had her fun!
And I'd say, "Well, Betsy, are you nearly done?"
And I'd kiss her, and then she'd say, "What bother!"
And the cow lookin round like a kind ould mawther.
One cow they had — well, of all the sense
That ever I saw, and the imperence!
God bless me! the lek of yandhar ould maille!
A brown cow she was — well raely! raely!
She's made me laugh till I abelit shoutit —
Pretendin to know all about it.

Well, one ev'rin I'd been laughin like a fool,
And Betsy nearly fallin off the stool —
In the orchard we were, and the apple blossom
Was shreddin down into Betsy's bosom,
And I was pickin them out, d'ye see?
And the cow was lookin and smilin at me,
When — creak went the gate, and who should appear
But Misther Richard Taylor, Esqueer!
That's the Lawyer chap — and says he,
"Piasantly engaged, Miss Lee!"
So Betsy was all of a twitter lek,
And she caught her handkercher round her neck,
And straightened her hair, and smoothed her brat,
And says, "Good everin!" just like that.

Well, I hardly knew what to do or to say,
So I just sat down, and milked away.
But Betsy stood up to him like a man,
Goodness! how that girl's tongue ran!
Like the tick of a watch, or the buzz of a reel,
And hoity-toity! and quite genteel —
Rattle-rattle — the talk it kem,
Oh, hoky-poky! Jerusalem!
Now I didn mind her bein civil,
But she seemed so pleased to see the divil.
Aw, I might have been a thousand miles away —
Of course! of course! I know what you'll say —
But I couldn stand it — so I watched my chance,
And I turned the tit, and I gave it him once,
A right good skute betwix the eyes —
Aw, murder! murder! what a rise!
With the milk all streamin down his breast,
And his shirt and his pins and all the rest,
And a bran new waistcoat spoiled, and him splutt'rin,
And a wipin his face, and mutt'rin — mutt'rin —
And at last he says, "I shall go," says he,
"And kermoonicate this to Misther Lee."
"Aw, Tom!" says Betsy; "Aw, Betsy!" says I.
"Whatever!" says she, and she begun to cry.
"Well," I says, "it's no wonder o' me,
With your ransy-tansy-tissimitee."

But we soon made it up, and it was gettin late,
And again I heard the garden gate.
"There!" says I, "he's goin: so now, little missis!"
And kisses, kisses, kisses, kisses!
"Take care!" says she. "Never fear!" I said.
Yes, a fool! an ould fool! but she loved me, Ned.
So I cleared the fence, and the stream, and the pebbles
Chimin all night with their little trebles,
And tenors, and bassers down at the fall,
Answerin back with a kindly call
(She used to tell me it sent her to sleep;
Just at the dam it was middlin deep);
And I crossed the glen, and I took a short cut,
And all at once I heard a fut.
I guessed it was him, and I was right,
With his boots goin winkin through the night.

"Good night!" says I. "Good night!" says he.
"And what did you tell ould Anthony Lee?"
Aw, then he begun, and he cussed and he swore,
The divil behind, and the divil before —
And all what he'd do — and he'd have the law —
And "if it hadn been" — "Come stop that jaw!
Have it out! Have it out, Misther Taylor!" says I;
"Here we are under God's own sky.
Have it out like a man, if it's a man you are!
Have it out! Have it out, my lad! if you dare;
And don't stand there like a blue baboon
With your long teeth chatterin in the moon!"
"Not if I knows it!" says he, "Tom Baynes.
No! no!" says he, "I've other means."
"Have ye?" says I, and I grips the seat
Of his tronsis, and sends him over a gate.
I didn know what he meant — good Lord!
But he kep' his word! he kep' his word!

This was in spring, and the summer come,
And, behold ye! my gentleman still was dumb,
For he maybe thought about that spree
The less said the better for he.
For he's one of them chaps that works in the dark,
And creeps and crawls — is a Lawyer's clerk;
And digs and digs, and gives no sign,
Spreadin sods and flowers at the mouth of his mine;
And he'll lay his train, and he'll hold his match,
And he'll wait and he'll wait, and he'll watch and he'll watch,
Till the minute comes, and before you sneezes
You're up to heaven in a hundred pieces.
Aw, it's a bitter poison — that black art,
The lie that eats into your heart;
A thing gath'rin round you like a seine
Round the fish, and them never feelin the strain;
A squall comin tippytoe off the land,
And houldin its breath till it's close at hand,
And whisp'rin to the winds to keep still
Till all is ready — and then with a will,
With a rush and a roar, they sweeps your deck,
And there you lies a shiv'rin wreck.

Well, winter come, and then the cows
Was goin a milkin in the house.
And if you want peace and quietness,
It's in a cow-house you'll get it the best.
For the place is so warm, and their breath is so sweet,
And the nice straw bedding about their feet,
And hardly any light at all,
But just a dip stuck on to the wall,
And them yocked in the dark as quiet as ghos'es,
And a feelin for each other's noes.
And, bless me! sometimes you'd hardly be knowin
It was them, excep' for their chewin and blowin.
Aw, many a time I've felt quite queer
To see them standin so orderly there.
Is it the Lord that makes them so still?
Aw, I like them craythurs terrible!
Aye, aye! the sea for the leks of us!
It's God's own work (though treacherous!);
But for peace and rest and that — d'ye see?
Among the cows is the place for me.
And lastly, as the Pazon is sayin, it's there
You'll have your gel, if anywhere —
All your own among the hay,
Wrapped in your arms! and the things that she'll say,
And the things that she'll do, you could hardly tell
Before that she loved you half as well.

At least lek that's what Betsy done —
(Ah, no! my lads, avast your fun!) —
Speakin so soft and speakin so low,
Or speakin nothin at all, you know;
Or singin hymns, no matter what,
"Gentle Jesus," and the like o' that.
And that's the way she was one night,
Pressed to my heart as tight as tight —
"Sing *Glory be!*" the darling said,
"And then it'll be time to be goin to bed" —
When all of a sudden at the door
Come a clatt'rin of clogs, and there for sure
Stood Peggy, the sarvant, all out o' breath,
And, "You're wanted," says she, "Miss Elizabeth!"
So I got up, and I was goin too;
"Aw, no!" says Peggy, "that'll never do!"
And she went — and she went — and my heart gev a shever —
And I never saw her again! no never! never!

Well! well! well! well! — What ails the ship?
 Hold on! hold on! I got a grip.
 Who's at the helm? Is it Juan Cronin?
 With all this criss-crossin and herrin-bonin!
 My patience! or is it Tommy Teare?
 That's a tervil onasy fellow to steer!
Have another pipe? Why, thank you, Eddart,
 You're a feelin' lad, and I allis said it.
 Yes, give me the can! I'll just take a swipe —
 Aye! another pipe — another pipe —
 And, Eddart my lad, was that a letter
 You got from home? Is your father better?
 Is your mother hearty? I knew her well,
 A nice little sthuggha of a gel!
 And, Eddart, whenever you'll be goin to write,
 Tell them I was axin (I've got a light)
 How were they. And, Eddart, mind you'll put in
 If ould Tommy Tite's lookin after the tin,
 And if the herrins was plenty this year,
 And is the gaery drained, d'ye hear?
 And have ould Higgison rose the rent?
 Aw, Eddart and me is well acquent,

Well, well! I didn know what was up,
 Nor whether to go, nor whether to stop.
 So I waited a bit, and I took off my shoes,
 And, thinks I, the ould people's gone to roos';
 And maybe she's waitin all alone,
 And wond'rin and wond'rin am I gone.
 And I looked and I looked, and I crossed the street
 As quite as a mouse in my stocking-feet,
 And I crep' in among the honey-suckles
 At the porch, and I gave a tap with my knuckles,
 Just this way, when the door gave a flirt,
 And there stood ould Anthony in his shirt —
 Hard and keen, and his ould bald head
 Like Sammil when he was riz from the dead —
 In the Bible, you know, yes! just the sem,
 Isaac and Peter and the like of them,
 That's allis got conks like turkey's eggs.
 And the wind blowin' free round their blessed old legs,
 Enough to frecken you in the night,
 He was so awful and big and white.
 And says he, "I thought it was you that was knockin —
 Oh it's very shockin! it's very shockin!"
 "What's shockin?" I says. "Oh," he says, "it's no use
 Pretendin, young man!" "Well, why the deuce,"
 Says I, "can't you give the thing a name?"
 "Oh raelly," says he, "for shame! for shame!"
 And "It's could," he says, "and I think I'll go in —
 Oh it's an awful sin! an awful sin!"
 "Sin," says I, "well, whatever it is,
 Who tould you this? who tould you this?"
 "Misther Taylor," he says. "Misther Taylor!" says I;
 "Oh, indeed!" Then he tould me why,
 And all about it; how Jenny Magee
 Had come home and laid a child to me —
 And "Nice purseedins," he says, "indeed!"
 And — *who was I?* and the beggarly breed
 The lot of us was, and — *how dar I,* says he,
How dar I look up to Betsy Lee?
 "Is he here?" I says. "No! no!" "That's well!
 Thank God! thank God! for by heaven and hell,
 If I had caught him in the wud
 The sun would have risen upon his blud."
 "Oh!" says he, quite freckened lek,
 "What shockin feelins!" and, *could I expect?* —
 And — *did I raelly mean?* — and before I could say
 This or that, he was in and turned the key.

Aw, up to that I was proud enough;
 Bould as a lion, and middlin rough;
 But left there alone, that sore distressed,
 All the strength of the night come upon me and pressed
 And forced me down till I fell on my knees,
 And I heard the moan of the long dead seas
 Far away rollin in on the shore,
 And I called to ould Anthony through the door:
 "Aw, listen to me! aw, listen to me!
 Aw, Misther Lee! aw, Misther Lee!
 He's bought that woman," I said, "he's bought her
 To swear that lie; and it's after your daughter
 He is himself! aw, listen to me!
 Aw, Misther Lee! aw, Misther Lee!"
 Not a word! not a word! — "It's a lie," I cried,
 "It's a lie, if on the spot I died;

So help me God, sir, it is a lie!"
 Never a word or a sound of reply!
 "Aw, Misther Lee!" I says, "can I see her?"
 Aw, Misthress Lee! are you up there?
 Let me see Betsy! she'll belave me!
 Let me see Betsy! Save me! save me!
 She hears me now, and her heart is broke!"
 I said, and I listened, but no one spoke.
 "She's dyin! you're stoppin her mouth!" I said;
 "You're houldin her down upon the bed!"
 Aw, you'll answer for this at the day of doom!
 You're smotherin her there in the little room!
 Betsy! Betsy! my darlin love!
 Betsy! Betsy! Oh Father above!"

And then I fell right forrid, and lay
 Quite stupid, how long I cannot say;
 But the first thing I felt when I tried to stand
 Was something soft a slickin my hand.
 And what do ye think it was but Sweep!
 The ould black coly that minded the sheep!
 "God bless ye!" says I, "I've a friend in you!"
 And he was a middlin sulky craythur too.
 So I dragged myself up, and picked a bit
 Of the honey-suckle, and buried it
 In my breast, and I wandered round and round,
 But not a morsel of light could be found.
 I was like a drunken man the way I staggered,
 And across the street, and through the haggard,
 And into the fields, and I know nothin more
 Till they found me in the mornin upon the shore.

Well, he was a villyan anyway?

He was a villyan — did you say?
A villyan! — Will you cuss him, Bill?
 Aye, cuss your fill, boy, cuss your fill!
A villyan — eh? but before I'm done
 You'll know somethin more about him, my son.
 Now, men, what was I to do? can ye tell?
 Just leave it alone? aye — maybe as well!
 But I never would strike my flag to a lie
 Before I knew good reason why.
 No, no! my lads! it's not in my blud —
 I never did, and I never wud.
 But ye see I was only a youngster then,
 And didn know much of the ways of men.
 Beside the shame! God bless ye! the shamed
 I was to think that the lek should be named.
 For that's the worst of a divil still —
 You'll be ashamed, but he never will;
 And you'll be in the doldrums under his lee,
 With the breeze took out of your sails, but he —
 Aw, he'll hould his luff, and lay his head well
 To the wind, and look in the eye of hell.

Well, I thought and I thought till at last a plan
 Come into my head, and, "That's the man!"
 I says, "The Pazon! — I'll go to him,
 And I'll know the worst of it, sink or swim."
 So I claned myself, and I had a draw
 Of the pipe, and I went, but middlin slaw,
 For my head was workin uncommon hard
 All the way, and I didn regard
 For nothin at all, and the boats comin round
 The Stuck, a beatin up for the ground,
 And a Rantipike schooner caught in the tide,
 And a nice little whole-sail breeze outside,
 Not much matter to me you'd 'spec —
 No! but you'll allis be noticin lek.

(To be continued.)

ASTHMA! — *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!* — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IV. A SELF-MADE MAN.

SUCH an introduction to the world was of course far too striking to leave no impression on the child who was thus, as a sort of tag to a few yards of lace, thrown among the hedges and fields. But the first memory that Dr. Vaughan could recognize as part of his proper "I" was of a much more prosaic kind. It was of himself as he sat among his companions on a work-house form, with a slate forever in his hands and a ready cane forever about his ears. Some men would have been ashamed of such an origin; Harold Vaughan was proud of it, and well he might be. He was one of those fortunate mortals who set out in life unweighted even by the burden of the traditional half-crown which always makes everybody's fortune.

But he was unluckily weighted with something else that, in the race of life, though it may aid at first, is likely to make itself felt uncomfortably in the long run.

When Harold Vaughan was first promoted to the enjoyment of public charity he was distinguished from the rest of the herd neither by dress nor appearance. Both were as forlorn as the most enthusiastic of experimental philanthropists could desire. He had been caught on the frontiers of a farm-yard, sleeping on a manure heap — half-starved, wholly ragged, and, though fully six years old, scarcely able to speak half a dozen words of his mother tongue. The vocabulary of the shires is neither copious nor elegant; but he was laughed at by his schoolfellows for asking for *mandro* when he meant bread, and for *pan* when he meant water. These eccentricities however died away with the brown tan that had come from wandering in the open air. Strange to say, for a little hedge-sparrow, he did not take to his cage unkindly. He was very quiet, and gave the school-master unwonted astonishment by taking a positive pleasure in learning to read. The workhouse was not a palace, but it was a palace to him, and from the manner in which he took his inevitable doses of the cane, he seemed to consider corporal punishment a necessary part of the natural order of things. Of course due

inquiries were made as to what parish ought to bear the expense of his board and lodging, but they were in vain, and so he remained in the poor-house of Barnfield, which to him stood for father, mother, godfather, and all his relations and friends.

At last — it was under the old *régime* — the time came for him to be bound apprentice; and, as fate willed it, he put on the many-buttoned uniform of the parish doctor. And now a new world opened itself to his mental eyes. The twig was bent by chance, but the tree was inclined by nature. Three times was he on the point of being turned away for making surreptitious and poisonous mixtures of his own in the dispensary, without reference to the pharmacopœia; once that formidable volume itself was missing, and was at last discovered by chance in a hay-loft. In fact, the New Boy developed a most unexpected talent for mischief. He dog-eared all his master's books, and performed operations with his pocket-knife on every village boy whom he could bribe to undergo them.

Such enthusiasm in the cause of science was destined to meet with its reward, beyond an occasional fifty pounds' worth of hidings.

One day the young amateur, now about seventeen years old, and employed by the doctor, to whom he had made himself useful as well as troublesome, to help in the dispensary, had the good luck to come across the only son and hope of the Earl of Lisburn, the great man of the county, who had contrived to incur the usual result of carrying his gun at full cock through a bramble hedge. The young gentleman was lying on the ground in a fainting condition, and it was clear that internal hemorrhage had set in. Without losing a moment, the doctor's lad did all that could be done; and when the doctor himself arrived, the earl learned that he owed his son's life to the skill and presence of mind of Harold Vaughan. He had been called "Harold" because it was, according to the custom of Barnfield, the turn of that English sovereign to stand godfather. The last *enfant trouvé* had been Edward; the next would be William. He was Vaughan, because it was the turn of the letter V, and no one of that name lived in Barnfield.

The earl's heart was set on his son,

and he was a grateful and generous nobleman besides. So, having found from conversation that Harold was likely to do him credit, he sent him at his own expense to Guy's, and gave him allowance sufficient to keep him till he could find an independent footing or make one.

It is of course to his everlasting discredit in all rightly constituted eyes, but the truth must be told: he made no disreputable acquaintances, and he sowed no wild oats. He lived in an attic, never missed a lecture, and spent his few hours of leisure in remedying the deficiencies of his education. Indeed, he had a passion for books, dating from his first sight of a primer. The natural result was that, when he finished his course and was duly qualified to kill or cure his fellow men, he had made no acquaintance likely to be of the least use to him, he had no knowledge of the world, he had lost half his animal spirits, and, having already attained an apparently impossible rung of the social ladder, seemed likely to have shelved himself on it forever. The Earl of Lisburn was dead. Luckily for Harold Vaughan he had saved sufficient from his allowance, aided by such stipends from the hospital as fell in his way, to keep himself for a year or two. So, without friends, or patrons, or means, he went to St. Bavons, where somebody had advised him to go. One place was as good or as bad as another; and why should he not set up at St. Bavons, as well as elsewhere? He was unwilling to become any man's assistant, for, pauper as he had been, he was independent; that, aided by love of books, was the weight likely to pull him down. Such qualities are good to push a man quickly into the front rank of the parade of life, but are not of much service when the *mêlée* really begins.

As no one at St. Bavons need have known anything of the new doctor's antecedents, it was a piece of weakness on his part to make no secret of them. This, also, did not better his prospects; and it was an event in the history of the house at which he lodged when, about a year after his arrival, a messenger rung loudly at the bell, and asked for Dr. Vaughan. Miss Brandt, the Dutch merchant's daughter, had fallen from her high easel and broken her back, or her neck, or her leg; all the nearest doctors were out on their

rounds; Doctor Vaughan must come instantly, whether he was at home or no.

Of course Doctor Vaughan went instantly, and so made the acquaintance of the first lady with whom he had ever exchanged six words. She was his only patient of any consequence, so he was able to bestow upon her a very sufficient amount of time—a proceeding proper on the part of a young physician who wanted fees very badly, and had to make his way in the world.

Dr. Vaughan was not a lady's doctor, but he was a gentleman. I am not inclined to lay much stress upon the evidence of the lace or coral, especially as theories about the effect of blood are gone out of fashion. The doctor himself, in all cases where a man seemed out of keeping with his circumstances or training, used to account for a great deal by referring all difficulties to special convolutions of the brain; and no doubt his theory is as good as any other.

CHAPTER V. CONFESSION.

WHEN the doctor left her, after a rather long visit, considered from a professional point of view, Claudia Brandt threw herself back on the sofa, let her arm fall towards the ground, and her eyes travel to the ceiling as if in search of the cobweb of a reverie. At last she roused herself with a start, rung a hand-bell that was placed within convenient reach of her hand, and asked the maid-servant who answered it, "Martha, is my father come in?"

"Yes, miss; five minutes ago."

"Since Dr. Vaughan left?"

"La, miss, Dr. Vaughan went an hour ago."

"So long? Please tell my father I want to see him, if he is not busy."

She went to her smaller easel, and began to play over it with a brush, while she hummed a scrap of some tune. Her face had a new and quite unusual glow on it, but there was an anxious cloud on her brow, as though it were April in her mind, and the rain was likely to win.

She was thus occupied when an elderly gentleman entered, not like her, but not more unlike than a father and daughter may well be. He also was tall and strongly made, but was spare of flesh and stooped a little in the shoulders. His features were regular but rather worn; his eyes small and dull; he was almost bald, and his face, on which he wore only a pair of small gray whiskers, was beginning to whiten with age. He was carefully dressed in dark clothes, on which "respectability" was written in the plainest commercial hand. He must have been handsome in his youth, and was good-looking still, though not well preserved; and what expression he had was not displeasing, if a little hard.

He came up to his daughter, laid his hand on her shoulder, and, placing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, leaned forward to examine the drawing.

"Well, and how are you to-day, my dear?" he asked in a more foreign accent than hers. "So you have seen your doctor, eh? And what does he say?"

She drew the hand he had laid on her shoulder round her neck and looked up at him. His voice and her eyes showed clearly enough that there was no want of confidence between these two.

"Papa," she said, "I want to tell you something."

"What—no more ill news, I hope?" he asked with a slight start that she felt in his arm.

"Why, what is the matter, papa? Has there been any ill news? Have you heard of the Claudia?"

He kissed her on the forehead.

"Nothing at all; I was not thinking of the Claudia; but I have been a little worried, that is all."

"Poor papa! Here, come and sit down by me; tell me what has worried you. I feel quite ashamed of myself, sitting here like a princess in a fairy tale, and letting you work and slave. I shall have to go into the counting-house when I get well, and get you to break your leg and be lazy. Is it anything I can understand?"

"You know my second cashier, Luke Goldrick?"

"That tawny young man with the eyes?"

"That's the man. He has been away nearly half a year at Rotterdam, on law business."

"Of yours?"

"Of course. I always send him there whenever there is occasion, and I should think he's been there a dozen times. He isn't a young man in whom I ever put much trust—he was much too fond of pleasure; but he was clever at languages, and didn't make so many blunders as the good boys do when there's nobody to overlook them."

"Well?"

"He had to write to me by every post from Rotterdam, and he never missed oftener than I expected. I last heard from him on Friday, three days ago. And to-day—look here."

He gave her a letter, written on foreign paper, which she read as follows:—

"M. ADOLF BRANDT:—

HONORED SIR,—The Siren is arrived to-day and is unloading. We fear, however, cargo is much damaged. Shall wait your instructions and keep bulk in bond. We think right to inform you that M. Goldrick has not been heard of since he left this place four months since, either by us or at his hotel, where we inquired. This has now put us in much embarrassment, pending the claim on the Lap-

wing. It is right to add M. Goldrick has not settled with the hotel.

"Yours obediently (for Van Noorden & Co.), J. VAN NOORDEN."

"So you see, Claudia, Goldrick has been writing letters to me from Rotterdam about recent business while he was not there. His last letter was dated on Wednesday, and spoke of the arrival of a ship that Van Noorden's letter now tells me did not really arrive till four days later."

"You think there is something wrong?"

"That is the strange part of it. Goldrick had no money to receive for me, he had next to none in his hands—only enough to pay his expenses—and his accounts are all in order; indeed, they could not well be otherwise, as he is so much away."

"Then you think"—

"That something must have happened to him. He was wild enough to get into any sort of bad company. There was a case in to-day's *Times* of a young man being decoyed down a by-street in London, at least it is supposed so; at all events his body was found in the Thames, with his pockets empty and his watch and chain gone."

"Papa! how horrible! What do you mean to do?"

"I must send over to Rotterdam and set the police to inquire. But then—how to account for his letters?"

"Perhaps he is on his way home!"

"Then how can he have written! And his sending false news, too. It looks very much as though there were something behind that I cannot conjecture. And then there is his mother."

"Has he a mother?"

"Yes, she lives near the river, at Old Wharf-Side, and was housekeeper to old Squire Maynard of Marshmead; there's something strange about her, I believe, but I don't know what."

"Poor woman! Shall you let her know? Don't you think it would be better to wait till we find out all about it?"

"I'm afraid she must be looked after, dear. He may have written to his mother—she may be able to clear up something."

"Then, papa, will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Just think how terrible the news will be, if she knows nothing more than you! Who shall you send?"

"It is difficult to know. She ought not to be put on her guard. If I went, it would put her on her guard, and besides, I have an appointment at Lessmouth. One of the clerks must go, I suppose."

"Who are all stupid; you said yourself, you know."

"But somebody must go—and I don't want to go to the police here without knowing something more."

"Then why not send me?"

"You?"

"Why not? I am perfectly tired of doing nothing. I am quite well now, and why should I not drive for once into the town?"

"If you like, why—but?"

"There, that is enough. I'll go to-day. But now, papa—won't you listen to me?"

"Ah, I forgot. Yes—you said something had happened. What is it?"

"I know you will not be angry—that you never are with me. But promise me not to be angry with him."

He was struck by something in her tone that presaged something more than the ordinary confessions of a spoiled girl. It was new for her to ask him not to be angry; what could she do to anger him to whom, as her last request had shown, her caprice was law?

"I have seen Dr. Vaughan to-day."

"He does not say you are worse—that he has mistaken the treatment?"

"He—I do not think he meant to when he came. He—asked me to marry him."

"Good God, Claudia!"

She was silent. Now that the words were off her tongue, the cloud was off her brow.

"Do you mean—I never heard of such impudence! A penniless doctor—a man without a name—to take such an advantage?"

"Papa, did you not promise me not to be angry?"

"Angry? I am much more inclined to laugh than be angry. But you are quite right to tell me. If you had been any other girl, I should have thought—but what's the matter, Claudia? The beggarly scoundrel! What did you say to him?"

"I said"—and she raised her face slowly—"I said—it was impossible."

"That all?"

"And I said that—he must see you."

"See me? Send in his bill, you mean."

"Oh, papa, I told him it cannot be!" she cried out, throwing both her arms round him. "But it made me so happy, I cannot tell you how. How can one help what one feels? Think how long I have known him, three whole months, and he has been so good and kind. I am sure he did not think he was doing wrong—I don't think so, and you would not, if you knew him like I do. He is proud; it is his great fault; he would ask a queen to marry him if he loved her, without thinking she was rich and great and he was poor. Do you think a girl can't tell by instinct when a man is true?"

"Good God, what a fool I have been! You do not mean you have let this—well, this fellow, make you

forget yourself? It only wanted this—this is the worst of all."

"What do you mean, papa? I have not done wrong. Did I ever disobey you? Do you think I would disobey you now?"

"You mean that you would marry him?"

He rose, and walked impatiently about the room.

"Never, against your will. But—don't you trust me?"

"Do you mean to say he has done this without encouragement?"

"We had become very dear friends, long ago. He was so different from all the people we know; I could talk to him as I can talk to no one but you."

"I see; I am glad, however, you see it is impossible. But what in the world is to be done? I did think I could have trusted you; but I suppose there is no one in the world to be trusted; no, not one."

"But is it so impossible? Think, papa. If it would make us all so happy!"

"He has not a penny in the world."

"But he is clever; he will become rich enough in time."

"A man born and bred no one knows how or where!"

"Does he not then deserve to be proud? Have you not said a thousand times that no man is well made who is not self-made?"

"Who spends his nights in drinking, and Heaven knows what he sides!"

"It is not true!" she broke in, passionately.

"Who takes advantage of a sick-room to make love to a young girl, ignorant of the world; who hunts an heiress; who?"

"Who has cured me."

Her father almost groaned aloud. He had certainly enough to worry him—a missing ship, a defaulting cashier, and a daughter eager to throw herself into the arms of an adventurer. But the last argument went to his heart.

"What is this—is he coming to see me?"

"I told him any time after seven."

He took her hand and kissed her.

"It is impossible—quite impossible," he said. "But I am not angry with you. Put it out of your head, and we will never speak of it again."

"But—you will see him, will not you?"

Her question, however, was not answered, for her father had left the room. She returned to her couch, and, throwing herself down on it, buried her face in the pillow.

But she soon sat up again, and almost smiled.

"Ah, I know you better than that, Harold—don't I? Never mind—papa has spent too many years in making me happy to begin to make me unhappy now. Seven o'clock will soon be here."

CHAPTER VI. A VOICE, AND SOMETHING MORE.

DR. VAUGHAN walked away from Mr. Brandt's door, feeling as if a veil had suddenly been torn away from between him and all things, and as though he must henceforth regard himself and all the outer world with other eyes.

That he should immediately realize his own position was, of course, impossible. No man is in the habit of regarding himself as the world regards him, and least of all Dr. Vaughan. Of course he knew that he was poor, in comparison with many, but he had known absolute poverty, and life had hitherto meant to him an illimitable ladder of ascent, half of which he had already climbed; and with two such wings to aid him as love and ambition, why should he not reach the summit as well as other men? He was rich in the future; Miss Brandt happened to be rich in the present; so that both were rich, and the difference between them was therefore only an arbitrary verbal distinction of tenses. It did not occur to him to call himself an adventurer; as a member of a learned profession, he was the social superior even of a wholesale tradesman, and he would have been the last to admit the personal superiority even of a peer over Harold Vaughan. He had risen from the ranks, be it remembered, and had as yet never mixed with the world, so that Miss Brandt could scarcely fail to judge him rightly when she spoke of his independence and pride. To do him justice, no thought of presumption had entered his mind. Besides, though it may be a highly improper proceeding for a medical man to make love to a patient, there is nothing to prevent his falling in love with her; and when that happens, love, if it is of the honest sort that will out, is apt to leave rules of etiquette to take care of themselves. If the patient herself had accepted the course of things, human nature was likely to be more than a match for the restraint even of such an alphabetical combination as M. D.

In short, however much Miss Claudia may have been to blame, Harold Vaughan was to be taken to task, not for what he had done, but for what he had not done and everybody knows how easy are sins of omission, and how one leads on to another before the criminal is aware that the *facilis descensus* has begun. He did not cease to attend Miss Claudia as soon as he felt that her society was pleasant to him and his to her. He did not think about it at all. He did not realize the difference of position between them; not meeting her in society, but always alone, there was nothing to call his attention to it. He did not think of results; sufficient unto the day was the work thereof, and that was to cure a broken limb. And—which was

scarcely his own fault — he did not see anybody or do anything likely to distract his attention from his one patient. Even his medical reading naturally turned to broken limbs, so that Claudia Brandt had a better right to come between him and his books than is justifiable in most cases. It was his duty to see her constantly, and he did so; and as until nearly midnight he seldom saw any one but her, she represented to him not only society, but friendship, the grace of life generally, and the object of his own. Moreover, he had never even dreamed of love before, for lack of opportunity and by reason of having something else to do; so that his heart had not even the poor safeguard of experience against the entry of the first comer. Harold Vaughan's was scarcely so poor a heart that it could remain unoccupied forever; and perhaps Claudia Brandt herself would have scarcely cared to learn how much circumstance had aided her to march into the citadel with flying colors.

But his was the man's nature, and he felt not only the conquered, but the conqueror. If any doubt of himself had entered his mind when he told Miss Claudia the only part of his history that was left to tell, perhaps she, with her good sense, would have caught a little distrust, and have not proved quite so easy to win. There is, however, at least one advantage about frank and honest eyes: they may be blind to falsehood, but to truth they cannot be; and so, on the whole, they are less apt to be deceived than they are often supposed to be.

Though some hours had to pass before it was time to call on his future father-in-law, it need not be said that Harold Vaughan did not go straight home. He was enjoying the first flavor of the excitement of discovering for the first time in eight-and-twenty years of solitude that he loved, and that his love was returned. He had entered that outskirts of Eden in which the perfume wafted from the forbidden orchard is the more exquisitely intoxicating the longer it has been postponed. Solitude was over for him now, and therefore he required to be alone, not that he might think, but that he might feel. He was not likely to be interrupted in his lodgings, but he might be, and their atmosphere would be intolerable; he was in sympathy with the summer day. So he walked on, reflecting the sun in his heart, not thinking of fathers, of difficulties, of anything, in short, but the sun, which had now been re-christened Claudia Brandt — Claudia Vaughan. His unconscious courtship had been wholly smooth — one long series of *tête-à-têtes*, each more sympathetic than the other, and unmarred even by so much as causeless jealousy. He had had his own way in a clear field, and what was there to spoil the joy of the present hour?

So he still walked on, without regard to the way he was going, so long as it led into the quiet of the fields. All St. Bavons might be ill to-day for what he cared, and he would have cared as little had it been of any consequence to the people of St. Bavons whether he cared or no.

That ancient city which, in spite of its want of appreciation, he now loved with his whole heart — for had it not given him what was better than all the practice in the world? — stands on a river which runs into a larger river, which runs into, or rather gradually becomes, the sea. Soon after entering the town, and before it develops into the harbor, it flows by a row of tall houses, the very walls of which are washed by its current. Some of these are used as warehouses, others as small wharves; but one or two are used as dwelling-houses, in spite of their being as ill-adapted for the purpose as modern notions can conceive. They are black, gloomy, and out of repair. The back windows are small, and look down upon the river, which is here of the nature and odor of a broad sewer. They have no front to speak of beyond a very narrow, dismal, and barely accessible passage, scarcely paved, and bounded on the opposite side by a high brick wall, a remnant of the days when St. Bavons was surrounded by gates and ramparts. The cellars, continually half under water, are a paradise of water-rats, and yet the exterior is less gloomy than the rooms within. Some of these are too dilapidated to be inhabitable; but the Dean and Chapter of St. Bavons have let out the rest as cheap and unhealthy lodgings to the laborers of the river-side.

An old bridge crosses the river at this ill-conditioned suburb, which seems mainly used for the purpose of getting rid of inconvenient curs. It is seldom that the view from any of the back windows does not include some hideous canine carcass among other refuse, and evil stories are told of the discovery of yet more unpleasant things. Every waterside town has its traditional Bridge of Sighs, almost always situated where death by drowning wears its most loathsome guise; and that of St. Bavons was here. In effect, the Old Wharf-Side, as these crazy, gloomy buildings were called, had an evil odor, moral as well as physical, and required no improvement short of being swept away. And yet it was picturesque; far more so than the brand new warehouses of the New Quay-Side lower down, overlooking the docks; more so than the villas that lined the green shores of the Lesse, where it left the town behind — shores that gradually swelled into red cliffs, which only required a tower or two to turn the shallow tidal stream into a few furlongs of a toy Rhine. It was towards these cliffs that Harold Vaughan walked, not, as may be supposed, in the direction of the old

Quay-Side, but with the stream on its way to the greater river.

On he walked, finding beauties in the familiar neighborhood that had been invisible before, gradually losing the first effect of excitement in the new aspect of outward things. Deeper and deeper he drew in breaths of the spring of life, that had waited till summer-time before it came. So much alone was he that, as he got farther from St. Bavons, it was long before he perceived himself to be less and less alone.

He was gradually approaching a place called Lessmouth, where the two rivers, the greater and the smaller, become one.

It was a quiet spot enough in general, but not always, and decidedly not now.

A CORRESPONDENT in Calcutta writes: The most painful feature of British rule in India is the sacrifice of English children which it yearly involves. Some startling statistics have lately been published, which show that, in 1871, out of 11,000 soldiers' children in India, forty per thousand were ill every day throughout the year, and that upwards of seventy per thousand died. It is stated that one third of the whole number of European children in India die under six months old; that eighty-five per cent. perish before they reach two years; and that out of a hundred infants born only eleven attain maturity. The popular idea of Anglo-Indian life is that of an armed adult community, which garrisons and rules over a conquered empire, and trades in its principal cities. As a matter of fact, the first thing that strikes a stranger is the absence of English child-life. On the other hand, the most prominent feature in an Indian graveyard is the number of children's graves. The little mounds cluster thickest and out of all proportion to the ratio of children to adults in the barracks or in civil life. The burden of Indian existence falls with its most cruel weight upon the young. The human suffering and loss of English life which the Indian Empire yearly costs Great Britain takes place, not in the trenches nor on any battle-field, but upon the white cots of English children, where every day hundreds of poor little souls lie tossing with fever. An adult soldier represents too much money to allow of his being subjected to any avoidable risk, and his life is conserved on strictly financial grounds. But it is impossible to enter an Indian graveyard, which forms so essentially one of the insignia of British empire, without thinking of the curse on the rebuilder of Jericho: "He shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MONSIEUR CHOSE.

I. MONSIEUR CHOSE'S LAST BITE.

"You have a bite, Monsieur Chose."

Monsieur Chose had rested his rod upon the parapet of the quay, and was in conversation with Father Asticot.

A remarkable couple. Monsieur Chose was a barrel planted upon two lively little legs that paddled gallantly under their weight, a well-fed, perhaps over-fed, man, with an eye that twinkled merrily to the music of a corkscrew. His hands were so fat, it was with difficulty he put the bait upon his hook, and was often obliged to Father Asticot's fingers for helping him. Father Asticot was a tall, lean man, with a ragged, drooping, gray moustache, a weary eye, and wrinkled face; and his clothes proclaimed the fallen, needy man. His sabots clattered upon the quay, and the anglers turned to laugh at his thin shanks covered with blue patched trousers, and the green coat he had worn, his customers said, in their pleasant way, since he was a little boy.

"The pot-au-feu boils," said Father Asticot, while he measured a handsome handful of lively bait to his old customer. "There are beauties for you. With that you will take fish as fast as you can pull them out. Yes, the saucepan boils, the scum is rising. They will come and take your rod out of your hands, perhaps the watch out of your pocket. They will empty your purse, you will find them between your sheets, and then your turn to sell these little beauties will come."

While Father Asticot spoke, he surveyed his lively store of bait, and turned it over, with the air of an artist who was satisfied with himself.

"Ah! Bah! old grumbler!" replied Monsieur Chose. "Let them come — your rascals. We shall not give them the trouble of going home again to their boozing kens. Ah! the rogues, they are coming to the top again, are they? They shall have no quarter this time."

"You have a bite, Monsieur Chose," cried his neighbor a second time.

Monsieur Chose rushed to his rod. Great excitement among the spectators. Every eye was fixed upon the float.

"I am quite sure you have not seen the *Tattoo* this morning," Father Asticot said, while he, with the rest, watched the sport of Monsieur Chose.

"A fig for the *Tattoo*," testily answered Monsieur Chose, his hands trembling with the excitement of the moment.

"It was a big one," calmly observed the neighbor, a retired captain, who had deserted Mars for minnows. The reader, it may be, has observed that when a fellow-sportsman calls your attention to a bite which you have lost, he assures you in a friendly way, that it must have been a big fish.

"It's this rascal Father Asticot, with his stories about the blackguards of his quarter, the *Tattoo*, and" —

Here the captain (Tonnerre, of the Zouaves of the Guard) rolled a terrible oath in his throat, and glared at the dealer in bait, who stepped up to the officer, and with an appealing look, opened his can of treasures. The soldier melted to the fisherman, and his weather-tanned face beamed. Was it in human nature to be hard upon the breeder of such gentles?

"But it is true, captain," Father Asticot took occasion to observe, apologetically. "It is quite true. They are boiling to the surface. They are sharpening their knives, and this time, they say, there shall be no mistake."

"There shall be none, old gossip," growled Captain Tonnerre, with a rattle of oaths that died away in his throat. "Meantime, give me a fresh bait, and let it be a beauty."

Father Asticot selected a prize gentle. "As fat as a retired bourgeois, as Camphre would say" — the old man spoke to himself — "and this is the proper way to serve him." The gentle writhed upon the hook. "That's what's coming; read the *Tattoo*, gentlemen, that's all. Don't blame me."

Monsieur Chose threw down his rod, and turned upon Asticot.

"Be off, old rascal that you are. You have driven the fish from my line. You bring us bad sport, with your stories of the fetid population of your quarter."

"Read the *Tattoo*, that is my answer — the *Tattoo* of this morning. It will make your flesh creep. I salute you, gentlemen." With a mock-heroic air that turned the laugh of the spectators upon Monsieur Chose and his neighbor, the old gentle-breeder lifted his greasy cap, and made a profound bow to his customers.

The blouses who were in the crowd, hoping to see a minnow landed before they went on their way to the shop, or the grog-shop, were stirred to the exercise of their grim humor by Father Asticot. Monsieur Chose was told to amuse himself while there was yet time, for he would be boiled down presently to grease the wheels of the triumphant car of the sovereign people. It was certainly not with what he caught that he had grown so fat. Was madame quite well? Then Captain Tonnerre (who was a little man) was taken in hand. He was the drum-major of the hundred and first regiment, the retired colonel of the Ambigu, General Boum out of an engagement.

"What can there be in the *Tattoo* to-day?" said Monsieur Chose to Captain Tonnerre. "The old man is right. The scum is stirring."

"We will skim it with our swords," Tonnerre answered, his face set, and oaths rattling in his throat, but his eye fixed steadily upon his float.

The talking and laughing became louder. Monsieur Chose turned for an instant, and defiantly faced the crowd. He was received with shouts of laughter, and a volley of witticisms of the coarsest and dirtiest salt. It was suggested that he should be cast in bronze at once, and presented to Monsieur Thiers. Captain Tonnerre was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Batignolles.

"It is ignoble!" the captain growled.

At this moment he had a bite, and landed his fish. The uproarious hilarity of the blouses covered the old soldier with shame, while he unhooked the smallest of minnows; and when, with a superb air of disdain, he cast his line back into the water, a universal shout of "Ah! glutton, would you empty the river?" was raised. Then there were speculations as to the sauce with which the general would eat his salmon. He was recommended to keep the tail half, and try it cold, with oil. "It's madame, the générale, who will be delighted!" piped a brazen gamin.

"What can there be in the *Tattoo*?" murmured Monsieur Chose. "Why, they're surrounding us, captain."

"Leave them to me," growled Tonnerre. "I will make very short work of them if they pass certain bounds."

They retreated when the captain wheeled sharply about from time to time, but pressed back towards the fishermen directly he turned his back upon them — laughing, joking, whistling, and singing more boisterously every time.

"Citizen fisherman," at length a leading gamin shouted, "command my services to carry home the friture. But you must introduce me to the citoyenne, and we will have a fraternal banquet."

"Blackguard!" shouted Monsieur Chose, dropping his rod, and folding his fat arms with some difficulty. "I'll pull your ears all the way to the commissary of police. Blackguards all — be off!"

"Don't exasperate them," growled Tonnerre. "I have a bite."

"Exasperate them! The first who comes near me goes into the river."

"He's superb! He's statuesque! If there were only a photographer here. Don't stir, citizen. That's it, put on a severe air. Doesn't he look terrible? He's too fat for Hercules, but what a model for a tobacco jar!" A Paris crowd of blouses is a formidable body with the tongue.

"Leave them! Leave them, Monsieur Chose — you have a nibble," said the captain, suppressed rage giving a tremor to his voice.

"The fish may go to the devil!" replied Monsieur Chose, still facing the mocking crowd.

"He is making up his mind which he will eat! Ah, the ogre! Ah, the monster! But he doesn't look very fresh; suppose we wash him for dinner."

"Poltrons! Communards!" shouted Monsieur Chose, unable to control his anger.

The captain quietly laid his rod upon the ground, took the bait off his line, saying, "You have done it now, Monsieur Chose. That means war. Let it be so."

The crowd uttered a low general growl. Communards! There was no more play. The eyes of boys and men flashed fire. Two ringleaders tucked up their sleeves, muttering the word as a battle-cry, "Communards!"

Captain Tonnerre quietly put away his tackle — watching the tumult with one eye, and talking and swearing in his throat. Monsieur Chose stood firm, while the blouses yelled at him, approaching him with every shout; and the foremost blouse was within arm's length of his shoulder, when Father Asticot burst through the throng, and stood before his customers, facing the readers of the *Tattoo*. The old man spoke to them as one having authority.

"Hands off! Detest the bourgeois, that is well; but respect the old man." With this Asticot solemnly lifted his cap. Then turning aside to Monsieur Chose and Captain Tonnerre, he whispered, "Get away as fast as you can."

The blouses, although touched by the father's appeal, were too deeply incensed to be quieted with a word. Old men should behave like old men. The bourgeois had insulted the people, and he must offer an apology. The idea caused Monsieur Chose to shrug his shoulders as a mark of his supreme contempt. The movement was answered by a savage yell from the blouses; and it is not difficult to guess what the upshot of the difficulty would have been, had not Father Asticot, pointing to some kepis hastening towards them, said sternly, —

"L'Autorité!"

"You were never in your life nearer becoming ground-bait," Captain Tonnerre observed to his fellow-sportsman when they had reached their café, and were enjoying the hour of absinthe.

Monsieur Chose had watched his last by the banks of the Seine.

Incited by the revelations of Father Asticot, and the demeanor of the blouses, he cast his line henceforth in waters much more troubled than those of the Seine, even when the floods are out.

II. TO PARIS IN SABOTS.

How blind are parents nowadays! My brother Jules, for instance, has a strapping boy, just eighteen years of age; as strong as his father's shaft-horse; a rough country lad, who has had a fair education, it is true, but who has not yet the force to make his way against the prejudices of the world. He is to come to Paris — to seek his fortune.

"Send him — in sabots," I wrote to his parent. "If you put him in leather, you are no father."

Madame Chose remonstrated with me, begging that I would not infuse bad ideas into the sound head of my brother, who was quietly making his fortune at Rennes; and, thank Heaven, had not yet taken to the unprofitable business of putting the world to rights.

"Since that unfortunate day," madame observed, "when you had an altercation with some blouses on the quay, and gave up the honorable pleasure of providing us with an occasional friture, you are a different man. You who have been content all your life with an occasional glance at the *Débats* and a look at the *Gazette des Tribunaux* on Sundays or holidays, suddenly spend your money on the journalism of the *Gavroches*, and the gentlemen of Belleville and the barrières. You can't sleep at nights when there's an election on, hundreds of leagues away; you who never took your nightcap off on the 4th of September. You caught that cold which has lasted you half through the winter, hanging about the railway station to collect gossip from the deputies returning from Versailles. What have you to do with it all, Monsieur Chose? You have had work enough all your life; let them divide and subdivide;

let them put themselves into committees and commissions of thirty, or a hundred and thirty if they like — what does it matter? They can't touch us; or if they could, your interference would not prevent them. Some day you'll mind what I say; burn all these disgusting papers, and ask me for your fishing-tackle again."

I have sometimes leaned towards my wife's way of thinking, saying to myself, "They can't take an egg out of my omelette, let the Assembly make a blunder every time it sits." But then I have reproached myself with the selfishness of this view, and recognized my duty as a citizen to educate myself for the proper discharge of my functions as a voter. I owe a duty also to my own flesh and blood. I am bound to afford my nephews and nieces, even my cousins in the third degree, the benefit of my study of the political drama that is playing under my nose. Minnow-fishing when the constitution hangs — nay, when three or four constitutions hang — in the balance, is the resource of an idiot.

Therefore, I repeat, I advised my brother to send his son to Paris — in sabots. And why? Because having seriously observed the times in which we live, I am persuaded that there is a golden ring in the clatter of sabots. People respect the wooden shoe. Out of the sabot, nowadays, men step into bank parlors, enormous administrations, golden directorships, the Chamber of Deputies, nay, into presidential chairs. The world will have it so. To begin with, the lad who reaches Paris in sabots excites no envy; therefore he provokes no enemy to oppose him. Every little step he takes in the world redounds to his honor, and compels applause, provided he keeps the clogs in sight. A trifling slit or two in his garments will do him good service. The fewer sous he can show the better. When he becomes a great and affluent man, the world will comfort itself with the thought that time was when he had no stockings, and when his blue feet shook in the damp straw of his sabots. It is an offence to be prosperous without having been forlorn and supperless; to have a high hand in the office you have not swept; to smoke an *Havana* on the Boulevards when you have never prospected for cigar ends. Before you are permitted to wear clean hands, you must be provided with substantial evidence of a time when they were as black as any ragman's. Society will no longer permit you to have been a comely bird, *adieu*.

This is the reason why so many of the great men who govern us to-day keep their sabots in their ante-chamber; go out to dinner with them; even show them in the tribune of the Assembly. In the East men remove their shoes to pass into the presence chamber; with us the wearer of the wooden shoe is a privileged person.

I gave Madame Chose two examples. She finds it difficult to keep her temper when I mention the name of old Asticot; but I imposed silence while I unfolded his touching story. He began life in dazzling shoes, and with full pockets. Richly fitted out, and fired with the generous enthusiasm of youth, he went with the expedition to Greece in 1828. In that noble cause he first figured in public life — but the result was dismal. Returned from Missolonghi he was reduced to give lessons in modern Greek to the studious youth of the time, whose name was not legion even in those days. He was a professor before he was thirty — poor devil! — professor of Greek, Greek history, Greek everything! His clothes got shabbier month after month; his class-room echoed with his solitary tread. And still he held to his chair, and loved his Greek. Beyond it the world did not exist for him. He lived on bread and grapes in the summer; on sausage and bread, and cabbage soup, in the winter. He was on his way to the sabots which he should have started.

Weary with disappointment, he entered his class-room on a certain morning, and found a score of people in it. Was the golden dream taking tangible shape at length? The professor took his place, with a flutter at the heart; and while he disposed his books, still the new pupils came flocking in — in hot haste to sip at the beloved fountain. The room was packed; he would never be able to make his voice heard through the hubbub. But he began address-

himself to the people who were close to his desk. He uttered many words when the rattle of musketry was heard in the street. "Again!" was murmured all round the room. Poor Asticot! — it was one of the bloody ones of June; and the crowd in his class-room had rushed to get beyond the reach of the soldiers, who were firing and on.

He broke down after that, sinking gradually through the ranks of poverty's ranks. He was tutor in poor schools — new ones always poorer than the last. His heart hardened with his bread. That rattle of musketry which disturbed the delicious dream of a moment made him what was called an enemy of society. He got away to those parts of Paris where the higher you climb the lower you are; to the Rue Mouffard, then Belleville, and thereabouts. They finished the old man; took all the Greek out of him; made of his little learning a very dangerous thing indeed; and at last reduced him to be a breeder of ills — and riots — after having failed with old clothes as a street messenger.

How had Father Asticot brought his faculties to Paris in olden shoes, with wisps of straw for socks, he would have ended in a palm-embroidered coat — a member of the Académie.

Madame Chose was not convinced, although I strengthened my instance with a hundred others, and showed her bel singing for sous before the Boulevard cafés, the Jew founding a race of millionaires, the wine-shop owner's son starting for a throne.

I tried her another way, unfolding my evening paper in an impressive gesture.

To begin with! she cried. "Don't quote the papers. One says the President ought to be worshipped on knees; the other that he ought to be nearer Cayenne than Versailles; a third that he wears his head still only as these are milkop times. He is angel and rogue; us and madcap; patriot and base egotist. Fold up your paper, Monsieur Chose. In our happy days, when we were amiable enough to remember that I had a little sense for Seine gudgeon, as I have told you very often, were quite content with the *Débats* and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*."

It was not to be beaten from my ground, for I felt that the future of my nephew depended on my firmness.

I remarked that the times were critical, and that they were bringing new men to the front, but nearly all — I said to this — in sabots.

I had an excellent instance at hand. There had been a fight in the Assembly between the party of the Sabots and the party of the Lorgnons. The Lorgnons and Sabots are the rival factions that send France to bed every night with a revolver under her pillow, and wake her to her what the form of government may be before the sun goes down. The Sabots would have touched the nose of the Lorgnons on the occasion in question, in spite of the ringing of the President's bell, had not some few valiant men stood between. Well, a well-intentioned fellow — and this is my instance — rose on the morrow to a disturbance, to suggest a middle course, that would be a secure day after to-morrow to his countrymen.

He had no more chance of carrying his point than poor old mad of making his fortune by teaching Greek. He was a marquis, to begin with. He was young, and he had a mail Phaeton. He had come to Paris, in an express train, from the ancestral château. In all his life he had not earned the fraction of a red liard. He was modestly attired. The hands he raised in the declamations of his harangue were white. His boots were polished jet, and from his neck depended an eye-glass. Any rational man tell me that this young nobleman had the least chance of making his way?

He spoke admirable sense in admirable French. He said that he had studied well at college, and that he mastered the public questions of his time. He recorded a fair, open, honorable, and liberal course. He received with jeers by the triumphant Sabots, and ended with confounding epithets and jests. He was a

Pitt in the bud. Where was his nurse? His big words and solemn warnings only reminded his enemies of a schoolboy with a big pipe in his mouth. A big pipe! The Sabots are at home with this figure. Pipe-en-Bois is a prince among the Sabots, and the probability is that the audacious Lorgnon has never had a pipe between his lips in the whole course of his life. The pipe-and-beer policy is one of too robust a kind for the handling of the marquis. It is clear that he will never make way against the sturdy front of the Sabots. In any case he is too young. His words are those of wisdom and moderation; he has mastered the subject on which he is speaking; but where are his wrinkles; how much is he over fifty? There are dozens of people who proclaim his exceptional power, his application, his genius, his native eloquence. But will nobody falsify the registry of his birth, shake him out of his well-fitting clothes, soil his hands, shave his head, and lend him a pair of sabots? If not, he has no real friends.

He might have been tolerated on one condition, namely, that he had had an apprenticeship to sedition to show, or a certificate of irreligion, or a diploma from some provincial school of revolt. But the wretched young man has never passed through the mud.

The marquis made an excellent speech, and his reward was a thrashing through the organs of the Sabots. Suppose he drops the Assembly, spurns the tribune, closes his books, and drives his mail Phaeton off to the palaces of the painted ladies, and the clubs with convenient card-tables, and the turf where the heaviest bets are making, who will be the first to blame him and call down the scorn of the people upon him? — why, the Sabots, who yelled at him in the tribune.

"Therefore, madame," I observed, authoritatively, to my wife, who was still shaking her doubting head. "I shall write to Rennes, and advise Jules to send his boy to Paris in sabots. He is a likely lad, I hear, and I will not stand by and see his hopes destroyed by shoe-leather. Monsieur Thiers himself came humbly to the great city. Had the young Marseillais approached the capital in a drag, and with an escutcheon and liveries, do you think he would have been brought under the attention of the great Monsieur de Talleyrand, and have had an opportunity of wiping the nose of the young marquis (Monsieur de Talleyrand's grand-nephew), of whom I have been talking?" Louis Feyron puts it very cleverly in the *Figaro*, madame."

"Don't talk to me about newspaper writers," answered Madame Chose. "I will not except even the *Débats* nowadays; and — and — you haven't convinced me, Chose. Write as you please; I shall write to Madame Jules. The poor child's shoes will tell us who has the greater influence."

I could contain myself no longer, when my wife added: "Better return to your gudgeon, my dear; there is nobody like Monsieur Chose to fish a friture."

I rushed off to my café and my club, for I had joined a club; but the mocking laugh of my wife sang in my head through two or three games of dominoes that evening.

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

As beautiful and venerable a reputation as any treasured up in the annals of the English Church is that of the author of the "Christian Year," for upwards of thirty years Vicar of Hursley and Rector of Otterbourne. It is not too much to say that when he breathed his last at seventy-four years of age, in the spring of 1866, he not only did so, within the recognition of men of every kind of Christian belief, in the odor of sanctity, but that he had enjoyed already for half a century what was thenceforth embalmed by death into an exquisite memory, the blended fame of a Saint and a Poet. His whole life, it may be said quite truly, was passed within the shadow of the sanctuary. For fifty years together, his father, who survived until his ninetieth year, was the Vicar of Coln Saint Aldwyn. There it was, under the roof-beams of the old parsonage,

that John Keble was born, on St. Mark's Day, Wednesday, the 25th April, 1792. The birthplace of the George Herbert of the nineteenth century is situated at a distance of about three miles from Fairford, in Gloucestershire. It was a suitable starting-point for the career of one who was far more, however, than simply a lovely lyrist like Herbert, one whose masterpieces of religious song were but as the glowing oriels filling with light a life that was of itself a Temple.

Upon each side Keble came of a race devoted to the ecclesiastical profession. His mother, Sarah Maule, was the daughter of the Incumbent of Ringwood, in Hampshire. John Keble was the second child and the eldest son in a family of five; having three sisters and one brother. The education of his two sons from their earliest childhood, until such time as they were prepared to go up to the University, was undertaken exclusively by John Keble the elder, the Vicar of Coln Saint Aldwyn. Neither of the boys, John and Thomas, went to a public school, mastering the whole of the preliminary difficulties, in the way of the acquisition of knowledge, with their father as their sole instructor. The result showed that he was in truth fully competent for the duties he had thus undertaken.

At an unusually early age the subject of this Memoir obtained by competition a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. This was on the 12th December, 1806, John Keble being then four months short of the completion of his fifteenth year. He took his place immediately upon his arrival at the University among a cluster of striplings, looking, what he actually was, a mere boy. Yet, boy as he was, he held his own amongst them from the outset. Already, even then, in his scholarship he was well advanced. Besides this, he had acquired betimes a remarkable facility of easy and accurate composition. In the November of 1807 we find him writing home to his brother in Latin, if not with anything like Ciceronian grace, with a certain degree of fluency, and even of familiarity. In the midst of severer studies his taste for poetry was soon manifested. In 1808 he competed for the English verse prize, vainly as it happened—the subject of the poem being "Mahomet." Several other prizes he endeavored with the same ill-fortune to obtain, during the period of his undergraduateship. The reason of his failure in this way is readily comprehensible. He was all the while preparing himself energetically, but as much as possible in secrecy, to win his way to the front, when the time of trial should arrive, as one of the First Class both in Classics and Mathematics.

Occupying rooms on the same staircase with his future biographer, Keble lived in a garret immediately over Coleridge's apartments. Seated often in the chimney corner of this garret while he was thus quietly studying hard for both schools, young Keble would fling his *Principia* into a cupboard at his elbow, if he chanced to hear a footfall on the landing. In his Tutors at Corpus Christi he was fortunate. The earliest of them, Mr. Darnell, was a man of singular ability, who afterwards became Rector of Stanhope. Mr. George Leigh Cooke succeeded him on his withdrawal from the tutorship; Keble's Mathematical Tutor being Mr. Brydges. It was in the Easter Term of 1810 that the time of trial, and of triumph, came for John Keble in the matter of the examinations. Unknown to the others, moreover, he was writing at that very same time for both the Latin and the English verse prizes. If those, as hitherto, failed to come within his grasp, it was, happily for him, not so with the other golden apples, won by severer tests from those Dragons of the Hesperides, the Examiners. Keble, in fact, obtained a double first—a distinction never gained before then, save in one solitary instance, that of the late illustrious statesman, Sir Robert Peel; and certainly never to this moment achieved by any one so precociously, for Keble at the date of this brilliant success was barely eighteen. His degree of B. A. was taken shortly afterwards, on the 7th July, 1810; and in the following spring, before he was yet quite nineteen, on the 20th April, 1811, he was elected a Probationer Fellow of Oriel College, then at the head of the University.

Eighteen months later on, Keble, being by that time twenty, was admitted to his full Fellowship at Oriel. During that same year he obtained what might almost be regarded as another double first, winning both the English and the Latin Prize Essays. The former, that is, the Bachelor's Prize Essay, in English, was upon "Translation in the Dead Languages." This—having been recited by Keble in the theatre at Oxford on the 10th June, 1812—was privately printed at the time as a pamphlet of thirty pages octavo, being afterwards (in 1830) included in the third volume of the Collected English Prize Essays. The other prize, the Chancellor's Prize Essay, in Latin, had as its theme, a Plutarchian comparison of Xenophon and Julius Cæsar as Military Historians of Campaigns in which they had themselves been engaged, the title of it being, "Xenophontis res bellicas, quibus ipse interfuit, narrat, cum Cæsare comparat."

On the 20th May, 1813, Keble had taken his degree of M. A. Three years later—in 1816—he was Master of the Schools. In the Michaelmas Term of 1818 he was appointed College Tutor. Already, during three consecutive years, 1814, 1815, and 1816, he had been one of the Public English Examiners, as in three subsequent years, 1821, 1822, and 1823, he was in like manner. He held successively in his time, moreover, the two College offices of Junior and Senior Treasurer. The recognition of his powers was prompt, cordial, and ungrudging. Beyond the influence exercised by him on all around by right of his intellectual capacity, was that which had its way from the first by reason of the charm, the purity, and the elevation of his character. His path in life (and it was the same later on in the instance of his younger brother Thomas) trended inevitably in one direction from the garden porch of his home in Gloucestershire. It led him, naturally and irresistibly, through the cloistral shade of his college, to the church. On the Trinity Sunday of 1815 he was ordained Deacon. Exactly a year afterwards, in the ecclesiastical order, on the Trinity Sunday of 1816, he was ordained Priest. Parochial work began for him then, immediately upon his ordination. It ceased only with his life—fifty years afterwards! Its commencement was in the immediate neighborhood of his own home, near Fairford. He labored there as an assistant to his father—officiating as curate in the churches, which are curiously situated within a stone's throw of each other, at Eastleach and Burthorpe. At every available opportunity, as, for example, at each recurring vacation he, resided with his father and devoted himself, with unflinching zeal, to all the duties of his profession. Five years of his Tutorship at Oriel had nearly run out, coupled, the three last of them, with his second tenure of the office of Examining Master, when there was held out to him the temptation of a small living in the gift of the College, at Coleby, in Lincolnshire. Eventually, however, it was not so arranged. Another (Mr. Penrose) obtained Coleby; and by the end of Hilary Term, 1823, Keble had resigned his Tutorship. He had already been looking for some time wistfully homewards, longing to relax the self-devolving upon him as a resident in college, and to take, earnest, to the more congenial labors of his curacy in Gloucestershire. His course was decided for him by the affliction of his mother's death on the 11th May, 1823. Withdrawing at once from his then conspicuous position at the University, from his post as Master of the Schools, from his office as Public Examiner, and from his status as Resident Fellow, he returned to the seclusion of Fairford, there to settle down quietly with his father and his two surviving sisters, and to resume his little twin curacies of Eastleach and Burthorpe. In doing so he added to his labors in connection therewith, by accepting the additional curacy of Southrop, a small parish immediately adjoining. There was an inducement for his so doing. For, whereas at Eastleach and Burthorpe there was no residence, there was a good roomy house at Southrop, in which he could not only take up his abode himself, but in which he could show hospitality to his visitors. By this time he had given up tuition, of course, altogether. And in testimony of once of the fact that he had done so, and of the gratitude

with which his past labors were regarded by his old pupils, were followed him to Fairford a handsome present of plate, inscribed, "Johanni Keble, Discipulorum Orielsenium fectas, MDCCCXXIII." Several of those pupils in whom he took the greatest interest, such as Robert Wilberforce, Isaac Williams, and Hurrell Froude, came, now one, now another, and stopped with Keble on a happy visit, sometimes of days together, under the roof-beams of his Southwamp parsonage. The three curacies together did not include population of three thousand. The entire receipts accruing to him in connection with them all did not amount to more than about £100 a year. He was happy in his surroundings, however, and in his avocations, but above all was happy in his sacred calling. Covertly too, he was musing all this while, since as far back as in 1819, in a green and flowery pleasaunce of his own, in which his fancy made a sunshine in the shadiest place, and here his spirit secretly heard the plash and tinkling of fountains. Little by little, one by one, he was coming at Oxford, at Fairford, by the Isis, by the Coln, in the gardens, in the meadows, unknown except to the inner circle of his most intimate friends, those beautiful lyrics which, under the title of the "Christian Year," when composed, some four years after the date at which we have arrived, sprang at once into such resplendent celebrity, achieving a success that has been maintained undiminished ever since, and that is simply and absolutely unparalleled. Another temptation was held out to Keble early in 1824, more alluring than the notion of his having allotted to the little living in Lincolnshire already specified. William Hart Coleridge had just then been selected to fill one of the two newly-created sees in the West Indies, as Bishop of Barbadoes. A couple of archdeacons were in the gift, each worth £2,000 a year, and one of these he was urged to press at once upon Keble's acceptance. Dazzled though he may have been for a passing moment by this offer to advance him *per saltum* to the position of Archdeacon of Barbadoes, the gifted but simple-minded curate of Eastrop, Eastleach, and Burthorpe declined it, nevertheless, unhesitatingly. His home ties, his father's increasing age and infirmities, his tender regard for his two sisters, his fervent affection for whom he prettily typified by speaking of his "wife" Margaret, and his "sweetheart" Mary Anne, held him securely, by preference, to his lowlier position as a working curate in Gloucestershire. The song that soars highest towards heaven among the dew-laden sunbeams makes its nest, by preference, not in an eyrie in the tree-top, but among the grass or between the furrows of a cornfield.

Nevertheless, for a while, at least, there did come a temptation at last to which John Keble yielded. It was holding out to him, however, — be sure of that, — no promise of elevation. It was simply the removal of the nesting place from one meadow or cornfield to another. The proposition came to Keble from his old pupil, his fast friend, his patron — Sir William Heathcote. The vicarship of Hursley was then held by Sir William's uncle, Archdeacon Heathcote, who, residing at Winchester, left the entire parish to his delegate. The curacy of Hursley was at that time, however, vacant, and it was that curacy which was placed within reach of Keble's acceptance by Sir William Heathcote. After mature consideration, and with the consent of his father and sisters, Keble yielded to the proposition. It was in the spring of 1825 that he accepted the kindly offer, but his duties were not entered upon by the new Curate of Hursley until the ensuing Michaelmas. His removal thither he was, as Sir John Coleridge has expressed it, "coming more into the sunshine," from the shadow of his three little curacies in Gloucestershire. His surroundings, when once the change was made, were entirely of a very congenial and delightful character. The vicarage was being got in readiness for his reception, he was housed in Sir William's own ancestral manor in Hursley Park. Within easy distance from him (three or four miles) was Winchester Cathedral. Here, moreover, at Winchester, apart from the grand old cathedral and its lettered dignitaries, were such new-found

and gladly-welcomed friends as Robert Barter, the Warden of Winchester College, and Dr. Moberly, the Head-Master of Winchester School. Hard by, too, were the sylvan haunts of the New Forest, and whenever he cared to enjoy (not suffer) a sea change, there was readily accessible the briny freshness of Southampton. It was on Sunday, the 2d October, 1825, that Mr. Keble began to discharge the duties of his new position as the Curate of Hursley. Once installed there in the vicarage, he gathered eagerly around him at intervals, now his more intimate friends, now his more cherished relations. One while, Arnold went thither to him on a visit from Laleham. Another time, Keble welcomed around his new hearth, on a holiday excursion from Fairford, his aged father and his two sisters, the elder Elizabeth and the younger Mary Anne, the wife and the sweetheart. Scarcely a year of this happy and even halcyon time for Keble had sped by during his residence, as Curate, in the Hursley Vicarage, when he was recalled, rather abruptly, to his earlier and homelier surroundings in Gloucestershire. The signal was a sorrowful one, and came to him with appalling suddenness. It was nothing less than the death, in the September of 1826, of his dearly-loved younger sister, Mary Anne. Before October had closed, Hursley had been quitted, Fairford had been returned to, Keble having, according to his own expression, "swung comfortably back to his old moorings."

During eight years altogether — that is, from 1819 to 1827 — Keble had been gradually preparing what at length made its appearance as his masterpiece. It had germinated, grown, and expanded under his hand very gradually and at first almost imperceptibly. From its earliest vernal building it had, however, at last very appreciably burgeoned and effloresced. It was with no affected reluctance that he at length, yielding to the importunity of those immediately around him consented to its appearance. His father, who was every day, it seemed, descending nearer and nearer towards the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow, expressed an eager solicitude to witness its publication. The manuscript passed into the printer's hands, and the proofs, one by one, found their way to Fairford for the author's timid and ever-wincing correction. His own preference would have been that they should have appeared posthumously. Against his judgment, however, it was decided otherwise by those to whose opinions he deferred. On the 23d June, 1827, the "Christian Year" was first published. It stole its way into the public heart instantly. It influenced all it came across with a spell of fascination. Its success was emotional rather than a matter of reasoning and of criticism. Keble's readers were like those who listened to some sweet and delicious melody chanted by a singer who was hidden from view in the twilight. Their hearts were moved, their nerves thrilled, their eyes glistened, they were charmed by a voice that was at once new and yet familiar. Before the December of that year was out, a second edition had been required. In 1828 the third made its appearance. One followed another in rapid succession. When but a very little more than a quarter of a century had elapsed, forty-three editions had been exhausted, 108,000 copies had already even then passed into circulation. Before its author's life was completed and crowned by a death so serene and calm that it was a veritable euthanasia, the astonishing number of ninety-two editions of the "Christian Year" had passed from the hands of his publishers. Several of these had consisted of 3,000, the ninetieth edition of as many as 5,000 copies. Within the space of merely nine months from the date of Keble's death seven new editions had been called for, thereby putting, in the brief interval of three-fourths of a single year, 11,000 additional copies (on the issuing of the ninety-ninth edition) into circulation. Now that the hundredth edition of the "Christian Year" has long been passed, it is especially interesting to look back to the germ, the very mustard-seed, from which it all originated. Happily we have been enabled to do so, a *fac-simile* of the first edition having, in 1868, been passed through the press as a curiosity. Even in the old-fashioned gray-papered boards of the binding, this reissue of the original edition is an ex-

act and veritable *fac-simile*. It is so externally and it is so internally also throughout, in the grain of the paper, in the typography, in the very errors of the press, in every minute particular. That original edition thus renewed for our edification is in two moderately-sized, thinnish volumes in sober unornamented boards, the size of the work being octavo. Its title-page indicates that it was printed at Oxford by W. Baxter, and published by J. Parker. The brief preface, or Advertisement, as it is called, is dated 30th May, 1827. From it we take a single sentence by way of extract. "The object," it is there remarked, "of the present publication will be attained if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer-book." One can't help wondering now in how many instances it may be that this modest hope has indeed been realized. As in the instance of that peerless book, the treatise "De Imitatione" — pronounced by Fontenelle, in his *Life of the great Corneille*, "*le livre le plus beau, qui soit parti de la main d'un homme, puisque l'Évangile n'en vient pas*," — the "Christian Year" appeared in the first instance, and has ever since continued to appear, anonymously. Only in Keble's case, the secret was known to so many that the anonymity could not long be preserved. The lyricist would fain himself, if he could, have acted upon Junius' motto, "*Stat nominis umbra*." Circumstances rendered that, however, impossible. As it was, he endeavored for a long while to waive all idea as to his being the responsibility of the authorship. In answer to an old pupil (Mr. Bliss) who had written to him shortly after the work's appearance, expressing wonder as to who could have written it, Keble gravely remarked, "I have seen the little book you mention, and I think I have heard it was written by an Oriel man." Adding, "I have no wish to detract from its merit, but I can't say I am much in expectation of its cutting out our friend, George Herbert." Yet, running through and through it all, like a golden thread through a tapestry, was Keble himself — his mode of thought, his turns of expression, his phrases, sentiments, hopes, dreams, aspirations. Speaking of the "Christian Year," Isaac Williams has exclaimed emphatically, —

"The book I love because thyself is there."

Not so felt Keble himself, however, in its regard. In his profound humility and self-abasement before its astonishing popularity, he stood abashed, and, as it were, actually ashamed! Referring to this, Sir John Coleridge has whimsically enough but quite truly remarked that, "As Wilkes is reported to have said that he was no Wilkite, so Keble was certainly no Christian Year man." When a superb edition of the book in small folio was issued by Parker in 1858 it was so issued at Sir John Coleridge's suggestion, but to Keble's own great reluctance. He hardly ever looked into the book itself, whatever the shape in which it appeared. Folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, cheap or costly, it was almost distasteful in his own eyes. Not from fastidiousness, but out of a remorseful feeling that in giving utterance to his religious longings he had been inadvertently conveying an idea of his own goodness. Here, in truth, was an instance of one who

"Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

Hence, indeed, it has been said of him, "It is strange but it is certain that he always spoke of it, and that was seldom, with something of sadness and dissatisfaction." Others have regarded it, however, very differently. Decorations have been squandered upon the work by loving disciples and admirers who have seemed to delight in lavishing upon the text that splendid embroidery of colors and gold-leaf that, like gems set in a gorgeous tissue, make up the very jewelry of illumination. Keble's "Evening Hymn" was in 1865 illustrated in this way tenderly and reverently by the hand of Eleanor Waring. Keble's "Morning Hymn," five years before that, was similarly honored by B. B. B., the anonymous artist's designs as an illuminator being chromo-lithographed by W. R. Tymms. Nay, beyond even

these tributes, in the way of elaboration, M. Fyler, in 1867, produced in quarto a volume containing within it as many as 686 illustrations of poetic imagery from the "Christian Year," pencillings dedicated, evidently with feelings of gratitude as well as of admiration, to the revered memory of John Keble. As a crowning attestation of its importance, the work has had published separately a comprehensive and minute "Concordance." A goodly volume of 258 pages octavo has been charmingly penned, moreover, entitled, "Musings over the 'Christian Year' and 'Lyra Innocentium,'" by a near neighbor and a very dear young friend of the venerable poet; a friend of his even from her twelfth year upwards; one whose name is pleasantly familiar to us all for years past as one of the most charming domestic story-tellers of the age, Charlotte Mary Yonge, popularly known as the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" — the weaver of "The Daisy Chain," out of the profits of which, amounting to £2,000, her generous hand has built up in New Zealand the Missionary College at Auckland! Pens and pencils have vied with each other in illustrating, gold-leaf and morocco have been squandered abundantly in decorating, the hundred and odd editions, the tens upon tens of thousands of copies of the "Christian Year" that have helped to spread the fair fame of John Keble in both hemispheres, and have done so in very despite of all his unaffected efforts, first at concealment, and afterwards (when his identity as the author of the lyrics could be no longer ignored) at self-depreciation.

It was while he was yet in the first flush of the success of the "Christian Year" that, on the advancement of Dr. Edward Copleston to the Bishopric of Llandaff, the tempting proposition was made to him, by many of his more ardent admirers in the University of Oxford, that he should allow himself to be put in nomination for the vacant post of the Provost of Oriel. The suggestion had for him especially its obvious allurements. Here, again, however, his ingrained natural modesty and humility stepped in as a bar to his ambition. Wishing in no way to interfere with the prospects of a personal friend whom he sincerely admired, he withheld his name as an opposing candidate, and Dr. Edward Hawkins was in consequence elected to the vacant Provostship without competition.

Towards the close of 1829 another tempting offer came to the good and gifted holder of those three little curacies in Gloucestershire. Archdeacon Heathcote, the holder of the living of Hursley, having just then expired at Winchester, Sir William Heathcote at once offered the vacant Vicarship to Mr. Keble. By an act of noble self-abnegation, springing directly from his filial and fraternal affection, this anything but self-seeking or ambitious servant of God and his neighbor declined the offer thus cordially thrust upon him by his generous friend and well-wisher. More than ever it seemed to him that his father needed his help, and he determined upon stopping at Fairford to assist him accordingly. The late Archdeacon's son, the Rev. Gilbert Wall Heathcote, was therefore presented to the living, and the opportunity appeared to be lost irrevocably to Keble of his ever becoming the Vicar of Hursley. A couple of years after this, in 1831, he undertook the laborious task that lasted him, off and on, for five years together until its completion at length, in 1836, of editing, not nominally, but thoroughly and in earnest, the Works of Richard Hooker, the Judicious Hooker, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." He had barely realized to himself the responsibility involved in the labor he had thus undertaken, when larger labors and heavier responsibilities yet were devolved upon him by his election at the University of Oxford as the new Professor of Poetry. The honor was not unwelcome to him, and the toil it necessitated was eminently congenial. Keble's first lecture was delivered there in the February of 1832. Nowadays, thanks to the daringly innovative example of Arnold, the lecturer discourses in that time-honored chair of English Poetry in the English language. Formerly, as prior to Keble's time, the lectures were invariably delivered in Latin. The newly-installed Professor abided by the rule with the ut-

most readiness, and in flowing and measured diction not unworthy of his theme held his own with the ablest of his predecessors in the delivery of his "Prælectiones." These, when completed, were inscribed by Keble, in the strongest terms of homage, to the contemporary poet whom, above all others of his day, he regarded with the profoundest admiration, namely to Wordsworth. The work, as a whole, has, perhaps, been the most happily defined by Mr. Gladstone, where he speaks of it as, in one word, "refined."

According to custom, Keble held this Professorship for two periods of five years each. While yet but in the second year of his occupying this novel position, for him, at the University, the Vice-Chancellor appointed him to deliver the Summer Assize Sermon there in 1833. In some respects it was the most memorable sermon of the century. The title given to it by the preacher on its publication was "National Apostasy." It has been memorably spoken of by Dr. Newman, in his "Apologia," as "the start of the religious movement" of that time. That illustrious theologian, who was himself, in a manner, the brain, the heart, the tongue of it all, has there emphatically designated Keble the true and primary author of that movement. Then was there earnest talk of dogmatic theology. Then were there strenuous discussions upon the thesis of Apostolic Succession. The "Tracts for the Times" were started. All England was stirred by a religious agitation, the lines of which radiated from the University of Oxford. At the core of that centre were three men especially — three great men, three good men, who surpassed the ablest of those around and associated with them in the furtherance of the movement, by more than a head and shoulders. John Keble, as he surpassed them all in mere popularity as a writer with the lyric strains of his "Christian Year," had in some measure preceded them all by the sanctity of his reputation. The author of the "Apologia" has himself related how, when he was first walking in the High Street of Oxford as an undergraduate, his earliest friend, John Bowden, startled him by suddenly exclaiming, "There's Keble!" Recalling the incident to mind years afterwards, Newman even goes on to add, "And with what awe did I look at him!" Edward Bouverie Pusey was another of these three largely gifted, profoundly learned, and eminently pure-souled leaders of the new religious movement. In depth of learning he had certainly amongst them no superior. As for the third, having already recounted his history at some length in these pages, we will content ourselves now with speaking of him as he is spoken of so very impressively by Professor Shairp, of St. Andrew's University. And we do so here all the more readily because the passage occurs in the course of the Professor's exquisite monograph on the subject of the present biography. There it is in that charming little essay of his on the author of the "Christian Year" — a new edition of which essay was reprinted immediately upon Keble's death, at the earnest suggestion of Sir John Coleridge — that the Professor of Humanity at St. Andrew's speaks so very strikingly of "a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century — John Henry Newman." Yet while Professor Shairp no less strikingly remarks that with all their learning and piety, both Pusey and Keble were each quite secondary to Newman, it is Newman himself who speaks so emphatically, as we have seen, of the true and primary author of the whole movement (that is, John Keble) being the while out of sight.

Regarding him exclusively as a Tractarian — that is, simply as one of the writers of the "Tracts for the Times" — he occupied a position by no means conspicuous, or, at any rate, in no way paramount. Out of the ninety tracts he wrote no more than four. From first to last Newman was the editor of them all. Keble wrote neither the first nor the last. The earliest of the four contributed by him was tract No. 4, in reference to Apostolic Succession. His next was No. 13, in relation to the principle regulating the selection of the Sunday Lessons. The next, No. 40,

treated of Holy Matrimony. His last was really the last but one of all the Tracts, as it happened, No. 89, entitled (a mere tentative fragment, it was, by the way), an Essay on the Mysticism of the Early Fathers of the Church. While the movement was yet in its infancy, however, when the "Tracts for the Times" were yet at an early stage of their publication, changes of an important kind came to Keble and his surroundings. On the 24th January, 1835, in the ninetieth year of his age, his venerable father expired. The year was in many ways for Keble very momentous. In consequence of failing health the incumbent of Hursley, Mr. Heathcote, unexpectedly gave in his resignation, becoming afterwards himself the Rector of Ash. Forthwith Sir William Heathcote offered the vacant living once more to Mr. Keble, knowing well that, now his aged father was dead, he was more free for its acceptance. Four years previously, in 1831, Dr. Henry Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, had offered to Keble, whom the Bishop regarded, as he said afterwards, as "the most eminently good man in the Church," the living of Paignton in Devonshire. The home ties that drew him back to Coln Saint Aldwyn from the curacy of Hursley precluded him from accepting the living of Paignton. It was not so with him now, when there was a second time proffered to him by his old pupil, friend, and patron, Sir William Heathcote, the living that of all that could have been named to him was about the most desirable. Of that renewed offer he availed himself. By the January of 1836 he had assumed the position he was to occupy thenceforth so benignly for thirty years together as the Vicar of Hursley and Rector of Otterbourne. Other domestic ties were by that time his, but they were not such as would preclude him from undertaking those new and most desirable responsibilities. On the 10th of October, 1835, being then in his forty-fourth year, he had been married in the parish church at Bisley to Charlotte Clarke, the younger daughter of a deceased clergyman, formerly Vicar of Meysey Hampton, not far from Fairford. The sister of his bride had for some few years been the wife of his younger brother, the Rev. Thomas Keble. Immediately after the marriage ceremony at Bisley the newly united couple went to reside for some weeks at Southampton. Thence, at the close of their little holiday excursion, they went for awhile to Fairford, but finally, at the turn of the year, settled down permanently at their new home, the one to which they were both to be thenceforth faithful until the end, in the Hursley Vicarage. The house itself was of but moderate dimensions. The parish, on the contrary, was large, including within it several hamlets, and having a very scattered population. Otterbourne, though of less extent, was also scattered. In presiding over this double living of Hursley with Otterbourne, the Rev. John Keble, within the knowledge of all England, for thirty consecutive years presented to view the very pattern and model of country pastors, one quite as near to the public heart as such, and quite as vividly realized by the popular imagination, as Parson Dale, of Hazeldean, or as Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield.

Meanwhile, the Oxford movement was steadily advancing and expanding. One of the most ardent of the more active participators in and sympathizers with it had failed in health, had gone out to Barbadoes, and had prematurely expired. Towards the end of 1837, Newman and Keble were busily engaged together in editing and watching through the press the two thick volumes of "Froude's Remains." Here, again, as in the instance of the Tracts, what Keble mainly shared in was the responsibility. Newman wrote the Preface and did nearly the whole of the editing. A year afterwards they embarked with Pusey in an enterprise which brought their three great names more prominently than ever before the religious mind not only of all England, but of the chief part of Christendom. This was the issuing through the press, carefully edited, and in some important particulars annotated, of the "Library of the Fathers." During the lapse of a very few years immediately ensuing, it grew up into a noble series of thirty-nine octavo volumes. Keble, shortly after its commencement, published, in 1839, his metrical version of the

Psalms of David. Here, again, in his character as a lyricist, he appeared before the world quite anonymously. The volume was entitled "The Psalter or Psalms of David. By a Member of the University of Oxford." The Preface to it had for date the 22d May, 1839. Speaking of the Psalter as it passed thus from the hand of the Vicar of Hursley in harmonious rhymes that echoed back in English as far as might be the music of the Hebrew original, Archbishop Howley took occasion to remark emphatically that Mr. Keble's work "had demonstrated the truth of his position." The critical time arrived, in the February of 1841, when the last, and the most famous of all the "Tracts for the Times," No. 90, made its appearance. It was from Newman's master hand. Keble had seen it in type before publication. So also had Pusey. They had assented to, and even desired, its publication. Tract No. 90 was, nevertheless, the signal for a storm of indignation being directed singly and individually at the devoted head of the Vicar of St. Mary's. He was denounced as a traitor. Keble, Pusey, Hook, Palmer, Perceval, each of them in turn, all of them together, deprecated what they could not but regard as the injustice of Newman's treatment in this matter in which they virtually claimed their right to share with him the responsibility. In the form of a letter addressed to his intimate friend, Mr. Justice Coleridge, the Vicar of Hursley argued the whole question in a pamphlet that was only reprinted for actual publication in 1865, but that at the very time of this fierce contention about Tract No. 90 was privately passed through the press and widely distributed. Distressed and in some sense disheartened by the passionate agitation that was going on in the University, Keble's attention was directed with all the more eagerness to the realizing of a desire that had been awakened in his heart almost upon the morrow of his first arrival at Hursley as Vicar. This was nothing less, in fact, than the hope that he might be instrumental in ensuring the restoration, or rather strictly speaking, the veritable rebuilding of the sacred edifices entrusted to his charge as Incumbent. It fortunately so happened that among the members of his congregation there was a close neighbor of his at Otterbourne, about two miles distant from the Hursley Vicarage, who was enabled by his zeal and talents and energies to do more than yeoman's service in the way of helping Mr. Keble to carry practically into effect his generous ambition. This was the father of the charming author that was to be, whose name has already here been mentioned.

On Keble's first coming to Hursley, Charlotte Yonge, was a child of eleven years of age, just preparing for her confirmation. During the thirty years of the Vicar's happy and peaceful residence she enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy, he advancing the while from maturity to old age, she from girlhood to womanhood. Of their intercourse during that long interval she has given in her charming volume of "Musings" about him, published in 1871, a most touching and graceful record. It was the father of Miss Yonge who very shortly after Keble's arrival at Hursley was the Vicar's right-hand man among all his parishioners. He was a layman of very singular aptitude. Formerly an officer in the 52d Regiment, he had seen good service under the command of Wellington on the battlefields of the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Retiring from the army and settling down quietly at Otterbourne, in Hampshire, he there in furtherance of the cherished ideas of Keble turned his remarkably versatile abilities to excellent account as a volunteer in an entirely different profession. William Crawley Yonge, who was welcomed at once by Keble as a friend from the fact of his being a relation of Mr. Justice Coleridge, became for the nonce in point of fact the new Vicar's architect. Drawing out his plans and making his estimates with curious facility, he designed and built up an entirely new church at Otterbourne. The Vicar himself contributed £400 towards the cost of its construction. Further than this, Mr. Yonge designed and erected for the use of the curates an entirely new parsonage. The expense of that building Mr. Keble himself wholly defrayed. At the same time Sir William

Heathcote emulated in a remarkable manner the good Vicar's munificence. He in his turn raised an entirely new church at Ampfield. Not only this—he conveyed to the Vicar of Hursley the vicarage he had previously occupied only as a tenant. The old-fashioned parish church at Hursley was all the while the veriest eyesore to Keble, who regarded it askance both as a churchman and as a connoisseur of ecclesiastical architecture. It was a cumbersome and solid structure of brick, flanked by a ponderous square tower of flint stone. The tower itself was so far satisfactory, but the brick structure attached to it was simply intolerable. It had been erected towards the close of the reign of the second George by Sir William Heathcote's great-grandfather. The Vicar determined that, cost what it might, the edifice, from the foundation upwards, saving only the grand old tower, should be renovated and transformed. With Mr. Yonge's cordial assent, a professional architect, Mr. Harrison, was called in to preside over this bold and comprehensive scheme of reconstruction. To the end that funds might be forthwith secured in furtherance of this project, Keble, in the May of 1846, published his "Lyra Innocentium," or "Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children—their Ways and their Privileges." As the exquisite motto on its title-page, appeared the words, "Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them." Upon the back of that title-page appeared the familiar quotation from Keble's favorite, Wordsworth,—

"O dearest, dearest boy, my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
If I could teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

The book was essentially a mother's book. It was one written about children and not for them. Its merit as a lyrical collection, though its success was great, has hardly ever been adequately appreciated. It is remarkable as the effusion of one who had married when his youth was altogether passed, and who never had children. Nevertheless, though he never was a father, he had a heart that was essentially paternal. Although the proceeds of the volume were considerable, the money accruing from it was altogether insufficient. It was a mere fractional part of what was actually required. Earnestly bent upon obtaining the desired funds, Keble wanted at once to part with the copyright of the "Christian Year," his most considerable possession. To this utterly self-sacrificing project, however, his dearest friends, from the first and to the last, were resolutely opposed. Instead of allowing him to do anything of the kind, Coleridge, Dyson, and Patterson jointly held the copyright they would on no account hear of his parting with, and so holding it for him supplied him from time to time, for the Church, with whatever funds were requisite. Furnishing him with money in this way whenever he wanted any, his amateur bankers and trustees repaid themselves from the proceeds of the new editions of the work as they were called for. Thanks to this arrangement, the copyright never passed out of the author's possession. And in this way, out of the profits gathered in from the "Christian Year," was built up one of the most beautiful parish churches in the United Kingdom. The first stone of the new edifice was laid on the 20th of May, 1847, and seventeen months later, on the 24th of October, 1848, came the day of its consecration. Adornment was added to adornment, decoration to decoration. One stained glass window after another was inserted. The massive stone tower was crowned by a symmetrical spire which was raised by Sir William Heathcote. On its completion Keble himself ascended to the summit, and there fixed with his own hand, on the apex of the spire, the glittering weather-cock.

When the momentous period had arrived for Newman at which, according to his own powerful expression, his doubts issued in "a strong intellectual conviction that the Roman Catholic system and Christianity were convertible terms," the tidings came to Keble, as he insisted again and again, with the shock of a thunderbolt. It was at once a heart

grief to him and a calamity. Startled though he was by the news, he had, nevertheless, quite evidently anticipated it. The announcement came to him in a letter from Newman himself. On receiving that letter he carried it about with him all the morning, and the afternoon, not daring to open it. His hesitation in breaking the seal was clearly like a presentiment. When, at length, he took courage to do so, he withdrew into the seclusion of an old chalk pit overgrown with brambles, and there realized with a pang that the brightest intellect, the purest heart, the noblest nature, was lost to the Church of England. A day or two later he remarked with touching simplicity, "I have written to him to express, as well as I could, continued love and affection towards him"—breaking off soon afterwards with, "God bless him wherever and with whomsoever he is." Early in 1847 Keble published his "Academical and Occasional Sermons," a second edition of which was called for in the following twelvemonth. It was in the former year, 1847, that Dr. Renn Dickson Hampden was nominated Bishop of Hereford. Keble and he had been Fellows of Oriel together. Resolutely, however, in defiance of old associations, and acting in the matter simply in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, the former had a conspicuous share in the proceedings which were taken (all of them in vain) to prevent the confirmation of Dr. Hampden's appointment. In the November of that same year, 1847, while driving with a friend (the brother of Sir Frederick Rogers) through the picturesque old Close at Winchester, Keble met with an alarming accident, the intelligence of which caused a shock of sympathy in his regard to thrill through England. The carriage was run away with, and the two occupants were thrown out, each of them but very narrowly indeed escaping destruction. The consternation produced by this incident in various parts of the country, evidenced, in a striking way, the hold Keble's fame had taken upon the affections of his fellow-countrymen. Perhaps the first time that his name had been prominently brought under their notice, as Professor Shairp has remarked, was in 1838, when the last volume of Scott's *Life*, by Lockhart, made its appearance. There, in the opening of the last chapter, a quotation from Solomon is followed by a reference to the beautiful expansion of that saying by "a wise poet of our time,"—a footnote explaining to the reader that the extract given in the text was from the "Christian Year" of John Keble. Scarcely a decade had run out after that, when the casualty in the Close at Winchester gave token that his name was already familiarly known and beloved in many thousands of English households.

At intervals, whenever occasion required, the Vicar of Hursley enunciated his views with the utmost possible precision, upon questions affecting religion that happened at the time to be brought prominently forward, either within or without the walls of Parliament, and in regard to which his opinions were always very clearly and very boldly pronounced. It was thus in 1849, when he sternly opposed the efforts then first being made to bring about the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. His argument was set forth in a pamphlet entitled, "Against profane dealing with Holy Matrimony, in regard to a Widower and his late Wife's Sister." In the same way, eight years afterwards, in the spring of 1857, he wrote energetically against the Divorce Bill, which he epigrammatically pronounced a Bill for Legalizing Adultery. His pamphlet, in this instance, was headed, "An Argument for not proceeding immediately to Repeal the Laws which treat the Nuptial Bond as Indissoluble." Seven years prior to that he began a series of papers, of which two only were published, under the title of "Church Matters in MDCCCL." Of these, No. 1 was on Trial of Doctrine, No. 2 being dubbed A Call to Speak Out—upon what was clearly enough indicated at the moment by the subjoined text, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man who is a Roman and uncondemned?" In the summer of 1857 Mr. Keble made what, we believe, was his only tour upon the Continent. Until then his journeyings had never extended beyond the borders of the three kingdoms. He

had travelled to various parts of England, into Wales, into Scotland, and into Ireland. But until 1857 he had never crossed the British Channel. In the winter of that year he brought out his work on "Eucharistic Adoration," an argument impressively entitled, "The Worship of our Lord and Saviour in the Sacrament of Holy Communion." It was during the course of the next twelvemonth, 1858, that Charlotte Yonge was mainly instrumental in carrying out a project that was a source of especial gratification to the Vicar of Hursley—the erection of a School Chapel at Hill, a hamlet situated about midway between the Vicarage and Winchester. The current of the good pastor's life flowed on smoothly in the calm seclusion of his home in Hampshire. Honors, in a worldly sense, had not fallen in his way. Honor in the noblest sense was his, and that too in overflowing abundance. And it was not honor only that was his: it was—"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." One of the best and dearest of these was lost to him, however, in the natural course of things, when, in 1860, at seventy years of age, his sister Elizabeth expired. Three years afterwards, in the early part of 1863, he was adding the last to his various writings by publishing the Biography of Bishop Wilson, the memoir appearing as the first of the seven volumes in which the Life and Works of that Prelate were comprised. The close of his own career, however, was drawing on. Of this he had, on the 30th November, 1864, a premonitory symptom of a sufficiently alarming character. Late on the evening of that day, just as he was retiring to rest, he had a paralytic seizure. Added to his own illness, his wife's health, which had always been precarious, was gradually becoming more and more seriously affected. It was during one of the sharpest crises of her condition, in the autumn of the following year,—the day was worth marking triply with a white stone as the 13th September, 1865,—that, once more, and for the last time in this world, Keble, Pusey, and Newman came together under the roof of Hursley Vicarage. It was an interview that it is impossible to think of without emotion. One recalls to mind with an almost poignant interest the every minute circumstance of that moving incident. One thinks of Keble as he stood there bareheaded in the porch of his vicarage on the morning of that Tuesday, talking to a friend, when up the gravel path to the doorway approached Newman. Neither of them had the slightest recognition of the other's identity. Keble indeed asked Newman his name, the latter not having the faintest suspicion as to who was his questioner. Fearing to inquire, the visitor handed in his card, whereupon there came to view in the good vicar "that tender flurry of manner," says the survivor, that he so well remembered. Twenty years had elapsed since they had last seen each other. Keble, who in 1845 was in the meridian of his life, in 1865 was seventy-three. Newman, whom the other had last beheld in his prime, was sixty-two. After a few hurried words at the entrance, the Vicar brought the oratorian into his study, and there, the latter tells us in his simple and touching account of their meeting, embraced him most affectionately. For four or five hours they were together—with Pusey, who had previously arrived. The three old friends,—think but for a moment of their names, Keble, Pusey, Newman,—no one else being present, had a primitive dinner together at one o'clock. Upstairs Mrs. Keble was lying ill in bed, her husband being in and out of the room continually all the afternoon, in attendance alternately upon the invalid and upon his two visitors. Dr. Newman had to leave early in order to catch the train. One has a last glimpse of him and Keble together when they strolled out for awhile into the open air, pausing for a moment to look in silence at the church and churchyard, "so beautiful and calm!" So they met, and so they parted, with a half promise to each other of their soon again coming together. That was not to be, however, by reason of the illness of Keble's wife having, a little later on, very seriously increased. Wistfully, in one of his communications to his old friend at this time, Keble asked of Newman with reference to Pusey and themselves, in the familiar lines from "Macbeth," and with a solemn signifi-

cance such as the words had never had applied to them before, —

"When shall we three meet again?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won."

Seven months more of life in this world was all that remained then for Keble. His opportunity for further intercourse with his friends, the oldest and dearest amongst them, was being narrowed. There was one with whom he had been in the closest, the most intimate, and the most confidential correspondence for five and fifty years together, from as far back as 1811, Sir John Taylor Coleridge to wit, who on Monday, the 19th March, 1866, received the last letter he ever had in Keble's handwriting. On Thursday, the 22d of March, the good old Vicar rose, through some error as to the time, at six o'clock in the morning. At that early hour he took a cold, instead of a warm or even a tepid bath. His wife being still seriously indisposed, he prayed for some time by her bedside, and then stood up to read the lessons to her — all this before breaking his fast. While reading he appeared to have fainted. The probability is that it was another stroke of paralysis. He had an illness then that lasted exactly one week — the gentle, gifted, and saintly John Keble breathing his last at one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 29th March, 1866. His last sermons had been delivered just sixteen months previously, — namely, on the 27th November, 1864, when he preached from the pulpit of Hursley Church both in the morning and in the evening. The former, the penultimate sermon was upon the text from St. Matthew, ch. xxi. v. 9: "And the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, saying: Hosannah to the son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosannah in the highest." The last sermon of all had for its text the fifth verse of the second chapter of Isaiah, "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." On Friday, the 6th April, the remains of the venerated Vicar of Hursley were laid in their grave beside that of his sister Elizabeth, over which he had raised to her memory the beautifully sculptured imitation of an old Irish cross. On the 11th of the ensuing May, but little more than a month after her husband, Mrs. Keble breathed her last, and on the 18th was laid by his side in the peaceful old Hursley churchyard. The graves of the Vicar and his widow were turfed over and sown with flowers, the memory they had left enshrined in the hearts of the parishioners being their noblest monument. Inside the beautiful church hard by, upon the floor of the chancel, inlaid on the very spot where Keble's form had so often rested during the service, a brass cross of exquisite design and elaboration was placed, having engraved upon it his name, the duration of his incumbency, the days of his birth and death, his age of seventy-four, and traced deeply indented in a running strip round the edge those supreme adjurations from the Litany: "By Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat; by Thy Precious Death and Burial; by Thy Glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by Thy Coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, Deliver Us." The recollections of Keble, recollections which had been treasured up in the hearts of his friends, began soon after his death to rise like a sweet odor in the nostrils of his contemporaries now become his posterity. Every one knew that, life and health permitting, Keble's biographer was to be the oldest and dearest of all his friends, one of the most revered of the ex-judges of England, Sir John Taylor Coleridge. Girding up his loins, eventually, in spite of his great age and of a very severe attack of illness, to the accomplishment of a task that to him was indeed a labor of love, Sir John Coleridge in 1868 (the Preface was dated upon the Christmas Eve of that year) admirably acquitted himself of the duty devolving upon him in his character as a biographer. Previously he had given to the public a number of particulars in regard to Keble's life through the columns of the *Guardian* newspaper. Accepting the facts there given as the basis of his argument, Professor Shairp wrote his masterly little Essay in thirteen sections on the

Author of the "Christian Year." Before 1866 had run out a beautiful and costly quarto volume was published, adorned with thirty-two exquisite photographs by William Savage, constituting altogether a lovely memorial of the familiar haunts trodden at various times from his birth to his death by the footsteps of John Keble. The title of this handsome volume is, "The Birthplace, Home, Churches, and other places connected with the Author of the 'Christian Year.'" Prefixed to it in the form of Notes was another biographical memento of Keble penned by the Rev. J. F. Moor, Junior, M. A., Incumbent of Ampfield. Subsequently, in a good substantial volume, appeared Miss Yonge's deeply-interesting "Musings over the 'Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Innocentium,'" incidentally, in the course of it, supplying the reader with a number of additional and some of them very charming reminiscences. In a supplementary way, and posthumously, additions were made to the list of Keble's writings. These, however, were the mere collecting together of effusions, now theological, now poetic, that had hitherto been scattered. In 1836 there had appeared, under the title of "Lyra Apostolica," 177 lyrics reprinted from the *British Magazine*. These were written by John Bowden and others, however, as well as some of them by Keble and some by Newman. Forty-five of the number signed "Y" were Keble's. These, together with a variety of other odes and lyrics, many of which had previously appeared in other collections, were brought together for the first time in a posthumous volume, in 1868, and published as "Miscellaneous Poems, by the Rev. J. Keble, M. A., Vicar of Hursley." Notably among the contents was the ode, written by Keble, set to music by Dr. Crotch, and performed in the Sheldonian Theatre at the Encenia of 1834, upon the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University. The "Occasional and Parochial Sermons" of Keble were in 1867 and 1868 published in a periodical form, in twelve monthly instalments. A collective edition of the whole of his writings, prose and verse, has yet to make its appearance. There was something bewildering, or, at any rate, enigmatical, in Keble's personal appearance. When he was travelling in Scotland, he was pronounced a plain man by a young lady who, on seeing him, was evidently not (according to the oddest of all our idioms) agreeably disappointed. Judging from the later photographs of the Vicar of Hursley, the young lady, any one would say, was not very much out in her reckoning. Those later photographs do Mr. Keble, unquestionably, a great injustice. To realize this literally, at a glance, it is only necessary to turn for a moment to either of the two finest likenesses ever taken of Keble by the most truthful and masterly portrait-painter of our generation, George Richmond, R. A. One of these portraits by Richmond represents Keble as he was in the prime of his manhood. The other, by far the finer, portrays him as he was in his old age, the artist (speaking as an artist) pronouncing Keble's head "most beautiful!" Nevertheless, his features were undoubtedly irregular, and Sir John Coleridge was right in saying of his friend that he was not handsome. The forehead and hair were both fine, however, and the eyes to the last were full of intellect and animation. Above all, the countenance was expressive in a remarkable manner of sweetness and benignity. The expression which thus shone from his face is still, in a manner, discernible in his reputation. His very name is harmonious with the music of the "Christian Year." And over his memory there floats the nimbus of his saintly character.

IN THE HEIGHTS.

THE higher regions of our globe awaken our curiosity in a great degree; still they remain surrounded by much mystery, whether we try to discover their phenomena or their constitution. We climb mountains, we ascend in balloons, we turn our telescopes towards the celestial bodies, and invent a thousand instruments to discover the reasons of the least effects produced by physical means in the space

which separates us. Yet life is intimately connected with the soil; the bird which soars through the air must descend continually to seek its proper nourishment. Of all the mammiferous tribes, man alone has the boldness to rise in the air and suspend himself in the atmosphere at the height of many thousand feet. But the intense cold of these prodigious elevations hinders him from remaining long under conditions which are not made for life.

Still it is by no means uninteresting, when climbing mountains, where animal and vegetable life are so rare, to remark the decrease of the fauna and flora, and to see what transformations nature is subject to before being wholly effaced. Among the atmospheric conditions necessary to organized beings, the temperature plays the principal part; pressure seems to exercise little influence. The celebrated botanist, De Candolle, has demonstrated that absolute height never acts on the circulation of the sap in plants, or on the respiratory organs of leaves. It is a well-known fact that there are thousands of species which are met with at very different heights, with the exception of a small number of plants strictly confined to certain restricted mountain regions. The culture of Alpine plants in our gardens confirms this; since it is easy to preserve them in the plains when the temperature and humidity are suitable. Our cereals cease to grow at a certain height in Europe, but that is not owing to the rarity of the air, since we see them thrive in South America at a much higher elevation.

Heat and damp are the two principal causes which pre-empt the altitude of the growth of the vegetable kingdom. The similarity between the different stages of a high mountain and different latitudes has long been remarked. To make the ascent of Mont Blanc is equivalent to a journey to Lapland. The limit of vegetation is dependent on that of perpetual snow, and the point of elevation where these snows begin rests upon the mean annual temperature of the country. In the Andes, it reaches about five thousand yards; on the southern slopes of the Himalaya, nearly six thousand; in Switzerland, about three thousand; and in the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, no more than two thousand.

The extreme dryness of such high regions, and the burning heat of the sun, sometimes produce the same effects as a long season of frosty weather; in this manner many species are arrested in their propagation by a cause exactly inverse to that which brings death to the majority of plants on the summit of mountains, and indeed perpetual snow alone cannot be regarded as an insurmountable obstacle to vegetable life. There are a very few plants which can live in it; a saxifrage in the Andes, called after the celebrated traveller and chemist Boussingault, is found on rocks six hundred feet above the snow-level. In the Alps, on Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, vegetation does not disappear for more than three times this height; there a few saxifrages, a gentian, a ranunculus, and a chrysanthemum may be seen with their attenuated stems. Around the glaciers, wherever a space is free from snow, or a rift in the rocks furnishes a shelter against the strong frosts, mosses and lichens cover the bare cold stone with a green carpet; the latter of these rise to considerable heights, and are numerous, whilst the mosses scarcely pass over the limit of the last ferns.

In the Himalaya, vegetation is much more active at such great heights, and the striking analogy between these regions and Arctic countries is more marked. The spring commences very late, but a few weeks of heat suffice for the plant to accomplish the various phases of its annual evolution, and though flowering much later than in the warm, damp valley, the seeds are formed long before those of its lower neighbor. Hooker observed this in his exploration of the Sikkim, a province in the southern part of the Himalaya. There is then for vegetable life a real calorific capacity; their period of growth does not depend solely on the mean temperature, but on the amount of available heat that they receive.

There are, however, in these regions variations of position and of the configuration of the earth which prevent the regular effects of our observations being fully es-

tablished. In the Alps, M. Schlagintweit, who has carried these studies out very fully, has remarked that nothing is the same except the pressure of the air. There are decided differences as to the hygrometric state and the temperature from whence very marked contrasts arise; and it is impossible to assign an absolute limit to trees and plants, necessarily submitting to such variable conditions.

He has particularly remarked the trunks of pine trees, firs, and larches, with others which characterize the vegetation of mountains, and belong to the family of Coniferae. Taking as a measure the ligneous rings which each year increase the diameter of the trunk, and from which the age of the tree may be calculated, it is perceived that the thickness varies in species, but generally diminishes as the tree grows. This is especially in the second period of the life of the tree, from one to two hundred years, because at these great heights the vegetative force exhausts itself more rapidly, and the period of old age begins earlier. In the valleys, during the second century, the ring still preserves the same, or even has a greater thickness than in the first. This growth has everywhere its fluctuations, depending on the mean temperature of any season. If it be examined every ten years, the inequality is marked; but if from century to century, the equality is the same, until vitality ceases, owing to old age. Thus, in a period of fifty years, each atmospheric change has taken place which can accelerate or lessen vegetation; and the perturbations which make persons think that the seasons are changing, are reproduced in nearly the same order, and a tolerably safe opinion may be given as to the decrease of growth in trees living on mountains.

Besides these modifications, the nature of the soil must be considered, and especially of the rocks. Some plants only grow on crystalline or primitive blocks; others on calcareous or schistous formations. There are kinds of vegetation which so especially attach themselves to certain rocks, that the appearance of the plants reveals the underlying surface. There are special forms, too, of rocks, making terraces, buttresses, *aiguilles*, or cones, on which particular systems of spontaneous vegetation burst forth. According to the nature of the rock, water distributes itself in a proportion which exerts an influence, not only on the species, but on the duration of the life of the plant, the brilliancy of its flowers, and the strength of the stem. Thus, the flora of calcareous rocks, and ground strewn with stone boulders, give birth to more slender forms than the same flora in the meadows; and the plants belonging to the carbonate of lime in the plains dry up more quickly than those growing on schist or slaty formations. Water, indeed, penetrates so unequally into the soil that it may either wash away or encourage vegetation, according as it falls in abundance or in excess. The violence of the storms to which certain chains are exposed explains the arrested vegetation often observed on isolated peaks; rain runs down the side, instead of refreshing the soil. In the Alps it forms those unexpected swellings of torrents known under the name of *runsen*, which are more feared than storms or avalanches; the swollen streams precipitate themselves with the noise of thunder, and that which in summer was but a simple thread of water takes the proportions of an immense cataract. When moisture is to be really beneficial it must filter through the soil in small quantities, where it can be received on a bed of verdure or layers of leaves and moss, distributing it slowly, and arresting these violent floods.

Leaving the distribution of plants, and turning to that of animal life, we see that water is as necessary to it as to plants; but it has the power of seeking it in the torrents and on the edge of the glaciers; by moving, too, it is possible for it to avoid those extremes of temperature from which plants suffer. Thus animals are often found in higher regions; but the herbivorous species are obliged at times to descend towards the zone which will afford them a subsistence. The chamois, the boldest and most agile of the visitors to Alpine summits, never passes above three or four thousand yards; the wild goat does not venture so high; the fox sometimes goes as far in pursuit of the snow-

hen, but the bear shows himself still more rarely. The winter dwelling of the marmot is often more than eight thousand feet high, whilst the frog never passes the snow-line, nor do the lizards and vipers. As to fishes, though they are found in abundance in the lakes and streams, the coldness of the water is for them an obstacle analogous to a low state of the temperature for terrestrial animals. The trout is almost the only fish that can exist in the icy waters; owing to the ease with which it leaps such enormous distances, it can mount the cataracts and overcome difficulties which arrest other swimmers. Two varieties, that of the torrents, — *Salmo fario*, and the red trout, *Salmo salvelinus*, — are met with on the St. Gothard, six thousand four hundred feet high, in the little Lake of Luzendro; still higher the perpetual freezing of the water absolutely forbids their existence, and on the Great St. Bernard, in a lake of seven thousand five hundred feet high, no trace can be found of their presence.

The birds are the natural denizens of the highest altitudes. In the Andes the condor, in the Alps the eagle and the vulture, hover over the gigantic peaks. Organized as they are for the longest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmospheric ocean, as the petrels are of the Atlantic. The chouca, a kind of intensely black raven, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, does not rise so high in the air, but is essentially the bird of high peaks and snowy regions. It has been seen on the summit of Monte Rosa and the Col du Géant. Flights of them are found in the broken rocks of the mountains, or scudding along the steepest precipices, uttering their harsh croaking note. Everything that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a particular charm for these birds; tall firs, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, cathedral pinnacles, isolated peaks, and sharp-pointed *aiguilles*, are the places chosen for their nests. Real hermits of the air, condemned, like those of the desert of Thebes, to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man the more they are pleased.

But there are more graceful birds that reside in these frosty regions and animate the cold landscape. The snow chaffinch, *Fringilla nivalis*, loves them so well that it rarely descends to the forest belt. The *accenteur* of the Alps follows it, preferring the stony, sterile region between the line of vegetation and that of perpetual snow, both of them seeking their insect food at the height of three or four thousand yards. There are some kinds which rarely use their wings: these are the gallinaceous fowls. The galopede, or snow-hen, is seen in Iceland as well as Switzerland; it flies far above the frosty belt, and lives in very high latitudes, its plumage in winter taking the hue of the snow, in which it loves to be. It is indeed so necessary to its comfort that at the approach of summer it rises higher in the mountains; it burrows and rolls in it with delight, and hollows holes to shelter itself from the wind, which seems to be the only discomfort that it fears in its icy abode. The lichens and seeds carried by the wind suffice for its nourishment, whilst its young are fed on the insects it catches.

Insects are indeed the principal living beings in these desolate regions; a fresh analogy with the polar regions, where, during the short weeks of summer, they appear in great numbers. In the cold temperate zone, beetles present themselves in greater numbers and greater variety than in any region excepting near the equator. They predominate in Alpine heights, reaching on the southern side three thousand yards, and somewhat less on the northern. There, concealed in holes and cracks in the rock, they live on flesh, for vegetable nourishment is almost absent. Their wings are so short that they can scarcely be discerned; nature seeming to wish to shelter them from the great currents of air which would else infallibly carry them away. In fact, other flies and insects, like butterflies, are continually found to have been raised by the wind to these heights, and have perished in the snow. The glaciers are covered by victims that have thus met their fate; their frail corpses strewn the ice in thousands. Yet there are certain kinds which brave the cold, and rise freely to some thousand yards, since Hooker observed butterflies on the top of Mont Mornay.

The spiders have also the power of resisting the cold; and an almost microscopic insect, the *Desoria glacialis*, lives only on the borders of the glaciers. But the sadness of their home seems to be reflected in all these little creatures; they no longer present the variety of tints which characterize them elsewhere, being of a dark or black hue, which hides their presence in the holes where they creep. Their habits also are modified according to the locality; nocturnal insects in the countries of the plain become diurnal in mountainous regions, as it is certain that the conditions of the lowlands during the night are reproduced here in the day, preserving even after sunrise the shadow and freshness unknown below.

Such is the picture which naturalists give us of animal life in those zones where the fauna gradually give way to solitude and desolation. Beyond the last stage of vegetation, beyond the extreme region of insects and mammiferous animals, all becomes silent and uninhabited; though the air is full of infusoria, microscopic animalcula, which the wind raises like dust, and which are spread in the atmosphere to unknown heights; they are germs floating in space waiting for the moment to fix themselves.

Of the dawn, M. de Tschudi has traced a delicious picture. "A little before the sky is colored with the first traces of morning, even before the light breeze announces the approach of day, when the stars are still shining in the firmament, the birds give the signal for nature to awake. A slight rush through the fir-wood, a sort of cooing, the notes of which become more and more accentuated; the rapidity gradually increases and ends in a harmonious chattering, rising and descending from branch to branch, as the bow of the musician passes from the deepest to the highest chords; then suddenly a louder sound is heard, voices at first timid, now intone their characteristic air, their more or less piercing whistle; the sweet melancholy nocturne has ceased; it is a morning serenade, that the winged tribe gives to the sun, which is on his way to warm their humid abode."

Man has been less favored than the birds; we may long for this aerial existence, where the eye rests on the magnificent panorama of mountains and on the deep blue of the firmament. But to climb to a great height is always a painful thing; either the air contains less oxygen in a given volume, and the dissolution of this gas in the blood operates with more difficulty under a weaker pressure, or the repeated movements of the ascent fatigue the muscular system; certain it is that the pulse is painfully accelerated; there is a difficulty of breathing; headache, nausea, and many other sensations known under the name of *mal de montagnes*, are felt. The real cause of this pathological phenomenon has been much discussed; it arises probably from the different pressure of the air. Man has not been organized like the birds, to rise through layers of a varying density; the latter are provided with bags of air communicating with the lungs and bones, filling up a large part of their bodies, and constituting a kind of breathing-pump. A similar arrangement is found in insects; they are provided with tracheæ, leading to the outer air by stigmata, which can be opened and shut at pleasure; thus, they have the faculty of resisting the influence of a pneumatic vacuum of deleterious gases, and even of immersion in water.

The annoyance that is felt in ascending a mountain may, however, be overcome; the change is often too sudden, and a certain lapse of time is necessary to establish an equilibrium between the gas in the blood and that of the exterior, so that the lungs may absorb the right quantity of oxygen. Man may be acclimatized to great heights, just as he can be to hot, damp, or cold climates. The city of Quito, standing nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, has a large population, who never seem to suffer from the altitude; Potosi, another town in the Andes, is thirteen thousand feet high. After De Sanssure had been a fortnight on the summit of the Alps, his pulse resumed its natural movements; and Boussingault, after a long residence in the towns of the Andes, felt no oppression on the top of Chimborazo.

Still, everything shows that the destiny of our race be-

ings to low latitudes. It was in warm, flat countries on the banks of the Euphrates, the Nile, the Indus, the Ganges, and the Hoang-ho, that civilization was first developed. The first home of man was not like an eagle's nest, but in a fertile garden, watered by four streams; and mountainous regions were long regarded as places of horror and fear; the Greek poets made the dwelling-place of Boreas one of exile and punishment; it was on the summit of the Caucasus that the guilty human race, personified in Prometheus, was chained by the anger of Jupiter. It belongs to modern times to be familiarized with high mountains, and to admire and love them. The Romans were insensible to the beauties of Switzerland; they saw nothing in this part of Gaul but horrible *saltus*, the miserable abode of a people disinherited by destiny. It is only within the last two centuries that Switzerland has been visited by the lovers of the picturesque; we seek vainly in any but modern authors for a description of its beauties; as to nature, no one imagined that it could raise the soul to God.

Yet, in the valleys, man becomes enervated, and there is a perpetual current of people flowing from the highlands to regenerate with more vigorous blood a race that has lost energy. Thus, when the regions about the Euphrates were falling into precocious senility, the mountaineers of the alps came down into Mesopotamia, and ruled there. The Medes, from the southern slope of the Caucasus, played the same part. The invasion of the north of Italy by the Gauls; that of the inhabitants of the mountainous forest regions of Germany into the north of France; the establishment of the Manchous in China; that of the tribes of central Asia into the plains of the Ganges and Indus, reduce the same phenomena. In the plains, the human race reigns alone; in the mountains, it is nature which appears in her turn; and our puny works are crushed into insignificance by the majesty which surrounds us.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN ENGLAND.

A POPULAR writer has lately given it as his opinion that natural science is unsociableness reduced to a science; that progress in comfort and convenience, and all the facilities which make life easy, conduce to isolation; that the more people are at home the less they like to leave it; that beds and easy-chairs have knocked hospitality on the head; that serials and magazines have superseded gossip and word of mouth; that the imagination receives and entertains through novels; that, in short, society in our day is figured by the "Lady of Shalott," the newspaper being a shield through which we see the world. And this tone is in quite naturally with the feeling, or rather the habit, of the day. A man is out of harmony with his age; he descends on the pleasures of society. No modern society professes frank enjoyment in the company of his low-creatures. A sensation of musty antiquity pervades every avowal of the sort. Such sentiments as "The hours we spend in conversation are the most pleasing of any we enjoy," "That part of life we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments," tell their own date, and cannot be less than a hundred years old; as they are, in fact, some score years more, being found in the *Teller*. Nobody ever tells his dream now with the prelude "Memento I was in the midst of a very agreeable company." Every picture of the sort recalls the days of formal dresses and uneasy furniture. We are not sure that any divine our day would own to Philip Henry's vindication of a married life—that it was always a pleasure to him to see a married man pass along the street. There are two ways of relieving ourselves in fatigue or weariness of spirit—either repose of head and limb, or by counter excitement and exercise of other faculties. When dress was a restraint and bodily comfort was not viewed as an art, the best source was the stimulus of company, talking, dancing, and playing. And it is still the case in many countries that the peasants who work all day dance late into the night; voluntary movement is their rest. Home to them

offers few attractions; meaning, it may be, a stool by a smoking or fireless hearth, a place to shun till supper-time or bed-time comes. People in such circumstances are ready for any form of amusement. It is no new thing to like one's ease; but the arts and habits of life have advanced slowly in this direction; with their advance comes independence of external aids. Relaxation, which once was social, now affects the hermit. We grow more sensitive to the annoyances of intercourse, and find it answers best for our immediate ends to consult self only. Of old, ennui interfered with this selfishness; but ennui is not the universal enemy it used to be. Time is not so often nowadays called "the enemy." The idleness of us have more resources than idleness once found ready to hand. Reading is an enormous power of spending time lazily and unprofitably which used to be simply yawned away. We have a literature which needs so little intellectual effort that even the family of Osbaldistone would not have been driven to pitch and toss, cutting cudgels, or biting their thumbs, as the sole occupations of leisure. Nobody, even in poetry, proposes the absurd and impossible indulgence of lying under a tree, like the Eugenios and Lysanders of our antiquity. We can loll to our satisfaction in-doors, and we resent interruption with much more genuine ill-humor than it was the part of those uncomfortably reclining dreamers or students to put on. We see that the poets and essayists were thrown upon their invention for such images; the world about them took life from another point of view; it was their office to show the intellectual uses of retiring into self, and the diversion which a superior mind might find in its own company.

When social intercourse was assumed to be the highest pleasure of man, it may be observed that generally speaking this intercourse was of men with men. Good company in the old essayists generally means the gathering of wits and men of intellect in clubs and coffee-houses, where conversation was carried on as a sort of game in an arena with observers and listeners. The ladies' tea-table makes a poor figure by the side of the tavern. Society now means the intellectual intercourse of the two sexes—a much more fatiguing thing, though no doubt affording some keen pleasures which the other lacks; but not for long spaces of time. Easy talk can be kept up for an indefinitely longer period where the sexes are out of hearing of each other, though the excitement is greater when they mingle. We see this in all gatherings where inexperience or want of breeding leaves men to the guidance of their instincts. They assemble in knots. The ladies gossip to one another. In a lower class there is still the same natural separation. The women "neighbor" with each other, the men collect in groups or herd in the public-house.

Progress and refinement have brought society to its most difficult period, though literature and fiction take no notice of this. The pictured ease of Mr. Disraeli's novels, those dinners of witty men and women where the feminine intelligence draws out the masculine, are among the rarest of social successes. For once when such contact has hit off some brilliant or charming or soothing effect, it misses ten times or twenty. And the annoyance is greatest in having been dull or stupid in each other's company, and the exposure more telling; when often repeated, it results in a settled disinclination for the scene of such discomforts. People do not always know the origin of this sense of flatness, but we may take for granted that nobody has any fixed aversion to effort in what he excels in. Of course half the grumbling about society is simply an echo; it is only a minority that is able to arrive at an unbiased judgment in any personal question of likes and dislikes. As matters at present stand, the opportunities for grumbling are twofold. The people who grumble at the prospect of a social gathering to which they are committed would grumble even more querulously at the want of society. There is in most circles an understood distinction between visitable people within reach, and "society" as they understand the word. Every country neighborhood is found deficient in eligible acquaintance; and in this thickly populated world it never was so common as it is now to hear people

complain of the dulness and meagreness of society — "of knowing nobody" within an attainable distance. It may throw some light upon the causes of this grievance to discover where it is least prominent. One social influence of a cheerful, cordial kind will harmonize many incongruous elements; but such an influence tells most powerfully where there are the physical hindrances of mileage or locomotion to force people into content with circumstances. While there is an imaginary porcelain Paradise, all sense, wit, and grace, within tantalizing distance, it is only in human nature to hang aloof from the ordinary clay of which near neighbors are generally composed; but once realize that the lot is cast among them, that it is this or none, and Hobson's choice will develop many unexpected points of sympathy and companionship.

Something of all this may be due to modern habits of self-analysis, much assisted by the tone of our social literature — to a growing study of sensations which disturbs the swing imparted by external action and events. The diversion to be found in company, as such, used to be taken for granted; people did not review their own experience after each taste of it. Now things are changed, and this form of amusement is put upon its trial, and charged with the onus of proof like any other. The mere trouble and cost of it seemed once to argue that it must be worth its price; as Professor Wilson said of horse exercise, that riding held its ground as a pleasure because it was expensive, and purchased pain is by idiots thought pleasure. The thinkers of the last century did indeed begin to speculate on the matter; one excellent woman we find rebuking herself for a spleetic fit of dissatisfaction with society in the words of Epictetus: "But you are wretched and discontented; be pleased and make the best of everything. Call society an entertainment and a festival." And the wits made discoveries. When Mrs. Montagu saw "our macaronic beaux and coterie dames" go into the country to pass the winter holidays in traditional gayeties, she prophesied failure. The world she considered past its youth, and the people who went to their dreary mansion to keep their Christmas she foresaw would not laugh till they got back to London again. But whatever the feeling towards country visiting, solitary ease and snug comfort were as yet nobody's ideal, either as a pleasure or a virtue. This fine lady, who felt it to be a misfortune that few pleased her, drew the inference that she must enlarge her circle of acquaintance. She could bear with twenty disagreeable people better than with one; and when she loses friends, she accepts the "mechanic help" of numbers as aids to flagging spirits and vivacity. And of course it is in large centres that society still holds its own. Sydney Smith liked London because it needed two or three millions of people to produce a perfect society embodying the quintessence of mind and manners. But on a different ground great cities are the theatres for society. It can be conducted more continuously, and with fewer rude disappointments. All pleasures in the long run depend upon habit. People really like best what they are used to, whatever it is, unless there is perpetual mental or bodily pain involved in it. The only way to like society is to mix habitually in it, till a cessation of social intercourse, and being thrown upon self for relaxation, brings something of a blank; to be so engaged in it that there is no custom to fall back upon when a week or a month comes without a prospect of change, or any alternative to the dozing solitude of the study or the quiet serenity of the domestic hearth which hold out such charms to a jaded fancy. Of course the study and the hearth are the proper homes — workshops, so to say — of the fancy, if the mind exercises itself there; but mental activity is, we suspect, the exception in lone winter evenings passed in the strictly domestic circle where no interloper makes a demand on the general energy. And people used to be more aware of this than they are now, and more tolerant of interruption.

The immense increase of writers in this age accounts in some degree for the falling-off of good talkers. In the circles where we look for examples in this subject we shall frequently find some busy intellect that needs rest and

quiet after the labor of his pen, and to whom the necessity of talking would be an injurious strain on overtasked powers. Writing has become a recognized profession only within the past century. The tone towards the press before that time indicates how little share it had in the distinctions of society; and ladies, hospitable to all beside, can deride "hireling scribblers" as a "hungry crew," without a thought of satisfying nature's cravings at their own tables. If a friend is criticised by the journals, it is explained that "the scribblers get a dinner by it." "It would be cruel to grudge them their morsel," and an unpopular or political leader is expected to "fatten many starving authors." When good talking would at least get a man a dinner in good company, nobody would throw himself on his pen for a meagre support till he had failed or proved himself unfit for social successes, including a patron and the chance of a pension. Things are changed since the time when it was the boast at Bulstrode that the paper used to remain unopened day after day. Those who would have entertained the world by their talk in the eighteenth century now mirror society to us of the nineteenth, and through a different medium. We do not deny that it is some compensation for the old flash or flow of wit, but it is very far from being all gain, if it helps us to do without each other's company.

Looking through the country as a whole, we doubt if ever since society framed itself, sociability was so much out of fashion as it is now; and there are causes at work which seem more likely to extend the breach than to solder it up. For there is a growing resentment of patronage, an assumption of equal terms in all familiar contact, which threatens to convert every invitation to dinner into an act of humiliation or of self-assertion. It is pleasant enough to entertain inferiors as such, but pride takes the alarm when advantage is taken of its condescensions; and the more grades multiply and the scale of precedence refines itself, the more contracted will be even the possibilities of genial social intercourse.

MEMOIR OF A BROTHER.¹

It is the great interest of this memoir to show us the different operation of the very same teaching, domestic and otherwise, when affecting two brothers of very different natural temperament. Perhaps the only uniform influence which Dr. Arnold exerted over the minds of the curiously miscellaneous group of men who were educated by him was to inspire the love of reality, the detestation of all pretence. There were Liberals and there were Conservatives, — Liberals and Conservatives both in relation to politics and in relation to faith, — who came out of that school; there were eager reformers, like the writer of the present memoir, and strong, sedate Conservatives, like the subject of it; there were poets and thinkers, like Mr. Clough and Mr. Arnold; preachers and scholars, like the Dean of Westminster and the late Professor Conington; but the one common mark of all of them has been the same, a sturdy disdain for the purely conventional modes of appreciation and depreciation which are current in the ordinary world, a sincerity and reality which have always striven to pierce beneath the superficial appearances of life to the solid facts beneath. What Mr. Carlyle has so much striven to impress upon this age — not without a certain ostentatious parade that has overshot its own mark, and tempted half-true thinkers into a tone of sentimental devotion to the Veracities and Eternities, and the other favorite abstractions of their master — Dr. Arnold really succeeded in impressing on almost all the pupils who were in the least degree reached by his moral genius. Mr. Hughes tells us frankly that while the sentence of Dr. Arnold's which took most hold of himself was this, — "If there is one truth short of the highest for which I would gladly die, it is democracy without Jacobinism," — the element in Dr. Arnold's teaching which took most hold of

¹ *Memoir of a Brother.* By Thomas Hughes. London: Macmillan & Co. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

his elder brother, the subject of this memoir, was the reverence which all Dr. Arnold's lessons, his historical lessons especially, inculcated for all true national life and the laws, traditions, and customs with which it is interwoven. In other words, while Dr. Arnold was, to the younger brother, mainly one who taught generous faith in the breadth of popular feelings, he was to the elder, one who taught the wisdom of a conservative attachment to inherited institutions. It is obvious enough that the two views, while quite admitting in their application of wide divergence, are also quite compatible, and indeed in perfect inward harmony with each other; and though in fact they led to a very considerable divergence of view between the brothers, they could hardly have led to any real alienation while there was still that common craving for complete reality of thought, for contact with the truth stripped of all disguises, which we have said that Dr. Arnold managed to impress so powerfully on all those of his pupils who felt the characteristic fascination of his mind. And of this craving there was at least as much in Mr. George Hughes as in his younger brother. It is very remarkable to notice in one who was so thorough a Conservative by nature, the traces of so much uneasiness under anything that was purely conventional. What he despised even in democracy was much less its political tendencies, than its social tendency towards an insincere flattery of the mob, its vulgar cowardice before a cry, its disposition to grovel before ignorance and bounce. From such a letter as the following, for instance, you would think, as Mr. Hughes justly says, that you were reading the life, not of a staunch Conservative, who resisted all the blandishments of the school of Liberalism brought closest to him, and put his finger on its weakest points with the most perfect accuracy, but rather that of the Social Radicals themselves:—

"I always feel uncomfortable in point-device places, where the footman is always brushing your hat, and will insist upon putting out your clothes, and turning your socks ready to put on, and, if you say half a word, will even put them on for you. How I hate being 'valeted!' I should like to black my own boots, like Mr. —, but then he is (or was) a master of fox-hounds, and, being of course on that account a king of men, can do as he pleases, in spite of Mrs. Grundy. I am also a gypsy (is that rightly spelt? That word, and some others, are stumbling-blocks to me; I am afraid all my spelling is an affair of memory), a Bohemian at heart. I sometimes feel an almost irresistible desire to doff my breeches and paint myself blue." J

And again, which of us could have written on the Emperor's foolish despatch to the Empress about little Louis having passed through his baptism of fire, with bitterer scorn than these verses show?—

"By! baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
Bath of human blood to win,
To float his baby Bunting in.
By, baby Bunting.

"What means this hunting?
Listen! baby Bunting:
Wounds—that you may sleep at ease;
Death—that you may reign in peace,
Sweet baby Bunting.

"Yes, baby Bunting!
Jolly fun is hunting!
Jacques in front shall bleed and toil,
You in safety gorge the spoil,
Sweet baby Bunting.

"Mount! baby Bunting,
Ride to Daddy's hunting!
On its quiet cocky horse,
Two miles in the rear, of course,
Precious baby Bunting.

"Ah, baby Bunting!
Oftentimes a hunting,
Rager riders get a spill—
Let us hope your Daddy will,
Poor little Bunting!

"Perpend, my small friend,
After all this hunting,
When the train at last moves on,
Daddy's gingerbread 'salon'
May get a shunting.

"Poor baby Bunting!
Curse on such a hunting!
Woe to him who bloods a child
For ambitious visions wild!
Poor baby Bunting!"

And once more, what is more like the Radical feeling about the recent war than Mr. George Hughes's confession that "he would have gone to war with the French to stop the war," and that "he would have gone to war with the Germans to stop the peace"? Clearly, Mr. George Hughes's craving after the real meaning of social and political issues kept him from being the creature of merely technical or conventional views; and though he may have found it very easy to believe that institutions which had come down to us from the past have a value in them beyond what we can explain, and very difficult to believe that brand-new schemes of social or political regeneration could be sound, he was always one who could neither disguise from himself the faults and anomalies of the former, nor the excuses and justifications of the latter. No part of Mr. Hughes's manly memoir is to us more interesting than his account of his failure to obtain his brother's coöperation in the Christian Socialist movement, as the Coöperative movement was at first called, when, under the commanding influence of Mr. Maurice, it first attempted to make its way against the competitive political economy of the day:—

"But what really hindered my brother from taking an active share in our work, was not these eccentricities, which soon wore off, and were, at the worst, superficial. When he came to look the work fairly in the face, he found that he could not heartily sympathize with it; and the quality of thoroughness in him, which your grandfather notices, would not let him join half-heartedly. His conclusion was reached somehow in this way: 'It comes to this, then. What you are all aiming at is, the complete overthrow of the present Trade system, and the substitution of what, you say, will prove a more honest and righteous one. It is not simply a question of setting up, and getting a legal status for, these half-dozen associations of tailors and shoemakers, and these grocery stores. If the principle is good for anything, it must spread everywhere, and into every industrial process. It can't live peaceably side by side with the present system. They are absolutely antagonistic, and the one must cast out the other. Isn't that so?' I, of course, could not deny the conclusion. 'Well then,' his argument went on, 'I don't see my way clearly enough to go on. Your principle I can't object to. It certainly seems truer, and stronger, and more in accord with Christianity, than the other. But, after all, the business of the world has always gone on upon the other, and the world has had plenty of time to get to understand its own business. You may say the results are not satisfactory, are proofs that the world has done nothing but blunder. It may be so: but, after all, experience must count for something, and the practical wear and tear of centuries. Self-interest may be a low motive, but the system founded upon it has managed somehow, with all its faults, to produce a very tolerable kind of world. When yours comes to be tried practically, just as great abuses may be found inseparable from it. You may only get back the old evils under new forms. The long and short of it is, I hate upsetting things, which seems to be your main object. You say that you like to see people discontented with society as it is, and are ready to help to make them so, because it is full of injustice, and abuses of all kinds, and will never be better till men are thoroughly discontented. I don't see these evils as strongly as you do; don't believe in heroic remedies; and would sooner see people contented, and making the best of society as they find it. In fact, I was born and bred a Tory, and can't help it.' I remember it all very vividly, because it was a great grief to me at the time, chiefly because I was very anxious to have him with us; but, partly, because I had made so sure of getting him that I boasted of it to our Council, which included several of our old school and college friends. They were delighted, knowing what a valuable recruit he would prove, and now I had to make the humiliating confession, that I had reckoned without my host. He continued to pay his subscription, and to get his clothes at our tailors' association till it

failed, which was more than some of our number did, for the cut was so bad as to put the sternest principles to a severe test. But I could see that this was done out of kindness to me, and not from sympathy with what we were doing."

There was at least as much of the true Arnoldian craving for a real bottom to all practical reforms, in Mr. George Hughes's reasons for not identifying himself with the Christian Socialist movement, as there was in Mr. Thomas Hughes's reasons for throwing his whole soul into it. And it is not the least charm of this fascinating little memoir that throughout it you see the reserved, cautious, considerate, self-contained chivalry of a truly conservative mind, in the most striking contrast with the frank, eager, impulsive, sociable chivalry of a thoroughly sanguine mind. Mr. Hughes, with his usual literary keenness and his usual unhesitating candor, contrasts his and his brother's tempers as children, in a passage which is of curious interest, if we accept the old and, within limits, obviously true principle that the child is father to the man:—

"But there was another natural difference between us which deserves a few words, as it will bring out his character more clearly to you; and that was, that he was remarkably quiet and reserved, and shy with strangers, and I the reverse. When we came down to dessert, after a dinner party, and had to stand by our father's side (as the custom was then in our parts), and say to each guest in turn, 'Your good health, sir, or madam,' while we sipped a little sweet wine and water, the ceremony was a torture to him; while to me it was quite indifferent, and I was only running my eye over the dishes, and thinking which I should choose when it came to my turn. In looking over his earliest letters, I find in one, written to his mother a few weeks after we first went to school, this passage: 'We are both very well and happy. I find that I like Tom better at school than I do at home, and yet I do not know the reason.' I was surprised for a moment when I came on this sentence. Of course, if love is genuine, the longer people know each other, the deeper it becomes; and therefore our friendship, like all others, grew richer and deeper as we got older. But this was the first time I ever had an idea that his feelings towards me changed after we went to school. I am not sure that I can give the reason any more than he could; but, on thinking it over, I dare say it had something to do with this difference I am speaking of. I remember an old yeoman, a playfellow of our father's, who lived in a gray-gabled house of his own at the end of the village in those days, and with whom we used to spend a good deal of our spare time, saying to a lady, about her sons, 'Bring 'em up sarcy (saucy), marm! I likes to see bwoys brought up sarcy.' I have no doubt that he, and others, used to cultivate my natural gift of sauciness, and led me on to give flippant answers, and talk nonsense. In fact, I can quite remember occasions of the kind, and George's quiet, steady look at them, as he thought, no doubt, 'What a fool my brother is making of himself, and what a shame of you to encourage him!' Apart altogether from his shyness, he had too much self-command and courtesy himself to run into any danger of this kind. Now, the moment we got to school, my sauciness abated very rapidly on the one hand, and, on the other, I became much more consciously beholden to him."

There is chivalry enough in both the brothers, though in one it is taciturn and grave, in the other frank and sanguine; though in the one it led to a rooted distrust of plausible, new-fashioned recipes for curing deep-rooted evils, and a preference for grappling with them by slow individual effort, and in the other, it led to an equally deep belief that as the old-fashioned remedies had failed so conspicuously, there must be some better *method* of grappling with them, and that, too, a method more powerful than any of piecemeal individual effort—which his whole social creed compelled him to distrust as profoundly as his brother distrusted the ambitious social crusades. Mr. George Hughes was a man whose personality was enveloped in an atmosphere of its own; his biographer is one whose personality essentially attracts and is attracted by that of others, and works through the reciprocal influence of the various units of a group, rather than through single grooves of individual influence.

Mr. George Hughes was one of the great athletes of his period,—the period when athletics first came into notice as something more than mere amusements, and when we

first began to hear of muscular Christianity. His brother tells us, with his usual graphic power, the history of Mr. George Hughes's greatest achievement of this kind, when in 1843, as stroke of a seven-oar boat which had lost by illness its stroke oar, and was not even allowed to fill its place by one chosen for the occasion, he beat a Cambridge crew of eight oars, not, it is true, a regularly trained crew, but still one composed of the picked oars of two fine crews. Mr. Hughes adds that as far as he remembers, his brother never once lost a race in which he pulled stroke. If we add that Mr. George Hughes's early letters to his father from Rugby (as well, by the way, as his father's letters to him), and his letters, given at the end of the little memoir, to his sons, then at Rugby, are full of character, and that in every page of the memoir there is some touch or other that makes the story typical of the most manly and cultivated stratum of our county squirearchy, we shall have said enough to show that Mr. Hughes has laid a great many readers under a real obligation by this simple and graphic "Memoir of a Brother."

PERFUMES.

No taste is more general than that for perfumes; and in the earliest times, and among the rudest nations, we find the use of sweet scents as part of the means whereby the daily life of man is beautified, and the dread deities in heaven adored. The Egyptian priest, taking him as the oldest example of whom we know anything, was diligent in offering incense to his gods or anointing them with sweet unguents, when he wished to deprecate their wrath or obtain their favor. In a certain poem which was engraven on the walls of Karnak, and which Monsieur Rougé has translated, Rameses II. prayed the god Ammon to give him victory over his enemies, by reminding him half coaxingly, "Have I not celebrated thee by many and splendid feasts? have I not filled thy house with my booty? I have enriched thy domain, and sacrificed to thee three thousand oxen, with all manner of sweet-smelling herbs and the best perfumes." And in the tremendous solemnity of the Finding of Osiris, the symbol of the recovered god was made of clay strongly scented with aromatics, moistened with the water out of the golden vase that had been carried in gorgeous procession through the streets. The divine bull-god, Apis, was also worshipped with perfumed oblations. Incense was burnt before his altar, and his lamps were filled with scented oil by those who wished to consult him as an oracle; while to the sun-god Rê were offered three kinds of incense—aromatic gums at dawn, myrrh at noon, and a mixture of six ingredients at sunset.

All the gods had each his share in turn. To Isis, an ox filled with camphor, incense, and aromatic herbs, was a favorite sacrifice when burnt on her altars, plentifully sprinkled with perfumed oil. Horus her dear son; Anubis the god of the dead, dog-headed; Thoth the Egyptian Hermes, the inventor of letters and chemistry; Neith the goddess of wisdom; Pasht the lion-headed; the sacred ibis and the hawk-headed god; these and all the other deities received liberal oblations of sweet scents, such as perfumed oil, aromatic herbs, odoriferous gums, and woods for burnt incense. And even the dead were not forgotten. Before their statues the mourning relatives—represented by the priests—poured out fine perfumed oil for oblation, or burnt sweet herbs for incense, or offered pots of scented ointment; which last also they buried with them for their use in the unknown land whither they were going; men not having come yet to the knowledge of the intangibility of the spirit world. Though, indeed, we can hardly say that, when we have grave scientific men who give in their adhesion to the physical marvels wrought by mediums and their familiars.

Egypt was evidently the great mart for scents and perfumes in those early days. When Joseph was carried down thither, it was by "a company of Ishmaelites, who came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm

and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Indeed, the whole life of the old Nile land, both religious and social, was largely interpreted by the love and use of perfumes. Not only were the gods fed and worshipped with sweet-smelling offerings, but guests were received in chambers strewn with flowers, and, so soon as they came in, were waited on by slaves who poured a delightful stream of fragrant essence over their heads, and hung garlands of lotus, crocus, and saffron flowers about their necks; while odoriferous gums were flung into the little perfume vases where the pastilles of the period were burning. Women made themselves beautiful to sight and delicious to sense by fresh flowers and refined essences; magicians troubled the wits of their dupes by clouds of heady vapors, luscious and oppressive; and, as the last scene of all, the poor, pale corpse was transformed into a desiccated and perpetuated mummy by the process of embalming, in which aromatics played the principal part.

What was true of the Egyptians was equally so of the Jews. With them the love of perfumes held quite as large a place as that love of gold and precious stones for which they have been always famous. Judea was rich in odoriferous flowers and aromatic plants. The mountains of Gilead were covered with the amyrus, the bush whence was distilled the famous balm of Gilead, or balm of Judea, so common once, so rare to-day that the Sultan alone can be supplied. The roses of Damascus were as plentiful in the days when Solomon wrote his Song as they are now, when their essence has become one of the characteristic trades of the East; cinnamon; galbanum, whatever that may be — a perfume, however, expressly reserved for religious rites and forbidden the laity; the cypress-tree (*lawsonia inermis*) with its sweet-scented golden flowers; nard, said by some to be a valerian (*valeriana jatamansi*), by others an andropogon (*andropogon nardus*); saffron, or the *crocus sativus*; the *calamus aromaticus*, a sweet-scented reed of the same family as that famous stick in which the two monks brought the eggs of the silk-worm from China to Europe; the resinous gum of the *boswellia thurifer*, sometimes called the *olibanum* tree; the aloe, or *aloe xylum* *agalochum*, the aromatic wood of which forms the principal ingredient in the scented sticks burnt by the Chinese and Hindoos in their temples, and which is by no means the aloe of commerce and the chemist's shop; these seem to have been the principal sources of Hebrew perfumes. But what "stacte" and "onycha" and "galbanum" may really mean, not even the most learned have been able yet to determine satisfactorily. Setting aside, then, an absolutely accurate translation, we have some idea of what Jewish perfumes, sacred and profane, were composed; and we find that these perfumes were employed liberally both for religion and society; as indeed is and was the case at all times and in all countries of that part of the world we call vaguely the East. The perfumed wine of Lebanon was renowned. "And the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon," is one of the promises held out by the prophet Hosea to those who will confess that Aashur shall not save them, and who will return to the God of Israel. Myrrh, steeped in wine, used to be given to criminals at the moment of their torture, being supposed to have a stupefying property so that they should not feel their pains — Saint Mark speaks "of wine mingled with myrrh" offered to our Lord on the cross, though the other Evangelists make it vinegar mixed with water — and many of the substances used for perfumes were used also for condiments and medicines. Paint and perfume made up a large portion of the Jewish woman's adornments. The religious purification of women, which lasted for a year before they could be presented as fit offerings for his pleasure to the king, consisted of "six months (anointment?) with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors." Finally, the path of the bride was strewn with flowers, and watered with sweet waters.

The Assyrians of old and the Parsees of to-day; the Babylonians, the Medes, and the Persians; all and every people, of whom we have any record worthy of the name, are to be found making use of sweet scents, now in their religious rites, and now in their state ceremonials, as well

as in their daily lives for pleasure, hospitality, and personal adornment; and many too, as we have seen with the Egyptians, on that day after death when the body demands still the cares of the living to preserve it from decay, and themselves from added sorrow.

Coming into times when history is clearer and nearer, as with the Greeks and Romans, always the same thing meets us — a profusion of scents both as made perfumes by burning and distillation, and as the natural odor of flowers. Part of the magic of beauty by which Helen of Troy inspired the love that ended in ruin, came, says one legend, from her special knowledge of perfumes. The nymph Enone, whom Paris first married and then deserted, too much in love to refuse her handsome, faithless shepherd-spouse anything he desired, allowed him once to assist at the toilet of Venus. And he, when he became the lover of Helen, told her all he had seen, and how the perfumes and unguents were made which gave the goddess so much of her divine loveliness. Helen first made use of her knowledge for her own advantage, which was but natural; then gave her various recipes to her friends and companions, which was generous; and from this arose the art of perfumery in Greece. Incense burnt before the statue of the god, and scented oil, or pure water, or it might be wine, poured out at the same time, made the "complete oblation" which the gods found so well pleasing to them, as they sat on the cloudy Olympian heights, and watched the multitudes below. For it has ever been believed by those who burnt incense and made sacrifices to their gods, that the sweet scents of gums and woods, passing upwards in smoke and through fire, formed part of the food whereon the divine life was nourished, and gave pleasurable sustenance to the deities, who else, we may suppose, ran some risk of starvation. It is a belief cherished to this day by certain innocent if ignorant souls; and we have heard it gravely assigned as one reason why we, in cold unimaginative England, have no intercourse now with angels, spirits, or even the minor orders of elves and fairies, because we do not feed them on incense and sweet scents. Those therefore who burn pastilles or Bruges ribbon, who have a Rimmel's fountain playing on their tables, or who even thrust the shovel into the fire and pour on it a few drops of scent, are those who may hope not unreasonably for "manifestations" and "communications" out of the ordinary course of things. For round them flock the viewless creatures of the air, who carefully avoid all those parsimonious unperfumed folks who give them no such sweet food; and where the spirits are, come naturally signs of their presence.

In Macedonia perfumes were dear, dearer than in any other part of Greece. When Alexander the Great was a child, he one day burnt an extravagant amount on an altar, and Leonidas rebuked him, telling him that before burning incense so prodigally he ought to have waited until he had conquered the country. When the man who wept because there were no more worlds to subdue had overcome Asia, he sent his old tutor a cargo of myrrh and incense (six hundred talents' weight), telling him that now he could sacrifice to the gods without regard to economy. Perfumes entered largely into all the magical incantations and sibylline excitements of olden times; and no philtre could be composed without them. By their aid Circe kept Ulysses so long in her magic power; and Medea restored Eson to youth by boiling his old limbs in a bath of aromatic herbs. "Unhappily," says Monsieur Rimmel, from whose luxurious and sweetly scented book, "*Le Livre des Parfums*," we have drawn the materials for this paper, "unhappily this recipe has not come down to us, else we might perhaps still find some Esons who would brave the caldron." But no more notable instance of the power of perfumes is to be found than in the story of Phaon. From a coarse, ungainly pilot he became one of the most delicately beautiful of men; all because he anointed himself with a delightful essence which a mysterious and lovely woman gave him in an alabaster vase, as recompense for carrying her to the isle of Cyprus. Myrto, the diligent votary of Venus, had a boil on her chin cured by a rose —

one of those she had offered to her goddess; and athletes anointed their bodies with oil to render them both supple and slippery, adding perfume to the oil to make it still more wholesome. Aspasia wrote two volumes on the art of cosmetics, the formulas of which were engraven on tables of bronze and placed in the temples of Apollo and Æsculapius, by the side of those of Hippocrates; and we may suppose that to her was owing much of the success that Athens then had in the composition of all kinds of perfumes — a success that gave her the full command of the whole market of the world.

The perfumer's shop was what the modern café is in southern Europe. Love, intrigue, politics, art — whatever you wanted to engage in — at the perfumer's you could find your double waiting for you; and you might exchange sentiments and ideas in an atmosphere redolent of roses and violets, of lilies and crocus-flowers, of iris and vine-leaves, apples and sweet herbs, and all the other perfumes in vogue at the time. There is nothing left us by which we could know them, for the inventors gave their own names to their several discoveries, as at the present time, and no recipes have been left by which an inquisitive posterity might make the like.

Solon and Socrates were opposed to too free a use of perfumes; but the objections raised by this last, one of the greatest men the world has ever seen though he was, and the special odor he would substitute, is paradoxical in the first place, and decidedly nasty in the second. All that the Greek dreamed of heaven was centred in the Elysian Fields, where the river of sweet scents flowed round the Golden City with its gates of cinnamon, its ramparts of shining emerald, and its streets paved with ivory. The blessed souls located there bathed and swam in the perfumed river; and for their better delectation, they had baths built of pure crystal, wherein a warm and odoriferous kind of dew, or "rose-rain," fell without ceasing. Besides these, five hundred fountains of perfume were always playing in the city, with three hundred and sixty-five of pure water and as many of honey; and the whole atmosphere was softened, sweetened, and refreshed by the dense vapor which ever rose from the river of sweet scents to fall again as a delicious odoriferous dew.

The Grecian love of perfumes, together with the national skill in concocting them, passed on to Rome; and the simple bunch of vervain or sage, which in early times used to be hung over the doorway of a house to counteract the evil eye, soon became only the rude symbol of a perfected art. The barber's trade was a flourishing one, and the art of perfumery joined hands with it; but the stern old Roman spirit was not subdued to the effeminacy of sweet scents without a struggle, and both L. Crassus and Julius Cæsar, wishing to restrain the excess to which the passion had risen in their days, promulgated an edict to forbid the sale in Rome of all foreign compositions, comprising under this head every kind of odoriferous mixture. It was of no good; for the young Romans had taken the taste and had adopted the habit of lavishly scenting themselves, and prohibitory laws simply made indulgence more costly, but not a whit more restrained. Under the emperors the taste grew so that there was no longer the semblance of restraint. Everything and every person was scented from the palace walls to the water of the baths, from the lady to her slaves, the soldier to his flag, and down to the very dogs and horses. Of course all religious ceremonies were accompanied by burnt incense and sweet perfumes in wine and oil and precious unguents: so likewise in the funeral rites, where, first cremation and then the deposition of the loved ashes in the funeral urn were occasions for the large use of perfumed woods, essential oils, aromatic herbs, and the like. When Poppæa died, Nero lavished on her funeral more incense than Arabia could supply in ten years. But then Nero was immoderately fond of perfumes, as he was immoderate in all else. In his golden palace he had the rarest device of ivory-leaves which shed flowers and scents over his guests; and in a fête which he gave on the shores of Baizæ, the expense for roses alone is said to have been equal to about twenty thousand pounds of our money.

But indeed almost all the emperors had the same passionate delight in perfumes; though perhaps Caligula, Nero, Heliogabalus, and Otho were the most notorious, and did the wildest things in that way. The Roman perfumers became, as time went on, a large body, and a famous one. They lived in the quarter called *Vicus Thurarius*; and at Capua the principal street was almost entirely devoted to them. Their art entered into everything connected with the toilet; and there was no part of the body which the perfumer of his day did not undertake to render beautiful for ever by the aid of his medicaments. Pastilles for the breath, composed chiefly of myrrh and the *lentiscus*; ointments to keep the limbs supple and the skin smooth — simple for young girls, that is, containing one perfume only, as rose, quince, bitter almond, *narcissus*, *crocus*; but for matrons complex, containing many ingredients; dyes for the hair, now for golden tresses and now for raven; with many other things beside — all belonged to the *Rimels* of their time; and never was the art of the perfumer in higher esteem or more lavishly rewarded than in the days when the Roman matron sat on the throne of feminine power, and united the grace of Greece with her own graver, sterner dignity.

The perfumery of savages will scarcely interest us. It is sufficient to know that they all do perfume themselves with substances more or less strong, if seldom sweet. Palm oil and cocoa-nut oil, butter-nut, and the like, lubricate their dusky skins and diffuse an intense odor about them; but they are a long way yet from anything like a due appreciation of the art, as we have it, and probably our sweetest scents would be to them either sickly or imperceptible.

From the Middle Ages up to the last century, musk, civet, ambergris, and lavender sum up the best known and most popular perfumes. It is only of comparatively quite late years that the art has made so much progress, and been enriched by so many new ingredients as we find at present. Nevertheless, and in spite of all additions, the base of European flower scents is contained in six flowers only, namely, orange flowers, roses, jasmine, violets, acacia, and tuberosea. Others that have been tried are found of small use, and their special odor is best given by imitative compounds, as *heliotrope* is imitated by vanilla dashed with almonds, and so on. Add to these six bases *geranium*, lavender, rosemary, thyme, and some other aromatic herbs — the last three growing chiefly on the mountains round Grasse, Nice, and Cannes, which are the principal European centres for the manufactory of perfumes — add also the peel of bitter oranges of which the fruit goes to make *curaçoa*, the peel of citrons and bergamots of which the fruit goes to feed the cows of the district, and is good for the milk; add musk, sandal-wood, ambergris, and gum benjamin; of later days add the leaves of the *patchouli* (*pogostemon patchouli*, one of the *labiate*) from India; winter-green (*gualtheria procumbens*) from the United States; various of the *andropogons*, which we call *goat's-beard* in our own wild flowers, from Ceylon; *ihlang-ihlang* (*unona odoratissima*, one of the *anonacæ*) from the Philippine Islands; *vanda* (*aërides suaveolens*, an orchid) chiefly from Java, but from other places too in the Indian Archipelago; *frangipani* (*plumeria alba*, one of the *apocynacæ*) from both the East and West Indies — and we have some of the principal sources whence our scent-bottles are filled, and our delicate soaps and pomades perfumed. But still, wheresoever the material is to be found, the French always remain the greatest producers; and, save as regards a few exceptional perfumes — as *attar-gul* for one, *eau-de-cologne* for another — are the best manufacturers of the sweet scents which pervade the world.

They do an immense trade in perfumery, and England is their best customer, as Russia is their worst. England took in 1867, when this table was drawn up, four hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred kilogrammes of perfumery, valued at two million five hundred and forty-six thousand francs; Russia only thirteen thousand three hundred kilogrammes, at the value of seventy-nine thousand eight hundred francs. After England comes Brazil, then Belgium, and then Spanish America; but even Brazil

does very little more than half the English trade, and Spanish America less than half. The United States took fifty-seven thousand four hundred kilogrammes, valued at three hundred and forty-four thousand four hundred francs, and Austria fourteen thousand six hundred kilogrammes, paying for them eighty-seven thousand six hundred francs. Germany, in spite of her own especial industry at Cologne, took one hundred and seven thousand eight hundred kilogrammes, spending six hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred francs on her purchase; but it would be interesting to know what amount of her own perfume she exports, and which of her numberless Jean Marie Farinas has the largest clientèle. England does a good trade in her own indigenous lavender water; but by far the greatest proportion is exported, perfumes, like prophets, not having much honor in their own country — all that is foreign being instinctively preferred to what is home-bred, and the question of comparative excellence counting for nothing in the choice.

No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not scents; the smallest known creatures — the very monads of life — can be caught by the microscopic lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organization, but what it is that emanates from the pouch of the musk-deer, that fills a whole space for years and years with its penetrating odor, an odor which an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry on without diminishing it in size and weight — and what it is that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers, no man yet has been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded both our most delicate weights and measures, and our strongest lenses. If we could come to the essence of each odor, we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and in chemistry; and none would profit more than the medical profession if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such and such an odor proceeded absolutely from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and the like. As it is, no one knows anything; and if the art of the perfumer forms one of the chief delights of our civilized senses, the cause by which he works is a mystery solved by none.

Meanwhile we may be grateful for the result, and choice in our selection. It is never good taste to overscent one's self, but a person who uses no kind of artificial perfume at all, neither in soap nor in pomade, nor yet in the linen, is not always the most agreeable. A slight dash of delicate scent gives a charm of its own to a pretty woman, and helps the poor attractions of a plain one. And as all perfumes can be divided into classes, of which the fresh crisp odor of thyme may stand at one end of the scale, and the heavy odor of the lily, or the penetrating power of musk, at the other, it would be almost impossible to find a person so fastidious, and whose senses were set so cross to all natural circumstances, that not one of the numerous perfumes in the scale would delight him. But in the choice of the favorite perfume, its strength and its kind, we may find the key to much that is characteristic in our friends; nature revealing itself in the habitual use of the coarse scent called verbenia or in the dainty fragrance of the violet, in the luxurious lusciousness of the *Eas bouquet* or the spiritual cleanliness of eau-de-cologne, as much as in the habitual preference of beefsteaks and porter or game and wine, of trenchant green or shadowy and subtle gray, of raging scarlet or the deeper passion of violet and purple.

THE QUEEN OF LETTER-WRITERS.

WE prize, and justly, the gossiping chronicler far beyond the grave historian. Descriptions of marches and counter-marches, battles lost and won, treaties, laws, and edicts, are but insipid reading, and are much alike, whether we call the book the history of Rome or of France. For the idiosyncrasies of an age we must turn to the pages of the gossip,

who, instead of lay figures dressed in toga or velvet, which might be shifted from one to the other with as much ease as they shift the costumes of waxen effigies, give us men and women of flesh and blood. This it is which gives such charm and value to the writings of Evelyn, Pepys, Grammont, above all to those of Madame de Sévigné.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, was born in Burgundy, in the château of Bourbilly, on the 5th of February, 1627. She was only a few months old when her father, the Baron de Chantal, died, fighting against the English in the Isle of Rhé; five years afterwards she lost her mother, and from that time her maternal uncle, Christophe, Abbé of Livry, became a second father to her. Her education, in those days, when young ladies were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, was unusually good, embracing as it did a knowledge of Latin, Spanish, and Italian; and these advantages were cultivated throughout her life by a great love of reading.

At eighteen, Marie must have been a very charming girl, not so much by beautiful regularity of features as by the wonderful expressiveness of that countenance which the pencil of Mignard has handed down to posterity. She was somewhat over tall, but her figure was good; her voice was pleasing, her complexion clear, her eyes brilliant although small, and her hair was of the most beautiful blonde.

"Know, madame, if by chance you do not know it, that your mind so adorns and embellishes your person that, when you are animated by an unrestrained conversation, there is nothing on earth so beautiful as yourself. Every word you utter has such a charm and becomes you so well; the sparkle of your wit gives such a brilliance to your complexion and your eyes, that although one may suppose that language should only affect the ear, it is certain that yours enchants the eyes; and while listening to you, although we may perceive that your features lack something of regularity, yet we are compelled to acknowledge that they possess the highest of all beauty."

So wrote to her friend Madame de la Fayette.

It was at the age of eighteen, that her uncle married her to a gay young cavalier, the Marquis de Sévigné, a gentleman of one of the first houses of Brittany, handsome, elegant, courageous; but dissipated, faithless, and debauched.

The young wife was now removed from her solitude at Livry, and introduced into all the gayety and glitter of Paris. She figured in the ballets at Versailles. Poets wrote verses in her praise; lovers sighed and languished at her feet; but spite of the relaxing atmosphere she breathed, spite of a faithless husband, whose *liaisons* were notorious, not even in the most secret whisperings of court scandal was her name ever lightly uttered; and to be pure in that court was to be a woman picked out of ten thousand. The following epigram was written by La Fontaine upon the occasion of her joining in a game of *colin-maillard* (blind-man's-buff): —

"In every way the power to please you prove,
Each changing aspect adds another grace;
With bandaged eyes you seem the god of love:
His mother, when those eyes illumine the face."

The most urgent of her lovers was her cousin, the celebrated Bussy-Rabutin; but his unworthy passion, after repeated repulses, changing to hatred, he endeavored, in his "*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*," to tarnish the virtue which he had failed to conquer. As La Vallière was, among others, ridiculed in this book, he fell into disgrace with the king, and was exiled from court for many years. In consequence of these troubles, Madame de Sévigné forgave him, and their correspondence was renewed with, at least an appearance of, cordiality on both sides.

In 1645 she succeeded in enticing her husband from the allurements of Paris to one of his estates near Vitry, in Brittany. This spot (*Les Rochers*) from which so many of her most charming letters are dated, and which, more than any other, must ever be connected with her memory, is thus beautifully pictured by Lamartine: —

"The château was raised upon an eminence, at the base of which murmured a small river, following its course between

blocks of granite, rendered verdant by shrubs; the few openings were darkened by the sweeping shadows of chestnuts, oaks and beeches; cultivated fields and green lawns, dyed with the golden blossoms of the broom, were bordered by hedges of holly and thorn; wide plains lay to the left, bounded by a curtain of fog, through which occasionally glistened the rays of the sun on the surface of some pond. The melancholy of the spot communicated itself to the mind; vestiges of former magnificence gave the house, notwithstanding, a stamp of antiquity and nobility. On the side of Vitré were long avenues, planted with rows of old trees and paved with large blocks of broken and mouldering stone. The building was and still is composed of a low keep, flanked by two towers, the corners of which were ornamented with heads of monsters roughly sculptured in stone. A third tower contained the winding staircase, which was traversed at intervals by a ray of light falling obliquely through loopholes in the massive walls. Large bare halls, whose vaulted ceilings were supported by black beams, welcomed the young couple."

Here in 1647 she gave birth to a son, and the following year to a daughter, the afterwards celebrated Madame de Grignan.

In the mean time, her husband had returned to Paris and to his old dissolute courses, while she remained at Les Rochers, devoting herself to the training of her two children. A quarrel with the Chevalier d'Albert over a celebrated courtesan, known in the scandalous chronicles of the time as Lolo, resulting in a duel, put an end to the career of the Marquis de Sévigné, and left his wife a widow at twenty-five.

All her thoughts, care, and affection were now devoted to her children, or rather, to her daughter; for she had little or none to spare for her son. Perhaps there was little in him to inspire love. Ninon l'Enclos¹ summarized him thus: "He has a soul of pap, and the heart of a cucumber fried in snow." While Rochefoucauld said of him, that "His greatest ambition would have been to die for a love he did not feel."

For only one man after her husband's death did the beautiful widow ever evince any feeling of tenderness, although it is said that even the Prince de Conti and the great Turenne were among her adorers. The exception was the celebrated and unfortunate Fouquet; and doubtless the sympathy which she felt and so undisguisedly expressed for his misfortunes was one of the causes of that dislike which the king always manifested towards her.

As I have said in the last paragraph, Madame de Sévigné was the friend of Fouquet, whom Louis hated with an animosity for which history has scarcely handed down sufficient cause. Again, she was descended from a family who had fought on the side of the Fronde, and still worse, she secretly sympathized with Jansenism, and numbered its supporters among her most intimate friends. The disfavor in which she was held at court repelled all suitors for her hand; for Louis was a bashaw, and whom he frowned upon was shunned by the servile courtiers, who trembled at the thought of the royal face looking cold upon them. It was not for nothing that Racine died of the very thought of his displeasure!

But the beautiful widow's happiness, fortunately for her, did not depend upon such favor. She retired from the uncongenial atmosphere of Versailles, and amidst the delightful companionship of books and the still more delightful society of such women and men as Madame de la Fayette, Rochefoucauld, Corneille, Turenne, Bossuet, the Cardinal de Retz, Pascal, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Molière, and above all of that daughter her love for whom amounted almost to a madness, she passed a happy, joyous life. Whether in her cabinet writing letters, or reading "Don Quixote" or Nicole, Ariosto or Pascal, Rabelais or St. Augustine, Rochefoucauld or sentimental romances, Montaigne or Tasso, meditating among the green silent alleys of Les Rochers or Livry, or exchanging repartees with La Fon-

taine in the gay salons of Paris, tossing about the hay in the meadows or dancing at Versailles, in every situation she was equally at home, equally happy. And thus passed away the young years of her life.

That same court disfavor which had condemned her to perpetual widowhood affected in an equal degree the matrimonial prospects of her daughter; for although Mdlle. de Sévigné grew up to be one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in France, yet, to her mother's intense mortification, she received no offers of marriage. At length, however, a match was made with the Count de Grignan, an ugly and unamiable middle-aged widower of two wives—not a very brilliant alliance for "the prettiest girl in France," as Bussy-Rabutin used to call her. It has been said that Madame de Sévigné's principal motive in selecting such a son-in-law was the hope that she would be able always to keep her daughter near her. But in this she was cruelly disappointed, as sixteen months after the marriage the Count de Grignan was appointed lieutenant-governor of Provence.

But to this separation the world owes the larger number of those charming epistles which have immortalized the name of Sévigné. No such letters as these exist in the French or any other language. They are unique in their kind; no thought of publication ever entered the writer's mind; they were written only for the amusement of her daughter; hence their charm. The image of no sneering critic restrained her facile pen. Its object was to tell her darling child how much she loved her, how she herself lived, and thought, and read; to tell all the rumors, all the *bon mots*, all the gossip of the court, all the anecdotes and good stories of their mutual friends; to discuss war and religion; to describe the last new Paris fashion, and dissert upon the writings of St. Augustine; and this she has accomplished with a wit, a verve, an *abandon*, and a power of description, which have won the unqualified admiration of the whole educated world.

The pain this separation cost her is vividly expressed in the following extracts from her *first* letter to Madame de Grignan:—

1671. "My grief would be very poor could I describe it to you. I will not undertake to do so. In vain I seek my dear child; I cannot find her, and every step she takes removes her farther from me. Then I go weeping and feeling as though I should die. It seems as if my heart and soul had been torn from my body. What a terrible separation! I asked to be alone; they took me into Madame de Housset's chamber; they made me a fire. Agnes watched me without speaking; that was our bargain. I remained there, sobbing unceasingly, for five hours. At eight o'clock I return from Madame de la Fayette; but, entering here, great heavens! can you understand what I feel in mounting these stairs? This chamber, which I was always in—I found the doors open, but saw all was vacant, all was in disorder, and your little girl, who so reminds me of my own. Can you understand all that I suffer? All night I lay awake, oppressed by gloomy thoughts, and the morning light found me no more composed in mind. The afternoon was passed with Madame la Troche at the Arsenal. In the evening I received your letter, which put me in the highest transports."

The records of the remaining years of Madame de Sévigné's life are to be found in her letters. Those years were uneventful enough; some were passed in Paris, some in Brittany, some in Provence. Here is a delightful picture of her life at Les Rochers, pencilled by her own hand:—

"We lead such a regular life that it would be impossible to be ill. We rise at eight o'clock, and usually until nine, when the bell rings for mass, I enjoy the freshness of the woods. After mass we dress, we exchange the courtesies of the morning, we gather flowers from the orange-tree, we dine, we read or work until five. Since my son has been absent I read, to save the weak chest of his wife. At five o'clock I leave her, I go to the delightful avenues, I take my books, change my seat, and vary the direction of my walks; a volume of devotion, and a volume of history—I go from one to the other; this gives variety to my occupation. I reflect for a time upon God and his providence; I think of my soul, dream of the future, and at eight o'clock I hear the bell which summons us to supper. Sometimes, perhaps, I have sauntered to a considerable dis-

¹ Ninon l'Enclos was a notorious courtesan, to find a parallel for whom we must go back to the days of Aspasia. There was a strange fatality about the woman in respect to Madame de Sévigné: it was she who was one of the first to seduce from her the marquis's affections; her son became desperately enamored of the frail beauty, which had not lost its charms at fifty; and her grandson, the son of Madame de Grignan, learnt the games at the table of the evergreen Ninon.

ance; I rejoin my daughter-in-law in her pretty parterre; we bmn a little society in ourselves; we sup while the twilight lasts. . . . I return with her to the Place Coulanges, in the midst of her orange-trees, and I look with a longing eye upon the holy solemnity of the woods appearing through the bars of the beautiful gate which you have never seen. There is an echo—a little voice that whispers in my ears."¹

In these passages, as it has been pointed out by Lamarine, are the first germs of those fancies which afterwards became the soul of Rousseau's and Chateaubriand's writings, and which are the distinguishing features of all poetic minds of the present century—the subtle links and sympathies which bind the soul of man with the soul of nature, the revivification of the beautiful spirit of the antique poetry, that humanized the woods and the rivers and the very elements, feigning them to harmonize with our joys and sorrows, moods and passions. But wherever her body might be, her thoughts, her heart, her soul, were always with the beloved one. Her passionate love of her child in its all-absorbing idolatry is unique in the history of the world. It was, at one and the same time, the happiness and misery of her life, and, as though Fate desired for once to be consistent, it was the cause of her death.

In 1696, when she was seventy years of age, her daughter was seized with a dangerous and painful illness. At the first intelligence of this disaster she hastened into Provence. Night and day for three months she watched at the beloved one's pillow. As Madame de Grignan began to slowly recover so did the tender mother's strength gradually sink. Twice did that mother give her child life—he second time by the forfeit of her own. But she died happily, for she died in those beloved arms, with her eyes resting upon the beloved face, carrying with her even into the arcanum of the grave the image which had never been absent from her soul in life.

So all absorbing was this philoprogenitive passion that it left no room for any other love of friendship; it was the one fervid spot in a character otherwise cold and even hard; throughout her hundreds of letters no other person is mentioned in terms of affection, and few even in a tone of interest; at times she even makes a jest of suffering, as when recounting the cruelties practiced upon the peasants who revolted in Brittany.

Pure, but no prude, she never parades her purity, never casts a stone at a frail sister, never utters a pharisaical thanksgiving that she is not like unto them. She is singularly open and ingenuous, and an enemy to shams of all kinds. She is above all things mocking, joyous, and witty; but beneath the brilliant surface there is a serious, almost melancholy, vein of thought, and a sincere religious faith, that, without clouding her happy disposition, deepened with advancing years. Here is her simple confession of faith:—

"You ask me if I am always a little devout—I, who have so little goodness in me. Exactly; that is what I am always; and my great regret is that I am not more so. All the good I can claim for myself is that I understand my religion and its meaning. I do not take the false for the true; I know what is good, and what has only the appearance of goodness. I hope that I am not mistaken upon that point, and that God, having already given me good sense, will continue to do so; past blessings in some sort guarantee those which are to come. Thus I live in confidence, mingled, however, with much fear."

As a contrast to the above, I present the following delicate morsel:—

"I am going to write you the most astonishing news, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most glorious, the most bewildering, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the smallest, the rarest, the most common, the most transcendent, until to-day the most secret, the most brilliant, the most to be desired; in short, an occurrence for which a parallel is to be found only in past ages, and then one which scarcely applies: an event that could scarcely be

¹ The echo is said to still exist (at Les Rochers), a marble slab in the parterre, indicating where the beloved name was so frequently pronounced by the fond mother.

believed in Paris, much less in Lyons: an event which makes every one cry out, 'Mercy on us!' an event which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive with joy—in short, an event which will come off on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their eyes: an event which will happen on Sunday, and perhaps not be ended on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it; you must guess. I give you three guesses. Will you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, in the Louvre—can you guess whom? I will give you four trials; I will give you ten; I will give you a hundred. Madame de Coulanges says, 'It must be very difficult to guess. It is Madame de la Vallière.' Nothing of the kind, madame; you are very provincial. 'Ah, truly, we are very stupid,' you say. 'It is Mademoiselle Colbert.' Still further from the truth. 'Then, surely, it is Mademoiselle de Créqui?' Wrong again. I must tell you after all. He marries on Sunday, in the Louvre, with the permission of the king, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle can you guess the name? He marries Mademoiselle—on my faith, on my honor, on my oath, MADMOISELLE—the great Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle, daughter of the late MONSIEUR—Mademoiselle, granddaughter of HENRY THE FOURTH!—Mademoiselle d'Eu—Mademoiselle de Dombes—Mademoiselle, de Montpensier—Mademoiselle d'Orléans—Mademoiselle, first cousin to the king—Mademoiselle, destined for the throne—Mademoiselle, the only person in France worthy of MONSIEUR! There is a delightful subject for gossip! If you exclaim against it—if you say that we have lied—that it is all false—that we are laughing at you—that it is a good joke—that it is too silly even to be imagined—if, in short, you abuse us—we shall only say you are right, for we have done as much ourselves."

Here is another admirable specimen of her vivacious style:—

"Behold me, to the joy of my heart, all alone in my chamber, quietly writing to you; nothing is so pleasant to me as that. I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin's, after having been to hear Bourdaloue; the mothers of the church were there—that is what I call the Princesses de Conti and de Longueville. All the fashionable world was at that sermon, and that sermon was worthy of all who listened to it. I thought twenty times of you, and wished as often that you were with me. You would have been delighted to have heard it, and I should have been still more delighted to have seen you listening to it. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld received very calmly, at Madame de Lavardin's, the compliments that you sent him. There was a great deal of talk about you. M. d'Ambres was there, with his cousin De Briassac. He appeared to be much interested in your supposed shipwreck, and spoke of your courage. M. de la Rochefoucauld said that you wished to appear brave, hoping all the time that some one would prevent you, but not finding any one, you were in the same embarrassing position as Scaramouch. We have been to the fair to see a great she-devil of a woman, taller than Reberpré by a head; she was put to bed the other day with two big children, who came into the world abreast; altogether she is a very big woman. I delivered your kind remembrances at the Hotel Rambouillet, and they send you a thousand in return. Madame de Montansier is in despair at not seeing you. I have been to Madame de Puy-du-Fou's. I have been, for the third time, to Madame de Maillane's. I laugh at myself when I think of the pleasure I take in doing these things. Finally, if you believe the queen's maids to be mad, you will not be far from the truth. Eight days ago Madame de Ludres, Coëtlogon, and little Rouvroi were bitten by a little dog at Theobon's; that little dog has since died mad; on which account Ludres, Coëtlogon, and Rouvroi set out this morning for Dieppe, to bathe three times in the sea. It is a sad journey. Benserade was in despair; Theobon did not wish to go, although she also was slightly bitten. The queen is only anxious to serve her, as one does not know what may be the consequences of this adventure. Do you not think that Ludres resembles Andromeda? For my part, I can see her fastened to the rock, and Treville, upon a winged horse, slaying the monster."

"Here is a lot of nonsense, and I know nothing about you! You think that I know instinctively all you do; but I take too great an interest in your health and the state of your mind to be willing to limit myself to what I can imagine; the most trifling circumstances connected with those we love are as dear to us as they are wearisome to others. La Vavinaux sends you a thousand kind remembrances; her daughter has been ill; so has Madame d'Arpajon. Tell all this to Madame de Verneuil at your leisure. Your brother has placed himself under the laws of Ninon; I doubt whether they are good ones. There are some minds to whom they are not worth much. She corrupted

his father. We can only recommend him to Heaven! When one is a Christian, or at least wishes to be so, one cannot regard such conduct without grief. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths about death you told us to-day! Madame de la Fayette was there, for the first time in her life; she was transported with admiration. She is delighted with your remembrance, and embraces you with all her heart," etc.

What an extraordinary mixing up of sermons, motherly pride and tenderness, giantesses, mad dogs, and miscellaneous gossip!

Here is an incomparably fine description of the home life, if such a word may be applied to a palace, of Louis the Fourteenth:—

(1676.) "I was at Versailles on Saturday with the Villars. You know the queen's toilette, the mass, and the dinner; but there is no longer any need of stifling ourselves in the crowd to catch a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three o'clock the king, the queen, MONSIEUR, MADAME, MADEMOISELLE, and all the princes and princesses, together with Madame de Montespan and her train, all the courtiers and all the ladies—in short, all the court of France, is assembled in that beautiful apartment which you know. All is divinely furnished, all is magnificent. There is no heat, and you pass from one place to another without the slightest squeezing. A game of *reversis* gives the company form and settlement. The king is close to Madame de Montespan, who keeps the bank; MONSIEUR, the queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and party, Langlée and party, are at separate tables. A thousand louis d'ors are spread upon the cloth; they have no other counters. I watched Dangeau play, and was astonished to see what simpletons we are at play beside him. All his thoughts are centred upon the game, and he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, and he profits by everything; his attention is never diverted—in a word, his caution defies fortune. He will win two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month. He said that I was a partner in his game; so that I was very agreeable and very conveniently seated. I saluted the king, as you taught me, and he returned my salute as if I had been young and beautiful. . . . Madame de Montespan spoke to me of Bourbon . . . her loveliness is certainly marvellous; her figure is not so stout as it was, but her eyes and complexion have lost none of their beauty. She was attired in French point; her hair was dressed in a thousand curls; two at the temples drooped down upon her cheeks; upon her head she wore black ribbons and pearls, adorned with buckles and loops of diamonds of the first water; three or four bodkins, but no other covering; in a word, a triumphant beauty, worthy to win the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She knows that it has been laid to her charge that she prevented all France from seeing the king; so she has given him back, as you see—and you cannot believe the joy that it has given to everybody, and the brilliance that it has restored to the court. This agreeable confusion, without confusion, of everything that is most select, continues from three until six. If any couriers arrive the king retires a moment to read his letters, and then returns. There is always music, to which he listens, and which has a very good effect. He talks with the ladies, who are accustomed to receive that honor. At six o'clock every one rises from the gaming tables; there is no difficulty in counting gains and losses; there are neither counters nor tokens; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis, the bigger of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of hearts. 'How many hearts have you? I have two; I have three; I have four—he has only three then, he has only four;' and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter; he sees through the games—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six the carriages are at the door. The king is in one of them with Madame de Montespan,¹ Monsieur and Madame de Thiangés, and honest d'Hendicourt, in a fool's paradise, on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The queen occupies

¹ Madame de Montespan was at this time in the height of her ascendancy, although Malintou was already preparing for her downfall. She was a vice-queen reigning over the real one. When she made a journey she was attended by a train of forty people; governors of provinces came forth to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats painted and gilt like those of Cleopatra, luxurious with crimson and damask, and blading with the colors of France and Navarre.

another with the princess; and the rest come flocking after, as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper—and thus rolls round the Saturday."

Here is a capital story, and one highly characteristic of the age:—

"The Archbishop of Rheims was returning from St. Germain yesterday at a great speed; it was a whirlwind; he fancied himself a great lord, but his people believed him to be greater even than he did himself. They passed through Nanterre—'Tra, tra, tra!' They meet a man on horseback: 'Make way, make way!' The poor man tries to get out of the way, but his horse will not, and at last the coach and the six horses are overturned upon the heads of man and horse, and pass over them, and more than that, roll over and over upon them. At the same time the man and the horse, instead of being content with being run over and crippled, miraculously extricate themselves, remount the one upon the other, and take to flight, while the lacqueys of the archbishop, the coachman, and even the archbishop himself, cry out, 'Stop! stop that rogue, that we may give him a hundred blows!' In telling the story the archbishop said, 'If I had caught the rascal I would have had his arms broken and his ears cut off!'"

Of these letters Lamartine has said very beautifully that they are

"the classic of closed doors. Above all, it is a book more suited to old age than to the opening years of life; it does not possess enough of passion to satisfy youth. Before it can give us pleasure the first heat of life must be subdued or deadened by the progress of time. It is the book for the evening, and not for the early dawn. It has a subdued light: it abounds in shadows, reveries: a sort of vague repose, and the calmness of the setting sun. It suits the period when men, ceasing all desire to advance or to act, seat themselves before the door or at the fireside, to discourse in a low voice of the events and crowds that occupy the world, without being tempted to mingle with them again. It is less life than a conversation upon life. This book refreshes after the heart has been exhausted by the emotions of the day—it is the volume of repose."

Since this article has been written, a new impetus has been given to the fame of Madame de Sévigné by the publication of the Countess de Puliga's book. The work has evidently been a labor of love, and, like all people in love, the lady has been prone to magnify the excellences of the object. Thus, she has accredited Madame de Sévigné with virtues which she did not possess, and sublimated those she did possess to an inordinate degree. But perhaps the gravest fault of the book, in an artistic sense, lies in the disproportionate number of secondary characters introduced. It is true that the title-page speaks of Madame de Sévigné and her contemporaries; but still we expect the former to be the central figure. This is not always the case, as she is frequently elbowed aside by friends, associates, and even comparative strangers. In the pictures of the great old masters we frequently find the objects which fill up the backgrounds mere sketches, without finish or elaboration, so that the eye of the spectator may be more fully concentrated upon the centre figures, the meaning of the painter. With certain modifications, this treatment holds good in the literary art. Nevertheless the Countess de Puliga's work has very admirably filled up a void in literary history, and has rendered "the queen of letter writers" a living entity to thousands of readers to whom she has previously been but a name.

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is said that Mr. Henry Morley has declined a poem offered him by Mr. Gladstone.

THE house known as "Pope's Villa," on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham, is at present in the market.

FOLLOWING in the steps of the Paris *Figaro*, the *Press* makes the following announcement: "Lord Selkirk arrived this morning in Paris. He is a descendant of the famous Selkirk, whose adventures suggested to De Foe his 'Robinson Crusoe'."

THE *Augsburg Gazette* publishes a poem, "Farewell to Vienna," composed by Count Beust on 23d November, 1871, on his removal from the Chancellorship of the Empire. The verses were first printed in the *Dioskuren*, a periodical published by the Austro-Hungarian civil service.]

A NEW weekly journal, which professes to be the organ of the lowest classes, has just made its appearance in Madrid. The editors announce their programme to be "War to the rich; war to the powerful; war to society; war to the family; war to property; war against God." The police have naturally relied by war to the proprietors, who have made themselves scarce.

CALCRAFT, the English hangman, has announced his intention to shortly retire from an official life, and seek the repose of cultivating roses, dahlias, and tulips, for which he has a great taste. The last "touch of his art" was on the poisoner Cotton, at Durham, and before he left that city he acquainted the prison warders that she would be the last person he should "put a lightcap on," although he regretted retiring from his profession without "performing" on the newspaper reporters.

M. THIERS has installed himself at the Élysee, not in the large apartments which have been successively occupied by Napoleon I., the Emperor of Russia (1815), Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Emperor Alexander (1867), but in what are called the small rooms, which were destined under the late government for the Prince Imperial, and which the Emperor had caused to be redecorated in 1869. They consist of a large drawing-room, two others of less size, a study, a card-room, and three bedchambers.

A PLEASANT life must be that of the Carlist Santa Cruz. It is said that he has a body-guard of forty men, the only men in whom he has any confidence. "When he sleeps—and he sleeps very little—he has always two sentinels of his body-guard near him. He only partakes of food after it has been tasted by eight or ten other persons. He never eats bread, but is in the habit of consuming small thin cakes cooked for him by his own people. Always on his guard, he never forgets that a price of 0,000fr. is placed on his head, and he distrusts everybody."

BETSY LEE.

PART II.

Now the grandest ould pazon, I'll be bail,
That ever was, was ould Pazon Gale.
Aw, of all the kind and the good and the true!
And the aisy and free, and—"How do you do?"
And how's your mother, Tom, and—the fishin'?"
Spakin' that nice, and allis wishin'
Good luck to the boats, and—"How's the take?"
And blessin' us there for Jesus' sake.
And many a time he'd come out and try
A line, and the keen he was, and the spry!
And he'd sit in the stern, and he'd tuck his tails,
And well he knew how to handle the sails.
And sometimes, if we were smookin', he'd ax
For a pipe, and then we'd be turnin' our backs,
Lettin' on never to see him, and lookin'
This way and that way, and him a smookin'
Twis' as strong and as black as tar,
And terrible sollum and regular.
Bless me! the sperrit that was in him too,
Houldin' on till all was blue!
And only a little man, but staunch,
With a main big heart aback of his paunch!
Just a little round man—but you should ha' seen him agate
Of a good-sized conger or a skate:
His arms as stiff, and his eye afire,
And every muscle of him like wire.

But avast this talk! What! what did you say?
Tell us more about the Pazon—eh?
Well, well! he was a pazon—yis!
But there's odds of pazons, that's the way it is.
For there's pazons now that's mortal proud,
And some middlin' humble, that's allowed.
And there's pazons partikler about their clothes,
And rings on their fingers, and bells on their toes:
And there's pazons that doesn know your names,
"Shut the gate, my man!" and all them games.

And there's pazons too free—I've heard one cuss
As hard and as hearty as one of us.
But Pazon Gale—now I'll give you his size,
He was a simple pazon, and lovin' and wise.
That's what he was, and quiet uncommon,
And never said much to man nor woman;
Only the little he said was meat
For a hungry heart, and soft and sweet,
The way he said it: and often talkin'
To hisself, and lookin' down, and walkin'.
Now there's some of them pazons they're allis shoutin',
And tearin' at you, and ravin' and routin',
And they gets you pinned with a lot of others
In a coop, and they calls you sisthers and brothers;
And you can't get out, so the beggars raises
Their vice, and gives it you like blazes.
What's the good of all that surt!
Sweatin' and actin' and bustin' their shirt;
Shiverin' the very roof to splanthers—
I never liked them roaring ranthers.
Yes! our pazon was quiet, but, mind ye! don't doubt
But the same man knew well what was he about.
Aye, many a time I've seen his face
All slushed with tears, and him tellin' of grace
And mercy and that, and his vice so low,
But trimblin'—aw, we liked him though!

And he was livin' above the bay
Where I was livin', but a bit away,
Over the next: and betwix the two
The land ran out to a point, and a screw
Of the tide set in on the rocks, and there
He'd stand in the mornin', and listen to hear
The dip of our oars comin' out, and the jealous
We were of the Derbyhaven fellows!
And the way we'd pull to try which would be fuss!
And "Pazon!" we'd say, "are you comin' with us?"
And the Derbyhaven chaps would call—
And the way he'd smile and say nothing at all!
Well, that's the Pazon, you'll understand,
Aye, the very man, the very man.
Aw, if I once get agate of him—
But some night again, if I'll be in the trim,
I'll maybe be tellin' you more, if so be
You'll be carin' to listen, and all agree.

Well, the Pazon was walkin' on the gravel—
My conscience! the slow that man did travel!
Backwards and forrards, and stoppin' and thinkin',
And a talkin' away to hisself like winkin';
And a pickin' a flower, or a kickin' a stone,
There he was anyway all alone.
And I felt like a reglar blund'rin' blockit,
And I stowed the quid in my waistcoat pocket,
And I said, "Here goes! I don't care a fardin,"
And I opened the gate, and into the garden.
And—"Pazon!" I says, "I've come to you."
"Is it true, Tom Baynes?" he says, "is it true?"
And he looked—"No it isn't!" I said, quite pale;
"So you needn' look that way, Pazon Gale!
It isn't true!" So the ould man smiled,
And says he, "Well, don't be angry, child!"
Child he called me—*d'ye see? d'ye see?*
Child!—and he takes my hand, and says he,
"I suppose you've got a yarn to spin:
Come in, Tom Baynes, come in, come in!"
So in we went, and him smilin' like fun,
Into the parlor; but the Misthress run
Quite shamed lek, a whiskin' through the door,
And droppin' her things upon the floor.
And the sarvant keeked over the landin'-top—
A dirty trouss, with her head like a mop—
And she gurned like a cat, but I didn' care,
Though they're middlin' spiteful them craythurs are.

So I tould the Pazon all that I had,
And he says, "God bless ye! God bless ye! my lad!"
Aw, it's himself that knew my very soul,
And me so young and him so ould!
And all the good talk! and never fear—
And leave it to him, and he'd bring me clear—
And Anthony wanted talkin' to—
And on with the hat—and away he'd go—
And young *Misther Taylor* (a son of ould Dan!)
Was a very intelligent young man.

"Aisy! Pazon," says I, and he went;
And all the road home — "in-tel-li-gent" —
I said, "What's that?" some pretty name
For a — deng it! these pazon's just like crame,
They're talkin that smooth — aw, it's well to be civil —
"A son of ould Dan's!" and Dan was a divil.

That was a Monday; a Thursday night
The Pazon come, and bless me the fright
The ould woman was in, and wipin the chair,
And nudgin and winkin — "Is Thomas there?"
He says — "Can I see him?" So up I got,
And out at the door, and I put a knot
On my heart, like one of you, when he takes
A turn and belays, and boulds on till it breaks.
And — "Well?" I says — then he looked at me,
And, "Have you your pipe, Thomas?" says he;
"Maybe you'd better light it," he said,
"It's terrible good to study the head."
He wouldn't take rest till I had it lit;
And he twisses, and twisses, and — "Wait a bit!"
And he says, and he feels, and "We're all alone,"
Says he, and behold ye! a pipe of his own.
And "I'll smook too," he says; and he charges,
And puffs away like Boanargess.
I never knew the like was at him afore:
And so we walked along the shore.
And if he didn behove to spin a yarn
About the stars — and Aldebar, and Orion —
And just to consedher
The grand way God had put them together,
And wasn it a good world after all,
And — what was man — and the Bible — and Paul —
Till I got quite mad, and I says — "That'll do!
Were you at the Brew, Pazon? were you at the Brew?"
Aw, then it all come out, and the jaw
Ould Anthony had, and the coorts, and the law;
And — *Jane Magee and her mother both* —
He had gone there twice, but she stuck to her oath —
And — *what could he do?* "I'm going," says I —
"Keep up your heart now!" "I'll try, I'll try."
"Good night, and mind you'll go straight to bed!
God bless ye, Tom!" "And you, sir!" I said.
"Come up in the mornin! Good night! good night!
Now mind you'll come!" "All right! all right!"

And it's into the house, and "Mawther," I says,
"I'm off." "What's off?" says she, "if you plaze!
Off! what off!" says she, "you slink!"
And she was sharplin a knife upon the sink,
And she flung it down, and she looked that way —
Straight and stiff; and "What did you say?
Off! off where?" and the sting of a light
Snapped quick in her eye — "All right! all right!"
I says, and away to the chiss I goes —
"Stand by!" I cried, "I want my clothes."
And I hauled them out — aw, she gev a leap,
And "Lave them alone!" she says, "you creep!"
And she skutched them up, and she whisked about
As lithe as an eel, and still lookin out
Over her shoulder, and eyein me,
Like a flint, or some dead thing. "Let be,
Mawther," I says, "let go! you'd batter!"
Aw, then if she didn begin, no matter!
And she threw the things upon the floor,
And she stamped them, and down on her knees, and she toor,
And ripped, and ragged, and scrunched away,
Aw, hands and teeth, — I'll be bound to say
Them shirts was eighteen pence the yard!
Rael good shirts! aw, the woman was hard.
Hard she was, and lusty, and strong —
I've heard them say when she was young,
She could lift a hundred-weight and more,
And there wasn a man in the parish could throw her.
And as for shearin and pickin potatoes —
Aw, well, she bet all, and always as nate as
A pin, and takin a pride in it —
For there's some ould women, they're hardly fit,
They're that dirty and stupid, and messin and muddin,
I wudn live with the like — No! I wudn!
But yandbar woman — asleep or awake —
Was a clane ould craythur and no mistake.
But hard — aw, hard! for the ould man died,
And she looked, and she looked, but she never cried —
And him laid out, as sweet as bran,
And everything white, like a gentleman.

And brass nails — bless ye! and none of you's sarvin,
But prond in herself, and sarvin the sperrin.
And "Misthress Baynes now! was he prepared!"
"God knows" says she — aw, the woman was hard.
But if you could have prised the hatchets
Of that strong sowl, you would have seen the catches
She made at her heart, choked up to the brim,
And you'd ha' knew she was as dead as him.
But mind me! from that very day
The woman's-juice, as you may say,
Was clean dried out of her, and she got
As tough and as dry and as hard as a knot.
Hard — but handy, and goin still,
Not troublin much for good or ill;
Like the moon and the stars God only touched
Once long ago, and away they scutched;
And now He never minds them a bit,
But they keep goin on, for they're used of it.

Goin on! Well, she did go on that night,
And up from the floor, and her back to the light
Of the fire (it was burnin middlin low),
And the candle capsized, and she looked to grow
That big in the dark, and never a breath,
But standin there like the shadda of death —
Never a breath — for maybe a minute,
Just like a cloud with the thunder in it
Dark and still, till its powder-bags
Burst — and the world is blown to raga.
Aw, she gave it them with a taste — she did:
"And was it that flippity-flappity fidd
Of a Betsy Lee? and she knew well enough
What I'd come to at last with my milkin and staff,
And sniffin about where I hadn no call,
And the lines hangin rottin upon the wall,
And the boat never moored, and grindin her bones
To sawdust upon the cobblin stones —
And the people talkin — and who were the Lees?
Who were they now after all, if you please?
Who were they to cock their nose?
And Lee's ould wife with her strings and her bows,
And her streamers and trimmings, and pippin and poppin
Her d — ould head like a hen with a toppin!"
Did she cuss? aye, she cussed, and it's a rael bad hearin.
Mind ye! a woman cussin or swearin —
Partikler your mawther — still for all it's true,
There's differin sorts of cussin too.
For there's cussin that comes down like fire from heave
Fierce and strong — like the blast that's driven
From the mouth of a seven-times heated furnace;
That's, you see, when a man's in earnest.
And there's cussin that's no use whatever,
Slibberin slobberin slushin slaver —
A fool's lips runnin with brimstone froth,
The muckin skum of the divil's own broth.

"And had they forgot when they lived next door?
A lazy lot, and as poor as poor —
And — *Misses Baynes! the beautiful tay*
You've got — and I raelly think I'll stay —
And — *could you lend me a shillin till to-morrow?*
And borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow.
Aye, and starvin, and him doin nothin for hours
But pokin about with his harbs and his flowers —
The lig-y-ma-treih! the dirty ould bough!
And now it was *Misther Lee!* my gough!

(To be continued.)

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VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873.

[No. 21.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VI. (*continued.*)

LESSMOUTH consists of three cottages, a light-house, a coastguard station, two taverns, and a pier, all growing out of the river mud, which is too plainly visible at low tide. The line of cliffs has already come to an end, and the whole prospect consists of a broad expanse of water, broken by sandy shoals and a rock or two, and bounded by swelling Welsh hills that look more distant than they really are. Down the broad river, to the left, one can look almost out to sea: up the river, to the right, the water narrows till a curve among the hills swallows it out of sight. It is impossible to get close to the water on account of the mud-banks and the river weeds; but the view, though flat and monotonous, is bright enough when the sun shines. And it is here that the inhabitants of the back streets and by-lanes of St. Bavons come to make holiday after the manner of their kind.

It had not struck Dr. Vaughan that this was Whit Monday, or he might perhaps have chosen another direction for his stroll. At any rate he might have confined himself to the cliffs and fields on the road, which, as they produced no beer, were considerably left alone.

The first thing that came like a cold knife right through the heart of his reverie was the harsh bray of the street tune of the day that had last travelled from London to recruit its jaded life in the provinces. It was now being torn to its last rags by a cornet, which played the air, and a trombone that vigorously "vamped" a bass—a process which might have answered fairly enough had the two instruments been in accord as to key. The sound rose from a square field attached to the Royal Arms, the larger public-house of the two, fitted up as a tea-garden with deal tables and wooden forms, and as an extempore gymnasium with a roundabout and swings. Tables and forms were well occupied, and to the music young men and maidens of England were indulging in the romp known among students of the sports and pastimes as "Kiss in the ring."

It was not an Arcadian spectacle, as practised at Lessmouth. It is of course always supposed to be a pleas-

ant sight to see young people enjoying themselves; but then the young people must be really young, and the scene must be removed as far as possible from any Royal or other Arms. The girls, at least as Harold Vaughan saw them, were either coarse and blowsy or else sickly and pale, and their laughter had too much of the Old Wharf-Side quarter about it to chime in well with the song of the lark who was carrying up his own song as high as he could above it. There was, however, plenty of tawdry finery that no doubt pleased their partners. Of the latter, a few were sailors from the docks, a few were apprentices in the pride of pomatum and crimson scarfs, but most were of that nondescript order of boys who leap at one bound from precocious childhood into premature old age, found nowhere but in large cities, and never seen but at such places and at such times—except, indeed, when one of the order achieves exceptional fame in a Quarter Sessions Calendar. The back quarters of St. Bavons contain many of this human type, known by the bullet head, the flattened features, the sallow complexion, and the dull, cruel, or cunning eye which the photographers to her Majesty's prisons have so much opportunity of studying. These did not laugh themselves, but they were the cause of much laughter among their fair companions, to judge from the approving chorus which greeted each ejaculatory comment upon the chances and changes of the game.

Perhaps it was fortunate for the few fastidious pairs of ears which might have been there that the cornet and trombone contrived to make so loud a discord. The sins of the musicians covered a multitude of even less musical sins. In effect, it was a thoroughly English scene, though the holiday makers enjoyed themselves anything but sadly. The landlord of the Royal Arms must have been making a good thing of it that afternoon.

It need scarcely be added, however, that Dr. Vaughan was not among his customers. The lover of Claudia Brandt, now only a fish out of water, left the inn behind him, and walked along the road that lay between the mud and the slope of the cliffs, in order to strike into the straight road home. His walk had been roughly brought to an end, and he wished now to forestall the hour of the all-important interview that was to come. The

road, so far as it lay along the river was thronged with a more decent class of pleasure-seekers—artisans, sometimes with their wives, sometimes carrying their children, sometimes walking arm-in-arm with a friend, or sheepishly and silently walking by the side of a sweetheart, after their manner: quiet people who refreshed themselves more or less soberly at the bar of the Royal Arms, and enjoyed the distant sound of its music without taking part in its dissipations. This road led past the smaller and older tavern—the Old Point Hotel; and then making a right angle with itself, left the broad river and went back straight to St. Bavons.

The Old Point Hotel was a white-washed, weather-stained public-house of two stories, with a dusty yard, where a few boys and girls were making a feeble imitation of the delights of its newer and more ambitious rival. But what was wanting to noise without seemed to be fully compensated for by noise within. From the open windows of the highest story streamed a Babel of many voices, male and female, mingled with trampling of feet, and the striking of fists and glasses on deal. A few men and women were lounging about the door and the bar, but the Old Point Hotel seemed to rest its attractions upon its upper room, and a little upon a skittle alley also, to judge from the rumbling of balls. The weather was glorious; but of course the sun has no more right to interfere with indoor enjoyment than the east wind and the rain have to prevent people from going out in them if it suits their peculiar inclination.

Nor did it appear as though the cornet, any more than the sunshine, was without a rival.

While Dr. Vaughan was passing, glad enough to get free from his fellow-man, the hubbub ceased, and he heard the sudden scraping of a violin.

It was a scraping and nothing more. The bow was certainly not held by a master's hand. So there was nothing to make any man who cared for music pause or linger even if he were far less wrapped up in his own thoughts than the doctor. Yet Harold Vaughan did both pause and linger. The first few notes—neither those of a dance tune nor of any common air—had the effect upon him that some people find in the odors of particular flowers: he felt for the instant as though his

had been in the same spot, under precisely the same circumstances, either a thousand years before, or else in a dream.

Before the momentary sensation passed away, the prelude ended with a triumphant flourish, and then a voice recommenced the air. Few men would not have listened for at least one instant before proceeding on their way. Who has not—at least once in his life, it may be in the highways or byways, among the hedges, among city courts, anywhere, indeed, where such a thing seems most impossible—heard a voice that has made him involuntarily compare what might be with what must be? A street ballad-singer's voice is made to be cracked and broken, the singer herself to become—who ever knows what becomes of her? But there is always a time when between her singing voice and that of her sister of the stage or drawing-room there is nothing to choose. There are famous *prime donne* who have been taken from the streets by virtue of lucky chance and a far-sighted impresario: not in England, perhaps, but in countries where voices are far less sweet and full of promise than those of England are. There are possible Pastas upon the paving-stones, even as there are very actual screech-owls upon the boards.

What Harold Vaughan heard was not the voice even of a possible Pasta. But in such a place the soft, fresh, and unworn voice of a young girl sounded strangely; the more strangely for its being of a clear contralto quality that fell suddenly into the rhythm of the prelude as though the very sorry fiddle had emulated Cecilia's organ by drawing, if not an angel, yet some girl-voiced bird from the skies—the very lark, perhaps, whom the cornet and trombone had scared away. So out of all keeping was it with all the surroundings of the Old Point Hotel, with the muddy river, with everything but the sunshine, that it seemed, like the sunshine itself, to strike another note of that music which had been born in his heart that day. And so pure and clear was it that, through the open windows, he could almost hear the words she sang—and they seemed scarcely less familiar to his memory of impossible things than the air had been.

"If I, so mean, were royal queen
Of England, France, or Spain,
Sceptre and crown I'd throw them down
So I might sail the main.
For a sailor lad my heart has had
That sails upon the sea.
And, mirk or glim, I'd sail with him
If he would sail with me."

It was like a good omen. Was not Miss Claudia a queen to him? And had she not done what "the lass that loved the sailor" only said she would do had she actually been a queen? So he was brought to a stand fairly, and waited, listening to the scraping symphony with its *obligato* of clattering glasses, till the voice came in again.

"If he, the last before the mast,
To whom my heart is true,
Were o'er them all made admiral,
And captain of the crew—
Through evil name, through want and shame,
I'd brave the wide world's sea:
Fall foul or fair, I would not care,
If he would care for me."

"Halloa, master," said a man's voice just behind his shoulder, "listening to the music? I thought so—I beg your pardon, sir: I didn't see you was a gentry cove."

The song had come to an end, with vociferous applause, and the fiddle had begun to strike up another tune. Harold Vaughan turned round, and looked at the first fellow-creature who had spoken to him since he had left Claudia Brandt. The contrast was striking, to say the least of it.

It is said, on excellent authority in such matters, that we establish a *rappor*t between the last person with whom we speak and the next: that we convey a current of influence from one to the other. It is clear, therefore, that where such a *rappor*t is not desirable between any two given persons, some suitably intervening ear should be chosen to serve as a non-conductor of our first words. Dr. Vaughan perhaps was not aware of this fact in natural philosophy, and if he had been, it is very possible that he would have set it down as nonsense. The good people of St. Bavons were not altogether wrong in thinking him of a rather sceptical turn.

In this case, the establishment of a *rappor*t would certainly not have been desirable.

The man was past middle age, to judge from his wrinkled skin and grizzled black hair. He was, however, of a light and active figure, that would have been called grace in a younger man, and formed less for strength than for ready suppleness. His face was sallow and gathered up into a thousand folds and puckers that might express humor, but certainly expressed cunning, and were not belied by a pair of small and twinkling eyes set deep in the head, and rather slantingly, like those of a Tartar. One of them, moreover, had a very decided cast upwards, so that it was impossible to catch both at one and the same time. The mouth was large, but not ill-shaped, and the lip thin and compressed, but mobile; the chin firm, and covered with bristles of one day's growth, and the nose of a regular and Oriental curve. What the man's original complexion may have been it was hard to tell, so tanned and dried up was it by wind and sun, not to speak of stains of a less cleanly kind.

He wore no whiskers, but two locks hung down, almost in ringlets, in front of his ears. He was dressed in a well-worn velvet shooting jacket, plaid trousers turned up nearly to the knees, a scarlet neck-handkerchief, and a black hat set defiantly on one side, which he removed with a flourish as he made his apology.

Dr. Vaughan did not much like his

appearance or address, and was about to pass on. But the movement was either not understood, or else not seen.

"No offence, sir, I trust," said the man, with a slight accent, not foreign, but not that of St. Bavons. "May I ask what you thought of that song?" and he began to hum the air, not un-musically, and with a few extempore *floriture*, such as might have, but had not, belonged to the part of the violin.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a judge of songs," answered the doctor, passing on. "But everybody seems to be enjoying it. Good afternoon."

"You are not going, sir? That's a pity. There's not been much going on yet, but if you stay—you see we, that is, my pal and I, don't often get the chance of an appreciative and aristocratic audience, such as I doubt not you are, sir. I am going inside as soon as that tune's finished, and shall produce my new trick with the ace of spades, never, I will lay a pony to a rabbit-skin, witnessed within a hundred miles of St. Bavons. Also the great thimble trick, simple and elegant at the same time. I had the honor of instructing a Right Honorable in the ace of spades trick when I was in Sussex last week; it is well worth a guinea, if your honor is an amateur, and can be learned in five minutes without fail, or all money returned. I have not been within half-a-dozen yards of your honor, have I? No. Then I will wager you think you have your handkerchief safe in your pocket, and that the last thing you expect to find there is a pack of cards. Presto! Hocus pocus! There you are! Ha! ha! ha! No offence, sir, I hope," he went on without pausing, as he held up the doctor's handkerchief by a corner, and watched the latter pull from his coat pocket a dirty pack of cards. "That's only to give you a specimen. Yes, sir, as your honor perceives, I am a travelling professor of the noble and marvellous art of hey-prestogitation and legerdemang. At your honor's service. Fly-eyed Jack they call me; Fly-fingered Jack would be nearer the wind. Halloa!"

A loud scream came through the open window, followed first by dead silence, and then an excited clatter of tongues, among which was distinguishable only the one word, "Murder!"

The professor of legerdemain turned as pale as a sheet, while a scared white face appeared at an open window, and cried out,—

"Aaron! Be quick! Here's Zelda been and knifed a sojer! He's bleeding like!"

Aaron, Fly-eyed Jack, or, whatever name he answered to, did not, however, answer on this occasion to either. But Doctor Vaughan, without waiting for the face at the window to bring its no doubt elegant simile to an end, and, for once, only remembering that he was a surgeon, ran into the open tavern door and straight up-stairs.

He saw a strange sight indeed.

The room was long, narrow, and low, running along the whole face of the second floor, with a long deal table stretched on tressels, and made of uncovered boards, on which stood a chaos of jugs, clay pipes, and glasses. The floor was sanded, and the atmosphere reeked with the fumes of stale tobacco, beer, and the general results of a carouse of an unwashed party of holiday makers during an untold number of hours. Most of the forms were overturned, and the occupants of the room, men, women, boys, and girls, were crowded up into a corner in an excited mass, outside which two or three half drunken militiamen were roughly grasping a young girl, dressed out in shabby and ragged finery, holding tightly a common table knife in her clenched hand, while her wild eyes flashed with anger, and her lips pressed one another hard.

All these things Harold Vaughan took in at a glance, as he had taken in the details of Miss Claudia's studio; never had any day brought him such a contrast in his life before.

"Make way there!" he cried out sharply, and pushing the bystanders roughly out of the way. "I am a surgeon. Do you all want to kill the man? Clear out, and let me by."

The women ceased screaming, and the men fell back. A man, in scarlet uniform, was half lying on the floor, half leaning against the wall, apparently insensible.

Harold Vaughan saw that his cheek was bleeding. He wiped it, and found a slight, jagged cut, about an inch long. The man had not been scratched skin deep, but he was as drunk as an owl.

"Let me get at her," he muttered, trying to rise. "Let me get at her. I'll teach her to insult her Majesty's uniform. Let me!"

The doctor laid him flat on the ground, and let him lie there.

"What is all this about?" he asked, turning to the bystanders.

"The man's no more hurt than I am when I cut myself in shaving. Who did it? Not that girl there?"

"It were that girl, though," said one of the wounded man's comrades.

"Insult with intent to murder," gave as his verdict a fellow with flattened face and close-cropped hair, who looked like an authority in the forms of criminal law.

"The hussy!" screamed out one of her own sex. "I should like to tear her brazen eyes out."

"She'll have six months for it," said another man.

"Seven years for stabbing," said another.

"Botany Bay."

"Give it her."

"The!"

"He insulted me," said the girl herself at last, letting the knife fall on the floor. "I don't care what you do. Let me go." And she made a slight and ineffectual effort to rid her arms

and shoulders of the united strength of the three militiamen. Her voice, though high with passion, was soft and clear, and was immediately identified by Harold Vaughan with that of the ballad singer of ten minutes ago.

"Hands off, you there," he said. "Does it take three soldiers to hold one girl? Now then—what is it all about?"

The story was told in about five hundred words, but it may be told in fifty. The girl had come to the public-house in company with the juggler and the fiddler, both of whom were apparently now out of the way. The militiaman, having become pressing in his attentions to her, she had, first of all, tried to avoid him, and at last, being pursued, had snatched up the weapon that lay nearest to hand, and bade him keep his distance. On his still following her, among the jokes and laughter of his comrades, she had gashed his cheek in the manner that Harold Vaughan had seen.

The doctor listened to the story, which was sufficiently peculiar to render its heroine remarkable, and did not, at the end of it, think it necessary to send to the police station. Then he looked well at the girl, and asked her name.

"Zelda," she said, in the same clear voice that had now become soft again, while the angry light faded in a moment from her eyes.

CHAPTER VII. DOCTOR QUIXOTE.

ZELDA was in every respect the precise opposite of Miss Claudia, and could have been placed in no imaginable situation without drawing upon herself a hundred stares.

It does not follow, however, that they would be stares of admiration, and some of them would be drawn less to herself than to her costume. Her head, covered with short and marvelously thick brown curls—so brown as to be almost black, from which they were indeed only saved by the faintest suggestion of chestnut—was bare and unornamented, except by a pair of huge ear-rings of sham gold. Her dress, not reaching fairly to her patched and ill-made shoes, was of a common blue stuff, torn in some places, patched with a different color in others, and dusty everywhere. Her arms were bare to the elbows; but her sins of costume were no doubt held to be covered by a bright scarlet woolen shawl, with the remains of a fringe, and fastened at the throat with a brooch of tarnished silver.

So much for the dress. It is not quite so easy to describe the wearer. I have spoken of her hair, and though it was cut short—almost as short as a boy's—was thrown out of all form, either by natural obstinacy or neglect, and concealed her forehead almost down to the strongly marked eyebrows; it was, in profusion, silkiness, and hue, such as a queen might well

give her crown for. Probably the resolute crispness of its clusters may have had as much to do with its want of apparent length as the scissors. In height she was certainly not more than five feet—she was perhaps, even an inch shorter. Moreover, she was almost, if not quite, fully formed, so that at that by no means commanding height she was probably doomed to remain all her days. But her figure, concealed as it was by her outlandish dress, was clearly slender, graceful, and, despite the smallness of its proportions, not without dignity. She held herself upright and carried herself easily. It was plain that she had been taught to dispense with stays. Her bronzed arms were slender and wanted fulness, and her brown hands, though small even for a lady, were of the broad order that is not generally admired in comparison with those whom unlaborious leisure permits to have taper fingers and unworn palms. Her shoulders were well and firmly rounded—strongly, also, as though use of them had prevented their sloping downward too soon. There was, in fact, nothing drooping about her; all was well set up, active, and strong. Yet her neck, firmly as it supported all the weight of hair, might have been almost spanned by an ordinary thumb and middle finger. The mouth was not small and not thin-lipped, the lower lip being the fuller of the two; but was, therefore, all the more expressive and mobile. It was well shaped, and, therefore, all the better for being rather large, and it tended to fall slightly at the corners, so it gave the face to which it belonged a somewhat grave and serious, if not melancholy air, not contradicted by the sombre brows, and dark, earnest eyes. The face itself was round and small, so that the irregularity of its features was brought into greater prominence. The chin, and contour of the cheeks, indeed, were delicately modelled; but it would be hard to find any recognized class in which to place the nose. It was good enough, and very much the contrary of *retroussé*; but broad-bridged, wide-nos-trilled, and neither Greek, Oriental, nor aquiline. The complexion was the palest possible umber, but with capacities for warm color, certainly not too clear or delicate, but of a texture that would wear and stand the weather well.

Finally, her eyes, set rather deep under the brows, were large, soft, limpid, and of an almost golden brown, that seemed to contain their own light, and to exhale their own clouds, independently of all outer things. They were not veiled with long lashes, but looked straight out and spoke for themselves. There was something of what we are pleased to call the lower animals, who need no such miserable makeshift as language to express their emotions and desires, in their ready and intelligible speech. Say the ante-

lope, the horse, or the dog, "I have no tongue to slander or lie with, but I have a living soul as well as you." Hers were only human eyes, but they said, "I am only a beggar-girl; but I also, somewhere, have a living soul, as well as you or they."

She was, in fact, only a beggar-girl, who sang ballads badly in a public-house, and seemed to be one of the dangerous classes besides. Her complexion, moreover, probably owed its shade to a want of soap as much as to the sun and wind; but she was certainly odd enough, at least, to compel the curiosity and interest even of Harold Vaughan, who had a preference for fair and classical beauty, and by no means any prejudice in favor of beggar-girls, or, for that matter, in favor of any girls save one.

"Well, then, Zeld," he said, coldly, but not unkindly, "the sooner you find your friends and are off, the whole lot of you, the better. How old are you?"

She made no answer.

"Is that man — 'Fly-eyed Jack' — your father? Or what is he?"

She was still silent.

"I left him just outside, so you will find him waiting for you, no doubt. You may thank your good luck that the police were out of the way."

She pulled her shawl round her, her shoulders heaving as she did so, and then walked sullenly out of the door.

"Yes," continued Harold Vaughan, when she had disappeared, "and it's well for some of you, too. So you all sat by and obliged that miserable singing girl to defend herself against that drunken brute there, who didn't get half he deserved? For shame on you — a pack of cowards!"

"I tell you what, Mister — you'll get something for yourself if you comes that gammon over the likes of we."

The threat came from one who was obviously of the prize-fighting persuasion, so that probably the cap had fitted. The prize ring are not apt to feel much courage in a real quarrel.

But the prospect of a second assault was generally welcomed as a distraction. The doctor saw that a storm was brewing, and held himself ready for an emergency.

"That's it, Joe; stick up to him!" was the general burden of the chorus. Joe was heavy-weight; out of training, no doubt, but still a sufficiently awkward customer.

"The gentleman don't seem very willing," he growled, seeing that his challenge had scarcely the effect he intended. He was, as a professional man, readier to read the doctor's lips and eyes than the crowd who take silence for timidity.

"Blessed if I don't think Joe's naught but a chicken," called out some mischief maker standing appropriately in the background. "Ten to one on the Bricklayer this day month, say I."

"Twenty to one on the gentleman," cried another. "Joe's showing tail."

Joe's verbal comment need not be repeated. But it would never do for him to lose a character for pluck that he fought so hard and so often to obtain; so, half stupefied with beer as he was, he lowered his head and threw himself forward with the force of a battering ram — a puzzling manœuvre to novices, and one on the judicious and sudden use of which he had built up a considerable portion of his reputation.

But Harold Vaughan had not been brought up in the rough school of poverty for nothing. It was not the first time by any means that he had had to keep his own head with his own hands. When almost touched, he made a turn sideways, nor did his assailant recover himself without a blow that made him see fire. The doctor, with as much respect for the rules of the ring as they deserve in such cases, grasped him while still dazed and after a short struggle had him down, and then, having courteously waited to see if the attack was to be renewed, turned his back on the crowd and walked away. The prize-fighter picked himself up, stared stupidly, and grumbled himself into a corner: and the exit of the victor was greeted with a burst of admiring applause, tempered only by disappointment that so auspicious a promise of an exciting round had had so sudden and ignominious an end.

"I must keep in form for the Bricklayer," growled Joe by way of apology to his offended patrons. "But I've give him something to remember me, all the same."

Harold Vaughan walked off quickly. He was angry at this unreasonable adventure, his blood felt hot, and he needed rapid movement to shake off the excitement of the short but angry struggle. He had kept his head, but he had lost his temper, and was vexed with himself for having lost it without sufficient cause. Presently his eye caught something scarlet by the side of the road at some distance before him.

When he reached it, it proved to be the girl herself, the cause, and not the innocent cause, of all his annoyance, sitting crouched up under a hedge, and with her face buried in her hands. The young doctor was ashamed of himself for his knight-errantry. If it had only been for Miss Claudia — that would have been a very different affair.

However, there is courtesy required from a knight errant even in the case of a hedge damsel: and Harold Vaughan was by birth as well as by calling one of the brothers of the poor. So he stopped for a moment, and asked, —

"Have you not joined your friends?"

"I cannot find them," she answered, looking up wofully.

There are plenty of men in the world who would at once have been

put on their guard. Harold Vaughan was not particularly simple-minded, and as he knew but little of woman-kind, he should, according to the general rule, be therefore all the more prone to suspicion: the general rule being that distrust of a woman, because she is a woman, is the very strongest evidence of a man's knowing little or nothing of the sex to which she has the ill fortune to belong. But though the circumstances were suspicious, the voice was not so: and he had as yet no reason to set down an exceptionally sweet voice as being necessarily that of a siren.

"This is the road to St. Bavons," he said. "Don't you expect to find them there? Don't they put up somewhere?"

"I don't know."

"But you know, I suppose, where they were going?"

"No."

"Do you always go about with these two men? What are they to you? Is one of them your father?"

"I don't know. I always go about with them."

"How long have you been with them?"

"Always."

"Ever since you can remember?"

"Ever since — always — I think so."

"And what do they do?"

"Oh, they go about — Aaron and I do."

"Which is Aaron? The fiddler?"

"No; that's Bob the scraper. He only comes sometimes. It's me that goes with Aaron."

"Then Aaron's the man who called himself Fly-eyed Jack?"

"Some call him that. But Aaron's his right word."

"Aaron what?"

"He puts Aaron Goldrick on the bills, when he takes a room to do the tricks in."

"Goldrick? It's odd that I should know the name — and in St. Bavons, too. Does he come from St. Bavons?"

"I don't know what we come from. The last was some horse running: and before that it was from a quod."

"A jail?"

"A quod, they call it. And before that it was from a big hotel — and before that it was a cart."

"How does he live? What does he do, I mean?"

"Lots of things. He does the tricks with cards, and sometimes he buys a bad horse and sells him for a good one at the fairs, and sometimes he's a cheap Jack, and at times he begs, and once he took to preaching."

"And what do you do?"

"I sing, mostly: and I tell fortunes by the lines. I can tell yours, if you cross my hand."

"You are a gypsy, then? Of course you are — I ought to have seen that at once." He did not connect his own first recollection, or rather impression, with that most mysterious and therefore most fascinating of all the nations

of the earth, and, like most people who have lived in large towns, he had never come across them since. But he was an inquirer into all out of the way things, and his curiosity was piqued accordingly.

He was in love and therefore superstitious: the next few hours were to decide his fate, and there is scarcely one man in ten who would not have tried some kind of *sortes*, if it fell in his way. One natural instinct implies another. So, both as a lover and as an ethnologist, he took out what change he had and put it into Zelda's brown hand, which received it as a matter of business. She examined his left hand carefully.

(To be continued.)

MERMAIDS.

SAILORS and seaside folk have always had a tendency to believe in mermaids. They see more varieties of fish, and stranger forms of amphibia, than landmen; and, moreover, they enjoy marvellous stories about wonderful things. Classical writers tell us that the Sirens were two maidens who sat by the sea, and so charmed with their music all who sailed by, that the fascinated wayfarers remained on the spot till they died. The Sirens (afterwards increased to three in number, and called by various names) are supposed to have had much to do with mermaids — that is, people who believed in the one had no difficulty in believing in the other.

Tracing down century after century, we find an abundance of mermaid stories, vouched for with all the gravity of genuine belief. In an old book descriptive of Holland, the reader is told that in 1480 a tempest broke through the embankments of the low-lying districts, and covered much meadow and pasture land with water. Some maidens of the town of Edam, in West Friesland, going in a boat over the flooded land to milk their cows, perceived a mermaid entangled in the mud and shallow water. They took her into the boat, and brought her with them to Edam, dressed her in woman's apparel, and taught her to spin. She fed like one of them, but could not be brought to speak. Some time afterwards she was brought to Haarlem, where she lived for several years, though still showing an inclination for the water. "They had given it," we are further informed, "some notion of a deity; and it made its reverences very devoutly whenever it passed by a crucifix."

In 1560, on the west coast of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of a net "seven mermen and maids," which a Jesuit missionary certified to be veritable types of human beings — excepting, we suppose, in regard to fish-shaped tails. This tail question was, in the same century, settled in a peculiar manner by engravers and herald painters. Mermaids with two tails were often engraved in French and German books on heraldry; a double-tailed mermaid was engraved in a Swiss edition of Ptolemy's Geography, published in 1540; and the Venetian printers had a liking for the same kind of symbol on their title-pages.

Mary Queen of Scots was made the butt of numerous caricatures, some of which represented her in the character of a mermaid, sitting on a dolphin. One has been discovered in the State Paper Office — a mean and unmanly production, intended to cast ridicule on a woman who could not defend herself from its effects. It is supposed that Shakespeare, writing some years after the appearance of this caricature, had it in his mind when he created the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." Oberon says to Puck, —

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

We well know that Shakespeare made many of his char-

acters talk about mermaids and sea-sirens: "I'll draw more sailors than the mermaids shall;" "I'll stop mine ear against the mermaid's song;" "At the helm a seeming mermaid steers;" "Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with the note!" "Her clothes spread wide, and mermaid-like awhile they bore her up" — are passages well known to readers of Shakespeare. Nor are musical folk less acquainted with the charming air which Haydn gave to the mermaid's song, where the siren of the sea says to some enchanted mortal, —

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of corals grow,

An almanac for 1688 gravely told its readers, "Near the place where the famous Dee payeth its tribute to the German Ocean, if curious observers of wonderful things in nature will be pleased to resort thither on the 1st, 13th, and 29th of May, and in divers other times in the ensuing summer, as also in the harvest time to the 7th and 14th of October, they will undoubtedly see a pretty company of Mar Maids, creatures of admirable beauty, and likewise hear their charming, sweet, melodious voices." The prognosticator kindly tells us the exact song which these Scottish mermaids would sing; it was nothing less than a new version of God Save the King; but as the year 1688 was rather a critical one in matters dynastic, we are left somewhat in doubt whether the king to be thus honored was James the Second or William of Orange. At any rate, the mermaids were pious as well as loyal, for one of the things they were to do was "to extol their Maker, and his bounty praise." About the same time, Merollo, a Spaniard or Italian, who made a voyage to Congo, told the readers of his narrative that he saw, in the sea, "some beings like unto men, not only in their figures, but likewise in their actions; for we saw them plainly gather a great quantity of a certain herb, with which they immediately plunged themselves into the sea." The sailors tried to catch them in a net, but the mermen were too wide awake — "they lifted up the net, and made their escape."

In 1701, according to Brand's Description of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, "A boat at the fishing drew her lines; and one of them, as the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was with greater difficulty than the rest raised from the ground. But when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water; upon which a creature like a mermaid presented itself at the side of the boat. It had the face, arms, breast, and shoulders of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back; but the nether part was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof. The two fishers who were in the boat being surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife and thrust it into her bosom, whereupon she cried, as they judged, 'Alas!' The hook giving way, she fell backward, and was no more seen; the hook being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip." Brand did not see all this; indeed, most of the mermaid stories come second or third hand. The fishers told a bailie, to whom the boat belonged, the bailie told a lady, and the lady told Mr. Brand. The man who cruelly stabbed the poor mermaid was much troubled afterwards. "He is now dead, and, as was observed, never prospered after this, but was haunted by an evil spirit in the appearance of an old man, who, as he thought, used to say unto him, 'Will ye do such a thing? Who killed the woman?' The other man then in the boat is yet alive in the isle of Burra." The man was certainly more like a brute than a fisherman, or he would not have drawn his knife for such a purpose; whether human or non-human, she would have been worth more to him alive than dead, even as an exhibition to villagers at a baubee a head.

In 1737, according to a Scottish magazine, the crew of a ship newly arrived in the Thames from the East Indies reported that in the island of Mauritius they had partaken of a mermaid, the flesh of which was a good deal like veal. The mermaid weighed three or four hundred weight — rather a buxom specimen! The head was particularly large, and so were the features, which differed but little

from those of a man or woman. The story tells of two of them, one with a beard four or five inches long, the other much more feminine. "When they are first taken," the narrator proceeds to say, "which is often on the ground, they cry and grieve with great sensibility." About the same time a story came from Vigo in Spain to the effect that some fishermen on that coast had caught a sort of merman, five feet and a half from head to foot. The head was like that of a goat, with a long beard and moustaches, a black skin, somewhat hairy, a very long neck, short arms, hands longer and larger than they ought to be in proportion, and long fingers, with nails like claws, webbed toes, and a fin at the lower part of the back.

The magazines for 1775 gave an account of a mermaid which was captured in the Levant, and brought to London. One of the learned periodicals gravely told its readers that the mermaid had the complexion and features of a European, like those of a young woman; that the eyes were light blue, the nose small and elegantly formed, the mouth small, the lips thin, "but the edges of them round like those of a codfish;" that the teeth were small, regular, and white; that the neck was well rounded, and that the ears were like those of the eel, "but placed like those of the human species, with gills for respiration, which appear like curls." There was no hair on the head, but "rolls, which, at a distance, might be mistaken for curls." There was a fin rising pyramidally from the temples, "forming a foretop, like that of a lady's head-dress." The bust was nearly like that of a young damsel, a proper orthodox mermaid, but, alas! all below the waist was exactly like a fish. Three sets of fins below the waist, one above the other, enabled her to swim. Finally, "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." The writer in the *Annual Register* probably did not see this mermaid, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* described as being only three feet high. It was afterwards proved to be a cheat, made from the skin of the angle-shark.

A Welsh farmer named Reynolds, living at Pen-y-hold in 1782, saw a something which he appears to have believed to be a mermaid; he told the story to Doctor George Phillips, who told it to Mrs. Moore, who told it to a young lady pupil of hers, who wrote out an account of it for Mrs. Morgan, who inserted it in her "Tour to Milford Haven." How much the story gained on its travels—like the Three Black Crows, or the parlor game of Russian Scandal—we are left to find out for ourselves; but its ultimate form was nearly as follows: One morning, just outside the cliff, Reynolds saw what seemed to him to be a person bathing in the sea, with the upper part of the body out of the water. On nearer view, it looked like the upper part of a person in a tub, a youth, say, of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with nice white skin; a sort of brownish body, and a tail, were under the water. The head and body were human in form, but the arms and hands thick in proportion to length, while the nose, running up high between the eyes, terminated rather sharply. The mysterious being looked attentively at Reynolds, and at the cliffs, and at the birds flying the air, with a wild gaze; but uttered no cry. Reynolds went to bring some companions to see the merman or mermaid; but when he returned it had disappeared. If we like to suppose that Reynolds had seen some kind of seal, and that the narration had grown to something else by repetition from mouth to mouth, perhaps we shall not be very far wrong.

The present century, like its predecessors, has had its crop of mermaid stories, reappearing from time to time. In 1809, one of these strange beings made its appearance off the coast of Caithness, in Scotland. The particulars we have not at hand; but it happens to be on record by what channels the narrative reached the public. Two servant girls and a boy saw something in the water which they decided must be a mermaid; they mentioned it to Miss Mackey, who wrote of it to Mrs. Jones, who showed the letter to Sir John Sinclair, who showed it to a gentleman, who caused the statement to be inserted in a newspaper.

The Philosophical Society brought these facts to light. Even so grave a publication as "Rees's Cyclopædia," in 1819, said, "We have a well-attested account of a merman near the great rock called Diamond, on the coast of Martinique. The persons who saw it gave in a precise description of it before a notary. They affirm that they saw it wipe its hands over its face, and even heard it blow its nose."

Bartholomew Fair was of course not without its mermaid—more or less like a fish, as the case might be. In 1822, the fashionable West End had given half-crowns to see a mermaid. It was a clumsy and barefaced piece of workmanship, made up chiefly of a dried monkey's head and body, and a fish's tail; and was altogether about as ugly an affair as ever drew silly people to an exhibition. After a career of half-crowns, the show came down to a shilling admission fee; and although naturalists and journalists were not slow in exposing the fraud, the success was considerable; for, we are told, "three to four hundred people every day pay their shilling each to see a disgusting sort of compound animal, which contains in itself everything that is odious and disagreeable." A drawing of this precious production, as exhibited in an upright glass case, was etched at the time by Cruikshank. The mermaid gradually went down in dignity, until at length she became a penny show at Bartholomew Fair in 1825. How many mermaids there are at this present moment boxed up in caravans rambling from one country fair to another it would be hard to guess; but some there are, beyond question.

Our own pages contained, about eight years ago, a narrative tending to show that a belief in mermaids still lingers in our western maritime counties.

Some naturalists have pointed out characteristics in marine animals which afford a very probable groundwork for many of the current mermaid stories. Witness Sir J. E. Tennent's account of the dugong: "The rude approach to the human outline, observed in the shape of the head of the creature, and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young, holding it to her breast with one flipper, while swimming with the other, holding the heads of both above water; and when disturbed, suddenly diving and displaying her fish-like tail—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid." Woman or fish, normal or abnormal, the mermaid has taken a good hold of poets and composers, interlude writers and farce writers; and the Mermaid in Fleet Street was one of the famous old taverns of past days. The orthodox mermaid has, of course, a comely maiden's face, with beautiful hair, which she is combing with one hand, while in the other she holds a looking-glass.

LOUIS NAPOLEON PAINTED BY A CONTEMPORARY.

In the year 1863, shortly after the last visit paid by Mr. Senior to Paris, he selected from his journals the conversations which threw most light upon the character of Louis Napoleon.

Many of them were with statesmen who are still playing a distinguished part in public life, and could not therefore be published with the names of the speakers. Thus their chief value would be lost. But the same objection does not apply to the most interesting portion of the book: the conversations with Madame R., a lady who was brought up as a sister with the Emperor, and who continued her intimacy with him till the *coup d'état*, which she, as a woman of integrity, and a staunch republican, could not forgive.

Mr. Senior made her acquaintance in 1854, shortly before the Crimean War.

February 17, 1854.—I went in the evening to Mme. Mohl's and found there Madame R. We began, of course, with the letter of Louis Napoleon to the Czar:—

"It was Louis Philippe," said Madame R., "that made Louis Napoleon un homme de lettres. It was at Ham that

he acquired the habit of solitary study and meditation. The lesson was a useful one, but it lasted too long. For five years his health and mental activity were unimpaired, but in the sixth he began to droop. He would have become stupid, perhaps mad, if it had continued."

"I have always suspected," I said, "that the French government connived at his escape."

"Your suspicion," she said, "was perfectly unfounded. The French government took every precaution in its power to prevent it. If you like I will tell you the whole story."

"His apartment was at the bottom of a court; on each side of the door was a bench on which sat a gendarme. The sentinels at the gate of the fortress allowed no one to pass without calling for the concierge to examine him. The gendarmes and the concierge were well acquainted with his features. When he had formed his plans, he did all the damage he could to his rooms, and then complained of their dilapidated state. Some workmen were sent in to repair them. His servant was allowed to go to a neighboring town, about a couple of miles off, to buy books and execute commissions, and for that purpose to hire a one horse carriage, which he drove himself. Through him Louis Napoleon obtained a workman's dress,¹ and could have a carriage to meet him. The workmen were to be twenty-four days at work. He waited till the twenty-third to accustom, as he says, the guards to see the workmen coming and going, but also, I think, from his habit of procrastination. At length, about a quarter to seven in the morning, at the time when he supposed the two gendarmes would be at breakfast, sitting with their sides to the door, he went out with a plank on his shoulder. But he was five minutes too late. They had finished, and their faces were towards him. He thought himself lost, and intentionally let the plank strike the head of the man on his right. This succeeded; the man who was struck thought only of his head—the other ran to assist him, and while they were abusing him for his awkwardness he walked on, knowing that they would not quit their posts to follow and recognize him. The soldier at the gate knew him, smiled, and, without calling the concierge, said, "Passez." A hundred yards from the gate his servant met him with the carriage and his dog. The dog, not being in the secret, leapt on him with great demonstrations of joy. This was seen by a sentinel on the rampart, who knew the dog, but he was as discreet as the man at the gate had been. They drove straight towards the Belgian frontier, and reached it in about five hours.

"In the mean time the commandant, whose duty it was to see Louis Napoleon three times a day, came to pay his first visit at seven o'clock. Louis Napoleon had been complaining of illness for some days, and his physician, who was in the plot, stopped the commandant in the ante-chamber, and begged him to go no further, as his patient, after a very bad night, was sleeping. The commandant acquiesced, and returned at two for his second visit. The same answer was given: Louis Napoleon was still sleeping. 'This is very serious,' said the commandant. 'Do you apprehend danger?' 'I do,' said the physician; 'I do not think that he is quite safe.' 'Then,' said the commandant, 'I must send a telegraphic message to Paris; what would become of us if he were to die in our hands? And for that purpose I must actually see him.' 'You can see him, of course,' said the physician, 'but, whatever the danger may be, and I have not much fear, it will be increased if you wake him.' 'Then,' said the commandant, 'I will sit by his bedside till he awakes naturally, that no time may be lost in sending to Paris.' They went into the room and sat at the side and the foot of the bed, in which lay a figure wrapped in bed-clothes and a nightcap, with its face to the wall. After a quarter of an hour, the commandant exclaimed, 'I do not see him breathe; he must be dead.' The physician was silent; the commandant turned down the clothes, and found a stuffed figure.

"Of course the telegraph was set to work, and pursuit

¹ This workman's name was Badinguay, hence one of the nicknames of Louis Napoleon.

was made on every road; but Louis Napoleon had been in Belgium an hour before he was missed."

Wednesday, April 19, 1854. — I called early this morning on Madame R. Her brother is the architect who superintends the works at the Elysée.

His story to her was, that at seven in the morning of Good Friday, the Emperor and the Empress met him at the Elysée, and she told him that she must give a ball on Monday to the Duke of Cambridge, that there was a difficulty in doing so at the Tuileries, and that he must get ready the Elysée for it.

"But," he said, "there are 3,000 cubic yards of stone in the court, there is no staircase, the walls are mere wet stone and mortar, nothing in fact is finished, except the roof; it is impossible;" and he looked towards the Emperor for protection. "C'est un caprice de femme," said the Emperor. "I am sure," said the Empress, "that nothing is impossible to you." So he promised it. The workman who had gone home were sent for, and 400 of them were kept at work from that time until Monday evening, when the ball began. They were well fed, and a little brandy was added to their wine. When they left off they had been at work for nearly eighty-two consecutive hours: that is, from the morning of Good Friday until the evening of Easter Monday. In that time, besides fitting up the existing rooms, they had built three kitchens and a new ball-room in the garden, 90 feet by 35, and 30 feet high. All night they had 700 lamps, and thirty men carrying torches. One of their difficulties was the presence every day of the Empress, ordering, interfering, and not understanding technical objections. On Monday morning the Emperor came. He looked with dismay at the court, still covered with the 3,000 square yards of stone, and at the gap where the staircase was to be. Lacroix then explained to him that he meant to employ these vast masses of stone in building up a vast straight outside staircase, from the court to the first floor, protected by a roof of glass. This was done by seven o'clock that evening, and while it was doing, 400 loads of rubbish were carted out. The poor architect was nearly killed by the incessant worry, want of sleep, and fatigue. "He seemed to me, yesterday," said Madame R., "to have grown ten years older in four days."

"It is remarkable," she continued, "that while this was going on in the house of the head of the State, the head of the Church was publishing from every pulpit in Paris a protest against Sunday labor. The circular of the Archbishop of Paris on the 'Repos du dimanche,' which was read throughout his diocese on Easter Sunday, denounces such labor as sacrilege and cruelty, as insolently disobedient to God, oppressive to the laboring classes, and degrading to the national character. The Archbishop must have felt secure in popular sympathy when he ventured to choose such a moment to rebuke his most Christian Majesty. The matter seems trifling, but its childish recklessness will do *Celui-ci*² great mischief; not the less because the ball was given to an English prince."

June 10, 1855. — I breakfasted with the Mohls, and met there Madame R. Joseph's letters were mentioned, and some one expressed surprise at Louis Napoleon's having allowed a work so injurious to the moral character of his uncle to appear.

"I doubt," said Madame R., "whether, supposing him to have moral sense sufficient to perceive the immorality of Napoleon's letters, he would have thought *that* an objection to their publication. He is beginning to be jealous of his uncle. He hopes to become his rival. At first he was satisfied to be Augustus — now he wishes to be also Cæsar."

"He has mistaken," she added, "his vocation. He aspires to be a statesman, perhaps to be a soldier — what nature intended him for was a poet. He has an inventive, original, and powerful imagination, which, under proper training, would have produced something great."

"Is his taste good?" I asked.

"He cannot tolerate French poetry," she answered.

² Louis Napoleon.

"He is insensible to Racine, but he delights in Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller. The great, the strange, and the tragic, suit his wild and somewhat vague habits of thought and his melancholy temperament. Of the fine arts the only one that interests him is architecture, probably from the vastness of its products. He hates music, and does not understand painting or sculpture.

"Among the mistakes," she added, "which the public makes with respect to that family, one of the greatest is the treating Jerome as an unimportant member of it. Jerome has as much courage and as much ambition as Louis Napoleon himself. His ambition, however, is less selfish, for it looks towards his heir. He idolizes his son, and in the improbable event of his surviving Louis Napoleon, and succeeding to the crown, he will endeavor to hand it over to Prince Napoleon. But he will not without a struggle let it be worn by a Bourbon, or broken by a republic. He will fight, and fight desperately, for the rights of the Bonapartes — the enemies of that family ought to pray that he may die before his nephew."

[Sebastopol fell in September, 1855, and peace was proclaimed on March 31st, 1856. — M. C. M. S.]

May 16, 1856. — I called on Madame R.

"I believe," she said, "that war is more favorable to *Celui-ci* than peace."

May 5, 1858. — I called on Madame R., and found with her an Italian, a man about thirty-five.

"Unless Louis Napoleon's character," said Madame R., "is much changed since 1852, when I ceased to see him, it is little understood. He is supposed to be calm, unimpressible, decided, and obstinate. He has none of these qualities, except the last, and even his obstinacy sometimes deserts him.

"I have known him build castles in the air, dwell on them for years, and at last gradually forget them. When he was young he had two fixed ideas: that he was to be Emperor of France, and that he was to be the liberator of Italy; and I do not believe that, even now, he has abandoned the latter."

"If," said the Italian, "he would frankly declare himself favorable to Italian liberty, these plots, as respects the Italians, would cease. We care nothing for his treachery to France, or for his usurpation, or for his despotism. These are the affairs of the French, in which we do not presume to interfere. The Italians try to kill him as the supporter of the Pope, the supporter of Austria, and the enemy of Italian unity. I do not believe that they would meddle with him if he were merely neutral."

"Has not his treatment of Orsini," I said, "done him good with the liberal Italians? Never was a man's head cut off more politely. Short of pardon, which was impossible, Orsini had everything that he could wish."

"It has done him good," answered the Italian, "for a time. He has shown sympathy for our cause, he has shown hostility against our enemy. He has raised our hopes. He has obtained perhaps a respite. But if he disappoints those hopes, if, in order to court the French clergy, he continues to support the Papal tyranny and to allow the Germans and the Bourbons to oppress four-fifths of Italy, I fear that it will not be more than a respite."

The Italian left us, and Madame R. told me his history.

"He is," she said, "a Milanese named C. He took a prominent part in the Milanese revolution, on its failure emigrated to Rome, and was a member of the Roman Parliament, and was one of the leaders in the defence of Rome against the French. When we entered, Oudinot had him tried, I know not on what pretence, by a court-martial. He was acquitted unanimously. The Pope, or the people about the Pope, prevailed on Oudinot to appeal — a thing of most unusual occurrence, when the acquittal has been unanimous. He was tried again, and again unanimously acquitted. The Pope then, admitting that the French could not punish C., required him to be delivered for trial and punishment to the Roman tribunals, and, I am sorry to say, that he was supported by M. de Rayneval. My

intimacy with Louis Napoleon then continued. I saw him and told C.'s story. He behaved well, as he usually does in individual cases, particularly when an Italian is concerned, and ordered C. to be released and sent to France. The Roman authorities, however, were so bent on seizing him, that they managed to detain him twenty days at Civita Vecchia, while they were intriguing to get the order for his discharge reversed. They failed — he came to Paris, and was employed on the *Crédit Mobilier*. He has so much influence among his countrymen, that Orsini, though unacquainted with him, named him as his executor. The tribunals refuse to acknowledge the validity of Orsini's will, but have allowed C. to act as in the case of an intestate."

"You say," I said to Madame R., "that Louis Napoleon is neither calm, unimpressible, nor decided."

"I do," she answered. "He has a calm crust, but furious Italian passions boil beneath it. As a child, he was subject to fits of anger, such as I never saw in any one else. While they lasted he did not know what he said or did.

"He is procrastinating, undecided, and irresolute. Courage he certainly has, and of every kind, physical and moral."

[Mr. Senior's next visit to Paris took place six weeks before the battle of Magenta. — M. C. M. S.]

April 28, 1859. — I called on Madame R.

"Louis Napoleon," she said, "is delighted with the war. A war to drive Austria out of Italy, in which he should command, has been his dream from boyhood. He said to me once, at Ham, 'I trust that some day I shall command a great army. I know that I should distinguish myself; I feel that I have every military quality.'

"Is not experience," I answered, "necessary?"

"Great things," he replied, "have been done by men who had very little of it. By Condé, for instance. Perhaps it would be better for me to die in the belief that I am fitted to be a great general, than to risk the experiment. But I will try it, if I can, and I believe that I shall try it."

"Then the war relieves him from an anxiety which pressed on him from January 14, 1858, until the 1st of January, 1859 — the fear of the Carbonari. He has breathed freely only since he could give notice to them that he had accepted their terms."

"You do not believe, then," I said, "in the sincerity of his negotiations?"

"They were sincere," she answered, "so far that if Austria would have submitted without war, to a sacrifice which would have satisfied the Carbonari, he would have accepted it. The least favorable conditions on which he would have remained at peace with her would have been the erection of Lombardy and Venetia into a separate kingdom, under a Prince of the House of Hapsburg, probably the Archduke Maximilian, with an Italian army and ministry, perfectly independent of Austria. What he would have liked better would have been to have put those provinces under the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Eugène's grandson. This would have suited Russia, and perhaps may be the ultimate solution. But I know I can affirm with perfect certainty that he is resolved, first, that they shall not remain Austrian; and secondly, that they shall not be united to Piedmont. He hates Piedmont as constitutional, as a neighbor too strong to be a slave, and because the king has treated him from time to time somewhat roughly. As to the freedom or the prosperity of these provinces, when once they cease to be Austrian, or indeed as to the welfare of any part of Italy, he is utterly indifferent."

May 7, 1859. — I called on Mme. R., and gave her an outline of my interview with Prince Napoleon.

"When the Prince thinks that the great object of the war is to terminate the preponderance of Austria in the south of Italy, he gives his cousin too much credit for statesmanship; that may be one of his objects, but it is a subordinate one."

"Subordinate," I said, "to his fears of assassination, or to his hopes of military fame?"

"Those also," she answered, "are subordinate motives. My own conviction is, that if he had not made this war he would have been assassinated; but I doubt whether he is as convinced of this as I am. He feels, indeed, his danger, and is disturbed by it; but he has recovered from the shock of the *attentat*, and has resumed, to a certain extent, his fatalism.

"His real motive, which towers high above all the others, is his hatred of Austria—a hatred bred in his very bones, a hatred which began in his early infancy, which was fostered during all his early childhood and youth, which made him a conspirator and a Carbonaro when most boys are thinking only of their games or of their lessons.

"On the 24th of December, 1848, a fortnight after he had been elected President, I called on him at the request of the Italians in Paris, to ask him what he intended to do for Italy.

"Tell them," he said, "that my name is Bonaparte, and that I feel the responsibilities which that name implies. Italy is dear to me; as dear, almost, as France; but my duties to France, *passent avant tout*. I must watch for an opportunity. For the present I am controlled by the Assembly, which will not give me money and men for a war of sentiment, in which France has no direct immediate interest. But tell them my feelings are now what they were in—; and repeat to them that my name is Bonaparte."

"Can he wish," I said, "to give free institutions to Italy?"

"I believe," she answered, "that he does. I believe that he has a sympathy for freedom; though, where he himself is concerned, it is overruled by his desire of power. He likes to be absolute himself, but he wishes all who are not his subjects to be free.

"Then he desires most eagerly everything that he thinks will give him posthumous fame. Imagination is his predominant faculty. I have often said that nature meant him to be a poet. He would have been a great one. Like most men of imagination, he lives in the future. As a child, his desire was to become an historical character. He has no moral sense; he does not care about le bien ou le mal, ça lui est égal, ou plutôt il n'en conçoit pas la différence; nor does he care much about present reputation, except as an instrument. He begins now to expect to fill as many pages in history as his uncle has done, and he hopes that they will be brighter; at least that they will be darkened by fewer shadows. And if he believes, as I have reason to think he does, that the man who founds free institutions in Italy will be praised a thousand years hence, he will do it. He will do it if he hopes that history will accept it as a sort of compensation for his having destroyed such institutions in France."

Sunday, May 13, 1860. — I called on Mme. R.

"The Emperor's great ambition now," she said, "is reputation as a historian and an archaeologist. He is writing a life of Julius Cæsar, and spends in collecting materials for it every minute that he can spare."

"The materials," I said, "lie in a comparatively small compass."

"Aye," she answered, "but it is to contain an essay on the military organization of the Romans, and a general view of its progress, from the tomb of the kings to that of the emperors. He sent, a few days ago, for M. Maury, of the Institut, took him into his closet, showed him the materials which he had got together, made him read what he had written of an introduction, and asked for candid criticism. Maury says that it was well done, though incomplete, and frankly pointed out the parts requiring further attention."

"Can he read Latin?" I asked.

"Fluently," said Mme. R.; "and Greek not ill. He is far above par as a scholar."

"I supposed him," I said, "to be idle. That is the character given to him by all his ministers and secretaries whom I have known, and I have known several."

"He is idle," said Mme. R., "in matters of administration. He hates detail, and he hates discussion. But he is fond of study, and very fond of writing. His ministers complain that, since he has taken to biography and antiquities, they cannot get audience or even signatures from him."

Monday, May 21, 1860. — I called on Mme. R.

I told her that I heard that Naples was intended for Prince Napoleon.

"I know nothing of it," she answered. "What would England say?"

"We cannot wish," I replied, "to see Bonaparte viceroys substituted for legitimate sovereigns. Do you think that Louis Napoleon would make many sacrifices, or run any great risks for such a purpose?"

"I do not believe," she answered, "that at present he is willing to make sacrifices or to run risks for any purpose whatever. Things in Italy are going too fast for him. His policy is dilatory and expectative. He has often said to me; 'Il ne faut rien brusquer. A qui attend tout arrive à point, à qui va trop vite tout manque.'"

"The malicious world," I said, "would call that a sign of his Dutch blood."

"The world," she said, "would talk nonsense. He has not a drop of Dutch blood. In the beginning of July, 1807, Napoleon effected a reconciliation between Hortense and Louis. They met at Montpellier, and spent three or four days, as was usually the case, in quarrelling. She went off in a pet to Bordeaux, where the Emperor was on his way to begin the seizure of Spain. She passed a few days with him, and then returned at the end of July to her husband at Montpellier. He has many little bodily tricks resembling those of Louis. Louis never looked you in the face; when he bowed it was not like anybody else, it was an inclination of the body on one side. He kept his hands close to his sides. Louis Napoleon has all these peculiarities. In the April of the following year Hortense was frightened and taken ill suddenly, and Louis Napoleon was born on the 20th of April, twelve days before he was expected. On this pretext, Louis, in 1815, tried to get a divorce, but of course failed. He was jealous of Hortense, bribed all her servants to watch her, and often said of Louis Napoleon: 'Ce n'est pas mon enfant;' but he was half mad, and, I believe, said so only to tease his wife. At one time he took possession of Louis Napoleon, and became exceedingly fond of him, which would scarcely have been the case if he had really doubted his legitimacy.

"Louis Napoleon, indeed, was an attractive child. He was gentle and intelligent, but more like a girl than a boy. He is a year older than I am. He was shy, and has continued to be so. He hates new faces: in old times he could not bear to part with a servant, and I know that he has kept ministers whom he disliked and disapproved only because he did not like the embarrass of sending them away. His great pleasures are riding, walking, and, above all, fine scenery. I remember walking with him and Prince Napoleon one fine evening on Lansdowne Hill, near Bath. The view was enchanting. He sat down to admire it. 'Look,' said he, 'at Napoleon; he does not care a farthing for all this. I could sit here for hours.'

"He employed me, some days ago, to make inquiries for him in Germany in connection with his book. Moquard wrote me a letter of thanks. Louis Napoleon wrote in his own hand these words: 'Ceci me rappelle les bontés qu'avait Mme. R. pour le prisonnier de Ham. Les extrêmes se touchent, car les Tuileries c'est encore une prison.'

"While the Duc de Reichstadt, and his own brother lived, he used to rejoice that there were two lives between him and power. What he would have liked better than empire would have been to be a rich country gentleman, with nothing to do but to enjoy himself."

"You tell me," I said, "that as a child he was gentle (doux). Is he so now?"

"In appearance," she answered, "for he has great self-command; but au fond he is irritable. He is also very

pertinacious, at least in his opinions. Hence he hates discussion; it annoys him and never convinces him. He cannot bear to see people *'triste'* or discontented.

"Here is the letter which he wrote to me the evening before his escape. He tells me that he has sent to me all his remaining manuscripts on artillery, and all the proof sheets of the printed portion, and begs me to keep them. I was then in Paris."

"The instant I read it, I said to my husband, 'He is going to make his escape; he is making me his literary executrix.'

"My husband laughed at me. Next morning at breakfast, the papers came in. I read aloud, —

"Yesterday Louis Napoleon Bonaparte made his escape from Ham."

"Bah!" said my husband, "you are going back to the nonsense which you talked yesterday."

"I repeated, 'Yesterday Louis Napoleon Bonaparte made his escape from Ham.'

"Don't talk stuff," said my husband.

"Read it yourself," I answered.

"The next day I got this letter from him in London.

"I need not," he writes, "tell you the details of my escape, as you have them in the papers. My measures were so well taken that in eight hours I was in Belgium, and twelve hours after in London. It seems a dream. Take care of my manuscripts and proofs. The first volume is finished, and may be printed from the proofs."

"Here is another worth hearing. It was written from London in 1847, in consequence of a common friend having accused him of personal ambition.

"In all my adventures," he says, "I have been governed by one principle. I believe that from time to time men are created whom I will call providential, in whose hands the destinies of their countries are placed. I believe myself to be one of these men. If I am mistaken I may perish uselessly. If I am right, Providence will enable me to fulfil my mission. But, right or wrong, I will persevere, whatever be the difficulties or the dangers. Living or dying, I will serve France."

Here M. T. C. came in: she closed the book, but the conversation on Louis Napoleon continued.

"My first introduction to him," said T. C., "was in 1848, when I was prefect. He was then deputy and remarkably shy. The first time that he demanded *la parole*, he mounted slowly the steps of the Tribune, looked round him for a minute or two, and then descended without having uttered a word. Some time after he made a second attempt, and actually spoke, but very badly. I gave a reception to the whole Assembly. He negotiated with me about his coming to it. He did not wish to be announced, as his name would draw all eyes upon him. It was agreed that he should come early, and that I should meet him in the passage, and lead him in without his name being mentioned — but he never came."

"It has been thought," said Mme. R., "that he was playing a part; that he was pretending to be stupid, as a candidate for the Papacy pretends to be dying.

"I was with him," she continued, "when the Bill of the 31st of May, 1850, for the restriction of the suffrage was in discussion. 'I hear,' I said, 'but I do not believe it, that you support this Bill.'

"I do," he answered.

"What," I said, "you, the child of universal suffrage, do you support a limited suffrage?"

"You understand nothing about it," he replied, "Je perds l'assemblée."

"But," I said, "you will perish with the Assembly."

"Not in the least," he answered. "When the Assembly goes over the precipice, je coupe la corde."

"In fact," said T. C., "the relations between him and the Assembly were such, that one or the other must have perished."

"It seems to me," I said, "that if Cavaignac had been President the Republic might have been saved."

"So I thought at the time," answered T. C., "and so I

think now. Much depended on Thiers. In 1849 I was Minister of Finance. Blanqui — not the conspirator, but the political economist — came to ask me to call on Thiers, and see whether we could come to an arrangement under which Thiers would support Cavaignac. I said that Thiers was, in many respects, a much greater man than I, but still, as he was a mere private person, and I was a minister, he ought to call on me. Thiers is proud and punctilious; he would not visit me, but it was agreed that he should come to me on the ministerial bench, and that we should go out and discuss the matter in the corridors. We had a long conversation, but it ended in nothing."

"What caused the failure?" I asked.

"He imposed," said T. C., "conditions which we could not accept."

I called on Mme. R., and found there M. Maury, of the Academy of Inscriptions. He is assisting Louis Napoleon in his work on Julius Cæsar. I asked after its progress.

"Much," he answered, "is finished, and the materials for the rest are collected. He is still on his introduction, and is now at the times of the Gracchi. But some subsequent portions are completed, particularly the story of Catiline."

"Catiline," said Mme. R., "was always one of his favorites. He maintained that Cicero and Sallust were unjust to him. At one time he almost thought him a patriot *incompris*, until he found that he had pillaged Africa as governor, and escaped condemnation only by being defended by Cicero."

"He says, with truth," said Maury, "that if Catiline had been, as Cicero makes him out, a mere robber who wished to burn and pillage Rome, he would have raised the slaves. The Emperor treats him as the leader of a political party, an extreme one, a mischievous one, but not a band of robbers and assassins."

"Is the Emperor," I asked, "still absorbed in his literary work?"

"As much as ever," answered Maury. "To-day when I entered he was dictating a portion of it. He thinks much more about it than about Italy. He does not like the theatre, excepting sometimes farces that amuse him; he cares little for society. His delight is to get to his study, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and work at his history."

"What sort of a scholar is he?" I asked.

"In Latin," answered Maury, "far above the average of educated Frenchmen, perhaps on a par with educated Englishmen: he reads without difficulty."

We continued to talk about Louis Napoleon after Maury had left us. Mme. R. showed me a vase of jade, taken from the palace in Peking. When sent to her the day before yesterday it came without the cover. This morning Thelern, the Emperor's servant, who managed his escape from Ham, brought her the cover. "The Emperor," he said, "spent all yesterday in looking for it."

"He is a strange being," said Mme. R.: "one who did not know him would think that he had enough to do without wasting a day in looking for the cover of a vase; but it is like him. His mind wants keeping. A trifle close to his eyes hides from him the largest object at a distance; I have no doubt what Thelern said was true, and that he did spend three or four hours yesterday hunting for the cover of that vase. He wished to send it to me, and for the time that wish absorbed him."

"What are your relations with him now?" I asked.

"We do not meet," she answered, "but we correspond. I am his *intermédiaire* with many of the German *littérateurs*. I get for him information for his book, as I did when he was at Ham for his work on Artillery. We lived together," she continued, "from our births till I was about fourteen, and he about fifteen. During the first seven years of this time he was surrounded by all the splendor of a court. During the last eight years he was in Germany, looked down on by the Germans, who would scarcely admit the Bonapartes to be gentry, and would call him Monsieur Bonaparte, and seeing no one but his mother and her suite."

"Afterwards he lived in Italy and in Switzerland, among Italians and Swiss, but never with French people.

"His long exclusion from the society of the higher classes of his own countrymen, and, in a great measure, from the higher classes of the foreigners among whom he resided, did him harm in many ways. It is wonderful that it did not spoil his manners; he was saved, perhaps, by having always before him so admirable a model as his mother. But it made him somewhat of a *parvenu*, what you would call a tuft-hunter. He looked up to people of high rank with a mixture of admiration, envy, and dislike; the more difficult he found it to get into their society, the more he disliked them, and the more he courted them."

April 11, 1861.—Mme. R., Mrs. Grote, Mme. Mohl, Circourt, Target, Duvergier, and Lavergne breakfasted with us.

Circourt told us that he had acquired a new neighbor, the Emperor, who has purchased Malmaison, and a considerable tract all round it, and is busy planting and gardening.

"He comes to Malmaison," said Circourt, "once or twice a week; pointing out, indeed, writing on little tickets with his own hand, the place for every shrub. He is a most considerate purchaser; pays liberally, and is anxious that no one shall suffer inconvenience by removal. A strange contrast to the indifference with which he turns ten of thousands into the streets to make a boulevard or a square."

"I have often said of him," said Mme. R., "*qu'il a la sensibilité dans l'œil*. He is deeply affected by any distress that he actually sees; he is indifferent to any that is not brought before him in detail. One day I found him at Ham in great grief. The man who waited on him had died the day before, leaving a wife and family in distress. 'I gave them,' he said to me, '300 francs, but that will do little.'

"How much have you left?" I asked. 'Sixty,' he answered. 'I can manage with that for a fortnight, until my next remittances come. The government must lodge and feed me.' While we were talking, the man's daughter, a girl of about fourteen, came in to thank him. She was weeping, and he began to sob too. Suddenly he went to his *escritoire*, took out the sixty francs that he had left, and gave them to her. 'It is lucky,' I said, 'that I have 100 francs more than my journey will cost me.' So I gave them to him, or I should have left him utterly penniless."

"How came he to be so poor?" I asked. "I was told that when he was taken at Boulogne he had 160,000 francs, which were deposited with the *maire*, and returned to him after his trial?"

"He had much more than that," answered Mme. R. "His coat was lined with bank notes. It disappeared, with its contents; but, as you say, the 160,000 francs were returned to him. He sold, too, almost all the little property which he had; but nearly all went in buying up the pensions to which the old servants of his mother were entitled."

"He said to them, 'I am condemned to imprisonment for life. With my active habits, imprisonment will kill me in a few years, and my will may not be respected. You had better take the value of your pension while I am allowed to pay it to you.'

"Almost all that remained he spent in allowances to those who had accompanied him in his expedition and were in different prisons. Persigny had a great deal. The result was that during the latter part of his imprisonment he was very poor, and had the utmost difficulty in getting together the money necessary for his escape."

Monday, April 7, 1862.—I called on Mme. R.

We talked of Louis Napoleon.

"A single day," said she, "changed his character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me, not when he was a child, but at the

age of nineteen and twenty, 'What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession: the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission.'

"From the day of his brother's death, he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged our first apostles and martyrs."

"What," I asked, "is the sense in which he understands his mission?"

"It is a devotion," she answered, "first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty he would do so with delight."

"His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home."

"And also," I asked, "extension of territory?"

"Not now," she answered; "I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty, is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of an European coalition, not so much against France as against the Bonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family."

"I have been told," I said, "that he leans towards constitutionalism as more favorable to hereditary succession than despotism."

"I believe," she answered, "that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint; but if he thinks that submitting to opposition will promote his great object, the perpetuation of his dynasty, he will do so."

"He would sacrifice to that object, Europe, France, his dearest friends, and even himself."

"One of his qualities, and it is a valuable one, is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up his means, however dear they may be to him, if any safer or better occur to him."¹

"Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistakes. His last confession," I said, "was perhaps too full and too frank."

"So I think," said Mme. R., "but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in *l'imprévu*, in making Europe and France, and, above all, his own ministers, stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers, and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing reasons, strike the balance and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination, he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abd-el-Kader; sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address, and revealing the state of our finances."

"C.," I said, "treats his phlegm as his greatest quality, *qu'il ne s'étonne de rien*."

"Did C.," she answered, "ever describe to you his fits of passion?"

"No," I said.

"Probably," she answered, "he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation in which he betrayed no anger break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of rage in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes become bright and his lips quiver. His long moustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1848 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. 'Nothing,' he said. A day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found that he had been accustoming himself to keep his

¹ M. de Tocqueville said of him, "*Il sait reculer*."

eyelids closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant, dreamy expression.

"I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom, and surrendered himself to his head.

"Once I found him reading 'Hernani.' 'How wonderfully fine it is!' he said. 'I know,' I said, 'what you admire in it. It is the picture of a man driven on by irresistible destiny. You are thinking of the Hernani qui n'est pas un homme comme les autres.'

"Ah," he answered, 'que vous m'avez bien deviné.'

"Pray show me," I said, 'the passage to which you referred.'

"He took down the Théâtre de Victor Hugo and read to me the following verses from the fourth scene of the third act of 'Hernani':—

Tu me crois, peut être,
Un homme comme sont tous les autres, un être
Intelligent qu'il court droit au but qu'il rêva;
Détrompe-toi. Je suis une force qui va.
Où vais-je? Je ne sais, mais je me sens poussé
D'un souffle impétueux, d'un destin insensé,
J'avance et j'avance; si jamais je m'arrête,
Si parfois, haletant, j'ose tourner la tête
Une voix me dit — marche.

"Now," she continued, "when, as he thinks, his mission is fulfilled, his former nature is returning. He is becoming mild and affectionate. Many parts of his disposition are feminine. He adores his child with the affection rather of a mother than of a father. He puts me in mind of the pictures in which the Virgin is looking on the infant Jesus with an expression, half love and half worship. The boy is intelligent and serious, no common child.

"On the whole the best of the Bonapartes is the Emperor, and as I said before, power is improving him, notwithstanding his detestable entourage. He is a bad judge of men, he is shy, he hates new faces, he hates to refuse anything to anybody, and he keeps about him men unable, and, if they were able, unwilling to give him advice, whose only object is to plunder him and the public purse."

"Do you agree," I said, "in the general opinion that he is sinking in public estimation?"

"I do," she answered, "and I suspect that he feels it himself, and, as I said before, that he is trying to recover himself by promoting public prosperity, and by an approach to constitutional government."

"I expect," I said, "when I am here next year to find that you have renewed your old relations to him."

"I do not know," she answered. "When people once intimate have been separated for ten years, there is shyness on both sides.

"In the mean time he is constantly writing to me. On the *jour de l'an*, though he had been receiving people and addresses all day, he found time to send me a note to say that he could not let the day pass without expressing his good wishes.

"He knows too, how much I detest his 'Idées Napoléoniennes.' If we talk it must be on the neutral ground of his Life of Cæsar. There we shall sympathize, for it is very good.

"From time to time he is absolutely engrossed by it. And he has all the help that money and power can procure."

Sunday, April 5, 1863. — Mme. R. breakfasted with us.

"Every time," I said, "that I return to Paris, I expect to find you reconciled to the Emperor."

"At last," she answered, "you are right. On the 5th of last month he wrote to me to say that for twelve years I had refused to see him, and that perhaps I should persist, but that he could not bear the thought that he might die before I had embraced his child. That the next day the boy would be seven years old. Mme. Walewska would call on me at one o'clock on that day, and that he could not avoid indulging a hope that I would allow her to take

me to the Tuileries. I could not refuse. The next day she came and took me thither. As we entered his cabinet the door was closed, and I found myself in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress. He was the nearest and took me by the hand. He stood still for an instant, then ran forward, took me by the arm, threw himself on my neck and kissed me. I kissed him, and we all of us, including the Empress and Mme. Walewska, began to weep. 'Méchante femme,' exclaimed the Emperor, 'voilà douze ans que tu me tiens rigueur!'

"Then there was silence which the Emperor broke by saying, 'Je crois que nous ferions mieux de nous asseoir.' He stood with his back to the fire, the Empress and I sitting on each side, and Mme. Walewska behind the Empress. Then again there was a silence, and the child was sent for.

"I took him in my arms and kissed him. He looked astonished. The Emperor took him between his knees, and told him to repeat one of his fables. 'I have forgotten,' the boy said, 'the ends of them all.' 'Then tell me the beginning of one of them.' 'I have forgotten the beginning.' 'Then let us have the middle.' 'Mais, papa, où commence le milieu?'

"It was clear that he would not show off, so he was allowed to go to his pony.

"Cette dame," he said to his mother in the evening, 'doit avoir été très-grande amie de papa, ou elle ne m'aurait pas embrassé.'

"The child had broken the ice, though still there was some restraint; but it wore off, and we talked as familiarly as ever. As I went he said, 'J'espère que tu ne me quittes pas pour douze ans.'

"Since that time I see him or the Empress two or three times a week. I find him in the evenings alone in his cabinet, at work on his Cæsar; but he is glad to break it off, and to talk to me for hours on old times. He is quite unembarrassed, for his conscience does not reproach him — indeed, no Bonaparte ever has to complain of his conscience.

"I sometimes forget all that has passed since we saw one another for the last time before December, 1851, when he was still an innocent man. But from time to time the destruction of our liberties, the massacres of 1851, the deportations of 1852, and the cruelties which revenged the *Atentat* rise to my mind, and I shrink from the embrace of a man stained with the blood of many of my friends."

"Do you see the Empress and the child?" I asked.

"Constantly," she answered. "The child flies into my arms, and the Empress is all kindness and graciousness."

"She is a Spaniard; she wants knowledge; in fact, she wants education: but she is very seductive. She is strict with the child, and manages him better than the Emperor does; who, in fact, does not manage him at all.

"Louis Napoleon is slow both in conception and in execution. He meditates his plans long, thinks over every detail, waits for an opportunity, which, when it comes, he does not always seize: he often keeps deferring and deferring until execution has become impossible or useless. But he forgets nothing that he has learned, he renounces nothing that he has planned.

"On the 29th of January, 1849, six weeks after he became President, he intended a *coup d'état*. He read his plan to Changarnier, and the instant Changarnier began to oppose it, he folded up the paper and was silent."

"But he never abandoned it, and two years and a half afterwards he executed it."

"What," I asked, "are Louis Napoleon's habits now?"

"Worse than they used to be," she answered. "He rides little, walks little, and is getting fat. He hates more and more the details of business, and yet is more and more afraid of trusting them to his ministers. But his Cæsar absorbs and consoles him. He said to the bureau of the Academy, when they came to announce the election of Feuille, 'Je travaille à me rendre digne de vous.' He thought at one time of offering himself for the vacancy made by Pasquier. He intended to be present at his own reception, and to read, in the frightful academic green coat, the

éloge of his predecessor, and to characterize the nine different governments which Pasquier had served.

"But, with his habit of procrastination, he has delayed his candidature till the first two volumes of his *Cæsar* have been published. The first volume is ready, and he intended to publish it immediately; but the booksellers tell him that they will sell better in couples. And as even emperors must submit to booksellers, he waits till the second is finished."

April 15, 1863. — Madame R., the Corcelles, and Lady Ashburton breakfasted with us. We had an agreeable conversation, but I do not recollect much of it.

The Corcelles and Madame R. seemed delighted to meet again. They had not seen one another for years. I remarked to Madame R. that I had not seen at Lady Cowley's great party in celebration of the Prince of Wales's marriage more than three French persons that I had ever seen before.

"The Emperor," said Madame R., "cannot attract an aristocracy, so he is forced to make one. Persigny says 'nous autres des grandes maisons,' just as the Emperor considers himself as one of the sacred royal caste. If his aristocracy is not of the purest blood, it is at least rich."

"Have you seen Michel Chevalier's building in the Avenue de l'Impératrice? It is to cost a million. Evans, the Emperor's dentist, has become a millionaire. He had early information that the Avenue de l'Impératrice was to be created, and bought land at low prices which is now worth 250,000 francs an acre. Persigny is building a palace at Chamarand."

"Not out of his savings," I said, "for his salary as minister is not above 120,000 francs, and as senator 35,000, and he must spend the whole."

"Nor does he," said Madame R., "do as most of the others do, steal or take *pots de vin*. The Emperor gives him whatever he wants."

April 20, 1863. — We breakfasted with Mme. R., and met there Renan and Maury, librarian of the Institute, the Emperor's principal assistant in his life of *Cæsar*. I asked Mme. R. when she had last seen the Emperor.

"Yesterday," she said. "It is arranged that I go to him every Sunday at five, and stay till a quarter to seven, when he has to dress for dinner, but often, as was the case yesterday, he keeps me much longer, and then he has to run for it, that he may not exhaust the patience of the Empress and of the chef. He delights to talk to a person not bound by etiquette, who can question him and contradict him and talk over all his youth. I never conceal my Republican opinions, and he treats them as the harmless follies of a woman."

"Yesterday he was in very high spirits. I suspect that he has just made up his mind on some subject that has been easing him. He dislikes coming to a decision, but perhaps for that very reason, when he does so, he feels relieved and happy. He may have decided what to do about Poland, or what to write about some questionable anecdote about *Cæsar*, or when the elections shall be."

"I think that it may have been about Poland. I told him that in some classes of society, I found an opinion that he forcible intervention of France in favor of Poland was impracticable. His answer was, 'Ei, Ei.'"

"Seriously," I asked, "or contemptuously?"

"Laughingly," she answered, "and contemptuously. His 'Ei, Ei,' may have meant nothing, but I think that it may have meant something. There certainly has been a great pressure on him to take up the cause of the Polish insurgents. There are the wildest ideas as to the political importance of Poland. The war party talks of a Poland twice as large as Prussia, and one third more populous, which is to be the ally of France, and her citadel, interposed between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, a check on them all. It affirms that it would be an easy thing to march in Poland by land, and that the sight of the first French uniform would raise up a Polish population of twenty millions."

"It associates Poland with the proudest times of the

Empire. The *Émémentiers* recollect that the Poles have always fought by their sides — have often been their leaders, and sometimes their excitors. The army is, as it always is, and perhaps ought to be, furious for war. The Catholic party hopes to make a religious war. It cares not what damage it may do to the country if it can do good to the Pope and harm to the Greek Church and to its schismatic head. Though the peasantry of the provinces are pacific, the low town population — and it is the population of towns, or rather of Paris, that governs France — is always warlike. It does not suffer, or does not know that it suffers, the miseries of a war, and it delights in the excitement. If the insurrection be put down in a couple of months, or within three months, it will be a *faux accompli*, and be forgotten. But if it lasts, if it be carried on with heroic vigor on the part of the Poles and with barbarity on the part of the Russians, a force will be put on him which I doubt his being able to withstand. Again, if the New Chamber should be intolerable — and no one knows how it may act — he may dissolve it, appeal to the people in defence of Poland, and flatter them by promises of which war must be the result. It will be a very dangerous expedient, but he is accustomed to rush into dangerous enterprises, and to succeed in them."

"There is one subject, however, on which he has not decided, and that is the time of his candidature for the Academy. Pasquier's vacancy is to be filled up on Thursday next. His mind is still set on pronouncing Pasquier's *éloge*. 'I wish,' he said to me, 'that I could get some one to propose me as a candidate.'"

"That is not the practice," I said. "The candidate presents himself."

"I am shy," he answered. "If my *Cæsar*, or even the first volume of it, had appeared, I should feel that I had some claims; but I am not vain enough to think that what I have published as yet entitles me to the honor of being a member of the first literary society in the world. I want somebody to say so for me. You may think that I ought to delay my candidature till the *Cæsar* has appeared. But I know now whom I should succeed, and whose *éloge* I should have to pronounce. If I delay I may have to make a speech in praise of Feuilleton or of Victor Hugo."

"You," I said to Maury, "have read his *Cæsar* as far as it has gone. Will it give him a claim to the Academy?"

"I think," said Maury, "that it will. It is a work of great and sagacious research, and contains passages admirably written. It is a wonderful improvement on the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*.'"

"When Louis Napoleon," I said, "wrote the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*' he was already a practised writer. He had been for years writing in the *Pas de Calais* journal *Le Progrès*. It is seldom that a writer improves much after he is fifty. The only instance of an English writer that I recollect is that of Dr. Johnson, whose best work, the '*Lives of the Poets*,' was written after he was seventy."

"That may be the case," answered Maury, "in England, where you enjoy a language much purer from arbitrary restraints and idioms than ours is, and where you prefer the substance to the form. *La forme* is our idol. It resembles cookery. The best meat ill cooked is uneatable. Inferior meat well cooked may be delicious."

"We have been at work refining our style, introducing into it *des malice et des délicatesses*, until to write perfect French is the acquisition of only a long life. Our best writers, Voltaire, for instance, have gone on improving till they died. We spend much of what you would call useless labor on it, we omit ideas worth preserving because we cannot express them with perfect elegance; we are somewhat in the state of a man speaking a foreign language, *qui ne dû pas ce qu'il veut, mais ce qu'il peut*; but we have created a literature which will live, for it is the style, not the matter, which preserves the book. Good matter ill expressed is taken possession of by a master of style, and reproduced in a readable form, and then the first writer is forgotten."

[This was Mr. Senior's last conversation with Madame R. They never met again.]

SPIRIT CIRCLES, AND HOW TO MOVE IN THEM.

PLANCHETTE has withdrawn from public life, even if she still exists in the spirit, the flesh, or wood, and the collection of Spirit Drawings has closed for the season — which promises to be a pretty long one. Yet Spiritualism in other forms is as rampant as ever. It has magazines, it has weekly journals, it has Institutions, devoted solely to its interests, and bent upon rescuing a too matter-of-fact world from spiritual indifference, by means of rappings and tappings, cardboard alphabets, mediums of less than medium intelligence, and lights half down, or, still better, put out altogether. The amount of its present followers would be incredible, did we not find it stated in the columns of its own organs, the object of which (they tell us) is "above all things to search after and publish truth." Nay, whatever difficulty they may have in obtaining, out of their own charmed "circles," evidence of their facts, they call witnesses from other quarters to speak to their figures. In the *Medium and Daylight* of January 31, we read that "in the course of twenty years, notwithstanding the most violent and unscrupulous opposition from the press, the men of science and religion, the regular intelligent communication with departed friends had become so thoroughly established as a family practice in America," that at a convocation of the Roman Catholic bishops held in Baltimore, it was found that the aggregate estimate of the number of Spiritualists in their respective dioceses was ten millions, with fifty thousand media; while Romanists and Protestants together only numbered eight millions, with forty-five thousand priests." So that Spiritualists, it seems, are now not merely a set of people who believe in particular manifestations, but a religious body holding a definite creed, or, at all events, one that is neither Catholic nor Protestant. The paper goes on to state (we are quoting from an article in it entitled "A Scientific View of Modern Spiritualism") that the result of this inquiry was to cause Spiritualism to be acknowledged by the Roman Catholic authorities in America, "who from that time have not only ceased opposition, but have established media in their own institutions."

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Spiritualism has attained a very wide development in America, and is growing — though it has never produced one half-penny-worth of fruit — in England itself. So long as it was a mere object of philosophical inquiry, it deserved attention, and received it from persons distinguished both in science and literature; but its professors have now taken up a much more ambitious rôle, as may be gathered from the parallel above made between the fifty thousand media and the forty-five thousand clergy. They are now become teachers and preachers of the truth, and will doubtless soon proceed to dogmatize, and then to condemn. Their popularity, no doubt, arises from the fact, that what they have to say of spiritual matters is exceedingly material, and addresses itself to the lowest order of intelligence. Everybody wishes to experience something of spiritual life, and the easiest way to do it is certainly to sit round a table with the gas out, and hear one's departed friends rap on the floor. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is an assertion which did not need this modern proof, but it has certainly never before received such corroboration. Not for one moment does it seem to cross the minds of these individuals that there is anything irreverent in calling from the tomb their dead, and listening to twaddle which, if it were indeed the utterance of the departed, would prove that there was not only "no remembrance in the grave," but also no sense of any sort. Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, have all been thus evoked, and have talked such absolute rubbish as not only could never have passed their lips in life, but which has exactly fitted with the crude and misty intelligence of the so-called "medium" through whom these important revelations are supposed to be given.

Again, those religious fanatics, hardly superior in mental culture to the Spiritualists themselves, who have stigma-

tized these "manifestations" as having been caused by Satanic agency, have really given them a helping hand; for if Satan really thought it worth his while to attend séances, there must be, it is reasoned, something in them. We can only say that if it be so, the Arch-Enemy of Mankind must be very much at a loss for human instruments to work his will, or is singularly unsuccessful in his method of teaching.

Out of the millions of séances that have been held since 1848, — the date of the commencement of the "movement," — and out of the thousands of eminent departed spirits that have been "interviewed," there has not only not one single piece of information resulted that was not known before, but not a line which, had it been professedly uttered by a living person, would have deserved the honors of print. If we are wrong upon this point we shall be very glad to be set right; but what we insist upon is an intelligible statement, not mere aimless, misty drivel which may mean anything; for one of the peculiarities of a dead Englishman, it seems, however given to spirit literature, is that he can never write plain English. However, let us return to our "authorities." Through magnetic emanations from the bodies of "media," certain well-known spirits have apparently acquired, by dint of constant practice, such perfect control over solid matter, that they can stretch massive iron rings, cause the walls of rooms to expand, & carry things or persons, notwithstanding all obstacles, from one locality to another. On one occasion, when it was snowing in the street, one of the circle, sitting in a well-warmed room, asked the spirits to bring in some snow, when immediately it was found that snow was falling in flakes upon the table; and when after a time they were told to light the gas — for these experiments are best performed in a dark room — a depth of several inches of snow covered the table, having an even crystalline surface peculiar to snow newly fallen; and what is most remarkable is that, although the table was perfectly covered to the very edge, none fell upon the carpet or beyond the table. When the snow was removed, large lumps of ice, weighing over half a pound each, were found under the snow. At another séance a bunch of keys was taken from a lady of the party and conveyed to her home, a distance of three or four miles, in a space of time, so far as could be ascertained, of about a minute. The rapidity with which objects are carried long distances — often hundreds of miles — by spirits, is one remarkable point, suggesting the idea that time and space are almost annihilated. Most of you have no doubt heard of Mrs. Guppy's famous adventure, which has recently received so much notice from the press. Mrs. Guppy is a very powerful Outward medium, and in person very stout and heavy; yet, at the request of one of a circle of inquirers assembled in London, — a request made in a joke, without either expecting or desiring its accomplishment, — this lady was actually fetched by the spirits "Kate" and "John King" from her residence, nearly three miles distant, and, passing through the roof and ceiling, was placed upon the table, without bonnet or shoes within three minutes of the request being made. She had a pen with wet ink upon it in one hand, and an account-book in the other, in which the word "onions" was half-written. A committee of gentlemen from the room started in a cab to Mrs. Guppy's house to investigate the matter, and found Miss Neyland, Mrs. Guppy's companion, in great wonderment as to what had become of her. She stated that at the precise time of the occurrence, Mrs. Guppy, having taken off her shoes, was warming her feet by the fire, and she (Miss Neyland) was reminding her of items of expenditure to enter in her account-book; she had just told her to put down "onions," and on suddenly looking up she was astonished to find Mrs. Guppy gone; she searched about, but of course could not find her. Instances of this kind are now frequently witnessed." We can only say we should like to see them. The spectacle of Mrs. Guppy *in transitu*, and without her shoes, would have been something beside which "Lulu, or the Flying Wonder," would have sunk into insignificance. If there are "circles" who believe that, they will believe anything.

As a general rule, however, such a marvellous "annihilation of time and space" is by no means necessary to make a circle of Spiritualists happy. They are very easily pleased — and convinced. In the same paper in which the above act of volition (and volitation) is recorded, we read: "Mr. Bassett's séance at Mr. Cogman's was a great success. Mr. Hughes' hat was brought and put upon his head; a lamp was removed; the direct spirit voice spoke readily; and the spirit lights were numerous and brilliant. Altogether, there were very distinct evidences of a superhuman power." Of what order of mind must the spectators be who are convinced of "a superhuman power" by such proofs as these?

The gentleman who takes "a scientific view of Spiritualism," and who evidently is one in authority, informs us that there are no less than twenty-four species of media. Among these are "the Vibratory," wherein the medium often experiences involuntary movements of the body; he is "made to twist round like a top, and if he try to stop by throwing himself down, he is made to roll rapidly over the floor" in a manner "often quite alarming to those who are ignorant of the subject;" which last statement we can readily believe. Then there is the Gesticulating Medium (also alarming, we should imagine); the Motive Medium, who, apparently without any motive, causes the astonished spectator to be carried up to the ceiling or suspended in mid-air; and the Tipping Medium (our own experience of he "tipping" is that he always demands from five shillings to a pound for the exhibition), who is "a step in advance" upon the motive medium, and tilts tables into the air of the sitters. And so on, until we get on to the Duodynamic Medium, who is a little too much for us even in description. Mrs. Guppy's case does not seem to have been provided for, but if she were a man she would come, it seems, under the head of Homomotor Media.

It would be worth no one's while to notice these absurdities, except for the hold that they have taken on so many foolish people; there are a score of public séances advertised in the Spiritualist newspaper now before us for the ensuing week, and numbers of places, halls, concert-rooms, etc., indicated, where this rubbish may be shot, and shot into the long ears of hundreds every evening. Daylight, or a strong light of any kind, is not (as may be easily imagined) "suitable to spirit manifestations;" indeed, in his rules to be observed in the Spirit Circle, which are published in the form of a religious tract, one of the first regulations is, that you are to avoid strong light. The reason(?) is also given: "Strong light produces excessive motion in the atmosphere, and thereby disturbs the manifestations." The thief has the same objection to the bull's eye of the policeman, but does not know how to express it with such refinement.

However, let us consider the Rules. The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the "circle." These should be "of opposite temperaments," but 11 of "moral character and pure minds. . . . An even number is generally better than an odd. When there are many persons of a mild character and undecided temperaments, the number should uneven." Our opinion is, that under the circumstances, and considering the extreme mildness of such companies generally, "circles" should be always uneven. "The use growing out of the association of differing temperaments is to form a battery on the principle of electricity, composed of positive and negative elements, the sum of which should be unequal." This semi-scientific balderdash is wonderfully like what one reads in the old recipes against witchcraft, or as an introduction to the remedies of quack doctors. "No person of very strongly positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits." The meaning of which, if not in words, is evident enough: the simple paraphrase is that no person of common-sense, or one not easily imposed upon, should be present, since such a man would be apt to explode the whole affair. After the first and chief precaution of darkening the room, we are directed to sit down round a table (always occupying the same seats, "unless changed

by spiritual direction"), with all hands laid on it with the palms downwards. "I recommend," says the hierophant, "the séance to be opened either with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which, subdued quiet and harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence. . . . The spirits are far more punctual to seasons, faithful to promises, and periodical in action, than mortals."

This is a matter of opinion; we have ourselves attended such "circles" with the most praiseworthy punctuality, and never have met with a spirit yet, nor anything like one. "Let the séance always extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires all that time for spirits to form their battery of the materials furnished." That is quite true; and it is only what was to have been expected, that the virtue of patience is very much insisted upon. All circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings, and if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not rightly assimilated to one another. This seems a little hard, and certainly presupposes that the members of the circle have a great deal of spare time on their hands, however little of magnetism. A humble, candid, inquiring spirit, unprejudiced, and receptive of truth — in other words, a curious and credulous fool — is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit [sic] for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions. At the opening of the circle one or more of the members are often impressed, we are told, to change places with one another, and one or two [to this we can personally testify] are even impressed with the desire to go away. If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning, if you cannot at first realize it. In time your organism will become flexible, and you will be more easily (and let us hope reasonably) manipulated. Do not always attribute falsehoods, says this cautious hierophant, to lying spirits or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur, in the commission of which you cannot always be aware; and unless strictly charged by the spirits to do otherwise, do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth — which we will solemnly promise not to do.

A model circle should consist of six friends, one of whom at least should be stout in person and very healthful, but not remarkable for intelligence; and if the other five are of the same mental calibre, with the exception of one rogue to play tricks, we should conceive the party complete. Among all these multifarious rules, there seems indeed to us to be only one worth the paper it is printed upon, and that is this: "Study and follow out your impressions, and especially when they urge you to withdraw from circles."

In return for all this good advice, we will give a few hints, derived from a pretty large personal acquaintance with mediums, which may be of use to our readers, when tempted to believe in their supernatural powers. In the first place, the art of speech, and the simple sciences of reading and writing (and no doubt arithmetic), are in disuse with the spirits whose utterances are confined to rapping only (the phrase, therefore, of "not worth a rap," applied to a disembodied soul, being even less complimentary than to a fellow-mortal). Instead of improving their methods of communication in the spirit world, as we have done on earth, by telegraphy and other means, they have gone back to the child's alphabet, over which the inquirer patiently passes his finger until a rap is given at some particular letter, and so on until the word is spelt out. Now, to a tyro, it does seem very remarkable that when he is thinking of some dead person (for instance) known to himself alone, that particular name should be thus indicated. But the fact is, that when a man or a woman make their living at one particular trade, of which observation is the backbone, they get to observe very keenly indeed, and though you may think that you make no pause when you are passing over the tell-tale letter, you do in fact make a pause. Your finger trembles, or lingers, or stops for a quarter of a second — too short a time for you to notice it yourself, per-

haps, but which the medium detects at once, and the spirit raps accordingly. Let our credulous friend collect his nerves to begin with, and be very calm; if he should be so wicked as to pretend to linger over the wrong letter, the spirit, unless he is far sharper than those we have ever had to deal with, will fall into that simple trap at once. Moreover, it may be noticed, that though it may have some difficulty about 'pitching on the first few letters of a Christian name, it hits very rapidly on the rest of them; just as any person of flesh and blood, upon being told that a man's name began with Ric, would jump to the conclusion that it might be Richard. Thus, when I have thought of a dead friend called Laurence (the medium having imprudently omitted to inquire the sex), it gets to LAUR, and then, to a positive certainty, rushes to A (and its destruction), concluding it to be Laura. This I have never found to fail. Again, it is a part of the general incapacity of the spirits that they cannot answer thoughts (as one would have supposed), but require to have questions or statements written down, before they can reply to them; it is true these are rolled up into little pellets and placed upon the table, apparently impervious to mortal eye; but supposing the medium to have seen you write, the movement of your pen, without reading the words, will often enable his practised eye to gather what you have written; if not, he reads the pellets in the following fashion.

He takes them up in his hand, in a heap or singly, and demands in solemn tones whether the departed spirit of any person therein named happens to be upon the premises; a rap announces "yes," and then he puts back the pellets, but not all. The number is the same, but one of them is now a dummy — a blank pellet — which he has substituted for one which by sleight of hand he has removed. He takes an opportunity to open this under the table, and secretly becomes possessed of its contents; after which, and never before, the spirit is enabled — wonderful to relate — to rap out the very name he bore in the flesh, unless you happen to have spelt it wrong, in which case he always accommodates himself to the new reading.

ROUSSEAU.¹

MR. MORLEY has done his best in these two volumes to restore to life a man whose spirit was active in the French Revolution, in regard to which great movement he was the most directly revolutionary of all its speculative precursors. But he was revolutionary in another sense than either Voltaire or Diderot. They were anti-religious and atheistic, while Rousseau was anti-social and religious. His influence, as Mr. Morley well says, formed not only Robespierre and Paine, but Chateaubriand; not only Jacobinism, but the Catholicism of the Restoration; and it may truly be said of him that, if his writings shattered the whole social and political system of France, which had fallen into deadly decay, he saw clearly that the new State which was to be raised out of those old ruins must be vivified by the fervor of a belief in God, which such writers as Voltaire and Diderot denied, and for which they denounced Rousseau during his lifetime as a renegade from the philosophic teaching of the time.

But it is not so much with Rousseau as a thinker or as a revolutionist that we wish to deal. In both those aspects his works still live, and have passed into the heart of France, where the social problems which he propounded are still being worked out. It is rather Rousseau as a man than as a philosopher that now interests us. He is one whose name is in every one's memory, but when it is asked who and what Rousseau was, the answer will probably be, "Oh! he was an immoral vagabond Frenchman, who wrote his *Confessions* and then went mad." It cannot be denied that the personality of Rousseau has most equivocal and repulsive sides, and Mr. Morley is right in saying that there is no biography which makes more constant demands on the patience or pity of those who study his life; but much

that is grievous and hateful must be forgiven to the man who first in our modern times called attention to the hard life of those who dwell in the garret and the hovel, and pleaded the cause of forlorn children and trampled-down women in the squalid wildernesses of great cities. Of him it was truly said that he made the poor very proud, for he wrote it up in letters of flame amid the orgies of kings and princes that civilization such as theirs pretended to be was only a mockery, and his words "filled a generation of men and women with the stern resolve to perish rather than live on in a world where such things could be."

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva on the 28th of June, 1712, of old French stock, his ancestors having found refuge there so far back as 1529. His mother died in giving him birth, and, as he says of himself, "I cost my mother her life, and my birth was the first of my woe." The child thus born in sorrow hardly survived its birth, and its constitution remained infirm and weakly. Isaac Rousseau, his father, was a man of morbid temperament, and his excessive sensibility descended to his son. Before the boy was seven years old he and his father passed whole nights in reading romances, and so it came about, he says, "that I had no idea of real things. Nothing had come to me by conception, everything by sensation, and so I acquired bizarre and romantic ideas of human life, of which neither reflection nor experience has ever been able wholly to cure me." In this overwrought sensibility lies the key to that dreaminess and unreality which were the source of so much misery to Jean Jacques. That was a strange household. Rousseau had an elder brother, who, after a boyhood of revolt, ran away into Germany, where he was lost from the sight and knowledge of his kinsmen forever. In 1722 Jean Jacques was sent to school at the neighboring village of Bossey, and here he made what Mr. Morley ambiguously calls that "fateful acquaintance with good and evil which is so much more important than literary knowledge." If Rousseau has dilated on these experiences in his *Confessions*, that is no reason why we should do more than glance at them and pass on. Another experience of the boy at school was more salutary. Circumstances brought him under suspicion of having broken the teeth of a comb which did not belong to him. He was innocent, and not even the most terrible punishment could wring from him an untrue confession of his guilt. Then it was that he felt the shock at injustice which all generous natures feel. "This first sentiment of violence and injustice has remained so deeply engraved on my soul that all the ideas relating to it bring my first emotion back to me, and my heart is inflamed at the sight or story of any wrongful action just as much as if its effect fell on myself." After two years at Bossey, Jean Jacques returned to Geneva to an uncle, and the question arose what the boy, then of the mature age of 11, should be — a watchmaker, a lawyer, or a minister. He wished to be the last, but he was sent into a notary's office, whence he was shortly ignominiously expelled for dullness. Then he was apprenticed to an engraver, who treated him brutally, and here Rousseau confesses "the vilest tastes and the meanest bits of rascality succeeded to my simple amusements. . . . I must, in spite of the worthiest education, have had a strong tendency to degenerate." As an apprentice he remained till he was 16, and by that time there were developed in him slyness, greediness, slovenliness, untruthfulness, and what Mr. Morley calls "the whole ragged regiment of the squalid vices." In fact, the character of Jean Jacques was absolutely broken down. At last the terrible punishments which his brutal master inflicted on him for any act of negligence became intolerable, and in 1728 he ran away. But for this, he wrote long years afterwards, "I should have passed, in the bosom of my religion, of my native land, of my family and my friends, a mild and peaceful life. . . . I should have been a good Christian, good father of a family, good friend, good craftsman, good man in all. I should have been happy in my condition, perhaps I might have honored it; and after living a life obscure and simple, but even and gentle, I should have died peacefully in the midst of my own people. Soon forgotten, I should at any rate

¹ *Rousseau*. By John Morley. London, Chapman and Hall, 1878. 2 vols.

have been regretted as long as any memory of me was left."

This was the dream of his after-life. The reality of his existence was quite different. Jean Jacques, so far from settling down peacefully anywhere, was to be a rolling stone all his life, and to be in many of its relations anything but respectable. As soon as he had set himself free from his tyrant the engraver, he rushed forth on his adventures with all his old romantic conceptions awakened at its unwonted freedom. He roamed for two or three days in the neighborhood of Geneva, hospitably treated by the villagers. At last he found himself at Confignon, in Javoy, and the priest of the village was eager to convert any Genevese Protestant. He could not have found a more easy convert than the starving lad. His dinner went for much, and, as Rousseau said, "I was too good a guest to be a good theologian, and his Frangi wine, which struck me as excellent, was such a triumphant argument on his side that I should have blushed to oppose so capital a host." It was soon settled, and the new convert was to be further instructed in his new faith. The priest passed him on to a certain Madame de Warens, who had herself been converted to Catholicism by the preaching of the Bishop of Annecy, and who lived in that town, zealous for her new faith. On the 21st of March, 1728, Rousseau first saw her, and instead of a wrinkled old woman, as he had fancied he must be, he beheld "a person not more than eight-and-twenty years old, with a gentle, caressing air and fascinating smile, and a tender eye." Madame de Warens passed him on to a monastery at Turin, and in eight days the youth found himself, without money or clothes, an inmate of a dreary monastery, among some of the very basest and vilest of mankind, who passed their time in going from one monastery to another through Spain and Italy, professing themselves to be Moors or Jews, for the sake of being supported while the process of their conversion was going slowly forward. In this company Rousseau was converted to Catholicism. "I could not dissemble from myself that the holy deed I was about to do was at bottom the action of a bandit." He made some show of resistance, but was careful not to carry things too far, and exactly nine days after his admission into the Hospice he abjured his heretical errors. Two days afterwards he was received into the bosom of the true Church, to the edification of the levot of Turin, who marked their interest in the regenerate soul by contributions to the extent of 20f.

With that sum and their good wishes the fathers of the Hospice turned him out of their doors. They had performed their part, and it was now his turn. The rolling stone gave itself another turn and rolled on. That first night he slept in a den where he paid a half-penny for the privilege of sleeping in the same room with the master and mistress of the house, their six children, and various other lodgers. Thousands do the same every night in this metropolis, only, as prices have risen since Jean Jacques' time, the charge for vagrants is now a penny, or even twopence. By day he saw the wonders of Turin, and went regularly to mass, counting with that vanity which ever beset him upon stirring a passion in the breast of a princess. But not yet were princesses to fall in love with him. The religious music awakened his latent passion for music, which always gave him the liveliest pleasure, and which he afterwards professed to teach, though entirely ignorant of the science. When his twenty francs were coming to an end he tried to get work as an engraver, and a young woman gave him work and food, but he made love to her, and her husband not unnaturally drove him away with a cudgel. Next this vagabond, with his heart full of princesses, was thankful to become a footboy to a widow; but at the end of three months she died, and then a piece of old rose-colored ribbon was missing and found on Rousseau. It was not such a great thing to miss or to take, but Rousseau, with incredible meanness, threw the blame on one of the maids, whom he confesses he falsely accused of giving it to him. "I feared disgrace," he said; and that made him persist in the false accusation. "I could see nothing but the horror of being recognized and declared

publicly to my face as a thief, liar, and traducer." In after years this crime, too, brought its own penalty. Marion—that was the maid's name—haunted him, and his over-wrought imagination conjured up a long train of ruin which had fallen on her from his wicked accusation. Then, after six weeks in a garret or cellar, we behold him again a lackey in the household of Count Gouvion, who treated him kindly, whose son taught him Latin, and for whose daughter he presumed to entertain a passion. Here, too, as he might have been a useful engraver, it is possible that he might have matured into a butler if he had been any other man; but an old comrade from Geneva came to Turin, and in his company Jean Jacques neglected his duties so recklessly that he lost his place and was again on the wide world. But the two comrades—or, at least, one of them, the rolling stone—were hopeful. They started for Geneva with a toy fountain, which they fancied would, by its wonders, procure them the means of subsistence; but, alas! it was not always accepted as payment, and one day it broke, and then they became undisguised vagrants. But they begged their way on and on, and at last Jean Jacques, in the autumn of 1729 arrived in Annecy, at Madame de Warens' house, penniless and ragged. Any one who then only knew in Rousseau a sly, sensual, restless, dreamy boy of eighteen, might be excused for not perceiving that he had it in him to say things one day which would help to throw the world into conflagration.

Mr. Morley, on entering into the relations which Rousseau contracted with his benefactress, Madame de Warens, remarks that there are men, famous or obscure, whose lives might be divided into a number of epochs, each defined and presided over by the influence of a woman. "For the inconstant," he observes, "such a calendar contains many divisions; for the constant it is brief and simple; for both alike it marks the great decisive phases through which character has moved." On which we may observe that this calendar with many divisions reminds us of that defence made for his many loves by a Frenchman of the last century: "*C'est toujours la même passion, ce n'est que les objets qui changent.*" And it was among this kind that Rousseau's passion for Madame de Warens must be classified. She, it must be confessed, if a very fascinating, was a very strange woman. Hers, too, was a calendar of many divisions, and if there were no scandal between her and the King of Sardinia, it cannot be denied that she gave abundant cause for scandal elsewhere. Mr. Morley has thrown over her conduct a veil of words under which we can detect the shape, if not all the nakedness, of her life; and we must admit that she was about the most dangerous companion that a dreamy, lovesick, effeminate youth could have met. When a young woman starts with the doctrine that "the union of the sexes is in itself a matter of the most perfect indifference, provided decorum of appearance is preserved, and the peace of mind of persons concerned not disturbed," we cannot be surprised at anything that befalls her. It only made her behavior worse, that her temperament was confessedly cold; and we cannot agree with Mr. Morley when he compares her to a butterfly, and deprecates the use of the heavy artillery of moral reprobation against such a giddy creature; for such butterflies, and giddy, heedless creatures, living for the day, and changing rapidly from flower to flower, are capable of doing great mischief in this wicked world; and even a butterfly must be judged by its works. Beyond a doubt, Madame de Warens, with all her charity and love for Rousseau, did him a world of harm by what we suppose we must call her "elective affinities," for to the utmost of her power she hindered him from settling down to any steadiness in life. When he left her, in 1738, and bade adieu forever to Les Charmettes, where he had spent four or five years in what Mr. Carlyle would call his Armida Palace, he was, in our opinion, the worse, and not the better, for the company of his enchantress. But Madame de Warens had, at least, taught the rolling stone one lesson, and that was the inconstancy of women, even to their most passionate and faithful adorers. And now the world was again all before him, and he was bound for Paris, to make his fortune by a new method of musical notation.

Rousseau was one of those natures that are like parasitic plants. They need support before they can climb aloft; otherwise they crawl and grovel on the ground. Throughout his life he had ever need of a patron or a friend. At Les Charmettes it was the polyandric Madame de Warens, and at Paris, after a committee of the Academy, no one of whom was instructed in the art, had condemned his musical notation, he turned to a fresh patroness in Madame Dupin, the daughter of one and the wife of another of the richest men in France. It was at this period of his life that he is described as paying compliments, and yet not being polite; ignorant of the usages of society, yet infinitely intelligent. "He has a brown complexion, while eyes that overflow with fire give animation to his expression. When he has spoken and you look at him he appears comely; but when you try to recall him, his visage is always extremely plain." At the same time he is said to be "a poor devil of an author, but with wit and vanity for four." One of these patronesses procured Rousseau the post of Secretary to the French Ambassador at Venice, and in the spring of 1743 the rolling stone started for that city in quest of meat and raiment. That one of the most heedless vagrants in Europe, and, as it happened, one of the greatest geniuses, should have had such an offer might seem a critical point in Rousseau's life. But, as Mr. Morley remarks, it was, "in reality nothing." The Count de Montaigni, his master, was almost an imbecile, and besides he was a miser. Careful observation had persuaded him that three shoes are equivalent to two pairs, because there is always one of a pair which is more worn than its fellow; hence the Ambassador habitually ordered his shoes in threes. It was but natural that such a master and such a secretary should part in dudgeon, and so in 18 months Rousseau's diplomatic career came to an end, and the rolling stone returned to Paris.

That flight into diplomatic life was followed by a social fall, which happened soon after his return from Venice, than which nothing can show better the low nature of the man when left to his own instincts. It seems he took up his quarters at a dirty hotel not far from the Sorbonne. Here he found a kitchen-maid, some two-and-twenty years old, who used to sit at dinner with her mistress and the guests. The company was low, the lowest of Irish and Gascon ecclesiastics, and the conversation on a par with the company. Rousseau was moved to pity for a girl exposed to such a torrent of ribaldry, and from pity he advanced to a warmer feeling. The result was that he and the kitchen-maid, Theresa Le Vasseur, took each other for better for worse, in a way most informal but most effective, for the relations thus begun ended only with death. His friends regarded this tie as the irretrievable disaster of his life, while he persistently described it as the only real consolation that Heaven had permitted him to taste. It mattered not that she was of preternatural stupidity, and could neither read nor do the simplest sum. A month's instruction could not make her learn how to tell the clock; but for all that she suited Rousseau better than the most intellectual mate, and he loved her because she suited him. He only sought to live and to be himself, and he knew better than any critics could know for him what kind of nature was the best supplement to his own. "You can never," he said, "cite the example of a thoroughly happy man, for no one but the man himself knows anything about it;" and again, "by the side of people we love sentiment nourishes the intelligence as well as the heart, and we have little occasion to seek ideas elsewhere. I lived with my Theresa as pleasantly as with the finest genius in the universe." It must be remembered, too, that there was no social disparity between them. He had been a serving man and she was a serving woman. They were both accustomed to coarseness and hardness, and he always preferred the honest coarseness of his own class to the more hateful coarseness of heart which lurks so often under fine manners. For the first dozen years or so of this partnership Rousseau had perfect contentment in the Theresa whom all his friends pronounced to be as mean, greedy, jealous, and degrading as she avowedly was brutish in understanding. In the

course of years, indeed, Theresa's affections changed, and she became estranged from Rousseau, and most mothers will feel that this estrangement was not unnatural when they are told that Rousseau behaved to her as badly as Griselda's husband, and worse, for Griselda's trouble was a fiction, but Theresa's was a reality. In the course of time five children were born to this union, and as each child was born it was dropped into oblivion, in the box of the Asylum for Foundlings. These repeated acts of cruelty might have been enough to alienate any woman, and, indeed, we know not which is worse, the cowardice with which Rousseau relieved himself of the care of providing for his children, or the arguments and excuses by which he sought to palliate it. He had formed his notions on the subject, he says, from the talk of some low companions at a tavern. They were all for exposing infants, and "I said to myself, since it is the usage of the country, and as one lives here, one may as well follow it. So I made up my mind to it cheerfully and without the least scruple." Later still, he said, he put his children into the box that they might be trained up as workmen and peasants rather than as fortune-hunters and adventurers, dragging in at the same time Plato's Republic. But, for all his excuses, these, his children, were lost in the Foundling Asylum without a trace of their identity, and even so early as 1761, when the *Maréchal de Luxembourg* tried to discover them, they were gone beyond all hope of recovery, and so the author of "Émile"—the greatest work on education, perhaps, which the world has seen—and his sons and daughters lived together in this world not knowing one another. As for Theresa, Rousseau speaks in his *Confessions* of having married her five-and-twenty years after their intimacy began; but what passed then, according to his own account, would hardly have been considered a marriage even in Scotland. To make the affair more absurd, he was married, as he called it, under the name of Renou, and when his friends remonstrated, replied, "What does it signify? It is not names that are married; no, it is only persons."

But we have done with Rousseau and his meannesses and cowardice. Up to this time he might not unreasonably be regarded as a vagabond with little sense of right and wrong, as dreamily sensual, and, above all things, as a rolling stone that gathered no moss; we have yet to see that this man, so mean and cowardly, and who could so mar his own destinies and fortunes, was capable of great things, and might have, as Mr. Morley well says, many glimpses of wide horizons haunted by figures rather divine than human.

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY."

PART II.

In my last address we had already heard the sound of those much-feared and much-abused words, "the organization of labor." Turn them into French, and they become at once terribly suggestive. Vague ghosts of Communism and Socialism rise up before us, till timid folk feel inclined to put their fingers in their ears, and run away shrieking for the police. Unhappily for unhappy France, they are, inseparably I fear, connected there with terrible memories—with bitter class hatreds, unclosed social wounds; with blood-stained barricades, and armed men behind them, asserting against society, in blind but deadly earnest, the first "right of labor," as the Paris workman holds it—the right "to live working, or die fighting." I do not care to consider curiously why it is that we have no such memories to brood over, but would for myself earnestly deprecate the tone of complacency in which our press too often takes up this tale, and thanks, not God, but our remarkable national characteristics—our rever-

¹ See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 14, page 370.

ence for the constable's staff, our distrust of ideas, and the rest — that our people are not Red Republicans, Socialists, Communists, or even as these Frenchmen. We have a sorrowful enough record in the past, of bitterness and unwisdom — an anxious enough present, with our South Wales strikes, agricultural laborers' unions, and drinking ourselves out of the Alabama indemnity in one year — a future enough overcast to keep our attention sadly and earnestly fixed at home. We shall want all our breath to cool our own broth. When such "serious changes are going on in the structure" of the society to which he belongs, it is only the eyes of the fool that are in the ends of the earth.

The "organization of labor" in this kingdom has gone on in two parallel lines for the last twenty years and more, and at a rate as remarkable as that of the increase of our material riches. If Mr. Gladstone had added to his statement, as to what the last fifty years have done for us in this direction — that in the organization of labor, and the consequent change in the condition of the working classes, the same period had done more than the 300 years since the first Statute of Laborers — or indeed than the whole of previous English history — he would have been making a statement even more certain, and more easy of proof, than that which he did make. Let me very shortly make good my words. It was not until the year 1825 that the laws prohibiting combinations of workmen were repealed. They had lasted since the early Plantagenet times. Under them no open combination of artisans or laborers, such as the Trades Unions which we know, was possible. There were unions, indeed, but they met as secret societies, and worked by secret penalties and terrorism. After 1825 they came at once into the light, and there was a remarkable decrease, indeed almost a cessation, of those sanguinary crimes connected with trades disputes which had disgraced the previous quarter of a century. It took another quarter of a century to effect the next great change. From 1825 till 1849-50 may be called the period of local Unionism. In the latter year it entered on a new phase, that of federation. The first sign of the change was the great strike of the engineers at Christmas, 1851. Public attention was drawn to this struggle, involving as it did the prosperity of the most skilled, and most thoroughly national, of our great industries, and the country was startled to find that a league of upwards of 100 local unions, all federated in one amalgamated society, were sustaining the local contests in Oldham and London. This federation, although beaten in 1852, has gone on steadily gaining power and numbers ever since. There were then some 11,000 members, belonging to 100 branches in Great Britain and Ireland, and the funds of the society at the end of the great strike went down to zero; in fact, it came out of the contest in debt. There are now upwards of 40,000 members, nearly 300 branches, which are spread over all our colonies, the United States, and several European countries, and the accumulated fund amounts to more than £150,000. The example of the engineers has been followed, as we all know, by almost every other great industry. The Boiler-makers' Union, the Masons' Union, the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners', and the vast ironworkers and coal-workers' unions, in England, Scotland, and Wales, are the best known. Each of these is growing steadily, and aims at absorbing the whole trade. And not only are the unions of the separate trades federated in great amalgamated societies, but these societies are again in federation. They hold a Congress at the opening of each new year. It sat at Leeds at the beginning of this year, when another step in advance was proposed, being nothing less than the incorporation of all the unionists in the kingdom into one vast society. This proposal was indeed rejected; but even as it is, for all practical purposes the unions throughout the country are allied in a federation, which promises to be drawn closer and closer every year, and to become more and more powerful. Such have been, shortly speaking, the results of the twenty-five years of federated unionism.

And now let us look, as fairly as we can, at this "prob-

lem of civilization," and ask what it means and where it tends. That unionism is a great power, and likely to become a greater one still, no one will deny. That it is an army, by which I mean an organization for fighting purposes, goes without talk. That nearly all unions have their sick and provident funds, and their benefits of one kind and another, is perfectly true; but these are not their vital function. They are organized and supported "to speak with their enemies in the gate," and to fight whenever it may be thought advisable. And when it comes to fighting, they may use every penny of the funds (as the Amalgamated Engineers did in 1852) without a thought of the provident purposes contemplated by their rules. You can't have armies and battles without training professional soldiers. They must come to the front as naturally as cream rises if you let milk stand; and the Trades Unions train leaders who are essentially fighting men. I do not use the word as implying any censure. Many cruel and unfair attacks have been made on these men as a class with which I do not in the least sympathize. Many accusations have been brought against them which I know to be untrue. There are good and bad amongst them, as in all other classes; but, on the whole, they have done their work faithfully, and without giving needless offence. Indeed, I have often found them far more ready to listen to reason, to negotiate rather than fight, than their rank and file. They have supported the attempts to establish Courts of Arbitration and Conciliation, and are, as a rule, honest representatives, and in advance of their constituents. But the fact remains — they are fighting men, at the head of armies; and their business is constant watchfulness, and prompt action whenever a fair opportunity occurs. They accept and act on the principles of trade which they have learnt from their employers and see proclaimed in all the leading journals. Their business is to enable their members to sell their labor in the dearest market, and to limit and control the supply. "Morality," they maintain with their betters, "has nothing to do with buying and selling." They have nothing to do with the question whether their action is fair or just to employers, or whether it will bring trouble and misfortune on workmen outside the union. Employers and outsiders must look to themselves; what they have to see to is, that every unionist gets as much and gives as little as possible. No one can doubt that this is a most serious business, and that organizations such as these do threaten the prosperity of our industry. Nevertheless, for my own part I accept unionism as on the whole a benefit to this nation. Without it our working classes would be far less powerful than they are at present, and I desire that they should have their fair share of power and of all national prosperity. The free and full right of association for all lawful purposes is guaranteed to all our people. They had better use it now and then unwisely and tyrannically, than be unable to use it at all. I shall be glad to see the day, and I fully believe it will come, when Trades Unions will have played their part, and become things of the past. But they have still a part to play, and until they are superseded by other associations, founded on higher principles and aiming at nobler ends, their failure and disappearance would be a distinct step backwards — an injury, not an advantage, to the nation and to civilization.

What hope, then, is there of the rise of other associations amongst our people of nobler aim than their Trades Unions? I said just now that the "organization of labor" had been going on amongst us by means of two parallel movements. Of one of these — the Trades Union, or fighting movement — I have already spoken; and we now come to the Coöperative movement, to which I have looked for five and twenty years, and still look with increasing hope, for the solution of the labor question, and a building up of a juster, and nobler, and gentler life throughout this nation. The present Coöperative movement is not thirty years old. The store of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, which has become world-famous now, was established in the year 1844 by a few laboring folk, of very small means and very high aspirations. Their first venture in goods,

not amounting to more than some £20 worth, but all that they could command, was trundled in a wheelbarrow to the little room in Toad Lane, where they started on the trifling work of making trade honest, and delivering their brethren of the working class with themselves from the bondage in which they were held by the credit system, by thriftlessness, by intemperance. On the 28th of September, 1867, I had the pleasure of attending a great gathering of Coöperators at Rochdale to celebrate the opening of their new central store. This new central store is only their chief place of business. It is a fine building four stories high, and surmounted by a clock with a bee-hive on the top of it. The building cost £10,000, and, besides giving ample room and convenience for their great trade in the shape of shops, offices, store-rooms, workshops, committee-rooms, on the third story there is a library with an area of 150 square yards, and a news-room containing an area of 170 square yards; and on the fourth floor, one large room for lectures and meetings, capable of seating 1,500 persons comfortably. The number of members exceeded 7,000, the business reached £60,000 a quarter, the profits £40,000 a year, and the assets of the society £120,000.

But I am running away from my text. There have been other examples in plenty, as remarkable though not so well known as that of Rochdale; but it is with the movement as a whole, not with individual cases, that we are concerned. It may be said to have begun, then, in 1844. For the next few years it struggled on slowly but surely. The first meeting of representatives of the different stores and associations met at Bury, and afterwards in Manchester, in 1851, to consult and take measures for obtaining legal recognition, and for concerting joint action. There were forty-four societies represented, and the delegates drew up rules for the guidance of the Coöperative movement. To these rules—this first public statement of the objects of the Coöperative Parliament—I must return presently. The inconvenience of having to carry on trade without a legal status was remedied in the next year by the passing of the first Industrial and Provident Societies Act, which gave a corporate existence, and powers of suing and being sued, to all societies of persons carrying on their trade in common who chose to register under it. From the time of its legal recognition the progress of the movement has been as rapid as that flood of riches of which I spoke in my former paper. The Government Returns for 1870—only eighteen years from the passing of the first Act—show that in that year there were upwards of 1,500 registered societies, numbering some half-million of members (each of whom, we must recollect, is the head of a family). These societies distributed amongst their members more than £8,000,000 of goods, and returned to them £467,164 in bonuses on their purchases.

But here we are met by the old question. This mere progress in numbers and wealth is nothing to the purpose in itself. It may well have demoralized and divided, instead of strengthening and uniting, and then it had better not have happened at all. How is this? Well, in this case I am glad to be able to answer confidently and hopefully. The wealth *has* been well earned, is being well spent. From the very first the Coöperators—these poor men, these weavers, cobblers, laborers—have deliberately and steadily repudiated the current commercial principles and practices. They are societies for fellow work and mutual help. They have fought no battle for high or low prices, and have no such battle to fight. They claim to stand on the principle of combining the interests of producer and consumer; they hold, one and all, as their distinctive doctrine, that inasmuch as the life of nine tenths of mankind must be spent in labor,—in producing and distributing, buying and selling,—moral considerations must be made to govern these operations; and anything worth calling success in them must depend, not upon profits, but upon justice. For the ideas “cheapness” and “dearness,” they have deliberately substituted “fair prices,” and their whole life has been a struggle, not, of course, free from backslidings and falls, to reach that ideal.

I mentioned the first Congress of 1851 just now. At

that gathering the following resolution was carried unanimously and by acclamation, after a number of others, in not one of which is there any mention of profits. It runs: “That the various Coöperative stores of England should use all their efforts to prevent the sale of adulterated articles, inasmuch as the Coöperative movement is by its very constitution open and honest in its dealings; and that any departure from the strictest honesty in dealing is a gross violation of the principles and intentions of Coöperation.” Now, just compare this first public announcement with the prospectus of an ordinary trading company, silent as to everything but profits, and I think you will feel that the atmosphere is different. But it is one thing to pass virtuous resolutions, and another to live up to them. How far have the Coöperators been able to do this? Here again I can answer, consistently, and on the whole successfully. Their system has been, on the whole, faithfully worked by men who have devoted their lives to it, and have remained as poor as they began. They have never lost sight of or lowered their original aims. One striking contrast between the ordinary trade system and theirs will be worth yards of talk. We all know how up-hill, almost desperate, a battle the founder of a new business has to fight in the competitive world. Every neighbor looks on him as an enemy and an intruder, and tries to break him down as fast as possible by underselling him, or in any other available way. In the Coöperative system the new comer is welcomed and helped. The great Wholesale Coöperative Society at Manchester has been established for this special purpose, one of its most prominent objects being “to consolidate and extend the movement by enabling small societies to purchase their goods on the most advantageous terms—thus securing them from imposition in the days of their infancy and inexperience.” In this way the weakest village store gets precisely the same advantages in purchasing its few shillings’ worth of goods as Halifax, Oldham, or Rochdale, with their monthly thousands.

But it is impossible to bring before you in the space I have at my disposal anything like proofs of a tithe of the good which this movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people. I wish I could induce all here to look into the matter carefully for themselves. Meantime I may say that it has in the first place delivered the poor in a number of our great towns from the credit system, which lay so hard on them twenty years ago—for the Coöperative system is founded scrupulously on ready money dealings. Next it has delivered the poor from adulterated goods and short weight and measure. It has developed amongst them honesty, thrift, forethought, and made them feel that they cannot raise themselves without helping their neighbors.

The management of business concerns of this magnitude has developed an extraordinary amount of ability amongst the leading members, who in committees, and as secretaries and buyers, conduct the affairs of the stores throughout the country. As their funds have accumulated they have been invested in corn mills and cotton mills, most of which have been managed with great ability and honesty, and are returning large profits. There have been failures, of course, as there must be in all movements; but it scarcely any cases have these been owing to the deep-seated dishonesty, the lying, the puffing, and trickery, which have brought down in disgraceful ruin so many of our joint-stock companies. I have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the societies known as Coöperative stores which are concerned with distribution; but associations for production are now multiplying, and at least as great results may be looked for from them. In those few which I have had the opportunity of watching, I can speak with the greatest confidence of the admirable influence they have exercised on the character and habits of the associates. But I prefer to call in here the testimony of one who has had as much experience and done as much work for the Coöperative movement in England as any living man. “If,” writes Mr. Ludlow, “a Coöperative workshop has sufficient elements of vitality to outlast the inevitable

rms and struggles of its first few years, it begins to relapse a most remarkable series of results. Coöperation expels from the shop drunkenness, and all open disorder, which are found wholly inconsistent with its success; reducing in their stead a number of small adjustments and contrivances of a nature to facilitate work, or promote comfort of the worker. By degrees it exterminates in the small tricks and dishonesties of work, which the position of interests between the employers and employed often excuses in the worker's eyes; it is felt to be the best of each and all that all work should be good — at no time should be lost. Fixity of employment meanwhile, coupled with a common interest, creates new ties between man and man, suggests new forms of fellowship, there grows up a sort of family feeling, the only danger which is, its becoming exclusive towards the outside; this state of things lasts a while and there is literally developed a new type of working man, endowed not only with that honesty and frankness, that kindness and true modesty which distinguish the best specimens of the order wherever they may be placed, but with a dignity and self-respect, a sense of conscious freedom, which are peculiar to the Coöperator. The writer met with such a type first in the Associations Ouvrières of Paris. He has since had the pleasure of seeing it reproduced, with variations as slight as the differences of nationality might render unavoidable, in English Coöperative workshops; and he therefore believes that its development may be confidently looked forward to as a normal result of Coöperative production."

These two parallel movements — differing fundamentally in their principles and objects — have had this in common, that they have done more than all other causes put together to raise the condition of the great mass of the working-people. By increasing manifold their power and weight, they have at last won for them a place side by side with other classes of the community; and have given them a share in, if not the ultimate control of, the government and the destinies of our country. While they were organized they were powerless. They have found out the worth of organization, and are perfecting it in both directions with an energy which must have very serious results for the whole nation. That much of what they are doing in their Trades Unions is causing alarm, and raising a spirit of hostility to these organizations throughout the country, is plain to the most careless observer. I am not here to defend many of their acts and much of their policy. I do not doubt the truth of the accusations which are brought against them: of their carelessness of the common weal in the suit of their own ends; of the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over minorities in their own body; of deterioration in work, the dawdling and incompetence which in many trades are not unjustly laid at their door. But before we blame them for these things, let us glance back at the history of the country during the last fifty years, the period of the immense development of our material prosperity, and see whether there is not another side to the picture, whether much may not be pleaded on their side in mitigation.

Fifty years ago the intensely national and aristocratic England under which England had lived for centuries, and which had carried her through the great struggle with Napoleon, with so much glory and at such fearful cost, was coming to its fall. Happily for the nation the cost broke the system, and in 1832 the first Reform Bill brought the middle class fairly into partnership in the government of the British Empire — indeed, in the last resort (as has been proved so often since), handed over to them the ultimate controlling power. During the next thirty-five years, never they have been deeply moved, all opposition has been down before them. Those years therefore stand out as a distinct period in our history, unlike and apart from anything which went before them. With the trading class as ultimate rulers, this period has been an industrial one, that class may well point with pride to its achievements, and claim that the sturdiness and energy which carried England so triumphantly through the great revolutionary war has not failed her in their keeping. The contrast

between Great Britain in 1832 and 1867 is indeed astounding. In 1832 no railway ran into London, no iron ship had been built, and no steamer had crossed the ocean. The power of carrying out great enterprises by associated capital did not exist except by special privilege. All the necessities of life — air, light, and food — were heavily taxed. The press was shackled by stamp duties and paper duties. The Post Office was a hindrance rather than a help to communication. The poor laws were pauperizing and degrading the nation. We were even then the workshop of the world, but a shop in which the workers were hampered and trammelled by bandages of all kinds, which look to us now inconceivably mischievous and childish. On their advent to power the middle class found themselves bound hand and foot. They have burst every bond. The period between the two Reform Bills set all these fiscal confusions and absurdities straight. It has covered the land with railways, and all seas with iron steamers; the earth is belted by the telegraphs of English companies. Every restriction on the association of capital has disappeared. Food and light are untaxed to rich and poor. All imposts enhancing the cost of consumption are gone, or are so reduced as to be no longer burdensome. We have the New Poor Law, an improvement at any rate on the old and leaving perhaps little to be desired from a middle-class point of view. We have the penny post and a free press. In the same period the capital of the country has multiplied at the rate Mr. Gladstone has told us. These are the fruits of the admission of the middle classes to their fair share in the government of the country — no mean fruits, surely, and attained in the active life of one generation. There are still men in the House of Commons who sat in it before 1832. The representative man of the best side of this period, Mr. Gladstone, to whom the great financial reforms which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws are due more than to any other, was already then in the full vigor of manhood.

But what did this same period of middle-class ascendancy do for the working classes?

The great free trade struggle was its culminating point, the repeal of the Corn Laws its crowning victory. A middle-class victory, it is true, but carried by the help of the working classes in the great towns, with whom the cry of the cheap loaf did good service. But it was not the appeal to their pockets which carried the working classes into the free trade camp. Far more powerful than the cheap-loaf cry with them was the grand, if somewhat vague, teaching of the free trade leaders, of a reign of peace and universal good-will between nations, which the overthrow of aristocratic and commercial monopolies, and the breaking down of restrictions on trade, was to inaugurate. I have no space here to prove the point, but let those who doubt it take one recent instance of the comparative power of self-interest and of high principle with the masses of our people. I refer to their conduct during the American war and the cotton famine, when the chance of averting want from their homes was resolutely put aside lest the cause of the slave in America should be imperilled. Does any man doubt now that, if our operatives had cried out for breaking the blockade, Napoleon's insidious proposals for intervention would have been accepted, and the Southern negroes would have remained enslaved to this day? I own it seems to me — and I say it with some shame for my own class — that, in our great free trade struggle, the only part of our people which has nothing now to regret for the part they took is the working class. Our territorial aristocracy and their retainers fought for their monopoly. Our trading classes preached justice, freedom, and the vital interests which are common to all nations, but what they fought for was, as the last quarter of a century has shown too clearly, not any commercial millennium in which honest goods and just prices should reign, but the greatest possible facilities for buying cheap and selling dear. Our working class seized on the noble and human side of the teaching of their natural leaders, — are still, indeed, proclaiming that "labor is of no country," that "all nations are meant to live in peace and friendship," — but have protested by the two move-

ments we have been considering to-night against the notion that the world is to be saved and set right by unlimited competition; and they have been hitherto the class which has taken least by the results of the struggle. *Laissez faire* may have done great things for other classes; for them it has only proved a hard taskmaster, and the new period of our history, which commenced in 1867, when the sceptre passed from the middle class, and the first years of which have been so full of change, will witness the struggle between that central belief of the middle-class period and the belief in, and practice of, organization, which has carried our working classes (who are after all, be it remembered, the great majority of the nation) into partnership with the upper and middle classes. The middle-class period, they will remember, left the labor question almost untouched; and it was not till they had gained a voice in legislation that the Masters and Servants Bill, the Trades Unions Bill, the Hours of Labor Regulation Act, and the Mines Regulations Bill have become law. Bearing these things in mind, and remembering also how new and strange the feeling of power must be to them, I think we shall be prepared to make great allowances, even for the doings of Trades Unions. The other column of the industrial organizations of the working classes has no need to ask for indulgent criticism, and will bear the keenest without wincing. They have never been aggressive. They have never even negatively encouraged idleness, or class jealousies, or kept back the industrious and skilled worker, or protested against piece work. They have wrought out the emancipation of their own members by patience, and diligence, and honest dealing; and are giving proofs, sorely needed amongst us, that trade and commerce, production, distribution, consumption, may be made to conform themselves to the ordinary moral laws which have been accepted, in theory at least, by the whole of Christendom for eighteen hundred years. The great reform, like the greatest of all reforms, has come from below; and our upper classes are now beginning to imitate the example of the poor weavers and cobblers, often however in their imitations leaving out the best part of their models, and setting up what are nothing but ready-money shops, founded merely with a view to profits, and calling them Coöperative stores.

If I am right as to the leading ideas of our working classes, it is obvious, then, that one of the chief problems of civilization which must soon come to the front will be the proper functions of government. They do not share the creed of advanced Liberalism, the intense jealousy of government except in the capacity of policeman. The taking over of the railways, a more active interference with sanitary matters, with pauperism, — with the liberty of the subject, in short, — will have no terrors for them. They will not be deterred, I take it, by such phrases as “grandmotherly government” from insisting that society shall be organized precisely to that point where organization will be found to act most beneficially on the habits and life of the great majority of the nation. I venture to think that when they get to understand these matters better, there will be no difficulty in taking legislative means to stop strikes. Legislation of a new kind will be pressed on the government with increasing persistence. The country will have to consider how far it will go in new directions, and will have no more difficult and delicate questions to consider. I have little fear myself that we shall go too far, for certainly the first two experiments, the Hours of Labor Regulation Act and the Habitual Criminals Act, have not furnished the opponents of “grandmotherly government” with any arguments in favor of their views. I can answer from my own knowledge of the benefits conferred by the former, at the expense, I firmly believe, of no liberty which any citizen had a right to use. Of the working of the second I have the knowledge gained from parliamentary papers.

I do not propose to detain you with the reasons which induced the present government to break entirely new ground in this matter. Suffice it to say, that on the 11th of August, 1869, an Act introduced by the Home Secretary became law under the title of “The Habitual Criminals Act, 1869.”

It has been the fashion to speak of Mr. Bruce as a weak Minister, timid in his political faiths, and easily turned from his purpose by any resolute opposition. I am not one of those who agree with this estimate of him; and certainly the Habitual Criminals Act (and the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, which has followed it) cannot be cited as timid legislation. So far as the present question is concerned, the important parts of this new legislation are — first, that it gives the police power to arrest, and the magistrates to imprison, any person holding a license under the Penal Servitude Acts (commonly called a “ticket-of-leave”) *whom the police have reason to believe is getting a livelihood by dishonest means*; and secondly, that in the case of proceedings against receivers of stolen goods, it makes a previous conviction evidence of knowledge on the part of the accused that the goods were stolen, and throws the burden of proving the contrary on the accused. Now these are very startling provisions. We all know that the maxims, “Every man shall be held innocent until proved guilty,” “The burden of proof rests on the accuser,” lie at the root of English criminal law. I suppose that every Englishman values them as most precious safeguards of liberty, and would be ready to fight for them if necessary. I certainly would myself, and it was with something very like misgiving that I silently assented at last in the House of Commons to the facts and arguments of the Home Secretary, and gave my humble support to the government. The result has been striking, and well worth the careful consideration of all persons interested in these questions. In the year 1869, in the autumn of which the Habitual Criminals Act was passed, the number of houses of receivers of stolen goods, and of houses of known bad character, reached the highest figure ever attained in England since reliable records of such matters have been kept. Their total number was 15,030. In the following year the number fell to 13,081, and in 1871 to 11,072. In the same period the houses of notoriously bad character, the resort of thieves and their companions, were reduced from 1,740 to 1,139. The reduction of these nests of vice and crime was in the first full year during which the Act was in operation, as compared with the average of the previous three years, equal to 26 per cent., and in the next year (1871) to 36.8 per cent.

The strife between employer and employed, the question of the proper limits of the functions of government, the inevitable collision between the principle of *laissez faire*, and the faith in organization which the working classes will endeavor to express by legislation as soon as they feel their power, are only superficial indications after all of a far deeper struggle. The signs of that struggle are all about us and around us. You cannot pick up a newspaper without coming across them. Perhaps the most remarkable of them of late, spoken or written, have been the speech of Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool, quoted in my Tuesday's lecture, and a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.¹ Of the speech I need only say that I rejoice that it was made. The articles I must refer to a little more in detail.

After a masterly examination of the utilitarian and positivist theories, the writer explains his own views: how he has come honestly and bravely to the conclusion, that believers in “the service of humanity” and “the religion of fraternity” have no solid ground beneath them — why, for his part, he will resolutely continue to love his friend and hate his enemy, and will on no terms call all sorts of people, of whom he knows and for whom he cares nothing, his brothers and sisters. He proceeds: “The believer in the religion of fraternity cannot speak thus. He is bound to love all mankind. If he wants me to do so too he must show me a reason why. Not only does he show me none, as a rule, but he generally denies either the truth or the relevancy of that which, if true, is a reason — the doctrine that God made all men and ordered them to love each other. Whether this is true is one question; how it is proposed to get people to love each other without such a

¹ Since published separately, with the name of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen to them.

blief I do not understand. It would want the clearest of imaginable revelations to make me try to love a considerable number of people whom it is unnecessary to mention, or affect to care about masses of men with whom I have nothing to do." It is healthy and bracing to hear or read such plain speaking; for, when one comes upon a naked and transparently honest denial, not only of modern theories, but of teaching which one learnt at one's mother's knee, upon which Christendom and civilization, such as we have it, are supposed to have been built up, a man must be very careless or very dishonest who is not driven to ask himself plainly how far he agrees with it.

The writer in question goes on, coming specially to the subject of these lectures, and supporting on one side the view which I was urging on Tuesday as to the effects of civilization: "These are the grounds on which it appears to me that there is a great deal of self-deception as to the nature of fraternity, and that the mere feeling of sympathy, indefinite sympathy with mankind, in those cases in which it happens to exist, is not deserving of the admiration which is so often claimed for it. I will say, in conclusion, a very few words on the opinion that the progress of civilization, the growth of wealth and of physical science, and the general diffusion of comfort, will tend to excite or open such sympathy. I think it more probable that it will have exactly the opposite effect. The whole tendency of modern civilization is to enable each man to stand on his own and take care of his own interests, and the growth of liberty and equality will, as I have already shown, intensify these feelings. They will minimize all restraints and allure every one to a dead level, offering no attractions to the imagination or to the affections. In this state of society you will have plenty of public meetings, Exeter Halls, and philanthropic associations, but there will be no occasion for patriotism or public spirit. France in 1870, with its ambulances and its representatives of the Geneva Convention, was, after all, a poor, washy, feeble place in comparison with Holland three centuries before. There are no commonplaces about the connection between the development of patriotism and the growth of luxury. No doubt they have their weak side, but to me they appear far more to be the truth than the commonplaces which are now so common about the connection between civilization and the welfare of mankind. Civilization no doubt makes people feel the very thought of pain or discomfort either in their own persons or in the case of others. It also disposes men to talk and to potter about each other's affairs in the name of mutual sympathy and compliment, and now and then to get into states of fierce excitement about them; but all this is not love, or anything like it. The real truth is that the human race is so big, so various, so little known, that no one can really love it. You can at most fancy that you love some imaginary representation of bits of it, which, when examined, are only your own fancies personified. A progress which teaches people to attach increased importance to phantoms is not a glorious thing, in my eyes at all events. It is a progress towards a huge Social Science Association, embracing in itself all the Exeter Halls that ever were born or thought of. From such a vision of humanity I can only say in the deepest tones of alarm and horror, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

A very startling, suggestive, and, in many respects, I believe, truthful, diagnosis of our condition, and forecast of what is coming upon us. I should think most persons when they put it down must have asked themselves, What is it? Freedom, equality, brotherhood, a mockery and illusion! — the passionate struggle of three generations to realize them ending in a huge Exeter Hall millennium! The writer exclaims scornfully, "Good Lord, deliver us!" and passes on in his strength — but we cannot. For us, what outlook? what escape? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? I have not come here, 400 miles from home, my friends, to speak to you on the problems of civilization and to shirk the most difficult and the most interesting of them all — the one, in fact, which unites and overshadows all others — I mean, of course, the religious problem. Do not start in alarm, or suppose

for a moment that I am about to trespass on or lead you into the tangled paths of religious polemics. The party wrestling-matches and janglings of the various churches and sects which go by the common name of Christian, are to me only not wholly indifferent because they seem so eminently futile and mischievous. But the religious "problem of civilization" lies outside of all this. For I think very few persons interested in these questions can have failed to remark the uneasy and mournful tone which runs through much of the serious scepticism in our current literature. Of flippancy and shallowness we have no doubt enough and to spare, but not amongst the writers and thinkers I refer to, and from one of the ablest of whom I have been quoting. Their feeling would seem to be rather one of sorrow that Christianity has been unable to hold its own. They recognize the noble work it has done — admit that its history has been the history of civilization — while they entirely abandon it as a living power, capable of delivering us from the moral and religious anarchy which seems to them to brood over the nineteenth century in as dense a cloud as overshadowed the Roman world in the time of Augustus. They are too English and too masculine to put up with the "Universum" of Strauss, or the organized religion of humanity of the Positivists. Blank Atheism has no attraction whatever for them. Rather in a gloomy and despondent way, while refusing belief to anything which cannot be tested by the methods of their science and measured by their plumb-line, with a sort of half hope which they will scarcely admit to themselves, they seem to recognize the travail of their own time with thoughts too big for utterance hitherto, and to look, with a dull, dim kind of hope, for the gradual rise out of the chaos of a new faith, which shall fuse again and give expression to the scattered thoughts and aspirations of mankind, and stand out as a revelation of God suited to these new times, which have been driven in sheer despair to abandon the old revelation.

A curious echo — if that can be called an echo which is set in an entirely different key — comes back to these broodings from the New World. There, too, the foremost thinkers recognize the prevailing anarchy, and many look for a new revelation, but in a cheerful and hopeful spirit, such as befits a new country, and rather as a supplement to, than as a substitution for, the Christianity which they too believe to have spent its force, and to be inadequate to the new time. Let Mr. Emerson, their ablest and wisest voice, speak for them. "And now," he says, in an address — singularly typical of the best current thought of New England — to the senior Divinity Class at Harvard University, "let us do what we can to rekindle the smouldering, nigh-quenched fire on the altar. The evils of the Church that now is are manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess all attempts to project and establish a Cultus, with new rites and new forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it, and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a new system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the Goddess of Reason — to-day pasteboard and filigree, and ending to-morrow in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For if once you are alive, you shall find that they become plastic and new. . . . I look for the hour when that supreme beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, which have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity — are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new teacher, who shall follow so far these shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one with science, with beauty, and with joy."

Surely, my friends, there is something singularly inspiring in this transatlantic voice. Its first ring is like that of

a bugle in front of a forming battalion. The call to the best heart and head in young America to throw to the winds all attempts to establish a new Cult, new rites, new forms; to rekindle the smouldering fire on the altar by themselves breathing new life into the forms already existing, till they become plastic and ready to fit the new times, and express the new thoughts; is to my mind full of hope, for the Old World as well as for the New. But look again, listen again, and the jubilant voice falters; the sound of the bugle grows wandering, uncertain, and passes away in a few wild notes, to me at least as empty of hope as that wail of the Old World. The voice which spoke to those old Hebrews has not then, as yet, spoken in the West; a new teacher is needed there too, who shall bring with him some further good news for men. Without such, the shining laws cannot come full circle — the pure of heart cannot see God.

Great is the controversy — full of the most absorbing interest for every human soul, and great the issues which the civilization of our day is forcing on a world bent on enjoyment of all kinds — sensual, artistic, intellectual — and on shutting its ears to all voices from the height and from the depth. And more and more clearly it seems to me, at least, is the voice, calmer than silence, sounding from the height and from the depth; and more and more vain grows the world's effort to enjoy any of its good things, until it hears and answers. As Carlyle said scornfully thirty years ago, the wealth is enchanted, the art is enchanted, the science is enchanted; let those who feel that they are really the better for them, give us their names.

But the philosopher of Concord (Emerson) has touched the very centre of the matter. A new teacher, he tells us, is needed; a new Gospel will make the progress of civilization wholly beneficent. The great West (at least, all that is noblest in it) is looking for such a man, for such a message. Vain outlook! the "shining laws" would come full circle fast enough, have been ready to do so any time these eighteen hundred years, if men would only let them. The Teacher who has spoken the last and highest word to mankind, is asking of our age, as He asked of the men of his own day, as He has asked of the sixty generations of our fathers who have come and gone since his day, the question which goes to the root of all "problems of civilization" — all problems of human life — "What think ye of Christ?" The time is upon us when that question must be answered by this nation, and can no longer be thrust aside, while we go, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. Is this life the model of what human life must become — is He the Son of God, dwelling with men now and always, and inspiring them with power to live that life — not a small section of them here and there, but the whole race, big, various, and disagreeable as it is to most of us? Upon the answer England gives to that question depends our future — whether we shall flounder on under the weight of increasing riches, till our vaunted civilization has brought us to utter anarchy, and so to the loss of courage, trustfulness, simplicity, manliness — of everything that makes life endurable for men or nations; or whether we shall rise up in new strength, casting out the spirit of Mammon in the Name which broke in pieces the Roman Empire, subdued the wild tribes which flooded that empire in her decay, and founded a Christendom on the ruins — which in our own land has destroyed feudalism, abolished slavery, and given us an inheritance such as has been given to no people on this earth before us; and so build up a stronger, gentler, nobler national life, in which all problems of civilization shall find their true solution.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. FULGENCE GÉRARD, the once well-known collaborateur of Eugène Sue, died recently in great poverty.

THE last number of the *London Spectator* gives very high praise to Mr. Warner's "Saunterings," and "Backlog Studies."

SIGNOR VERDI has entered the lists as a composer of classical chamber composition, by writing a string quartet, which has been executed in private at Naples.

BAYARD TAYLOR's new poem "Lars," published in London by Messrs. Strahan & Co., is attracting unusual attention among English readers. The "Pastoral of Norway" is generally pronounced Mr. Taylor's finest work.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have purchased the copyright of all the works, published and unpublished, of the late Lord Lytton. Amongst the unpublished works is a novel, entitled "Pausanias," and a play, the title of which is "The Captive."

SPEAKING of Whittier's last volume, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," the *London Spectator* says: "Mr. Whittier has long ago achieved a high reputation among American poets; we are delighted to see that age still leaves him unimpaired his gifts of melody and thought."

THE painter Courbet has just addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Doubs, complaining that the trees are being cut down unskillfully and injudiciously in the islets of Bassy at Ornans, that such a measure causes a serious detriment to the town, and stigmatizes the proceeding as a piece of vandalism. The journals remark that such an expression comes strangely from the man who threw down the Vendôme column.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL says that the great English watch-maker, Bennett, of Cheapside (late sheriff of London), has for years urged on public platforms the employment of women as watch-makers, but he has never ventured to take a practical step toward breaking down the barriers which exclude his countrywomen from this desirable occupation. Year after year he has sent thousands of pounds to Switzerland for work which he might have obtained from suffering Englishwomen, had he cared to put his convictions to the test. In the course of Miss Faithfull's inquiries respecting American industries, she has therefore been peculiarly interested in the development of the watch-making trade in its relation to women, and speaks in the highest terms of the way in which the National Watch Company Factory at Elgin is conducted. Three hundred women and girls are employed in it, tending the machines for cutting pinions, screws, and wheels, making hair springs, setting jewels, etc., etc. A well-known supporter of women's rights told her not long since that she bought a watch at Geneva four years before her little girl was old enough to wear it, because she "thought the opportunity too good to be lost." Miss Faithfull thinks that American ladies should not lose the opportunity of giving a national product a well-deserved support, especially as the "Lady Elgin Watches" are such charming and perfect little timekeepers.

THE *London Daily News* thus discourses about Mr. Emerson: "The third visit of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson to England, though the enjoyment of it has hitherto been limited to private circles, possesses an interest for the public. It is about forty years since, as a young man, he explored this country with the divining-rod of his sympathetic genius, to which Coleridge was glad to unfold his treasures of philosophy, and Wordsworth the intellectual hospitalities of Rydal Mount. To the interchange of thought and feeling which took place amid the wild hills of Craigenputtock, where on a day 'straight up rose that lone wayfaring man,' the world has been happily admitted, and the simple story constitutes an almost romantic episode in the annals of contemporary literature. The two young men who there walked together have since become among the most notable figures of our time. While it would be difficult to imagine two thinkers who, while offspring of the same intellectual age, have further diverged in opinion and method than Carlyle and Emerson, yet in loftiness of aim, in strength of conviction, and in extent of influence, they have remained allies, and those whose minds and characters they have done so much to mould — a large number — will continue to think of them as obverse and reverse of one great spiritual movement. When Emerson returned to his ancestral home at Concord, it might have seemed, according to one of his poems, that it was as a hermitage of thought, where he would shut his garden gate in the face of the world; but the world was not to be so shut out; rather some of its finer elements made of Concord village a kind of Mecca. There are few important names in America which have not been in some way connected with that little New England town which was the scene of the first armed resistance to the soldiers of George III. The records of Weimar, where Goethe and Schiller dwelt there, furnish the nearest parallel to the pilgrimages to Concord. The society which gathered around Emerson, as the prophet of a new era, is described by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' This influence was not limited to America, and when the 'Sage

accord' visited Europe in 1848, it was to find as earnest and true listeners as those whom he had left at home, and to friendships which remain to show how slight are many of the distances and differences, of nationality or space, in the presence of the high aims and pure thoughts which belong to a whole of humanity. Mr. Emerson's influence in his own country may have been wider than in this, but it cannot have been more real or more healthful there than here. The working of the institution in Great Ormond Street have alone, of public, had the opportunity of expressing in his presence an image to the American thinker which is certainly general and profound in widely separated ranks of English society."

BETSY LEE.

PART III.

OTHER and Mistress Lee in the gig —
the way, good people! — aw, terrible big!
 d would I demean myself to them?
 a silly-billy! for shame! for shame!"
 d at it again — "And what she would rather —
 d me in the very spit of my father!
 d what *was* a bychild, if you come to that?
 wasn a dog, and it wasn a cat;
 t a man's own flesh, and the love and the life
 is in it — let be she wasn your wife —
 d after all why shouldn she be?
 was a strappin wench, was Jinny Magee,
 d good at the work, and worth a hundred
 your Betsy things — and why should we be sundered?
 d Jinny and her would agree, never fear her!"
 , she was despard though to hear her.

"Hush! mawther!" I says, "aw, mawther, hush!"
 d she turned to the fire, and I saw her brush
 : tears from her eyes, and I saw the workin
 er back, and her body jerkin, jerkin:
 I went, and I never said nothin lek,
 I put my arm around her neck,
 I looked in her face, and the shape and the strent',
 I the very face itself had went
 into one, like a sudden thaw,
 hed and slushed, or the way you've saw
 water bubblin and swirlin around
 place where a strong man have gone down.

nd I took her and put her upon the bed
 a little child, and her poor ould head
 my breast, and I hushed her, and stroked her cheek,
 tin little talk — the way they speak
 babies — I did! and d — the shame!
 n it out of her I came?

I began to think of Absalun,
 David cryin "My son, my son!"
 the moon come round, and the light shone in,
 crep' on her face, and I saw the thin
 was, and the wore, and her neck all dried
 shrivelled up like strips of hide:
 I thought of the time it was as warm
 as soft as Betsy's, and her husband's arm
 and it strong and lovin, and me
 dded up, and a suckin free.
 I cried like Peter in the Testament,
 a Jesus looked at him, and out he went,
 cried like a fool, and the cock a crowin,
 what there was in his heart there's no knowin.
 I swore by the living God above
 ay her back, and love for love,
 keep for keep, and the wages checked,
 her with a note, and all correct.
 I kissed her, and she never stirred;
 I took my clothes, and, without a word,
 ked the door, and by break o' the day
 standing alone on Douglas quay.

hipped foreign of coorse, and a fine ship too,
 a bound, the Waterloo —
 in Davis — the time I joined her —
 on Davis?" aye, I thought you'd mind her.
 ht little ship, and a tight little skipper —
 we a race with the Liverpool clipper,
 Marco Polo, that very trip?
 s's my opinion that if that ship —

But never mind! she done her duty,
 And the Marco Polo *was* a beauty —
 But still — close-hauled, d'ye see? Well! well!
 There's odds of ships, and who can tell?
 That was my ship anyway,
 And I was aboard her two years to a day,
 And back though for all, and her a dischargin,
 And the hands paid off, so you'll aisy imagine
 The keen I was for home, and the tracks
 I made right away, and no one to ax,
 Nor nothing — "And surely hadn I heard
 From nobody?" Bless ye! divil a word!

It was dark when I come upon the street,
 And my heart hung heavy on my feet,
 And — all turned in, but in the ould spot
 A light was burnin still, and the hot
 I felt, and the chokin, and over the midden,
 And up to the pane — and her face half-hidden,
 And her sure enough, and the ould arm-cheer,
 And as straight as a reed, and terrible speer!
 And the needles twinklin cheerily,
 And a brave big book spread out on her knee,
 The Bible — thinks I — and I was raely plased,
 For it's a great thing to get ould people aised
 In their minds with the lek o' yandhar, and tracks,
 And hymns — it studdies them though, and slacks
 Their sowls, and softens their tempers, and stops
 Their coughin as good as any drops.
 And if they don't understand what they're readin —
 The poor ould things — it's a sort of feedin —
 Chewin or suction — what's the odds?
 One way's man's, and the other God's!

"But how about Betsy?" well, wait a bit!
 How about her? aye that was it —
 And what a man knows, you see he knows,
 So I lifts the latch, and in I goes.
 "Mawther!" I says — my God! the spring
 She gev, and says she — "It's a scandalous thing,"
 She says, "comin back in their very closes!
 And it's bad enough, but I'll have no ghoses!
 Be aff!" says she, "be aff! be aff!"
 Well, I raely couldn help but laugh.
 "I'm Thomas Baynes, your son!" I said;
 "I'm not a ghost." "And aren't you dead?"
 "No!" I says, and I tuk and gev her a kiss:
 "Is that like a ghost?" "Well, I can't say it is."
 "And — Betsy, mawther?" "Aw, Christ, the look!
 "Betsy, mawther?" — the woman shook;
 And she spread her arms, and I staggered to her,
 And I fell upon my knees on the floor;
 And she wrapped my head in her brat — d'ye hear?
 For to see a man cryin is middlin queer:
 And then, my mates, then — then I knew
 What a man that's backed by the divil can do.
 For hadn this Taylor come one day,
 And tould them I was drowned at sea?
 And ould Anthony Lee, that might have knew better,
 Never axed to see the letter
 Nor nothin, but talked about "Providence;"
 And the men at the shore they hadn the sense;
 And the Pazon as simple as a child,
 And that's the way the villain beguiled
 The lot of them, for they didn know
 What to do or where to go,
 As if there wasn no owners nor agent,
 Nor Lloyd's, where they might have heard immedient.

And Betsy, be sure, heard all before long,
 They took care of that, and then ding-dong,
 Night and day the ould people was at her —
 And would she marry Taylor? and chitter-chatter!
 And never a word from Betsy Lee
 But, "It cannot be! it cannot be!"
 And thinner and thinner every day,
 And paler and paler, I've heard them say;
 And always doin the work and goin,
 And early and late, and them never knowin,
 For all they thought theirselves so wies,
 That the gel was dyin under their eyes.
 And — "Take advice, and marry him now!
 A rael good husband anyhow."
 And allis the one against the three —
 And, "It cannot be! it cannot be!"

One night he was there, and words ran high —
 Ould Peggy was tellin' — and "Let me die!"
 She says — "let me die! let me die!" she said,
 And they tuk her up-stairs, and put her to bed,
 And the doctor come — I knew him well,
 And he knew me — ould Doctor Bell —
 A nice ould man, but hard on the drink,
 And the foud of Betsy you woul'dn think!
 He used to say, but he'd never say more,
 Her face was like one he'd seen afore.
 Aw, that's the man that had supped his fill
 Of troubles, mind! but cheerful still.
 And a big, strong man; and he'd often say,
 "Well, Thomas, my lad, and when's the day?"
 And "would I be axin him up to the feed?"
 The day indeed! the day indeed!
 So he went up all alone to see her,
 For Betsy woul'd have nobody there,
 Excep himself; and them that was standin
 And houldin their breaths upon the landin
 Could hear her talkin very quick,
 And the Doctor's vice uncommon thick —
 But what was said betwix them two
 That time, there was none of them ever knew:
 God knows, and him; but they nither will tell;
 Aw, he was safe to trust was Doctor Bell.
 But when he come down — "Is she raelly dyin?"
 Ould Anthony said; but the Doctor was cryin.
 And — "Doctor! Doctor! what can it be?"
 It's only a broken heart," says he;
 And — *he'd come again another day* —
 And he tuk his glass and went away.

And when the winter time come round,
 And the snow lyin deep upon the ground,
 One mornin early the mother got up
 To see how she was, and give her a sup
 Of tea or the like — and — mates — hould on!
 Betsy was gone! aye, Betsy was gone!
 "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!
 Look upon a little child!
 Pity my simplicity!
 Suffer me to come to Thee!"
 That's the words I've heard her sing
 When she was just a little prattlin thing —
 And I raelly dou't think in my heart that ever
 She was different from that — no never!
 Aw, He'd pity her simplicity!
 A child to God! a woman to me!
 "Gentle Jesus!" the sound is sweet,
 Like you'll hear the little lammies bleat!
 Gentle Jesus! well, well, well!
 And once I thought — but who can tell!
 Come! give us a drop of drink! the staff
 A man will put out when he's dry! that's enough!
 To hear me talkin religion — eh?
 You must have thought it strange? — *You didn, ye say!*
 You didn! — no! — d——n it! you didn — *you!*
 Well, that'll do, my lads; that'll do, that'll do.

Well, of coorse the buryin — terrible grand,
 And all in the papers, you'll understand —
 "Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Lee
 And Mary his wife — and twenty-three."
 But bless me! you've seen the lek afore —
 And the Doctor waitin at the door,
 And wantin somethin — and "Could I see her?"
 And "Yes! aw, yes!" and up the steer —
 And he looked, and he looked — I've heard them say —
 Like a man that's lookin far away;
 And he kissed her cheek, and he shut the lid,
 That's what they tould me the Doctor did.

But, however, you musn suppose, my men,
 That all this was tould me there and then —
 Aw, I thought I'd somethin to tell ye, mind!
 That wasn much in the spoony line —
 No! no! the words ould mawther said
 Was, "Betsy is dead, Tom; Betsy is dead!"
 And it's Taylor has kilt her anyway,
 For didn he tell you were lost at sea!
 Nothin more — and up I sprung
 To my feet, like a craythur that had been stung,
 And I couldn see nothin but fire and blood,
 And I reeled like a bullock that's got the thud

Of the slaughterer's hammer betwix his hurns,
 And claps of light and dark by turns,
 Fire and blood! fire and blood!
 And round and round, till the blindin scud
 Got thinner and thinner, and then I seen
 The ould woman had hitched herself between
 My arms, and her arms around my neck,
 And waitin, waitin, and wond'rin lek.
 Aw, I flung her off — "He'll die! he'll die!
 This night, this very night," says I:
 "He'll die before I'm one day ouldher;"
 And I stripped my arm right up to the shoulder —
 "Look here!" I says, "hesn God given
 The strength?" I says, "and by Him in heaven,
 And by her that's with Him — hip and thigh!
 He'll die this night, by G — he'll die!"
 "No! no!" says she; "no, Thomas, no!"
 For I was at the door intarmined to go.
 And she coaxed and coaxed, and "Wouldn it be better
 To speak to him fuss, or to write a letter,
 Or to wait my chance?" and all that stuff!
 "And then I could kill him aisy enough."
 "Aisy! that's not what I want at all,"
 I says; "I'll stand on his body, and call
 The people, and let them know right well
 It's me that sent the villain to hell."
 "And then you'll be hung," says she; and I laughed —
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "It's not his craft,"
 I says: "the work I've got to do
 Is no Pazon's work." "Would I go to the Brew?"
 Aw, when she said that I made a run —
 But she held me, and — "Oh my son! my son!"
 And cryin and houldin on to me still —
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "Yes! I will,
 If that'll give you any content."
 Not another word, but away we went —
 And her in the dark, a keepin a grip
 Of my jacket for fear I'd give her the slip,
 And a peegin away with her poor old bones,
 And stumblin and knockin agin the stones —
 And neither the good nor the bad was said,
 And the one of us hadn a thing on our head —
 And the rain it rained, and the wind it blew —
 Aw, the woman was hard, but the woman was true.

"Missis Baynes!" says the Pazon, "Missis Baynes!
 Missis Baynes!
 Will you plase to tell me what this means?"
 And white as a sheet, and he cuts a caper,
 And he drops the specs, and he drops the paper,
 And backs and gets under the lee of a chair —
 I'm blest if the Pazon didn look queer!
 I raelly thought he was goin to fall —
 And says mawther, "He is dead at all!
 Don't be freckened!" and — holy Moses!
 Wasn he paid to look after ghos'es?
 Aw, then the joy he took of me!
 "And the only one saved from the wreck!" says he.
 "There was'n no wreck — God d — his eyes!
 No wreck at all, but Taylor's lies!"
 "For shame then! Thomas!" and up she stud.
 "Let him cuss!" says the Pazon, "it'll do him gud."
 And the look he gev, and the sigh, and the sob!
 And he saw in a minute the whole of the job,
 And he tried to speak, but he was'n able,
 And I laid my head upon the table —
 Quite stupid lek; and then them two
 Began to talk, and I hardly knew
 What was it they said, but "the little drop!"
 I heard, and "you'll 'scuse him," and "Woman, stop!
 The lad is drunk with grief," he said,
 And he come and put his hand on my head;
 And the poor old fingers as dry as chips!
 And the pity a tricklin off their tips —
 And makin me all as peaceable —
 Aw, the Pazon was kind and lovin still!
 Full of wisdom and love and blessin,
 Aw, it's kind and lovin was the Pazon!

So at last, ye see, whatever they had,
 I didn say nothin, good or bad;
 And they settled betwix them what would I do,
 And neither to go to the town nor the Brew,
 "But off to sea again, aye straight!
 And, if I could, that very night."

So they roused me up, and "Me and your mawther" —
 The Pazon says — "Aw, ye needn bother,"
 Says I, "all right!" and then I'll be bail
 I took it grand out of Pazon Gale —
 Now, Pazon," I says, "you know your man —
And a son of ould Dan's too! a son of ould Dan!"
 We were at the door just ready to go —
 Aw, the Pazon couldn help smilin though —
A son of ould Dan's! — aye, just that way —
A son of ould Dan's! — eh? Billy! eh?

Well, I kept my word, and off at once,
 And shipped on a coaster, owned in Penzance;
 But it was foreign I wanted, so very soon
 I joined the Hector bound for Rangoon.
 Ah, mates! it's well for flesh and blood
 To stick to a lass that's sweet and good,
 Leastways if she sticks to you, ye know;
 For then, my lads, blow high, blow low,
 On the stormiest sea, in the darkest night,
 Her love is a star that'll keep you right.
 But there was no sun nor star for me —
 Drinkin and tearin and every spree —
 And if I couldn keep the divil under,
 I don't think there's many of you will wonder.

Well, divil or no, the Hector come home;
 We raced that trip with the Flying Foam,
 And up the river the very same tide,
 And the two of them berthed there side by side;
 A tight run that, and the whole of it stuck
 In the paper — logs and all — good luck!
 And the captain as proud, and me like a fool
 Spreein away in Liverpool —
 And lodgings of coorse, for I never could stand
 Them Sailors' Homes, for a man is a man,
 And a bell for dinner and a bell for tay,
 And a bell to sing and a bell to pray,
 And a bell for this and a bell for that,
 And "Wipe your feet upon the mat!"
 And the rules hung up; and fined if you're late,
 And a chap like a bobby shuttin the gate —
 It isn't reasonable, it isn't:
 They calls it a Home, I calls it a Prison.
 Let a man go wherever he chooses!
 Ould mawther Higgins' the house that I uses —
 Jem Higgins' widda — you'll be bound to know her —
 Clane, but not partickler.
 There Quiggin's too, next door but one,
 Not Andrew, of coorse! but Rumpy John —
 She's a dacent woman enough is Nancy,
 But Higginses allis tuk my fancy.
 There's some comfort there, for you just goes in,
 And down with the watch and down with the tin,
 And sleepin and wakin, and eatin and drinkin —
 And out and in, and never thinkin —
 And carryin on till all is blue,
 And your jacket is gone and your waistcoat too.
 Then of coorse you must cut your stick,
 For the woman must live, however thick
 You may be with her: and I'm tould there's houses
 Where the people'll let ye drink your trousers;
 But Higginses! never! and it isn't right!
 Shirt and trousers! honor bright!

But mostly afore it come to the spout
 'd ask if the money was all run out,
 And she'd allis tell me whether or no,
 And I'd lave my chiss, and away I'd go.
 And so this time I took the street,
 And I walked along till I chanced to meet
 A shipmate, somewhere down in Wappin' —
 And "What was I doin? and where was I stoppin?"
 And "Blow it all! here goes the last copper!"
 And into a house to get a cropper.

It was one of them dirty stinkin places,
 Where the people is not a bit better than bases,
 And long-shore lubbers a shammin to fight,
 And Jack in his glory, and Jack's delight —
 With her elbers stickin outside of her shawl
 Like the ribs of a wreck — and the divil and all!
 And childer cussin and suckin the gin —
 And help them craythurs! the white and the thin!
 At what took my eye was an ouldish woman
 And out, and goin and comin,

And heavy feet on the floor overhead,
 And "She's long a dyin," there's some of them said.
 "Dyin!" says I; "Yes, dying!" says they;
 "Well, it's a rum place to choose to die in — eh?"
 Aw, the ould woman was up, and she cussed very bad —
 And — "Chooisin! there's not much choosin, my lad!"
 "And what's her name?" says I. Says she,
 "If ye want to know, it's Jinny Magee."
 Aw, never believe me but I took the stair!
 And "Where have you got her? where? where? where?"
 "Turn to the right!" says she, "ye muff!"
 And there was poor Jinny, sure enough!
 There she was lyin on a wisp of straw —
 And the dirt and the rags — you never saw —
 And her eyes — aw them eyes! and her face — well! well!
 And her that had been such a handsome gel!

"Tom Baynes! Tom Baynes! is it you? is it you?"
 Oh can it be? can it be? can it be true?"
 Well I cudn speak, but just a nod —
 "Oh it's God that's sent you — it's God, it's God!"
 And she gasped and gasped — "Oh I wronged you, Thomas!
 I wronged you, I did, but he made me promise —
 And here I'm now, and I know I'll not live —
 Oh Thomas, forgive me, oh Tom, forgive!
 Oh reach me your hand, Tom, reach me your hand!"
 And she stretched out hers, and — I think I'm a man,
 But I shivered all over, and down by the bed,
 And "Hush! hush! Jinny! hush! hush!" I said;
 "Forgive ye! — Yes!" and I took and pressed
 Her poor weak hand against my breast.
 "Look, Tom," she said, "look there! look there!"
 And a little bundle beside a chair —
 And the little arms and the little legs —
 And the round round eyes as big as eggs
 And full of wondher — and "That's the child!"
 She says, and, my God! the woman smiled!
 So I took him up, and I says — quite low —
 "Is it Taylors'?" I says: "Oh no! no! no!"
 "All right!" I says; "and his name?" "It's Simmy:"
 And the little frock and the little chimmy!
 And starved to the bones — so "Listen to me!
 Listen now! listen! Jinny Magee!
 By Him that made me, Jinny ven!
 This child is mine for ever — Amen!"
 And "Simmy!" I says, "remember this!"
 And I put him to her for her to kiss;
 And then I kissed him; but the little chap
 Of coorse he didn understand a rap.
 And I turned to Jinny, and she tried to rise,
 And I saw the death-light in her eyes —
 Clapsed hands! clenched teeth! and back with the head —
 Aye, Jinny was dead, boys! Jinny was dead.

"Come here," I says, and I stamped on the floor,
 And up the ould woman come to be sure.
 "See after her!" I says, "ould Sukee!"
 And "All very well!" she says, "but looker!
 You gives yourself terrible airs, young man!
 Come now! what are you going to stand?"
 But I took the child, and says I, "I'm goin."
 "Indeed!" she says, "and money owin!
 And the people'll be 'spectin a drop of drink,"
 And cussin, and who was she, did I think?
 And the buryin too, for the matter of that!
 "Out of the way!" says I, "you cat!"
 And down the stair, and out at the front,
 And the loblollyboys shoutin, "Down with the blunt!"
 And a squarin up, and a lookin big,
 And "Hould him! down with him! here's a rig!"
 "Stand back, you Irish curs! stand back!"
 Says I, for there was a man in the pack:
 "Stand back, you cowards; or I'll soon let ye see!"
 So off we went — little Simmy and me.

Is that him there asleep? did ye ax?
 Aye, the very same, and them's the fac's.
 And now, my lads, you'll hardly miss
 To know what poor little Simmy is.
 Bless me! it's almost like a dream,
 But the very same! the very same!
 Grew of coorse, and growin, understand ye!
 But you can't keep them small agin nathur, can ye?
 Look at him, John! the quiet he lies!
 And the fringes combin over his eyes!

I know I'm a fool — but — feel that curl!
Aw, he's the only thing I have in all the world.

Well, on we marched, and the little thing
Wasn so heavy as a swaller's wing —
A poor little bag of bones, that's all,
He'd have bruk in two if I'd let him fall.
And I tried all the little words I knew,
And actin the way that women do.
But bless ye! he wouldn't take no rest,
But shovin his little head in my breast,
For though I had lived so long ashore,
I never had carried a child before.
And not a farlin at me; so the only plan
Was to make tracks straight off for Whitehaven,
And chance a logger loadin there —
Aw, heaps of them yandhar — never fear!
And the first time ever I begged was then,
And the women is raelly wuss till the men —
"Be off!" says my lady, "be off! you scamp!
I never give nothin to a tramp!"
So I made her a bow, for I learnt with my letters,
To "ordher myself to all my betters."
But when the sun got low in the sky,
Little Simmy began to cry.
Hungry! I says, and over a gate
And into a field, and "Wait then, wait!"
And I put him sitting upon the grass —
Dear o' me! the green it was —
And the daisies and buttercups that was in,
And him grabbin at them astonishin!
So I milked a cow, and I held my cap,
And I gave it to the little chap;
And he supped it hearty enough, the sweep!
And stretched hisself, and off to sleep —
And a deuced good supper and nothin to pay,
And "Over the hills and far away."

So by hook, or by crook, or however it was,
I got down to Whitehaven at last;
And a Ramsey logger they call the Map —
Jemmy Corkhill — I knew the chap.
"Hullo!" says I — "Hullo!" says he;
"It's yourself that's been on the devil's spree,
And a baby at ye — well! well! good Lord!"
"All right!" says I, and heaves him aboard —
And — *Bless his soul the fun! and a chile in!*
So that's the way I got to the Island.
I landed at Ramsey and started off
The soonest I could, and past Ballaugh,
And Kirk Michael, and the Ballacraigne —
I hadn been there I could tell ye the when.
And you may think how he was much of a load,
But I was checked when I come on the mountain road;
And I found a spot where the ling was high,
And terrible thick and soft and dry —
And a big rock standin Nor-east by East —
The way of wind — aw, a beautiful place

So I laid me down, and the child in my arms,
And the quick little breath, and the dogs at the farms,
And the curlews whistlin, passin by —
And the noise of the river below, and the sigh
Of the mountain breeze — I kept awake,
And a star come out like a swan on a lake,
White and lonely; and a sort of amazement
Got hould on me, and the leads of a casement
Crissed-crossed on the sky like a window-frame,
And the long, long look! and the far it came!
Aw dear! I thought it was Jinny Magee
In heaven makin signs to me.
And sleep at last, and when I awoke,
The stars was gone, and the day was broke,
And the bees beginnin to think of the honey,
And who was there but little sonny?
Loosed from my arms, and catchin my hair
And laughin, and I laughed too, I'll swear.
And says I — "Come, Simmy, my little buffer!
You're small, but what is it sayin? — *Suffer*
The little children to come to me!"
So here goes! Simmy; and "Glory be,"
I said, and "Our Father," and two or three
Little hymns I remembered — "Let dogs delight,"
The first two verses middlin right —
And "Little boy with cheerful eye.
Bright and blue as yandhar sky;"

And down, and takin the road to the Lhen,
And the clear the sun was shinin then,
And the little church that white; and below —
The stones — and — dell, you know! you know!

But at last I come to the shore, and I ran,
For though it was early I saw a man
Diggin lug on the beach, and I didn want
To meet the like, so I made a slant,
And back and in by the Claddagh lane,
And round by the gable — Ned knows what I mean;
And in at the door; and "Mawther!" I said,
"Mawther!" but she was still in bed.
"Mawther! look here! look here!" I cried;
And I told her all how Jinny had died,
And this was the youngster, and what I intended,
And she heard me till my story was ended,
And just like a stone — aw, never a word!
And me gettin angry, till this little bird
Chirrup up with a crow and a leap —
And — Mammy seepy! Mammy as'leep —
Just that baby way — aw, then the flood
Of the woman's-life come into her blood;
And she stretched her arms, and I gave him to her,
And she cried till she couldn cry no more.
And she took to him grand, though of coorse at fuss
Her hand was out, ye see, to nuss.
But after dinner she had him as nice —
And a singin, bless ye, with her poor ould vice.

The sun was down when I left them awhile,
And up the Claddagh, and over the stile,
And into the ould churchyard, and tryin
To find the place where Betsy was lyin.
It was nearly dark, but I wasn alone,
For I seen a man bending over a stone —
And the look, and the heave of the breast — I could see
It was a man — in his agony.
And nearer! nearer! the head! the hair!
My God! it was Taylor! Taylor — *there!*
Aw, then it all come back again,
All the throuble and all the pain,
And the one thought in my head — *him there at her gran!*
And I stopped, and I said, "May Jesus save
His soul! for his life is in my hand —
Life for life! it's God's command,
Life for life!" and I measured my step —
"So long he shall live!" and I crep and crep —
Aw, the murderer's creep — "God give him grace!"
Thinks I — then to him, and looked in his face.
Aw, that face! he raised it — it was surprise,
It was fear that was in his eyes;
But the look of a man that's fairly done
With everythin that's under the sun.
Ah, mates! however it was with me,
He had loved her, he *loved* her — my Betsy Lee!
"Taylor!" I said; but he never spoke:
"You loved her," I said, "and your heart is broke."
And he looked — aw, the look — "Come, give us your
hand!"

I says — "Forgive you? I can! I can!
For the love that was so terrible strong,
For the love that made you do the wrong."
And, with them words, I saw the star
I told you of, but brighter far:
It was Jinny, but Betsy now!
"Misther Taylor," I says, "we cannot tell how,
But it was love — yes! yes! it was love! it was love
And he's taken her to Hisself above;
And it's Him that'll see that nothin annoys her,
And — "Watch below! turn up!" "Aye, aye, sir!"

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

"You are the son of a rich gentleman," she began, in a rapid and monotonous voice, as though repeating a lesson. "You will love some one you can't marry, and will marry a poor girl. You will marry a fair girl—fair and poor, but not for a long time; and she will care for you more than you care for her. There will be a dark girl—dark and rich: and you will care for her more than she cares for you. She will be your enemy and your friend. Beware of old women and water; they are not friends to you. There is gold, health, and length of years, but plenty of trouble. Keep a brave heart and don't be cast down. There's them that wishes you well. You'll be sometimes up and sometimes down, and you'll be lucky at the end if something doesn't go wrong. Take care, I say, of water and old women, and you won't die before your time. Remember what I say, and you'll come to no harm."

Harold Vaughan smiled to himself.

"Your prophecy is about as wrong as can be," he said to her. "I could have told my own better, without looking at the lines."

"The lines never go wrong," she said, in her natural voice, and with an air of conviction.

"We shall see. But what do you mean to do if you can't find your companions? Do you know where you are or where you are going?"

"Oh, I shall go to sleep. I was beginning when you came."

"What—under the hedge?"

"Of course. I couldn't sleep in the road."

"You often sleep out of doors?"

"Most always, when we haven't a cart."

"And what shall you do to-morrow?"

"What we always do—wake up again and go on."

"Where?"

"Oh, somewhere. There's always plenty of ways."

"But if you miss your friends?"

"Oh, Aaron'll find me fast enough. He'll want to beat me."

"Does he ill use you, then?"

"Nothing particular. Of course he beats me when he likes to. But maybe

I shall find something by the way, and then he'll be pleased."

"Find something? What sort of thing?"

She suddenly started and turned her head, standing motionless for an instant like some wild creature pricking its ears. Harold Vaughan also listened and thought he heard a faint whistle far away. The next moment, without another word, she had scrambled through the hedge and was racing across the fields like a hare, or a dog coming to call in order that it might receive its punishment for having strayed.

He could not help sending one thought after this strange girl who, a mere savage in the midst of England, brought up outside the atmosphere of laws and duties which form part of our common air, had yet contrived to retain the instinct that rebels against the least insult to a woman's innate sacredness, which cannot be lost unless she herself chooses to throw it away. Her song belonged to town blackguards and country bores: but, beggar girl as she was, it was impossible not to think of the flower that throws its gifts freely to every comer but always keeps a thorn in readiness for the rude or profane hand. It is a mistake to make the lily the emblem of natural purity. She hides herself in nooks and corners out of the sight of men, but any one may safely gather her who will. Purity does not hide its beauty, because it can defend itself and is not afraid. Its true emblem is not the lily, but the rose.

With a sigh for the unfathomable perversity of nature, who makes no distinction between garden flowers and wayside weeds, he felt for his watch to see how near it was to his appointment with Claudia's father.

It was gone.

At the same moment he heard his name mentioned. "Dr. Vaughan?"

It was the man of all men that he was anxious to see—but certainly the least anxious to see at that moment. It was Mr. Brandt, Claudia's father, also walking in the direction of St. Bavons.

"Good evening," said the latter.

"We are going the same way. My daughter has told me that you wish to speak to me. Perhaps it will save us both some trouble if you say what you have to say now."

Harold Vaughan was by no means

encouraged by the tone, and he was fully alive to the very inappropriate conditions under which he was called upon to make an offer of marriage. But there was no help for it,—it must come now, at all hazards.

"You are quite right," he began as coolly as he was able. "I have something most important to say to you. Would it not be better, however, if we could talk where we could do so better than—than here?"

Of course his effort to overcome embarrassment only looked like impudence. Such efforts always do.

"I think not," answered Mr. Brandt, coldly; "in all matters of business I make a point of coming to the point as soon as possible."

Harold Vaughan's request began to look a little monstrous even in his own eyes. The quiet old merchant was expanding into more formidable dimensions than in the interview which he had been picturing to himself as he had walked alone in the sunshine through the fields. Cold chills are catching, and though his affection for Miss Claudia was no less, his immediate consciousness of it had inevitably grown a little cold. It is one thing to have to tell a woman that one loves her on the spur of the moment and without preparation, but five minutes' time for reflection is not amiss when one has to tell her father so.

"I have only to say—that I have to ask your consent to your daughter being my wife. I"—

"That is certainly coming to the point. Well?"

"You may not think me the most desirable match that could have been chosen—I have still my way to make in the world. But so far I have made it—from nothing, as I have heard you say you have made yours."

"And you want me to help you make it. Very natural. Of course."

"You mistake me, Mr. Brandt. I would not ask for a penny with your daughter."

"Indeed? Then what do you suppose I am to do with my money? Leave it to a hospital, in order that you may have the pleasure of plunging her into poverty?"

"If my want of means is the only objection, that I trust may soon come to an end. With such an aim in sight, I will be content to wait till I can come to you as an equal."

"Dr. Vaughan, you must permit me to say that I am astonished at your presuming to make such a request at all. Your want of means is certainly not the only objection."

"May I ask, then?"

"You can scarcely be ignorant that your reputation in the town is scarcely such as a father would be particularly willing to accept as a foundation for the happiness of his only daughter. This I tell you as a friend, for after all you have been the means of Miss Brandt's cure, and besides that I am never too ready to believe what people say. You were a clever surgeon, and that was all I required of you—your moral character was nothing to me, any more than was your friend Luke Goldrick's, whom I employed because he was a clever linguist, and certainly not because he was a good young man. It is often worth while to employ a rascal for temporary use of his talents, even if one has to pay something for it at the end. But"—

"Mr. Brandt—it is quite enough injury to me to refuse me the hand of your daughter, whose happiness, I am proud to think, would be the same as mine, without insulting me into the bargain."

"Pardon me: I was then speaking not of you, but of your companion, Luke Goldrick. I will not even add a Latin proverb that as a professional man is no doubt familiar to you—*noscitur a sociis*. But—I was going to say—one chooses the husband of an only daughter, whose happiness is fully as dear to me as it is to you, by different rules than one's medical attendant or cashier. You have now been at St. Bavons a year. With every motive to succeed in your profession you have remained outside all respectable society, and have made your lodgings a rendezvous for all the idle and good-for-nothing young men of the town, not excluding—by the way, you don't happen to be in correspondence with that cashier of mine?"

Harold Vaughan made a violent effort to keep the last remnant of his over-excited temper. The tone of the last question seemed to imply an insult, though he could not see how or why.

"If you make a slight acquaintance with one of your own trusted servants part of your charge, I will answer it—No. I have not seen Mr. Goldrick for three months past; and even then only by chance and without speaking."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Brandt, in a very different tone; "you saw Luke Goldrick three months ago?"

"Why not?"

"You are certain it was three months ago—not four, perhaps, or five?"

"It's not likely I should forget it," answered Harold—with a sigh. "It was the day I was called in to Claudia."

Claudia's father did not even seem

to notice this unwarrantable freedom with Miss Brandt's Christian name.

"Here—in St. Bavons?" he asked, sharply. "You are quite sure? Where?"

"It was not far from Old Wharf-Side. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes—where his mother lives. No doubt. Thank you—you have perfectly satisfied me so far. But," he continued, gradually resuming his former manner, "all that makes no difference. I repeat—your associates are only too consistent with your having taken advantage, in your professional capacity, of a romantic and unexperienced girl. You"—

"Such charges are ridiculous," interrupted Harold, his failing temper now fairly gone. "I challenge any one who ever slandered me to bring against me a single proof"—

"I will quote another proverb: Where there is smoke there is fire. And as for proof—can you deny that I have seen you, with my own eyes, only a few hours after telling a good and innocent girl that you wished to marry her, holding the hand of a common wandering vagrant whom you had met at a disreputable place of amusement—giving her money, and making her run out of the way when you thought yourself discovered?"

The array of circumstances was certainly overwhelming. Harold Vaughan himself could not but feel that if he had been on a jury to try himself, his verdict would not have been one of acquittal. It was with the events of that whole unlucky afternoon, not with Mr. Brandt, that he had a right to be enraged.

"Confound the girl!" he burst out. "If you knew me better—it is explained in a moment."

"I don't think so, Doctor Vaughan. I have seen something of the world, and know what such things mean. Under common circumstances, of course I should have had no right to say a word. But even you must allow that your conduct and character are as much my affair as yours. My daughter—Miss Brandt—is now nearly well, I believe, so there can be no occasion for you to continue your visits. I shall know how to protect her in future, and I shall be obliged to you if you will favor me with your bill immediately. I will send you a check by the first post."

"Even you have no right to insult me or to doubt my word."

"I am not in the least afraid of you, Doctor Vaughan—though, to judge from the state of your face and your clothes, you have been already engaged in a brawl. I suppose you will hardly deny that your face is swelled and shows symptoms of bruising?"

"If you would listen to three words—this is too absurd! You mean that Claudia, Miss Brandt, is to hear of me as a—as everything disreputable and hateful without my having an opportunity for a word of explanation?"

After what has passed this morning I have a right to explain myself to her—she, at least, will know what to believe."

"Do you mean to say you cannot see that witnesses will be wanted to confirm your word against the evidence of common sense and of my own eyes? And I can scarcely suppose that she would take the word of a stranger against her father—even your influence, I suspect, would fail there."

"But common justice"—

"Common sense is common justice. That is enough. You see that my daughter can never be yours, any more than her fortune. So I wish you good evening. You need not be afraid that I shall make use of my knowledge to injure you professionally. I am quite satisfied with being able to protect my own family, and I am no tale-bearer. So for your own sake you had better be as quiet as I shall be."

"You are most utterly and ridiculously mistaken. Since you refuse to hear what I have to say, I will write to you. Meanwhile I have done nothing that makes me in my own eyes less worthy of your daughter than I was before."

"That I can quite believe. You have received my decision. Here are two ways into St. Bavons—that is the nearest for you, and my road is the other. Good evening."

The two men parted. Harold Vaughan, by happening to take one unlucky walk, had lost not only a wife,—that would have been possible in any case,—but a character and a gold watch besides: and all that he had apparently gained in exchange was the prospect of a black eye.

Apparently—for the turning-point to Lessmouth had been the turning-point in three lives.

CHAPTER VIII. HIDE AND SEEK.

CLAUDIA, as well as Dr. Vaughan, had some hours to dispose of before the interview of the evening from which she expected so much. She had been far too spoiled to think that a father who indulged to the full her life made up of little things—who had, in short, given her her head over smooth ground—would not also let the reins lie loose when the humor seized her to leave the high-road, not merely for the pleasant turf, but for the brink of a precipice. She did not understand the tacit compact by which so many busy men resign authority to their womankind or servants in small matters, for the sake of saving themselves worry and trouble, and so obtain a wholly undeserved reputation for easy-going good nature. If a horseman is always pulling at the bit, it is a sign the horse is his master; if he rides lightly and freely, be sure that he has a strong hand on the bridle.

She, of course, followed the inexpe-

rienced argument — "If he indulges me in every-day trifles, how much more will he indulge me where the happiness of my whole life is concerned!" — forgetting the obvious answer, "I indulge you in what are trifles, because they are trifles, and not because it is my nature to indulge." Besides, she was in love; and what woman is there who does not think that he will find it an easy task to subdue others who has achieved the prodigious feat of subduing Her? The love of that woman is hardly worth having who strikes her colors without, at the moment of defeat, believing that she does so in honor of the best, wisest, and strongest of conquerors. Afterwards she may admit that she is as much the victor as the vanquished, and enter into a treaty of affection on equal terms. But there must be an outset of battle and victory; and she should feel that her lover's confessions of annihilation before her eyes, her intellect, or her power to charm, are but the courtesies of the conqueror when the conquered delivers up her sword. So, both as a spoiled child and as a girl whose heart was worth the having, the seventh bell might strike from St. Catherine's spire when it would — it had no terrors of suspense for her.

Still the intervening hours had to be killed; and Harold Vaughan, I fear, would have been but ill-satisfied with her method of killing them. She did not go roaming aimlessly about the fields under the misguidance of fancy. She did not even lie down to dream. Somehow, her fingers could never be idle when her heart was empty, and her mind demanded action now that her heart was full. Perhaps if Harold Vaughan had had a patient or two to visit, in whom his interest was professional instead of personal, it would have been none the worse for him. He would have found time fly faster, at all events; and he would have had a more sympathetic picture before him of what Claudia might be doing than that which he actually painted to himself — of a delicate flower which he had cultivated into health, and was now waiting for the presence of another of his sunbeams.

The result of their long acquaintance, crowned by their last interview, was that he had learned the delight of expansion into free sunshine; she the necessity of compression into definite sympathy. He had hitherto lived in a cold shell, she in the yet colder open air. His shell had opened, and her heart had found a resting-place and a home. So, while he needed to drink in the field-fragrance, typical of his new life, she needed to bring herself into contact with human sorrows and joys. The possible troubles of a loving mother about a missing son would hardly have made her anxious yesterday. To-day she had leaped at sharing them, simply because it seemed horrible to her that any grief should miss a sympathetic touch while her

happiness was too large to imprison itself within the four walls of an empty room. Her pictures, which had hitherto represented her shadowy world, had faded into nothing but excuses for gilt frames. A prism had been applied to the atmosphere of the true human world, and had resolved its meaningless monotony into a sudden revelation of Iris, with all its colors, contrasts, and gradations.

If she had stayed, as usual, at home, she would have tried to paint violently, and have failed. So — for the first time since her accident — she ordered the carriage to the door instantly, and set out to play the unconscious part of a detective, on her father's account, in the equally unconscious disguise of a kind and friendly patroness, on her own. The coachman harnessed the horses, grown fat and restive with laziness, and received the strange order for a convalescent young lady to drive, not into the country roads, but to the very worst street in all the city.

It was not without considerable trouble, as might be supposed, that the required house was found. It stood in a narrow, winding line, paved with rough pebbles, and opposite an old stone wall, some twenty feet high. The intention of the lane was, no doubt, to lead somewhere, and possibly it did, but its use was to afford a standing place for dust-heaps. It had no recognized name; the houses, at the back of which it ran and of which the dilapidated fronts rose from the river, being sufficiently known by the name of the Old Wharf-Side. Every part of a town has its characteristic odor, and a blind man would have known where he was, by mixed perfume of dust, rage, bilge-water, and grains. In short, the place was nothing but a deserted hole, at least by day, for by night it had another reputation. At present its only occupants were a man — of the laboring class, but certainly not a laborer — sleeping with his head upon the stones and his legs high up on a heap of refuse, as if he had been shot there with a waste load of broken bottles: a few children, using its delightful mysteries as a playground; and a ragged old woman smoking a short pipe, and groping as she walked, as if trying to find a treasure or a thoroughfare.

The man did not move, but the children were petrified in their various attitudes, and the old woman raised her bleary eyes, as the apparition of a carriage, rolling over the broken pavement and the scattered heaps like a ship at sea, steered its way in. Claudia began to feel more than half afraid. She had lived all her remembered life-time in St. Bavons, and here, within a few minutes of her own door, she found herself abroad in a foreign town.

The coachman, who naturally felt that this kind of thing was not included in his wages, and whose temper

was tried, was not sorry for the chance of spending it upon somebody. The sleeping man was within a line of the wheels, and it required a touch of the whip to make him roll out of the way. He did so — but not without a volley of drunken abuse, that made Claudia shrink into a corner and put her hands to her ears — and then went to sleep again on the other side.

"Ask some one where Mrs. Goldrick lives," said Claudia, nervously.

"Here, you there!" called out the coachman to the woman. "Do you know a Mrs. Goldrick about here?"

"Is it Mistress Goldrick ye're after, young man?" she croaked out, while her bleary eyes rested on Claudia. "The blessing of the saints be on yer ladyship in glory! Maybe ye've got a trifle for a poor lone widdy woman with fourteen childer, and ne'er a one over seven year owld? May the crown of glory be your swate ladyship's pillow this night — if ye'll have a copper for a lone woman, that's lost her blessed man, the sainted jool, this seven year! May!"

"Hold your tongue, will you!" said the coachman. "Can't you answer a civil question?"

Claudia took out her purse. "Here," she said, holding out her hand, less out of charity than fear. "Does a Mrs. Goldrick live here?"

The woman clutched the coin. "May your swate face be in heaven this night, and may I mate ye there! Mistress Goldrick? Sure ye don't mane the owld witch woman, the blagyard?" She crossed herself devoutly. "Glory come betune us and harm!"

"You know her then? Which is her house?"

But the Irishwoman hobbled off.

"Holloa!" called out the coachman loudly, to the children this time. "Which is Mrs. Goldrick's?"

At the same moment a first-floor window was forced up, and a face appeared.

"Who wants Mrs. Goldrick?" asked a clear, cold voice. "Here I am."

In an instant the lane became empty. With a yell the children took to their heels and were gone, as if a lion had leaped from the window and was mistaking them for lambs.

"All right," answered the coachman, leaving the box and leading the horses close up to the door. There was neither bell nor knocker, so he had to use the butt end of his whip to get an answer.

The window was pushed down, and after some time two bolts were drawn slowly. Then the door was opened an inch or two.

"I am Mrs. Goldrick," said the same voice. "Who wants me?"

"Miss Brandt."

"Does she want to come in?"

"If you will let me, Mrs. Goldrick," Claudia answered for herself, from the carriage.

The grating of a chain was heard; Claudia got out of the carriage, entered a dark passage, and was shown into a yet darker room on the ground floor. So dark was it that she could scarcely see, and she could not help calling to mind her father's story of the young man who was decoyed down a back street, and whose body was found in the Thames. When the shutters were thrown back, however, she found herself in a small and miserably furnished sitting-room, with naked plaster walls, a ceiling crumbling with damp, a broken chair for furniture, a corner cupboard, and a floor of carpetless deal boards. Mrs. Goldrick drew the chair forward; wiped it, and offered it to her visitor respectfully. She did not seat herself—indeed that would have been difficult, seeing that nothing was left her to sit upon but the planks.

"You must forgive me for taking your chair, Mrs. Goldrick; I have been an invalid," said Claudia, looking nervously through the window to see that the coachman still stood sentry there. Seeing that all was right, she wondered what Harold would think, if he could see her now, and what an adventure she would have to tell him when seven o'clock had passed and all was well. If she could only have seen him, and what he was doing, she would have wondered yet more than he. It was very natural that he should be standing outside a low public-house, listening to a wandering singing girl—but she would hardly have thought so. Not having a magic mirror at hand, however, her thoughts amused her, and then she began as an artist to take notice of the good subject for her pencil she had found in the gaunt figure, and strong, dark features of her hostess. What a sketch she would make for Harold when she got home!

"Do not mention it, Miss Brandt," said Mrs. Goldrick, with the slightest accentuation, and in the tone of one who had heard the language of drawing-rooms. Claudia observed her still more curiously, and, woman as she was, did not notice Mrs. Goldrick's poor and worn-out clothes till now. No one would have dreamed of looking at her dress until her speech called attention to it by way of contrast.

"I am only just getting well from an illness," she said, thinking an apology still more due. "My father"—

"You are Mr. Brandt's daughter—my son's master?"

"Yes. He wanted me to call and ask you if—if you had heard lately from your son?"

"I should have thought he could have told me that best, young lady. My son does not often write to me."

"You are not English, are you?"

"I am not English."

"Dutch, no doubt?"

"Nor Dutch. I come from a country that you call Hungary. It is a long way off. Why do you ask?"

"Only I thought you did not look

English. But how interesting! I am a foreigner too, you know. How odd that a Hungarian and a Dutch girl should meet in the middle of St. Bavons! Then you have not heard from your son?" The color came into her cheeks a little; the heart's happiness makes the blood start quickly even at stray times, and it was a way she had when she asked questions. Besides, she was fresh from the half-forgotten kiss of the open air, and her bright complexion was one to receive and show the slightest touch either of breeze or fancy. The dark rose often says to the white, "You are blushing," when the answer is not, "I have reason," but only, "I am made so—that is all." Just as she put her question a slight noise was audible to her quick and nervous ears. It was only Thomas flicking a fly from the bay's neck—nothing more, but it made her turn round and look away. Such details are not irrelevant—no details ever are, except in pictures of celestial things, wherein the immortals never change complexion and are never disturbed by flies.

Mrs. Goldrick did not hear the light stroke of the whip; but she heard the question, caught the ripple of mounting color, and saw the turn. She was evidently a "good observer"—which generally means being a very little quicker than ordinary people and a great deal less sure. She turned her hard, black eyes sharply on Claudia, whom she caused to blush again—really, this time.

"So your father sent you to ask after Luke?" she asked, with a softened look, that seemed to Claudia a rather unpleasant smile. "It is very kind of him."

"Then you have heard nothing of him—nothing at all?"

"Wait a minute, my dear young lady. I suppose you thought one of the servants wouldn't do? Or one of the clerks? Is Mr. Brandt at home?"

"He will be at home in the evening, if you should want to see him,—at least, late in the evening. I believe he is away at Lessmouth to-day."

Mrs. Goldrick nodded her head three times. "I suppose Luke's letters go to the office—not to the house?" she asked.

"It is about his letters I came. My father has had letters from him, but it seems that he is not now in the place in Holland where he is supposed to be. So we thought if anything had happened—that is, if he was on his way home, you would be the first to know." Claudia took great credit to herself for putting her inquiries in so safe a form.

"Not at all. My son comes and goes; he never writes to me, and I expect him when I see him. He has made his way in the world, and I've no right to tie him to my apron. Ah, he is a handsome young fellow, is Luke, though his mother says it. No—I don't expect his letters to come here. But perhaps there's others that may?"

Mrs. Goldrick had turned out so strange a person, talked so oddly, and looked at her so uncomfortably, that Claudia, whose conscience was of course as clear as her complexion, began to feel a little bewildered, besides out of her element. She had come to cross-examine delicately, and she could not but fancy that she was being cross-examined—not delicately. So she did not answer the question, though it seemed to contain some incomprehensible innuendo that concerned herself.

The other nodded her head again.

"You are a handsome young lady," she said. "I've seen plenty in my time—only not of your sort. We are black where I come from. Do you mind turning your head? I don't see young and pretty faces every day now, and if I did, my eyes are not so bright to look at them as they used to be. Ah, I thought so—dark with fair, rich with poor, man with woman; the old ways don't change. So you want to know what's become of Luke, eh? Well, well. The young ones may try to cheat us, but they come to us all the same."

"I hope Mrs. Goldrick is right in her mind," thought Claudia, who now wanted to get the interview over and to go home. "Yes," she said, "we do want to know about your son, Mr. Goldrick. We are anxious about him."

"Some of the stupid neighbors about here call me a witch," continued Luke's mother, confidentially. "And some of them are afraid of my ill-looking them. I wish they were right—there's one or two things I'd do then. But what the poor creatures mean is, that I can see plain before me without having to be told a story from beginning to end. That's all the secret of reading 'Baji'—what you call telling fortunes: a quick eye, and that I've got still, though it mayn't be as bright as it used to be. Well, time makes years and God made time, as they say in my country; so the more years one has, the more good things. So you needn't be afraid to talk to a woman who's lived long enough to have a son, and to want to see him happy for his own sake, and not for hers."

"I am sure I hope he will be," said Claudia, for the sake of saying something.

"And you mustn't think us as poor as we look, my dear young lady. The neighbors say I've heaps of money laid up in a stocking. That isn't true. But you shan't go without bite or sup in Luke's mother's house the first time you come to see her." She groped in the corner cupboard, and took out a dusty black bottle and a cracked teacup. "I don't keep glasses, they get broken so. And Luke has made his way; he will be rich enough in time. You're one of them, I see, that value a man for what he is, not for what he has—isn't it so?"

"Indeed I am," said Claudia, with a private leap into her own affairs.

"They have a song—in my count-

ry—how a queen would follow a poor soldier if she loved him, and a poor girl would let a king love her without hinking shame, if he was king of her heart as well. I forget the words; and you wouldn't understand them. Taste this, if you've been ill—it's better than all the ruggist stuff that ever was made. It's what Luke likes when he comes to see me. Here's a lucky wedding to you, and soon, my dear young lady!"

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN HUMORIST.

MR. WARNER belongs to a school of American humorists which differs from such writers as Artemas Ward, Bret Harte, and the like, pretty much as the new comedy of Athens differed from the old. Nothing could be more quiet and refined than their way of making fun. It moves, indeed, very hearty laughter—we were ourselves roused by the sense of Mr. Warner's exceeding merits by finding ourselves bursting out now and again as we sat alone reading one of his books—but so does many a joker who never loves a muscle of his face, and here, too, there is nothing like a grin, a contortion, or an antic. More enjoyable books than the two which we name at the foot of this column we have seldom read, and of "My Summer in a Garden" we retain a recollection equally pleasant, not unmingled with certain self-reproachful feeling of an intention never carried out—too often the case with such intentions—of making it the subject of a detailed criticism. It is not easy to find a comparison for Mr. Warner. Sometimes he is like Charles Lamb. Take this, for instance, out of the *Misapprehensions Corrected*, which forms a sort of preface to "Saunterings":—

"I have listened in my time with more or less pleasure to very sizzling songs about the sea, the flashing brine, the spray and the tempest's roar, the wet sheet and the flowing sea, a life on an ocean wave, and all the rest of it. To paraphrase a land proverb, let me write the songs of the sea, and I care not who goes to sea and sings 'em. A square yard of solid ground is worth miles of the pitching, turbulent stuff. Its inability to stand still for a second is the plague of it."

Very often he is like Sir Arthur Helps, or rather, as Sir Arthur Helps is many-sided, claiming as his own the specialties of the half-dozen characters whom he makes talk together so well, especially like to Sir John Ellesmere. Anter and paradox, always handled with cleverness and subtlety; an active fancy that sometimes rises into imagination or pathos, irony that is never bitter, and sarcasm that is never savage; these, and with them what we might call scorn, if scorn were not mostly ungentle, of all that is uncultured, of shoddy aristocrats, *nouveaux riches*, and the like, may be found in Mr. Warner's books, as they may be found in Hawthorne, in Holmes, and others whose names we might mention.

"Saunterings" is nothing but a series of recollections of European travel. Mr. Warner did not go to any out-of-the-way places, was content, on the contrary, to visit, or anyhow to write about, the most frequented scenes,—Venice, for instance, Rome, Naples, and the like; but it is amazing how fresh and bright his sketches are. He laughs at the oddities which he meets in the most good-humored, infectious way, laughs at the English, we are bound to say, especially. Indeed, if there is ever a shade of spite in his fire, it is when he is ridiculing us, though it is some comfort to find that, meanly as he may think of us, he has the best opinion of our landscapes and of our fare. "Leaving out Switzerland," he says, "I have seen nothing in that country (the beauty of Continental scenery) which satisfies my eye and wins the heart to compare with England in May. When we annex it to our sprawling country, which lies out of doors in so many climates, it will make a charming retreat for us in May and June,—a sort of garden of delight, whence we shall draw our May butter and

our June roses. It will only be necessary to put it under glass to make it pleasant the year round." But it must be allowed that his laughter is, on the whole, fairly impartial. He makes excellent fun out of every available subject, not, as do some of his countrymen, out of every subject, available or not (Mark Twain can be quite as jocose about Adamas about any of Adam's descendants), as, for instance, out of the German passion for soldiering, out of the guides whom he bamboozles by offering to guide them for something less than the sum which they ask, and out of Italian beggars, these last being "done" in a fashion so delightful and apparently so effective that we must transcribe it for the benefit of our readers. He has been complaining that he cannot understand the Austrian currency:—

"During the day I get my pockets full of coppers, which are very convenient to take in change, but appear to have a very slight purchasing power in Austria even, and none at all elsewhere, and the only use of which I have found is to give Italian beggars. One of the pieces satisfies a beggar when it drops into his hat; and then it detains him long enough in the examination of it, so that your carriage has time to get so far away that his renewed pursuit is usually unavailing."

At times he can give us charming bits of description. Here is one, under the title of "Sea and Shore":—

"It is not always easy, when one stands upon the highlands which encircle the Piano di Sorrento, in some conditions of the atmosphere, to tell where the sea ends, and the sky begins. It seems practicable, at such times, for one to take ship, and sail up into heaven. I have often, indeed, seen white sails climbing up there, and fishing-boats, at secure anchor I suppose, riding apparently like balloons in the hazy air. Sea and air and land here are all kin, I suspect, and have certain immaterial qualities in common. The contours of the shores and the outlines of the hills are as graceful as the mobile waves; and if there is anywhere ruggedness and sharpness, the atmosphere throws a friendly veil over it, and tones all that is inharmonious into the repose of beauty. The atmosphere is really something more than a medium; it is a drapery, woven, one could affirm, with colors, or dipped in Oriental dyes. One might account thus for the prismatic colors I have often seen on the horizon at noon, when the sun was pouring down floods of clear, golden light. The simple light here, if one could ever represent by pen, pencil, or brush, would draw the world hither to bathe in it. It is not thin sunshine, but a royal profusion, a golden substance, a transforming quality, a vesture of splendor for all these Mediterranean shores. The most comprehensive idea of Sorrento and the great plain on which it stands, embedded almost out of sight in foliage, we obtained one day from our boat, as we put out round the Capo di Sorrento, and stood away for Capri. There was not wind enough for sails; but there were chopping waves, and swell enough to toss us about, and to produce bright flashes of light far out at sea. The red-shirted rowers silently bent to their long sweeps; and I lay in the tossing bow, and studied the high, receding shore. The picture is simple,—a precipice of rock or earth, faced with masonry in spots, almost of uniform height from point to point of the little bay, except where a deep gorge has split the rock, and comes to the sea, forming a cove, where a cluster of rude buildings is likely to gather. Along the precipice, which now juts and now recedes a little, are villas, hotels, old convents, gardens, and groves. I can see steps and galleries cut in the face of the cliff, and caves and caverns, natural and artificial: for one can cut this tufa with a knife; and it would hardly seem preposterous to attempt to dig out a cool, roomy mansion in this rocky front with a spade."

Altogether, if our readers will trust us, they cannot spend an hour or so more pleasantly than in "sauntering" with Mr. Warner. Or if they want something appropriate to winter, let them take up "Backlog Studies." A "backlog," we must explain, is the massive piece of wood, the *pièce de resistance*, so to speak, which is put at the back of a wood fire. The "Studies" open with an eloquent plea, which to us here, with no woods to speak of and coals at famine prices, is even cruelly interesting, for open fires. Mr. Warner has been complaining that people change houses so frequently and so lightly, and live so often in houses that don't suit them, and he goes on:—

"Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them? How can a person be attached to a house that has no centre of attrac-

tion, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire, and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fireplaceless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire. This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you can't poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas log. What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this centre of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautiful daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make waxwork. A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend, 'Just as good as the real.' But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us."

Round this open fire the author, who calls himself the "Fire-Tender," his wife, and certain friends talked together in the pleasantest fashion, Mr. Warner being one of the few who know how to manage a conversation. Of that, of course, no extracts that we can give will afford an idea. Indeed, it is very difficult to do justice by extracts to a book of this kind, where the humor is pretty evenly distributed, and there is nothing very much superior to the rest. One turns over page after page of essays, which we read with a quiet, continuous delight, and fear to select, lest our readers should say, "I see nothing very particular here." Probably there is nothing "very particular;" but then there is plenty more like it, and that is very much more to the purpose. At all events, we shall risk a passage, and with it finally commend Mr. Warner to our readers:—

"It makes one homesick in this world to think that there are so many rare people he can never know; and so many excellent people that scarcely any one will know, in fact. One discovers a friend by chance, and cannot but feel regret that twenty or thirty years of life maybe have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries, and enters into the unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company which is known in popular language as 'all his wife's relations.' Near at hand daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Car-load after car-load of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him. There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness,—interesting people, travelled people, entertaining people,—as you would say in Boston, 'nice people you would admire to know,' whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your long-lost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many 'nice' people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance. The Atlantic is the only power on earth I know that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance."

SOCIAL BARRIERS.

THE immortal Dr. Johnson once applied what he supposed to be a crucial test to the sincerity of Mrs. Macaulay's republican principles, by proposing that she should invite her footman to sit down with them at dinner. If a willingness to meet social inferiors on equal terms be a fair test of republicanism, it must be granted that the number of genuine republicans in the world is singularly small. Indeed, as is often enough remarked, the effect of democratic political institutions is very often to make the social barriers more impassable than ever. The reason is obvious enough. An American gentleman can less afford to put himself into familiar relations with an Irish laborer in New York than an English nobleman to talk easily to a man of the same class at home, because there is a much greater risk that the free and enlightened citizen will take unpleasant liberties. The absence of any recognized difference makes the protection of a certain reserve more necessary. Invisible barriers have to be thrown up to supply the place of the old tangible distinctions. In a first-class railway carriage in England each passenger knows that his fellow-travellers belong, within certain limits, to the same social stratum with himself, and have therefore a certain common understanding upon various matters. In an American car he can only say that his companions are not niggers; but they may be capable of eating with their knives, of chewing tobacco, and of using language which is not strictly in accord with conventional usage. You can speak with much more freedom to a fellow-traveller if you have a well-founded confidence that he will not reply by devoting your eyes to eternal perdition. In short, the simple process of shuffling together people who are at the very opposite ends of the scale of civilization does not tend to promote familiarity. Its first effect is to cause the more sensitive units to surround themselves with an imperceptible atmosphere of general repulsion. In the long run, possibly, the constant intermixture may bring about a closer assimilation; but the immediate consequences—and "immediate" may be interpreted with considerable latitude—are very often the reverse of what they are sometimes hastily assumed to be.

Part of that phenomenon which is generally described as the widening of the gulf between different classes is obviously due to this simple fact. The destruction of a political privilege is tacitly compensated by an increase of social exclusiveness. When we have reached Utopia, the existing awkwardness will be removed. Man will meet man on equal terms; there will be no jealousy on the part of the superior, and no envy from the inferior. Every one will take his place naturally, conscious that it is that for which he is best adapted, and there will be no attempt to create artificial distinctions when those actually existing are felt to repose upon absolute justice. Meanwhile amiable young reformers are apt to attempt to precipitate the process. They fret against the barriers which have sprung up at the very moment of their supposed destruction. They are shocked to discover that their work is only half done, and try to translate the political into social reforms. They give to working-men the right hand of fellowship, sit down to tea with them, and elaborately lay aside the prestige of superior rank and education. They try to talk to their servants as if they were fellow-creatures, and as if the stairs which separate the kitchen from the parlor were not more difficult of ascent—except in a merely physical sense—than the cliffs of the Matterhorn. That such efforts are well meant would be denied by nobody. They are directed against a real evil; for one can hardly consider it as part of the eternal order of things that people whose bodies inhabit the same tenement should be separated from each other in spirit as widely as though they were denizens of different planets. It may even be admitted further that some people have the happy art of really conciliating by condescension; that they can lay aside their robes of state without becoming more imposing in their incognito than in their official costume; and that for them the phrase of put-

ting people at their ease does not really mean producing a general sense of extreme awkwardness, and a forced air of familiarity which is at the very antipodes of the genuine article. A man, however, and even a woman, must be possessed not only of singular benevolence, but of a singularly felicitous manner, if success is to be obtained in such an enterprise. For the great majority, the fetters of custom have penetrated far too deeply into their souls to permit really free action when they voluntarily leave their accustomed sphere. Angels' visits are proverbially rare, and most angels would probably find it hard to lay aside their wings and talk to any mere mortal as to one of themselves. More frequently they come like the "blessed Glendoveer," declaring only too distinctly, "'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear," and conferences conducted on such terms may be improving, but scarcely diminish the sense of constraint.

Without denying, therefore, the good which may possibly be effected by crossing the gulf when the innovator has the happy disposition necessary to ensure success, it is more expedient for persons of colder temperament to ask what are the real difficulties to be surmounted. When we appreciate the nature of the obstacles which retard the advent of the millennium, we may expect to aid in removing them by judicious effort, though we cannot hope to overleap them at a bound. The obstacle of which we have already spoken is the most palpable, and is the inevitable result of an unsettled state of society. When nobody is quite certain of his position, and everybody is trying to tread on his neighbor's toes, the result must be a wide-spread feeling of awkwardness. Vulgarity, in the most general sense, is the product of an attempt to assume habits of thought, or dress, or manner, not as the spontaneous expression of our own taste, but as a conscious imitation of other people's taste. When a servant tries to adopt her mistress's fashions, or an upstart tries to ape an old aristocracy, or an Indian wears Manchester prints instead of his native costume, the same sense of incongruity is produced. Perfect manners, it is said, are to be found only in the uncontaminated East, because there everybody has a traditional code of behavior from which he never thinks of deviating, and which has become a second nature to him; and therefore, as long as an incessant struggle of classes continues, we shall all feel more or less uncomfortable in each other's presence. But, even assuming this difficulty to be removed in a few centuries, another threatens to be more permanent. We cannot look forward to any time at which cultivation will be uniformly diffused. So far as we can see, the differences are likely to grow rather wider than narrower. In spite of all that has been said about the levelling tendencies of democracy, the differences of fortune increase most rapidly in the most democratic countries. Millionaires on a scale hitherto unprecedented become daily commoner in New York, whilst the workman's wages, if they rise at all, rise only by imperceptible degrees. Intellectual differences seem to follow the same law. The more science extends, for example, the greater are the exertions required to be decently familiar with its results. It takes the study of many years to be an accomplished chemist or mathematician; and therefore it becomes daily more hopeless for the bulk of mankind who have to live by manual labor, to acquire any knowledge worth having upon such subjects. The self-taught genius has daily a harder task before him; for the condition of making additions to our knowledge is familiarity with the vast masses of knowledge accumulated by the labors of preceding generations.

There must thus remain a fundamental difference, tending rather to increase than to diminish, between people at opposite ends of the social scale. For really easy intercourse something like a community of interests is requisite. In order to enjoy a man's society, you must be capable at least of sympathizing with his favorite pursuits. If your whole knowledge, for example, of natural history is confined to recognizing an empirical distinction between a horse and a cow, how can you profitably talk upon such subjects to a man whose mind is a walking British Museum? The region in which he habitually dwells is for you closed by doors which it is impossible to pass. This difficulty is of

course merely suggested by way of illustration. As a matter of fact, a tolerably intelligent person who has never got beyond the asses' bridge may converse profitably with a person whose mathematical speculations are so profound as to be intelligible to only half a dozen persons in Europe. But that is because mathematics, however deeply immersed a man may be in the study, fills only one division of his intellect. Even the deepest of mathematicians can take a keen interest in the cooking of a mutton chop, to say nothing of such subjects as poetry, or politics, or theology, which may be said to have a universal human interest. Extend, however, the same principle to other departments of intellectual activity. Take a man who is thoroughly conversant with the great currents of European speculation, and place him in contact with an ordinary ploughman, whose whole intellectual apparatus has been provided at a village school. How can they find real pleasure in each other's society? The ploughman can of course traverse only an infinitesimal part of the philosopher's sphere of thought, and the philosopher, however amiable, will in time grow weary of talk about petty parish gossip, or even reflections upon agriculture from a purely bucolic point of view. The answer, indeed, may be easily given. Such a difference need not cause any sense of awkwardness. If the ploughman is intelligent enough to admit the value of a philosophy which he cannot understand, and therefore to pay due respect to philosophers; and if, on the other hand, the philosopher is not too pedantic to take an interest in simple human passions and troubles, they have a common ground upon which each may give and take some useful information. Unluckily it is just on this ground that the discord is likely to be most complete. The ploughman probably takes an interest in the rate of wages, and attributes his bad pay to a certain inherent meanness on the part of the nearest farmer; the philosopher can only reply by statements about the wages-fund and Malthus, which to his interlocutor are as consoling as a text in Hebrew. The ploughman finds consolation in the doctrines of a Methodist preacher; and the philosopher, if he belongs to a certain class of thinkers, is unable even to conceive how anybody should regard a Methodist as anything but a curious survival of archaic forms of belief. It is not merely that one man knows a certain list of facts of which the other has never heard, but that their whole methods of thought are jarring and mutually exclusive. Add to this that the philosopher feels that his prosperity in a democratic state of society depends very much on the ploughman's good will; while the ploughman is much inclined to class the philosopher with the numerous blood-suckers whom he considers to be living on the fruits of his labor, and it is obvious that there are a good many obstacles, even if all political differences were levelled, to a comfortable intercourse between different classes. Our ploughmen and philosophers, however, are merely special instances of a want of harmony which might be illustrated in a thousand different ways. The misfortune is that the old definition of contemporaries has practically ceased to be true. Of people alive at this moment, many are really living in remote periods of the past; others are really living in the nineteenth century; and not a few are aspiring at least to live in the twentieth. When all people who inhabit the same planet at the same time are truly contemporary, the barriers which now divide them may disappear; for, though not at the same level, they may be in the same scale of thinking beings; but the process of effecting the change is likely to be something of the slowest.

NIAGARA.¹

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

It is one of the disadvantages of reading books about natural scenery that they fill the mind with pictures, often exaggerated, often distorted, often blurred, and, even when

¹ A Discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday, 4th April, 1873.

well drawn, injurious to the freshness of first impressions. Such has been the fate of most of us with regard to the Falls of Niagara. There was little accuracy in the estimates of the first observers of the cataract. Startled by an exhibition of power so novel and so grand, emotion leaped beyond the control of the judgment, and gave currency to notions regarding the waterfall which have often led to disappointment.

A record of a voyage in 1535, by a French mariner named Jacques Cartier, contains, it is said, the first printed allusion to Niagara. In 1603 the first map of the district was constructed by a Frenchman named Champlain. In 1648 the Jesuit Rageneau, in a letter to his superior at Paris, mentions Niagara as "a cataract of frightful height."¹ In the winter of 1678 and 1679 the cataract was visited by Father Hennepin, and described in a book dedicated "to the King of Great Britain." He gives a drawing of the waterfall, which shows that serious changes have taken place since his time. He describes it as "a great and prodigious cadence of water, to which the universe does not offer a parallel." The height of the Fall, according to Hennepin, was more than 600 feet. "The waters," he says, "which fall from this great precipice do foam and boil in the most astonishing manner, making a noise more terrible than that of thunder. When the wind blows to the south, its frightful roaring may be heard for more than fifteen leagues." The Baron la Hontan, who visited Niagara in 1687, makes the height 800 feet. In 1721 Charlevoix, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, after referring to the exaggerations of his predecessors, thus states the result of his own observations: "For my part, after examining it on all sides, I am inclined to think that we cannot allow it less than 140 or 150 feet," — a remarkably close estimate. At that time, namely, a hundred and fifty years ago, it had the shape of a horseshoe, and reasons will subsequently be given for holding that this has been always the form of the cataract from its origin to its present site.

As regards the noise of the cataract, Charlevoix declares the accounts of his predecessors, which, I may say, are repeated to the present hour, to be altogether extravagant. He is perfectly right. The thunders of Niagara are formidable enough to those who really seek them at the base of the Horseshoe Fall; but on the banks of the river, and particularly above the fall, its silence, rather than its noise, is surprising. This arises, in part, from the lack of resonance, the surrounding country being flat, and therefore furnishing no echoing surfaces to reinforce the shock of the water. The resonance from the surrounding rocks causes the Swiss Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, when full, to thunder more loudly than the Niagara.

On Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught, from the railway train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasping a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel spanned by the wooden bridge was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

¹ From an interesting little book presented to me at Brooklyn by its author, Mr. Holly, some of these data are derived: Hennepin, Kalm, Bakewell, Lyell, Hall, and others, I have myself consulted.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horseshoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horseshoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horseshoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter color. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striæ.² Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rhythm, the water reaching the bottom of the Fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horseshoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horseshoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticised by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to accept them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

"That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields
To her true lovers."

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood — large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He

² The direction of the wind with reference to the course of a ship may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with gray in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions, — drawing on two pairs of woolen pantaloons, three woolen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far towards the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders towards the thickest

spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upwards; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upwards over the guide's shoulder, I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped healthily through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterwards roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered

with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture.

Still even this Fall is exciting to some nerves. Its effect upon himself is thus vividly described by Mr. Bakewell, Jr.: "On turning a sharp angle of the rock, a sudden gust of wind met us, coming from the hollow between the Falls and the rock, which drove the spray directly in our faces with such force that in an instant we were wet through. When in the midst of this shower-bath, the shock took away my breath; I turned back and scrambled over the loose stones to escape the conflict. The guide soon followed, and told me that I had passed the worst part. With that assurance I made a second attempt; but so wild and disordered was my imagination that when I had reached half-way I could bear it no longer."¹

To complete my knowledge it was necessary to see the Fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who would do anything with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came. His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in amid the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outwards*, not *downwards*. The struggle, however, to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them, was often very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared and yielded noble views of the Fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it and bursts from it in huge protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it; the boulders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, was here in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the older one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the boulders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length, seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the boulders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it

laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbor, the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height; so here the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the Fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

From a point a little way below the American Fall, a ferry crosses the river in summer to the Canadian side. Below the ferry is a suspension bridge for carriages and foot-passengers, and a mile or two lower down is the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and the latter the river Niagara flows unruffled; but at the suspension bridge the bed steepens and the river quickens its motion. Lower down, the gorge narrows and the rapidity and turbulence increase. At the place called the "Whirlpool Rapids," I estimated the width of the river at 300 feet, an estimate confirmed by the dwellers on the spot. When it is remembered that the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed into this space, the impetuosity of the river's escape through this gorge may be imagined. Had it not been for Mr. Bierstadt, the distinguished photographer of Niagara, I should have quitted the place without seeing these rapids; for this, and for his agreeable company to the spot, I have to thank him. From the edge of the cliff above the rapids, we descended, a little I confess to a climber's disgust, in an "elevator," because the effects are best seen from the water level.

Two kinds of motion are here obviously active, a motion of translation and a motion of undulation — the race of the river through its gorge, and the great waves generated by its collision with, and rebound from the obstacles in its way. In the middle of the river the rush and tossing are most violent; at all events, the impetuous force of the individual waves is here most strikingly displayed. Vast pyramidal heaps leap incessantly from the river, some of them with such energy as to jerk their summits into the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid spherules. The sun shone for a few minutes. At times the wind coming up the river searched and sifted the spray, carrying away the lighter drops and leaving the heavier ones behind. Wafted in the proper direction, rainbows appeared and disappeared fitfully in the lighter mist. In other directions the common gleam of the sunshine from the waves and their shattered crests was exquisitely beautiful. The complexity of the action was still further illustrated by the fact that in some cases, as if by the exercise of a local explosive force, the drops were shot radially from a particular centre, forming around it a kind of halo.

The first impression, and, indeed, the current explanation of these rapids is, that the central bed of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing, and wild leaping of the water there are due to its impact against these obstacles. I doubt this explanation; at all events there is another sufficient reason to be taken into account. Boulders derived from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the *sides* of the river. Against these the water rises and sinks rhythmically but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the generation of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion with the river motion. The ridges, which in still water would proceed in circular curves round the centre of disturbance, cross the river obliquely, and the result is that at the centre waves commingle which have really been generated at the sides. In the first instance we had a composition of wave motion with river motion; here we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other, the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a greater depth; and where crest and crest aid each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests, and tosses them shattered into the air. From the water level the cause of the action is not so

¹ *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, 1880, pp. 121, 122.

easily seen; but from the summit of the cliff the lateral generation of the waves and their propagation to the centre are perfectly obvious. If this explanation be correct, the phenomena observed at the Whirlpool Rapids form one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of *interference*. The Nile "cataract," Mr. Huxley informs me, offers examples of the same action.

At some distance below the Whirlpool Rapids we have the celebrated whirlpool itself. Here the river makes a sudden bend to the northeast, forming nearly a right angle with its previous direction. The water strikes the concave bank with great force, and scoops it incessantly away. A vast basin has been thus formed, in which the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyratory currents. Bodies and trees which have come over the falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough; and though you imagine the outlet must be visible, if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the northeast, the outlet comes into view.

The Niagara season had ended; the chatter of sight-seers had ceased, and the scene presented itself as one of holy seclusion and beauty. I went down to the river's edge, where the weird loneliness and loveliness seemed to increase. The basin is enclosed by high and almost precipitous banks—covered, when I was there, with russet woods. A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due perhaps to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves, no ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool.

The green color is, I think, correctly accounted for in "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked properly down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue; at the most a hint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically *black*, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases, the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure, *all* the colors are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity.

Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and, before it disappears, it reaches a vivid blue green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you. You rise in the morning and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the bank of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross. Such a case occurred towards the close of my visit to Niagara. There had been rain and storm in the upper lake regions, and the quantity

of suspended matter brought down quite extinguished the fascinating green of the Horseshoe.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave remains unbroken no color appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light, and materially enhances its beauty.

We have now to consider the genesis and proximate destiny of the Falls of Niagara. We may open our way to this subject by a few preliminary remarks upon erosion. Time and intensity are the main factors of geologic change, and they are in a certain sense convertible. A feeble force acting through long periods, and an intense force acting through short ones, may produce approximately the same results. To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some samples of stones, the first examples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, near Wellington, in New Zealand. They have been described by Mr. Travers in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Unacquainted with their origin, you would certainly ascribe their forms to human workmanship. They resemble flint knives and spear-heads, being apparently chiselled off into facets with as much attention to symmetry as if a tool guided by human intelligence had passed over them. But no human instrument has been brought to bear upon these stones. They have been wrought into their present shape by the wind-blown sand of Lyell's Bay. Two winds are dominant here, and they in succession urged the sand against opposite sides of the stone; every little particle of sand chipped away its infinitesimal bit of stone, and in the end sculptured these singular forms.¹

The Sphinx of Egypt is nearly covered up by the sand of the desert. The neck of the Sphinx is partly cut across, not, as I am assured by Mr. Huxley, by ordinary weathering, but by the eroding action of the fine sand blown against it. In these cases nature furnishes us with hints which may be taken advantage of in art; and this action of sand has been recently turned to extraordinary account in the United States. When in Boston, I was taken by Mr. Josiah Quincy to see the action of the *sand-blast*. A kind of hopper containing fine silicious sand was connected with a reservoir of compressed air, the pressure being variable at pleasure. The hopper ended in a long slit, from which the sand was blown. A plate of glass was placed beneath this slit, and caused to pass slowly under it; it came out perfectly depolished, with a bright opalescent glimmer, such as could only be produced by the most careful grinding. Every little particle of sand urged against the glass, having all its energy concentrated on the point of impact, formed there a little pit, the depolished surface consisting of innumerable hollows of this description. But this was not all. By protecting certain portions

¹ "The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half an inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, etc., and all with sharp cutting edges."

"Mr. Travers explained that, notwithstanding their artificial appearance, these stones were formed by the cutting action of the wind-driven sand as it passed to and fro over an exposed boulder-bank. He gave a minute account of the manner in which the varieties of form are produced, and referred to the effect which the erosive action thus indicated would have on railway and other works executed on sandy tracts."

"Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'" — *Extracted from the Minutes of the Wellington Philosophical Society, Feb. 9, 1866.*

of the surface and exposing others, figures and tracery of any required form could be etched upon the glass. The figures of open iron-work could be thus copied; while wire gauze placed over the glass produced a reticulated pattern. But it required no such resisting substance as iron to shelter the glass. The patterns of the finest lace could be thus reproduced; the delicate filaments of the lace itself offering a sufficient protection.

All these effects have been obtained with a simple model of the sand-blast devised for me by my assistant. A fraction of a minute suffices to etch upon glass a rich and beautiful lace pattern. Any yielding substance may be employed to protect the glass. By immediately diffusing the shock of the particle, such substances practically destroy the local erosive power. The hand can bear without inconvenience a sand-shower which would pulverize glass. Etchings executed on glass with suitable kinds of ink are accurately worked out by the sand-blast. In fact, within certain limits, the harder the surface, the greater is the concentration of the shock, and the more effectual is the erosion. It is not necessary that the sand should be the harder substance of the two; corundum, for example, is much harder than quartz; still, quartz sand can not only depolish, but actually blow a hole through a plate of corundum. Nay, glass may be depolished by the impact of fine shot; the grains in this case bruising the glass before they have time to flatten and turn their energy into heat.

And here, in passing, we may tie together one or two apparently unrelated facts. Supposing you turn on, at the lower part of a house, a cock which is fed by a pipe from a cistern at the top of the house, the column of water, from the cistern downwards, is set in motion. By turning off the cock, this motion is stopped; and when the turning off is very sudden, the pipe, if not strong, may be burst by the internal impact of the water. By distributing the turning of the cock over half a second of time, the shock and danger of rupture may be entirely avoided. We have here an example of the concentration of energy in *time*. The sand-blast illustrates the concentration of energy in *space*. The action of flint and steel is an illustration of the same principle. The heat required to generate the spark is intense, and the mechanical action being moderate, must, to produce fire, be in the highest degree concentrated. This concentration is secured by the collision of hard substances. Calc-spar will not supply the place of flint, nor lead the place of steel in the production of fire by collision. With the softer substances, the *total* heat produced may be greater than with the hard ones; but to produce the spark, the heat must be intensely *localized*.

But we can go far beyond the mere depolishing of glass; indeed, I have already said that quartz sand can wear a hole through corundum. This leads me to express my acknowledgments to General Tilghman,¹ who is the inventor of the sand-blast. To his spontaneous kindness I am indebted for some beautiful illustrations of his process. In one thick plate of glass a figure has been worked out to a depth of three eighths of an inch. A second plate seven eighths of an inch thick is entirely perforated. Through a circular plate of marble, nearly half an inch thick, open work of the most intricate and elaborate description has been executed. It would probably take many days to perform this work by any ordinary process; with the sand-blast it was accomplished in an hour. So much for the strength of the blast; its delicacy is illustrated by a beautiful example of line engraving etched on glass by means of the blast.²

This power of erosion, so strikingly displayed when sand is urged by air, renders us better able to conceive its action when urged by water. The erosive power of a river is

vastly augmented by the solid matter carried along with it. Sand or pebbles caught in a river vortex can wear away the hardest rock; "potholes" and deep cylindrical shafts being thus produced. An extraordinary instance of this kind of erosion is to be seen in the Val Tournanche, above the village of this name. The gorge at Handeck has been thus cut out. Such waterfalls were once frequent in the valleys of Switzerland; for hardly any valley is without one or more transverse barriers of resisting material, over which the river flowing through the valley once fell as a cataract. Near Pontresina in the Engadin, there is such a case, the hard gneiss being now worn away to form a gorge through which the river from the Morteratsch glacier rushes. The barrier of the Kirchet above Meyringen is also a case in point. Behind it was a lake, derived from the glacier of the Aar, and over the barrier it poured its excess of water. Here the rock being limestone was in great part dissolved, but added to this we had the action of the solid particles carried along by the water, each of which, as it struck the rock, chipped it away like the particles of the sand-blast. Thus by solution and mechanical erosion the great chasm of the Fensterarschlucht was formed. It is demonstrable that the water which flows at the bottoms of such deep fissures once flowed at the level of what is now their edges, and tumbled down the lower faces of the barriers. Almost every valley in Switzerland furnishes examples of this kind; the untenable hypothesis of earthquakes, once so readily resorted to in accounting for these gorges, being now for the most part abandoned. To produce the Cañons of Western America no other cause is needed than the integration of effects individually infinitesimal.

And now we come to Niagara. Soon after Europeans had taken possession of the country, the conviction appears to have arisen that the deep channel of the river Niagara below the Falls had been excavated by the cataract. In Mr. Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," the prevalence of this belief has been referred to: it is expressed thus by Professor Joseph Henry in the Transactions of the Albany Institute:³ "In viewing the position of the Falls and the features of the country round, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that this great natural raceway has been formed by the continued action of the irresistible Niagara, and that the Falls, beginning at Lewiston, have, in the course of ages, worn back the rocky strata to their present site." The same view is advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, by Mr. Hall, by M. Agassiz, by Professor Ramsay, indeed by almost all of those who have inspected the place.

A connected image of the origin and progress of the cataract is easily obtained. Walking northward from the village of Niagara Falls by the side of the river, we have to our left the deep and comparatively narrow gorge through which the Niagara flows. The bounding cliffs of this gorge are from 300 to 350 feet high. We reach the whirlpool, trend to the northeast, and after a little time gradually resume our northward course. Finally, at about seven miles from the present Falls, we come to the edge of a declivity which informs us that we have been hitherto walking on table-land. Some hundreds of feet below us is a comparatively level plain, which stretches to Lake Ontario. The declivity marks the end of the precipitous gorge of the Niagara. Here the river escapes from its steep mural boundaries, and in a widened bed pursues its way to the lake which finally receives its waters.

The fact that in historic times, even within the memory of man, the Fall has sensibly receded, prompts the question. How far has this recession gone? At what point did the ledge which thus continually creeps backwards begin its retrograde course? To minds disciplined in such researches the answer has been and will be, At the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston to the American to Queenstown on the Canadian side. Over this transverse barrier the united affluents of all the upper lakes once poured their waters, and here the work of erosion began. The dam, moreover, was demonstrably

¹ The absorbent power, if I may use the phrase, exerted by the industrial arts in the United States, is forcibly illustrated by the rapid transfer of men like Mr. Tilghman from the life of the soldier to that of the civilian. General McClellan, now a civil engineer, whom I had the honor of frequently meeting in New York, is a most eminent example of the same kind. At the end of the war indeed, a million and a half of men were thus drawn, in an astonishingly short time, from military to civil life. It is obvious that a nation with these tendencies can have no desire for war.

² The sand-blast will be in operation this year at the Kensington International Exhibition.

³ Quoted by Bakewell.

ufficient height to cause the river above it to submerge Goat Island; and this would perfectly account for the inding by Mr. Hall, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, in the and and gravel of the island, the same fluviatile shells as re now found in the Niagara River higher up. It would also account for those deposits along the sides of the iver, the discovery of which enabled Lyell, Hall, and Ramsay to reduce to demonstration the popular belief that he Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

The physics of the problem of excavation, which I made clear to my mind before quitting Niagara, are revealed by a close inspection of the present Horseshoe Fall. Here we see evidently that the greatest weight of water ends over the very apex of the Horseshoe. In a passage of his excellent chapter on Niagara Falls, Mr. Hall alludes to this fact. Here we have the most copious and the most violent whirling of the shattered liquid; here the most powerful eddies recoil against the shale. From this orion of the Fall, indeed, the spray sometimes rises without solution of continuity to the region of clouds, becoming gradually more attenuated, and passing finally through the condition of true cloud into invisible vapor, which is sometimes re-precipitated higher up. All the phenomena point distinctly to the centre of the river as the place of reatest mechanical energy, and from the centre the vigor of the Fall gradually dies away towards the sides. The horseshoe form, with the concavity facing downwards, is an obvious and necessary consequence of this action. Light along the middle of the river the apex of the curve rushes its way backwards, cutting along the centre a deep and comparatively narrow groove, and draining the sides as it passes them.¹ Hence the remarkable discrepancy between the widths of the Niagara above and below the horseshoe. All along its course, from Lewiston Heights to its present position, the form of the Fall was probably that of a horseshoe; for this is merely the expression of the greater depth, and consequently greater excavating power, at the centre of the river. The gorge, moreover, varies in width as the depth of the centre of the ancient river varied, being narrowest where that depth was greatest.

The vast comparative erosive energy of the Horseshoe Fall comes strikingly into view when it and the American Fall are compared together. The American branch of the upper river is cut at a right angle by the gorge of the Niagara. Here the Horseshoe Fall was the real excavator. It cut the rock and formed the precipice over which the American Fall tumbles. But since its formation, the erosive action of the American Fall has been almost nil, while the Horseshoe has cut its way for 500 yards across the end of Goat Island, and is now doubling back to excavate a channel parallel to the length of the island. This point, I have just learned, has not escaped the acute observation of Professor Ramsay.² The river bends; the horseshoe immediately accommodates itself to the bending, and will follow implicitly the direction of the deepest water in the upper stream. The flexibility of the gorge, I may use the term, is determined by the flexibility of the river channel above it. Were the Niagara above the Fall sinuous, the gorge would obediently follow its sinuosities. Once suggested, no doubt geographers will be able to point out many examples of this action. The Zambesi is thought to present a great difficulty to the erosion theory, because of the sinuosity of the chasm below the Victoria Falls. But assuming the basalt to be of tolerably uniform texture, had the river been examined before the formation of this sinuous channel, the present zigzag course of the gorge below the Fall could, I am persuaded, have been predicted, while the sounding of the present river would enable us to predict the course to be pursued by the erosion in the future.

¹ In the discourse of which this paper is a report, the excavation of the stream and drainage of the sides was illustrated by a model devised by my assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

² His words are: "Where the body of water is small in the American Fall, the edge has only receded a few yards (where most eroded) during the time that the Canadian Fall has receded from the north corner of Goat Island to the innermost curve of the Horseshoe Fall." — *Quarterly Journal Geological Society, May, 1859.*

But not only has the Niagara River cut the gorge; it has carried away the chips of its own workshop. The shale being probably crumbled is easily carried away. But at the base of the fall we find the huge boulders already described, and by some means or other these are removed down the river. The ice which fills the gorge in winter, and which grapples with the boulders, has been regarded as the transporting agent. Probably it is so to some extent. But erosion acts without ceasing on the abutting points of the boulders, thus withdrawing their support and urging them gradually down the river. Solution also does its portion of the work. That solid matter is carried down is proved by the difference of depth between the Niagara River and Lake Ontario, where the river enters it. The depth falls from seventy-two feet to twenty feet, in consequence of the deposition of solid matter caused by the diminished motion of the river.³

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place occupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara a few millenniums hence, I leave the verification of this prediction. All that can be said is, that if the causes now in action continue to act, it will prove itself literally true.

SOME ONE PAYS.

CHAPTER I.

"BRINDISI, August.

"DEAR HARRY, — Our plans are all formed. We start from this on Tuesday for Corfu, where we have secured a small cutter of some thirty tons, by which we mean to drop down the Albanian coast, making woodcocks our object on all the days pigs do not offer. We are four — Gerard, Hope, Lascelles, and myself — of whom you know all but Lascelles, but are sure to like when you meet him. We want you, and will take no refusal. Hope declares on his honor that he will never pay you a hundred you lent him, if you fail us; and he will — which is more remarkable still — book up the day you join us. Seriously, however, I entreat you to be one of us. Take no trouble about guns, etc. We are amply provided. We only ask yourself. Yours ever,

GEORGE OGLE.

"If you cannot join at Corfu, we shall rendezvous at Prevesa, a little town on the Turkish side, where you can address us, to the care of the Vice Consul Lydyard."

This note reached me one day in the late autumn, while I was sojourning at the Lamm, at Innsbruck. It had followed me from Paris to Munich, to Baden, the Ammergau, and at last overtook me at Innsbruck, some four weeks after it had been written. If I was annoyed at the delay which lost me such a pleasant companionship, for three of the four were old friends, a glance at the postscript reconciled me at once to the disappointment; Prevesa, and the name Lydyard, awoke very sad memories; and I do not know what would have induced me to refresh them by seeing either again. It is not a story, nor is it a scene, that I am about to relate. It is one of those little incidents which are ever occurring through life, and which serve to remind us how our moral health, like our physical, is the

³ Near the mouth of the gorge at Queenstown the depth, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 180 feet; well within the gorge it is 125 feet.

sport of accident; and that just as the passing breeze may carry on its breast a pleurisy, the chance meetings in the world may be scarcely less fatal!

I have been an idler and a wanderer for years. I left the army after a short experience of military life, imagining that I could not endure the restraints of discipline, and slowly discovered afterwards that there is no such slavery as an untrammelled will, and that the most irksome bondage is nothing in comparison with the vacillations and uncertainties of a purposeless existence.

I was left early in life my own master, with no relatives except distant ones, and with means, not exactly ample, but quite sufficient for the ordinary needs of a gentleman. I was free to go anywhere or do anything, which, in my case at least, meant to be everlastingly projecting and abandoning—now determining on some pursuit that should give me an object or a goal in life, and now assuring myself that all such determinations were slaveries, and that to conform to the usages by which men sought success in public or professional life was an ignoble drudgery, and unworthy of him who could live without it.

In this unsettled frame of mind I travelled about the world for years—at first over the cognate parts of the Continent, with which I became thoroughly familiar—knowing Rome, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, as I knew London. I then ran all over the States, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and spending above a year on the Pacific coast. I visited China and India. I came—I will not say home, for I have none—by Constantinople, and thence to Belgrade, where I made the acquaintance of a Turkish Pacha, then governor of Scutari in Albania, and returned along with him to his seat of government. A vice-governor of Prevesa induced me to go back with him to that unpromising spot, assuring me how easy I should always find means of reaching Corfu or Italy; and that, meanwhile, the quail-shooting, which was there beginning, would amply reward for my stay.

Prevesa was about as wretched a village as poverty, sloth, and Turkish indifference could accomplish. The inhabitants who combined trade and fishing ostensibly, really lived by smuggling, and only needed the opportunity to be brigands on shore. Their wretched "bazaar" displayed only the commonest wares of Manchester or Glasgow, with Belgian cutlery or cheap imitation jewelry. But even these had no buyers; and the little stir and life of the place was in the *cafés*, where the brawny natives, armed to the teeth, smoked and lounged the live-long day, and, to all seeming, fulfilled no other duty in existence.

I suspect I have an actual liking for dreary and tiresome places. I believe they somehow accommodate themselves to a something in my temperament which is not misanthropy nor mental depression, nor yet romance, but is compounded of all three. I feel, besides, that my imagination soars the more freely the fewer the distractions that surround me; but that I require just that small amount of stimulant human life and its daily cares suggest to prevent stagnation.

I was at least six days at Prevesa before I was aware that her Britannic Majesty had a representative there. It was in a chance ramble down a little alley that led to the bay I came upon the British arms over a low doorway. It was a very poor-looking tumble-down house, with a very frail wooden balcony over the door, distinguished by a flag-staff, to be doubtless decorated on occasion by the proud flag of England.

Framing I forget what imaginary reason for inquiry, I entered and knocked at a door inscribed "Consular hours from"—and then a smudge of paint obliterating the rest and leaving the import in doubt. Not receiving any answer to my summons, I pushed open the door and entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves and slippers was asleep on a very dirty sofa, and so soundly that my entrance did not disturb him. A desk with some much-worn books and scattered papers, a massive leaden inkstand, and a large official seal, were in front of him; but a paper of Turkish tobacco, and a glass of what smelt to be gin, were also present, and from the flushed cheek and heavy breathing

of the sleeper, appeared to have been amongst his latest occupations.

It is not necessary I should record our conversation. In his half-waking and not all sober state he had mistaken me for a British sailor who had been left behind somewhere, and was importuning to be sent on to England, but whose case evidently had inspired scant sympathy.

"I'll not do it!" grumbled out the consul, with his eyes more than half closed. "You were drunk, or a deserter—I don't care which. My instructions are positive, and you may go to the d— for me. There now, that's your answer, and you'll not get any other if you stayed there till dusk."

"I suspect you mistake me, sir," said I, mildly. "I am a traveller, and an English gentleman."

"I hate gentlemen, and I don't love travellers," said he, in the same drowsy voice as before.

"Sorry for that, but must ask you *en* the same if my passport permits me to go into Italy?"

"Of course it does. What sort of traveller are you that does not know that much, and that if you wanted a *visa*, it's the Italian should give it, and there's no Italian or Frenchman here. There's no one here but a Prussian Strantopsky, d— his eyes—good morning;" and he again turned his face to the wall. I cannot say what curiosity prompted me to continue our little-promising conversation, but there was something so strange in the man's manner at moments—something that seemed to indicate a very different condition from the present—that I determined at all hazards to linger on.

"I don't suppose the sight of a countryman can be a very common event in these regions," said I, "and I might almost hope it was not an unpleasant one!"

"Who told you that, my good fellow?" said he, with more animation than before. "Who said that it gave me any peculiar pleasure to see one of those people that remind me of other times and very different habits?"

"At all events I, as an individual, cannot open these ungracious recollections, for I never saw you before,—I do not even now know your name."

"The F. O. list has the whole biography. 'Thomas Gardner Lydyard, educated at All Souls, Oxford, where he took first-class in classics and law; was appointed cornet in the 2d Life Guards, 6th—18—; sent with Lord Earscroft's mission to Denmark to invest his Christian Majesty with the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Contested Marcheston,—18—, and was returned on a petition.' I'll finish what's not in the book—backed Queen Mab at seven to two—got a regular cropper—had to bolt, and live three years in Sweden—took to corn-brandy and strong cavendish, and ended as you see—V. C. at Prevesa. Is not that a brilliant ending for a youth of promise? Do you remember in your experience as a man of travel, that you can match it?"

By this time he had risen to the sitting posture, and with his hair rudely pushed back by his hands, and his face grown red with passion, looked as fierce and passionate as high excitement could make a man.

"I've heard your name very often," said I, calmly: "Close and St. John used to talk of you constantly; and I remember Morseby saying you were the best rider of a flat race amongst the gentlemen of England."

"I was better, ten times better, across country. I could get more out of my horse than any of the so-called steeple-chase-riders; and as I seldom punished, the betting men never knew when my horse was distressed. Close could have told you that. Did he ever tell you that I was the best cricketer at Lord's? What's that?" cried he, suddenly, as a small door at the end of the room opened and closed again, almost instantly. "Oh, it's dinner!—I suppose if I had any shame I should say luncheon, for it's only two o'clock, not to say that the meal itself will have small pretensions to be called a dinner. Will you come and look at it?"

There was nothing very hearty in the invitation, as little was there any courtesy; but the strange contrast of this man's shabby exterior, and the tone in which of a sudden

he had burst out to speak, excited an intense curiosity in me to see more of him; and though I was not without some scruple as to my right to be there at all, I followed him as we walked into the inner room.

A young girl, whose pale, care-worn face and gentle look struck me more than the elegance of features I afterwards recognized, courtesied slightly as we entered.

"A distressed B. S., Marion," said the consul, introducing me; "my daughter, sir—I'm not aware of your name."

"Lowther."

"Lowther, then—Mr. Lowther, Miss Lydyard; that's the regular form, I believe. Sit down, and let us have our soup;" as he spoke he proceeded to ladle out a smoky compound in which rice and fragments of lamb were freely mingled.

"This is all you will get for dinner, Mr. Lowther, and so secure what solids come to your share; and here is such wine as we drink here. It comes from Patras, and has its fine flavor of resin."

I ate and drank freely, and talked away about the place and the people, and at last induced my host to speak of himself and his own habits. He fished and shot, he said, some years before, but he had given up both: he also had an Arab nag or two, but he sold them—in fact, as time wore on, he had abandoned everything like pastime or amusement, and now droned away life in a semi-stupor, or between gin and sleep.

"Capital fellows these Albanian brutes for letting a man have his way. No one asks how you live, or with whom. The hogs in a sty are not less troubled with a public opinion. Except once that the Pacha sent me an offer for Marion, I don't know that I have ever had a state communication since I took up my post."

The young girl's face flushed crimson, but she never spoke, nor had I yet heard the sound of her voice.

"My Russian colleague," continued he, with a savage laugh, "grew half terrified at the thought of my influence here if my daughter became a Sultana, and got some fellow to write a letter in a Paris newspaper to denounce the British intrigue, and declare that I had become a Mussulman: and the F. O. people wrote out to me to inquire if it were true; and I replied that, as I had not owned a hat for five-and-thirty years, I wore a turban when I went out, but as that was an event that didn't happen above twice or thrice a year, they needn't mind it, and that if her Majesty made a point of it, I'd not go out any more."

"After that the official fellows, who seemed to have forgotten me before, never gave me any peace—asking for returns of this and reports of that. How many piastres the Pacha gave his cook—how many kids went to a pilaff—how many wives to a small harem—what was the least a man could live on in the English service—and whether keeping men poor and on the prowl was not a sure measure to secure them of an inquiring and inquisitive disposition."

"I take it, they must have liked my dispatches, for not a month passed that they did not poke me up. At last there came a young fellow this way; he was on a walk down to Thessaly, he said, to see Mount Olympus; he hurt his foot, and he stayed here several weeks, and he wrote them a dispatch in my name, and said what a stunning fine thing it would be to make all this country and the Epirus Greek; and that we should checkmate the Russians by erecting a rival state and a heterodox church, and I don't know what else. He got up his Greek theology from Marion, here—her mother was from Attica—and he made believe that he knew all the dogmas."

I stole a look at Marion, but as quickly withdrew it, for she was deadly pale, and looked as if about to faint.

"Marion knows," continued he, "all the fine reasons he gave for the policy, and how it was not to be confounded with what the Greeks call the *Grande Idée*—no Byzantine renaissance humbug at all, but some sort of protectorate state, with England, France, and Italy, I think, as the protecting powers; and, in fact, he got to be so plausible, and quoted such marvellous names, that F. O. rose to the

bait, and asked to have further information; but, by that time, he had gone away, and we never saw more of him."

The young girl rocked to and fro in her chair, and fearing she would fall off in a faint, I half arose to catch her, when a look so imploringly sad as to go to my heart arrested me, and I sat still, and to avert attention from her, asked the consul some questions as to the value of the project he had written about.

"I suppose it was about as wise as such things generally are," continued he; "it may have had its little grain of sense somewhere, and all its disadvantages required time to develop. He was a shrewd sort of fellow that William Hope—that was his name; he borrowed twenty pounds of me, and he sent it back too, and a very pretty writing-desk to Marion, and a box of books; and he said he'd come back some fine day and see us, but he has apparently forgotten that, and it's now two years and a half we have never heard of him. Is it not, Marion?"

"Two years and eight months," said she, calmly; but her lips trembled in spite of her.

I was not sorry when our chiboucks were introduced, and the young girl had a fair pretext to steal away; for I saw with what a struggle she was controlling her emotion, and what a relief it would be to her to escape notice.

The consul was so pleased to have any opportunity to relieve his mind that he talked away for hours, and of his most intimate concerns. In inveighing against the hard lot that sentenced his wearing out his last years of life in such a place, he told me his whole history. There was but one point of any doubt; whether Marion's mother had been a wedded wife or not I could not discover. She was dead some years, and he spoke of her with more feeling than he seemed well capable of showing. She had died of that peculiar form of disease which is found in the low-lying lands of Greece, and the seeds of the disorder he had already detected in Marion. "There is a little short cough, without effort, but when I hear it it goes to my heart," said he, "for I know well that there lurks an enemy nothing can dislodge. You hear it now, listen!" cried he—and he held up his hands to impose silence, but I heard nothing.

I sat on till evening, chatting as smokers will do in that broken and unconnected fashion that admits of anything being taken up, and as lightly abandoned. There was not a little to interest in a man whose mere incongruity with his station imparted a strange turn to all his opinions and judgments, and who even in his banishment tried to follow the events of a world he was destined never to share in. For many a year he had thought of nothing but how to escape from this dreary spot—to exchange with any one and for anything; but now with something like a dread of civilization he hugged himself in the thought of his exile, where he could be as barbarous, as neglectful, and as degenerate as he pleased.

Of this same savagery one trait will suffice to indicate the extent. Prevesa was formerly a yacht station where men frequently came in the woodcock season or for the quails; but a terrible brigand outrage, in which two Germans and an English naval officer were killed, put an end to all such visits. Lydyard declared that he never regretted an incident that freed him from all intrusion of strangers, and averred that he at least owed a debt of gratitude to the Klephts.

When I wished him good night he was far too deep in the gin-flask to make his words impressive; but as he told me he'd like me to come up often and sit with him, I determined to accept his invitation so long as I lingered in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER II.

I STAYED on five weeks at Prevesa, for though I gave my evenings to the consul, I passed every morning with Marion. I never saw a girl whose society had the same charm for me. Heaven knows there could scarcely have been so dreary a spot, nor one where life had fewer pleasures; but there seemed a capacity for enjoyment in her

mind, which, whether for sun or sky or shore, for breezy mountain or dark nestling wood, could extract its own delight and be happy.

I had seen enough even on the first day I met her to be aware that Hope had not made a merely passing impression upon her heart, and I was cautious to avoid all that might revive the memory of his name. This reserve on my part seemed actually at length too much for her patience, for in one of our long walks she suddenly asked me if I had never known him.

"No," replied I, "never; and I have been guardedly careful not to ask you about one of whose intimacy with you I feel jealous."

"How do you mean jealous?" asked she, turning on me those large full eyes that reminded of the Homeric simile, the "ox-eyed."

"Perhaps my word was ill chosen," said I, in some confusion; "but what I tried to convey was the discomfiture I felt on thinking that there had been one who walked with you where we are walking, and whose words, it might be, interested you as much, or more than mine."

"Yes, it is true," said she, softly.

"Which is true?" asked I, in a low voice.

"That he loved me!" said she, in the same unaltered tone.

"And you"—but I caught myself at once, and, shocked at the ungenerous daring, turned it off by saying, "I should like to hear more of him; tell me what you know of his history or belongings."

"I know nothing, except that he was poor as ourselves: that whatever he should become in life must be his own achievement; that he was friendless and alone."

"He was a gentleman?" said I, inquiring.

"Was he not a gentleman! Was not every word, every opinion he uttered, the soul of honor and high feeling! When he spoke of what he read, he knew how to praise all that was noble, and truthful, and worthy, and to decry whatever was ignoble or mean. When he helped a beggar on the road, he gave his alms like one whose happier fortune it was to aid a brother, and who might himself accept assistance to-morrow. And so through all he did, the world seemed like some flowery meadow, where, if we would, we might stroll or stretch at ease, each happy with each."

"Was he ambitious?"

"If you mean of honor, fame, and good repute, yes, as I never heard of any one; but of that success that includes wealth and state, luxurious living, and the rest of it, he could not have been, for he has said over and over at our homely board, 'This is indeed what delights me! It is here I begin to feel how unworthy are the vulgar slaveries rich men submit to.'"

"He had, then, some experiences of the life he censured?"

"I don't know that he had, except from hearsay; but he had read, and conversed almost as much as he had read."

"Had he served as a soldier?"

"No, he could not bear any settled career; he called it a bondage, and that all men who followed any distinct calling lost their identity in the craft; he would laughingly say, 'They become smaller than women.'"

"He loved you very much, Marion, and"—

"Why has he not returned?" said she, as her eyes flashed fiercely. "Say out your words, or if you have no courage for them, let me say them. It was this you would have asked."

"I had not any right."

"Of course you had not, but I will give the right, that I may shame the questioner. If he has not come back, will you be prepared to say he may not come to-morrow? This very night? At first in every footfall on the road, in every voice I heard—I have grown wiser now, and I can wait."

"Such trustfulness honors you," said I, thoughtfully.

"It is no more than what I owe him. There, look there!" said she; "there is a Levanter coming in now, and but a moment back that sea was like a mirror! Is not life just such another ocean, and can he who plans a

voyage be more certain of his weather? How can I know what difficulties he is now combating, what barriers oppose him?"

"I should be glad to feel that some one would, one day, trust me in that fashion."

"So she will, if you inspire her with the same love. A woman's heart can be as good or as bad as you like to make it; she has but the keeping of it—the culture is another's."

This was the tone of many a conversation we had together, through all of which I could gather how a girl of a strong will and an untried nature had been gradually moulded to opinions so new and strange to her by one whose temperament and character were stronger than her own.

That she loved him with her whole heart—that she felt towards him that almost worship with which a fervid imagination will inspire its object of devotion—was clear enough. But I own that my greater anxiety was to learn, if I could, who was this man, what was he, and how came he here? It was not difficult to believe that even a man of culture and refinement might have fallen in love with this girl. She was, with certain traits of delicate health and pallor, of great beauty; her large lustrous eyes, more expressive from the dark color of the orbits round them, could change from a melting softness to a glance of wild defiance; and her mouth, of which the teeth inclined slightly inwards, had a character of winning sweetness there was no resisting. Her figure might be called faultless; all I had ever seen of statuesque in symmetry was realized in that lithe and graceful form, which, even under the coarse drapery she wore, betrayed in every pose and movement the perfection of form. And just as the conscious grace of the beautiful woman blended with the bounding elasticity of the happy girl, so in temperament she united all the thoughtful moods of a reflective mind with the fresh wild impulses of the child.

"I know," said she to me one day, "I see it; you are puzzled about William Hope."

"I own it," said I, half sorrowfully.

"And you cannot imagine how this man of refinement—this creature of gifts and graces, this eminent gentleman, for I know your comprehensive phrase—could have loved such a me."

"Far from it, Marion; my wonder is how he could tear himself away from you, even for a season."

"That was duty."

"But what kind of duty? He had no ties—no care of any calling; you say he had no relatives to dictate to him; how could he explain a necessity where there was no pressure?"

"What he said was enough for me. And," added she, after a pause, "it would have been a bolder than either you or me would have dared to question him."

This chance speech explained in full the ascendancy that his more powerful nature had gained over her, and how it was easier to her to believe than to distrust him.

"Does he write to you?"

"No."

"Nor you to him?"

"No; he did not ask it!"

"And still you know he will come back?"

"I know it;" and she nodded twice, with a little smile that seemed to say how assured she felt in the avowal.

If there seems scant delicacy in the way I dared to question her, let me hasten to say that our intimacy warranted the freedom, which her manner besides invited; for I have not given here the details of those conversations that occurred between us, nor told how we were led on from word to word to closest confessions.

Strange girl in every way! she would suffer me to walk with my arm around her waist, and yet would fire indignantly if I dared to call her "Marion mou," as in Greek phrase Hope had called her.

Anything more hopeless than the attempt to gain her affections I could not imagine; but the conviction, strong as it was, did not save me from feeling desperately in love with her. In honest fact, the glimpses I had caught of her

nature, when revealing to me her love for another, had completely enraptured me; her warm fidelity, her unswerving faith, and her sustaining pride in the man she loved, needed less loveliness than hers to make her a prize to be striven for.

And so it was, I did love her, dreamed of her by night and canvassed in my mind by day what way to win her. There was not living a man who had less count to render to his fellows than myself; I was actually without kith or kin or belongings of any kind. That I should marry a girl in the humblest condition was purely my own affair. There was not one to question me; but, above all this and beyond it, I owed the one great difficulty, how should I gain her love? The very mode in which my intimacy with her had been effected, would make it a sort of treason were I to try to win her affections; and I could fancy that scornful banter in which she would meet my addresses, and ask me what sort of memory was mine? I could picture her railery too on the nature that could deliberately raise its hopes on the foundation of affection laid by another, and make what, to an honest mind, would be jealousy, minister to his own passion.

It was all true, and except some advantages of a purely worldly kind, and for which I knew she would have little value, I had nothing in my favor. The only question then that remained was, should I better break the spell that was on me by incurring a distinct refusal, or should I fly at once, and leave the place forever?

The latter seemed the wiser resolve, and I came to it as I slowly walked homeward to my inn at night. Instead of going to bed I sent for the landlord, and engaged with him to furnish me horses and a guide to anywhere on the coast by which I might take shipping for Italy or the shores of the Adriatic. There was a return caravan with a strong armed party bound for Salonica to start at midnight. I made my bargain, and within two hours after was on the road.

I have little more to add. We were nearly three weeks on the way, and I was thoroughly exhausted, weather-worn, and very ragged, when I entered at nightfall that dirty seaport which I am now told is to become the greatest commercial mart of the Levant.

One of the first sights that struck me as I came in was a party of yacht sailors with the word "Marmion" on their glazed habits.

The Marmion was the crack yacht of Cowes—the fastest cutter, it was supposed, ever built, and lately bought by the Duke of R——, whom I had known intimately at All Souls. Having learned that he was bound for the Piræus, I sent off a few lines, asking, if not utterly inconvenient, that he would give me a passage to Greece.

A letter from the Duke, with a most cordial invitation, answered me within an hour. He was on his wedding-tour, and had a small party of friends, but ample room, and a hearty welcome for me.

If I were painting a picture *de genre*, I might linger to sketch some of the scenes, and one or two of the characters, of that yacht party; but though there was a very pretty and attractive bride, and more than one bridesmaid of striking beauty, and some half-dozen very assiduous young men of great fascination and faultless costume, I was too much under the shadow of my late discomfiture to emerge into the broad sunlight of their gay converse.

"What is the matter with you?" said R—— to me one night, as we walked the deck alone; "I never saw you before in such low spirits."

I made some pretext of health, and changed the theme, when he asked me where I had been, and how I had come to that little-visited spot—Salonica.

"As for that," I said, "I have been sojourning in scores of places not fit to compare with it; places you never so much as heard of—Yanina, Arta, Corstatacu, and Prevesa."

"Prevesa! the little bay opposite Corfu?"

"Yes; how do you know it?"

"Because I passed three months there. It was in that little dreary fishing village where I lived on sardines and

boiled rice. I wrote a marvellous state paper, that the fellows at F. O. used to say made it a crying shame for me to leave diplomacy. I was then attached to my uncle's embassy at Constantinople."

"What year was that?"

"In 18—. I seldom can recall a date, but I have a clue to this one." He paused for some seconds and added: "There was a good-looking girl there that I 'spooned' and got very fond of too. That's the confounded part of those barbarous places. It is not only the onions and the black bread you get used to, but you conform to the women too, and if you remain over long you end by marrying one of them. Shake your head, old fellow, but it might happen all the same." He paused for a moment or two, gave a faint sigh, and then, with a sort of shake, like one throwing off a load, said, "Come down below and let's have a glass of brandy-and-water."

GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

1810–1855.

THE recent death of M. Théophile Gautier, with scarcely that fulness, either of years or of honors, which his genius and puissant nature seemed to promise, calls attention to the school of artists of which he was almost the last survivor, the most famous, and the most successful. Time has dealt hardly with the romantic group which, forty years ago, was so full of life and hope. The poets have died one by one, victims of pleasure, of the satiety and insatiable eagerness of their lives; or the poet within them is dead, and they exist, like M. de Saint-Victor, only as the most refined of critics. They are sad books, with all their light tone, in which M. de Villemessant and M. Champfleury collect their memories of the old feasts and the old boon companions, masquerades in houses long dismantled, nights like those of Goethe's youth in Rome. It is of one of that group—the least known perhaps in England, but in many ways the most attractive, and of the most amiable memory—that this paper proposes to speak. In writing of Gérard de Nerval, it is a necessary preliminary to say something of the origin and influence of the movement in which his career began, though he wandered far from that at last, and from other ties of society and sympathy.

The younger school of thought and art in France, like that from which much of our later English activity springs, received its main impulse from the study of the Middle Ages. But no two things could be more unlike than the manner in which this same influence acted on the youth of the two countries. It was all the difference between an Oriel common room in the time of Newman or of Clough; and the famous studio in the Rue du Doyenné, where Corot or Rousseau might be decorating a panel; Gautier dreaming over "La Comédie de la Mort;" and La Cydalise, the beauty of the hour, swinging in a silken hammock. On young Englishmen the re-discovery of the past acted chiefly as a motive in politics, religion, the study of society. It was generally seen that life had once been ordered in another than our modern fashion; and the knowledge of this, and the effort to revive what was good in the old order, led men into various paths, and often into hostile camps, but always survived in width and seriousness of thought, and in all that, for good or bad, is known as earnestness. Ten years ago, any one estimating the results of the Oxford movement and its causes, might have given himself this account of it, and might have added that in architecture there was much imitation of the Gothic, and that Mr. Tennyson had chosen mediæval themes for some of his most graceful idyls. Of late years, the relation of English art to the Middle Ages has entirely changed, but the change is due to exotic influences, and greatly to that of the Romantic School of 1830, in France.

France, too, had her Catholic reaction, and Mr. Thackeray saw several old women at prayers in Notre-Dame. But in France it was not so much religion, politics, and the

graver literature, that were stimulated by a recognition of the harmonious thought, the strength and order of feudalism, and Catholicism, as art that was colored by the reflection of the fantasy, the wild passion, the inner contradictions of the mediæval times.

A number of young men of unusual genius were entering on the career of letters. They had inherited all the license, but none of the hope of the Revolution, had seen the Restoration, and were persuaded that politics were a vulgar profession, and philanthropy an organized hypocrisy.

Art alone was worth cultivating for its own sake, and art was without a law, a conscience, or an aim. Then came the production of Victor Hugo's plays—what the Germans call "epoch-making works." A bitter controversy arose, and from their antagonism to the "periwigged," or classical school, the Romanticists struck out an æsthetic and canon of their own. Recognizing that both art and society were decadent and corrupt, they accepted with joy the situation, and urged the historical necessity of working in the taste of decadence. They were to be free in choice of subject, free to be as profuse in color and decoration, as morbid in sentiment, as they chose. They were to inspire themselves not from the catholic perfection of the art of Greece, but from all that was strangest in the art of remote times and peoples. To Mr. Arnold's charge against modern literature—that it wants sanity—they would have replied that it is a mad world, and that, to have any value, poetry must go mad with the times, of which it is the ultimate expression and final result. With this fatalist theory to justify them, and with the art of all the ages and all lands, from Assyria to Japan, to choose from, they turned for inspiration to what is certainly the most effective side of the mediæval spirit, its inner contradictions. They were taken with the fantastic color and splendor; with the lawless love, that was held at once a deadly sin and a glorious passion, only to be expressed in words of mystic longing and desire. It was not the harmony of the ages of faith that pleased, but the wild ways in which passion broke through this harmony, and turned the sacred symbols of heavenly love to the uses of earthly desires; the madness of the Flagellants, the sins of the Templars, the monstrous guilt that loved to walk amid smoke of censers and choirs of singing boys. All that was most terrible and grotesque in the mediæval decadence, the ancient comedy of death, all the art that hid itself where the light fell dimmest and least religious, through glass of strange green and lurid red, was to be adapted to the decadence of the modern time. For that longing that cannot be uttered, of mediæval mysticism, they substituted a new *Sehnsucht*, a new sadness; the melancholy of Werther and of Obermann. Like these they "felt that the world was a trap of dulness into which their great souls had fallen by mistake," but they had the example of Byron, and the instincts of youth, to point one way out of the trap. So they partook of their life in a free and picturesque fashion, lodging together in an ancient house near the Louvre, which Rousseau and Corot and Watteau decorated, and they all helped to fill with *bric-à-brac*, and old furniture, dances, laughter, and ladies of the Opera. This mansion of the Rue du Doyenné was no bad figure of their style and school; the gloomy walls tenanted by careless youth and genius, as in literature they informed the sombre mediæval world with a wantonness that was gay enough, when it forgot to be as sad as night.

To this brotherhood of men, who signed themselves *Petrus* and *Jehan*, for Pierre and Jean, who wrote sonnets to Yolandes and Yseults, and introduced the rage for pale faces shadowed with crisp tawny hair, a new recruit joined himself about 1830. This was the writer who adopted the *nom de plume* of Gérard de Nerval. There is a kind of romance even in the name of this gentle and amiable poet, as indeed in all his surroundings. For he was not one of those to whom poetry is the lyre to be taken up, and sounded, and laid down again. Rather it was the wind that blew where it listed, the breath of life that took visible form in himself and his adventures. Of all the group of comrades, his end was the most tragic, and yet it may be that he was the least unhappy. For to him all life was a

spectacle and a dream; poverty and wealth, great cities and Arab tents, and the quiet of forgotten villages, success and failure, even madness itself, only shifting scenes, each with its own surprise, its own power to awaken visions and memories that soon became as real as the experience that begot them. To him, a Stoic without knowing it, the world was indeed "the beloved city of Zeus," and he seems to say like Marcus Aurelius, "Nothing comes amiss to me that fits thee, O Universe!"

Gérard de Nerval was the son of an officer of the Grand Army. His mother, whom he never remembered to have seen, died of the fatigues of the Russian expedition, leaving him his restless spirit and love of travel. He was brought up in one of the little old towns of the Isle of France, and all his life loved to wander in that "happy poplar land." Ancient ways, ancient songs and stories still lingered there, and the world-old custom of the ballad-dance, now extinct, save in corners of Italy and the Grecian islands. Even after the Revolution there remained traces of that rustic golden age which is not all a dream. He saw what Gawain Douglas saw in Scotland before the Reformation.

Wenches and damosels

In grassy greens, wandering by spring wells,
Of bloomed branches, and flowers white and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head;
Some sang ring-songs, dances, ledes, and rounds!

He caught the last accents of the living folk-song, and thus describes a scene in a France that has passed beyond recall, on the horizon of our time, dim and peaceful as the Phæacian island.

"In front of a château of the time of Henri IV., a château with peaked roofs, with a facing of red brick varied by stone-work of a paler hue, lay a wide green lawn, set round with limes and elms, and through the leaves fell the golden light of the setting sun. Young girls were dancing in a circle on the mossy grass, to the sound of airs that their mothers had sung, airs with words so pure and natural that one felt one's self indeed in that old Valois land, where for a thousand years has beat the heart of France." The daughter of the château, fair and tall, enters the circle of peasant girls. "To obtain the right to join the ring she had to chant a scrap of ballad. We sat around her, and in a fresh, clear voice she sang one of the old ballads of romance, full of love and sadness. . . . As she sang, the shadow of the great trees grew deeper, and the broad light of the risen moon fell on her alone, she standing without the listening circle. Her song was over, and no one dared to break the silence. A light mist arose from the mossy ground, trailing over the grass. We seemed to be in paradise."

Among such scenes, among these woods, where the peasants still talked of Henri IV., and Gabrielle, where Rousseau died, where here and there a mouldering temple of the *genius loci* survives from the classic taste of the eighteenth century, Gérard found his innocent first loves. To these he always returned, or to the woods haunted by their memories, and he has written of them with a freshness and tenderness as sweet as the idyllic prose of Heine. Célenée and Sylvie were his little lovers, peasant damsels, who loved the grottoes of the woods, the ruins of the old châteaux, the huts and fires of the charcoal burners, where they would tell the legends and sing the ballads of the country. The ballads told how

John of Tours came home with peace,
Yet he came home ill at ease;

or of the loves of "Three Sisters by the Mere," or under the apple blossom of their father's close. Another favorite was the song of the king's daughter imprisoned for seven years in the tower for her lover's sake, and how she feigned death, and how he met her funeral at the third church on the way, and cut her shroud with his *couteau d'or fin*, and she arose and followed him. The ballad, like several that Gérard collected, is common to Scotland, and probably to the peasantry of most countries; for folk-songs, like fairy-tales, are the same everywhere. It is curious to think that

bethe in Germany, and Chénier at Byzantium, and Scott at Smalhølm, and Andersen in the island of Funen, must have had their imaginations awakened by the same stories, and lulled by the refrain of the same cradle-songs. This life among the peasant children, this association with all that was left of the beauty of old France, seemed a fit oymhood for a poet. "Il y avait là de quoi faire un poète, et je ne suis qu'un rêveur en prose," De Nerval says sadly of one of the few passages of his writings where he complains or desponds. Not only the surroundings of his youth, but the variety of his studies, seemed to mark him as one with a great future. He read Italian, Greek, and Latin, German, English, Arabic, and Persian. His school-fellows looked on him as Lamb at Christ's Hospital regarded Coleidge; and indeed the bent of his mind led him to the same pursuits, reveries of the New Platonists, Pythagorean dreams. These dim musings, the shifting cloudland about the setting light of Greek thought, have hung around the dawn of many a clear philosophy, but De Nerval never passed beyond them into a purer air. The desultory musings suited his turn of mind, which was, as Sir Thomas More wrote of the great Italian, *Mirandola*, whose learned thoughts Gérard's so much resembled, "to be always flitting and wandering." He passed from one field of knowledge to another rapidly, in a dreamy fashion, gathering, like *haramond* in his vision, here a flower, and there a gem, precious to him, but worthless enough to the waking world. The most substantial result was that the Greek led him to the German mystics, and so to Goethe; and his first, probably his most permanent work, was a translation of "*Faust*." For this he received the thanks of the great poet of *Veimar*, and with this distinction still fresh, he entered the career of letters in Paris, and joined the circle of his old school-fellow *Théophile Gautier*.

Had De Nerval possessed, along with Heine's tenderness, anything of his keenness and vigor, the contact with the romantic School might have hardened and tempered his genius. But he found himself in a life compounded of activity and hesitation and indolence—a world of bright *Utopias* and vague enthusiasms; of languid ambition, languid conscience, of paradoxes that justified indulgence. "We aspired," he says, "to the mystic roses wherewith the lovely *Isis* was to renew our hearts; the goddess ever young and ever pure appeared to us in the night, and we lushed for the hours of our wasted days. Without energy, without care for success, we took refuge in the enchanted power of poetry, mounting ever higher to isolate ourselves from the crowd." Most natures would have been soured by a sense of this impotent genius and futile conscience, but it was De Nerval's way to take things as they came, to find a pleasure even in the refined sense of the contractions of his existence. It was "as if a man should play a part of a chorus in the tragedy of his own life."

Of all the fantastic school, he was the most innocently and simply fantastic. He did not "pose" himself, like *Andalaura*, or assume *bizarre* desires and inordinate flections. The ruling taste for *bric-à-brac* became a passion with him, and, along with his habit of wandering through the night, led to strange contrasts and adventures. Thus, it is said that he had a garret full of precious porcelain, but it was a garret in a friend's house, and he lodged neither there nor elsewhere. His home was the street, and any chance shelter sufficed him—with soldiers he listened to his stories of Africa, with vagrants at little rustic inns; in prisons often, from carelessness of papers and passports, and what he calls "exaggerated Troubadourism." Once—it was when he had inherited a small fortune—he actually bought a bed, a wonderful and ancient piece of the Medicean period, carved with Loves and cherubs. This couch had to be fitted with hangings of a certain silk only to be found in Genoa; the curiosity shops of Flanders were ransacked to supply a missing leg. Gérard's bed was as famous as Balzac's cane, but by the time it was completed his wealth had taken to itself wings, and it is not believed that he ever slept beneath his silken canopy.

This period bore little fruit in poetry. Certain Odelettes

show the influence of Ronsard and the Renaissance, for the interest in the Renaissance was reviving, and, like *Sainte-Beuve*, De Nerval wrote an unsuccessful prize essay on the poets of the sixteenth century. *Sainte-Beuve's* studies resulted in the "*Tableau de la Poésie Française*," a classical and permanent criticism. De Nerval only produced snatches of song, which he was wont to chant himself, holding, like *Du Bellay*, that music and poetry were inseparable sisters. Perhaps for this reason his verses have a musical quality, which to us, "with the German paste in our composition," French lyrics frequently lack.

Où sont nos amoureuses ?
Elles sont au tombeau ;
Elles sont plus heureuses,
Dans un séjour plus beau.

Surely this is not, as Mr. Arnold complains of French verse, "deeply unsatisfying," but a natural and ringing lyric note. In another little poem, called "*Fantaisie*," there is a wonderful power of vision; before the reader, as before the poet, the ancient castle "rises into towers," to the melody of the magic tune.

Another poem, the "*Point Noir*," is a criticism of his own weak ambition. As a black point swims before the eyes of one who has looked too long on the sun, so to him, who had gazed on the glory that might be his, the reality of things was ever obscured, and things not present floated in a luminous mist.

Another task of this period was the libretto of an opera composed for the *début* of an actress whom he loved with an inexplicable passion that survived her death, and his own madness. He seemed to recognize in her a being loved in a former life. For the "fallings from us, vanishings, misgivings," that Wordsworth knew, possessed De Nerval's mind in an extraordinary degree. The conditions, whatever they may be, that make us feel that some experience has occurred before, were constantly and actively present to him. His was a soul, Plato might have said, that had drunk too sparingly of the water of forgetfulness, and that was haunted by memories of a lost estate.

Returning one night from the theatre where he went every evening to watch this siren, De Nerval's mind slipped back to a real and innocent past, and without further thought he made his way to the scenes of his childhood. Was *Sylvie* still alive and unwedded? could the old childish affection be revived? He found her a woman grown, beautiful, unspoiled, still remembering the primitive songs and fairy tales. They walked together through the woods to the cottage of the aunt of *Sylvie*, an old peasant woman of the richer class. She prepared dinner for them, and sent De Nerval for the girl, who had gone to ransack the peasant treasures in the garret. Two portraits were hanging there—one that of a young man of the good old times, smiling with red lips and brown eyes, a pastel in an oval frame. Another medallion held the portrait of his wife, gay, *piquante*, in a bodice with ribbons fluttering, and with a bird perched on her finger. It was the old aunt in her youth, and further search discovered her ancient festal-gown, of stiff brocade. *Sylvie* arrayed herself in this splendor; patches were found in a box of tarnished gold, a fan, a necklace of amber. The holiday attire of the dead uncle, who had been a keeper in the royal woods, was not far to seek, and Gérard and *Sylvie* appeared before the aunt, as her old self, and her old lover. "My children!" she cried and wept, and smiled through her tears at the cruel and charming apparition of youth. Presently she dried her tears, and only remembered the pomp and pride of her wedding. "We joined hands, and sang the *naïve* epithalamium of old France, amorous, and full of flowery turns, as the Song of Songs; we were the bride and the bridegroom all one sweet morning of summer." It is only the author of the "*Village on the Cliff*" that can rival this picture of happy youth, of happy age; the pathos and the mirth; the tears that turn to laughter; the laughter that ends in a sigh, for love fulfilled and unfulfilled, for the presage of love never to be fulfilled.

De Nerval went back to Paris, and, like *Lancelot* in the

romance, "fell to his old love again," to her whom he calls Aurélie. But the wandering fever was astir in him, and he passed to Germany, with little money, and few needs. Thence he wandered to the East, with the touching confidence of the children in the "Boys' Crusade." They, too, set out for Palestine, without gold, without staff or scrip, asking at each town, "Is not this Jerusalem?" Each was Jerusalem to Gérard, a spiritual city; for in each life was busy, and novelty, and food for visions, and the stuff that dreams are made of. There is some story of a love adventure with the daughter of a sheik in the Lebanon. Probably the Eastern reverence for those whom God, as they think, has darkened with excess of light, was his protection. The East was disastrous to his genius, and "The Sphinx of the Nile ended what the Fairies of the Rhine had begun." His dreams grew incoherent. Arabian genii, pagan gods, demons of the Talmud, all the ghosts of old Theosophies, crowded in his brain, as they filled the pantheon of decaying Rome. On his homeward way, he visited Pompeii, and sought out the temple of Isis. "The sun was setting over Capreae, the moon rose slowly through the thin smoke above Vesuvius." There, between sun and moon, in the temple where, long ago, they had been adored as Isis and Osiris, he sat dreaming of the death and birth of creeds. The Revolution had denied all. Might he not accept all, and find that all the ages uttered one truth under many names; life made perfect in sacrifice; death, resurrection; rest in the arms of the universal, the eternal mother, Cybele, Persephone, Demeter, Isis, Mary?

Probably the poem "Le Christ aux Oliviers" belongs to this period. It is inspired by Richter's dream of a dead God, and alone in French poetry approaches in sorrowful denial Clough's Ode on Easter Day.

Quand le Seigneur, levant au ciel ses maigres bras,
Sous les arbres sacrés, comme font les poètes,
Se fut longtemps perdu dans ses douleurs muettes,
Et se jugea trahi par des amis ingrats,

Il se tourna vers ceux qui l'attendaient en bas,
Rêvant d'être des rois, des sages, des prophètes,
Mais engourdis, perdus dans le sommeil des bêtes,
Et se mit à crier, "Non, Dieu n'existe pas!"

Ils dormaient. "Mes amis, savez-vous la nouvelle?
J'ai touché de mon front à la voûte éternelle,
Je suis sanglant, brisé, souffrant pour bien des jours!
Frères, je vous trompais; abîme, abîme, abîme,
Le Dieu manque à l'autel où je suis le victime.
Dieu n'est pas, Dieu n'est plus!" Mais ils dormaient toujours.

De Nerval's frail genius did not long endure the burden of these thoughts. There was a sudden and violent crisis of madness, and he never again was, even in the old degree, a man among other men. M. de Saint-Victor tells how he might be found in some lonely country place, "dreaming with open eyes, watching a leaf's fall, an insect's flight, the passage of a bird, the shifting shape of clouds, all tender and subtle changes of earth and air."

Rapt, twirling in his hand a withered spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

There came another malady, another period of darkness. But strangely, De Nerval did not "lose the years of darkened mind." The night of his spirit had been luminous with stars, and meteors, and spaces of light. He has told the experience of his own madness, in a book called "Aurélien, ou Le Rêve et La Vie." This strange work does for insanity what the "Dream of Gerontius" has done for death. If dying be not what Father Newman has found words to tell, if De Nerval has not lifted the veil from before the confusions of delirium, scarcely elsewhere can a sane and living man learn what manner of end may await his life or his reason. All through his mania, he felt that his feet were losing hold of earth, and wandering into emptiness; and his dream took the form of a return to the surer ground of his past life, that he might convince himself he still lived. It was to Aurélien, the singer, that his confused memory returned. As long ago he had

sought, and found for a season, his former love, his former self in the woods of Valois, so now he pursued a later self, and a fiery remembered passion. But now he did not wander among the grottoes of the woods, by the flags on the stream-side, watching for the ballad airs. Through graveyards, and tracts of clouds, and unknown worlds of stars, the bridegroom seemed to seek the bride, to follow the fleeting shade, and listen for the departed music.

This "cantic of madness, this song of songs of delirium," was to be the last of Gérard's labors. The end came suddenly. He had ever loved the old streets of Paris, the Paris of Gringoire and Esmeralda, the gable ends, the towers, and spiral lanes that survive only in Hugo's novel, and in the etchings of Méryon. Late one night, De Nerval left a supper of artists, where he had sung his own verses, as long ago. It will never be known how the homeless poet wandered to the most horrible place of the dark places of old Paris, the ill-omened Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, nor how he came by his death there.

The fate of men like Murger and Roger de Beauvoir can scarcely be regarded without some indignation as well as pity. If De Nerval's life calls for pity, it is all tender, and without contempt. Blame is out of place. He never, alone perhaps of his *coterie*, stimulates luxury, or appeals to the senses; if he did not increase his talent, at least, he kept the treasure of his genius pure. Like Plato's poet, he was indeed a light and sacred thing, sacred as children are, and those whom God has enlightened and afflicted. He was not of the world, nor of those whom the world can spoil. And if, when he made haste to be poor, he wooed poverty in another fashion than St. Francis, it was on the impulse of a nature gentle and guileless, though untamed. In any age he would have been a figure of mark and interest. That the beauty and interest should be dimmed, is the fault of evil days, and the sad later fates of France.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

A BIOGRAPHY which represents the many-sidedness of an individual with any character at all is a performance given to few men to achieve; a monument seldom erected to any of the great and memorable. The "subject" is to his biographer what he sees him, and there is no help for the public to whom the biographer tells his tale. It is for him to choose, among the facts of the subject's life, which he will put forward or suppress; which among the feasible impressions of the subject's character he will suggest and substantiate. In no branch of literature are the total failures more numerous — is the average of imperfection and unsatisfactoriness larger. In certain cases, where the "life" cannot be supposed to possess a widely-extended public interest, where it is a demand as well as a product of cliqueism, narrow views and extravagant estimates, foolish exaggerations and eccentric theories, may be allowed to pass with a smile. They do not hurt the public, who do not think about them; they do not injure their judgment, lower their standard of criticism, or do violence to their common-sense. The transports of the Mutual Admiration Society harm nobody but the persons of talent who have established it, whether they indulged so as to lead the rational rest of the world to laugh at the living, or pity the dead. But it is a very different case when a biography is put forward with such claims to general importance and public interest as that of Mr. Dickens, written by his friend Mr. Forster. These claims are more readily and heartily acknowledged than those of the biographies of many men who were great in spheres of more elevated influence, work, and weight, than that of any novelist. The interest and curiosity felt about even such lives are much magnified by their writers, and, at their keenest, are of brief duration, the books passing rapidly into the category of *mémoires pour servir*. But the story of the life of the humorist who had afforded them so much pleasure by the fanciful creations of his brain, was eagerly welcomed by the public, coming from the pen of the friend to whom Mr. Dickens

I entrusted the task; for he had, at a very early stage his career, foreseen that he should need a biographer, I had no shrinking from what Mr. Palgrave, pleading the poet's right to immunity from it, calls the intrusion of biography.

Regarded from the point of view of that disinterested impartial public whose eyes are not shut by the emptings of cliques nor their ears beguiled by its sponges—who know nothing of the fatuous flattery of its sponges—but who hold literary men amenable to the same moral and social laws as any other class of men who do their work in the world and are paid for it—the book would hardly be more damaging to the memory of its subject; if it had been written by an enemy instead of a friend. I thought impeaching Mr. Forster's sincerity in any respect degree—without imputing to him a particle of the sycophantic ingratitude and deadly damaging cunning which made Leigh Hunt's "Life of Byron" notorious—it may be gravely doubted whether the little poet dealt the blow at one's memory a more cruel blow than Mr. Forster, in character of a mourning Mentor out of work, has dealt to the memory of Telemachus Dickens. To all unprejudiced readers, with just notions of the relations of men with their works, he presents the object of his preposterously inflated eulogy in an aspect both painful and surprising. Who is correct in this impression? We are forced to believe that Mr. Forster, from his long and close association with him, the person who can best paint Mr. Dickens as he was in life; we are forced to accept the man whose writings so amused and delighted us on the evidence of a close and sustained correspondence with Mr. Forster, to whom apparently assigned the foremost place in his literary private life as guide, friend, companion, and critic. Mr. Dickens might have had no other intimate associate in his future biography throughout the long term of years during which he was constantly appealing to his biographer, adopting his corrections, yielding to his advice, gushing about walks, rides, dinners, and drinks in his company. There are no people in the book but these two; the rest are merely names, to which casual reference is made in records of jovial dinners and meetings for purposes of unlimited flattery. Even Jeffrey is only occasionally permitted to offer a modest criticism in a foot-note. In one instance Mr. Forster relates how Mr. Dickens pook-pooked the criticism, and referred it to him, that he too might pook-pook as heartily the idea of Jeffrey's having presumed to pronounce an opinion on Miss Fox and Major Stock while only three numbers of "Dombey and Son" had yet been issued to the world. By every device of evasion, as well as by open assertion, Mr. Forster claims to represent Mr. Dickens as he was—to be the only authorized interpreter of the great novelist to the world. The world grants his claim, and, judging his book by it, is misled by the nature of the information which is the outcome of so many years of close and unreserved intercourse. Not only is the one-sidedness common to biographies conspicuous in this one, but the two large volumes published to the present time are as scanty in one sense as they diffuse in another. Did Mr. Dickens correspond with one but Mr. Forster? Has no one preserved letters from him to which his biographer might have procured access? Were there no side-lights to be had? The most fantastic of his own creations is hardly less like a living, possible man than the excited, restless, hysterical, self-crossed, quarrelsome, unreasonable egotist shown to the world as the real Charles Dickens, throughout at least the four fourths of these two volumes; shown, it is true, upon evidence of his own letters—perhaps the most wonderful records of human vanity which have ever seen the light of print—but shown also, through the fault of his biographer, in appalling nakedness, by his strict limitation of Mr. Dickens's "life" to the chronicle of his relations with Mr. Forster.

It is a property of genius to raise up a high ideal of its creators in the minds of men who derive pleasure from its productions: it seems to be too frequently the main business of its biographers to pull this ideal down. That

Mr. Forster has done so in the case of Mr. Dickens every reader will admit who is not infected with the arrogant ideas or carried away by the inflated jargon of the cliqueism of light literature—an essentially insolent and narrow cliquism which, when contemplated from a philosophical or practical stand-point, seems to be the modern rendering of the satirical fable of the fly upon the wheel. The members of this clique live in an atmosphere of delusion, in which no sense is preserved of the true proportions in which various employments of human intellect respectively aid the development of human progress and social greatness. The people who form the clique have no notion of the absurd effect they produce on the big world outside it, which takes account of and puts its trust in talent and energy of many kinds other than the literary; hence it is generally a mistake that the life of a man of this kind of letters should be written at all, and doubly so that it should be written by one who has done it in the spirit of a clique inside a clique. The reader's notions of the life and character of a great humorist, who was flattered, and who flattered himself into the belief that he was also a great moralist, are painfully disconcerted by Mr. Forster, who leaves the most diverting of jesters, the most strained of sentimentalists, no loophole of escape, by strongly insisting, in the before-mentioned jargon, that he lived "in" his books and "with" his characters. Thus the reader finds himself obliged to conclude that, if that statement be correct, Mr. Dickens was a foolish, and if it be not correct, he was an affected person. His own letters confirm it; but then all the letters he ever wrote to everybody were by no means so exclusively occupied with himself and his sensations as those by which only he is interpreted to the public, and which, instead of being quite repulsive, would have been pardonable, and sometimes pleasing, if they had been episodic—if the reader could believe that their writer had not unconsciously sat for the portrait, drawn by his own pen, of the individual who was "so far down in the school of life, that he was perpetually making figures of 1 in his copybook, and could not get any further." A fair test of the effect of such a posthumous picture of a man who deservedly gained a vast popularity is to imagine its being drawn and exhibited in the case of any other man who had achieved a similar reputation by similar means. Let us take, for instance, the death of Colonel Newcome, the finest piece of pathos in all Mr. Thackeray's writings, and try to imagine the author writing to the closest of his friends, while the end was coming, in the strain of Mr. Dickens's letters about the death of Nelly Trent: "I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the old man, and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself. I think the close of the story will be great. . . . The difficulty has been tremendous, the anguish unspeakable. I think it will come favorably; but I am the wretchedest of the wretched. It casts the most horrible shadow upon me, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all." In the impossible case of Mr. Thackeray's having written such effusive rant, he would surely have cautioned his pre-ordained biographer that it was not intended for publication. It is equally difficult to imagine Mr. Trollope signing his letters, "Yours truly, John Eames," or "Ever yours, Phineas Finn." But Mr. Forster prints letter after letter in which Mr. Dickens calls himself "the inimitable" (a joke which really does not bear so much repetition), quotes his own books in illustration of all such incidents as, seeing that they concern himself, he thinks worth mentioning, and signs himself "Pickwick" and "Wilkins Micawber." He is in "Dombeyan spirits" or "Chuzzlewit agonies," or he is "devilish sly," or his wife is thrown from a carriage, and laid on a sofa, "chock full of groans, like Squeers." In short, he is always quoting or suggesting quotations from himself, while his voluminous letters are remarkable for their silence concerning any other writer of the day. Then we have an overdone dedication of a book to Mr. Forster, and a letter, accompanying a present of a claret jug, which for pompousness might have been written in the Augustan age. It is not wholly inconceivable that humor of this kind may have

had its charm for friends who conducted their relations on the mutual admiration principle, but it is wholly inconceivable that Mr. Forster should believe its details to be interesting to the public, and surprising that he should fail to see that just in proportion as it is "characteristic" it is injurious to their ideal of Mr. Dickens.

Was it also characteristic of Mr. Dickens to act, in all the grave circumstances of life, with a hard self-assertion, an utter ignoring of everybody's rights, feelings, and interests except his own—an assumption of the holy and infallible supremacy of his own views and his own claims which are direct contradictions of all his finest and most effusive sentiments? If not, then his biographer has to answer for producing the impression upon the mind of the reader, who looks in vain throughout these volumes for any indication that Mr. Dickens's fine writing about human relations has any but a Pecksniffian sense. In every reference to Mr. Dickens in his filial capacity there is evident a repulsive hardness, a contemptuous want of feeling. His parents were poor, in constant difficulties, and their son made capital of the fact for some of his cleverest and some of his least pleasing fictions; the Micawbers among the former, the Dorrits among the latter. Every allusion to his father grates upon the reader's feelings. A very amusing but exaggerated description of the difficulties of stenography, and of the steam-engine-like strength and perseverance with which Mr. Dickens worked at the art, is transferred from "David Copperfield" to the biography, with such a flourish of trumpets that readers unversed in the jargon of mutual admiration, might suppose no man but Mr. Dickens had ever thoroughly mastered such difficulties, and that he alone had invented and patented the "golden rules," which he promulgates apropos of his becoming a shorthand writer: "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was." Of any inclination to depart from the second of these "golden rules," no reader of Mr. Forster will suspect Mr. Dickens; but of falling on the other side into an outrageous glorification of his work, whatever it was, he is convicted in countless instances by his cruel biographer.

Voltaire's cynical conceit of the chorus who sang incessant praises of the poor prince until they made him laughable to all mankind and loathsome to himself, is reflected in Mr. Forster. Pages are devoted to the energy with which a young man of nineteen, with a "Dora" in view to stimulate him, engaged in the acquisition of an art which hundreds of quiet, industrious, well-educated gentlemen practiced; but the fact that his father, who was not young, and who had gone through much toil and care, had conquered the same stubborn art, and was working hard at it, is mentioned as "his father having already taken to it, in those later years, in aid of the family resources;" and again, as "the elder Dickens having gone into the gallery." When Mr. Dickens writes to his friend that he has been securing a house for his parents, the tone of the letter is singularly unpleasant; and people who are not literary or gifted, but merely simple folks, who hold that the God-formed ties of actual life should rank above the creations of even the brightest fancy, must condemn the publication of the letter which Mr. Dickens wrote on the 31st of March, 1851, *the very day of his father's death*, in which he points out that he must not let himself be "distracted by anything," though he has "left a sad sight!"—(he was present when his father expired)—from "the scheme on which so much depends," and "most part of the proposed alterations," which he thinks "good." He is going up to Highgate at two, and hopes Mr. Forster will go with him. The scheme was the Guild of Literature and Art, and the chief matter under discussion was Bulwer's comedy, written in aid of it. Mr. Forster was going to Knebworth, and the son, just come from the father's deathbed, and going to buy his father's grave, would "like to have gone that way, if 'Bradshaw' gave him any hope of doing it." There are

men of whom this might be published without conveying the disappointing, disenchanting effect which it conveys in this instance, though in itself it is hard and shocking; but in the case of Mr. Dickens the terrible frankness of it is much to be regretted. Such testimony as this to the practical want of feeling of the man who described himself as utterly good for nothing, prostrated with anguish, pursued by phantasmal misery when Little Nell and Paul Dombey were dying, whose hysterical sensibility about every fancy of his imagination was so keen, is overwhelming. Mr. Forster ought to have shown us one side of the medal only—his friend in fantastic agonies over a fiction—"knocked over, utterly dejected," for instance, by "the Ham and Steerforth chapter," or his friend eminently business-like over one of the most solemn events possible in a human life. When he exhibits him in both characters to plain people, he, no doubt unintentionally, paints the portrait of a charlatan.

In another instance the biographer shocks yet more profoundly the moral sense of persons who believe that genius is not less, but more, bound by the common law of duty in feeling and in action. There is a vast amount of sentiment, there are numerous prettinesses about mothers and babies, and about motherhood and sonhood in the abstract, in Mr. Dickens's works; and in this case also, he, for whom it is so persistently claimed that he lived in and with his books that he must needs incur the penalty of this praise, is made by Mr. Forster to produce the effect of falseness and inconsistency. The slight mention made of Mr. Dickens's mother by the biographer is contemptuous, and his own solitary direct allusion to her is unjust and unflattering. Could not Mr. Forster recall anything, ever so slight, in all that long intimacy, so close and constant that it seems to have left no room and no time in the novelist's life for any other, to counterbalance that impression? The temptation, which no doubt strongly beset the *littérateur*, to color as highly as possible the picture of the "blackening-bottle period," has been too strong for the biographer, who has failed to perceive that in making the episode exceedingly interesting, very alluring to public curiosity, he has made the subject of it contemptible. The picture is a painful one, not altogether and only from the side on which alone it is contemplated by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Forster; it is pervaded by the characteristics of all the pictures of Mr. Dickens's earlier years, and of all dealings with everybody on occasions when they did not turn out to his entire satisfaction. Neither Mr. Dickens nor his biographer regard this period of the novelist's life justly; they both look at it from the standpoint of accomplished facts, of mature life, developed genius, and achieved fame. The truth is, that the poor parents of a large and helpless family were naturally glad to accept the proposal of a relative who offered to give the means of existence to one of their children, a boy of weak frame, indifferent health, and odd "ways," in which they were too dull, too troubled, and too busy to suspect and look for genius. They were not clever, literary, or fanciful; they were struggling and commonplace. Mrs. Dickens was promised that the child should be taught something, and given the precedence of a relative of the master among the boys in the blacking warehouse. Both promises were kept for a time: when they came to be disregarded the family turmoil had subsided into the temporary repose of imprisonment for debt. It is very sad that respectable, decent people should be reduced to being glad to have one child lodged and fed, ever so meagrely, away from them; but the man who was that child, who laid claim afterwards to an exceptional and emotional sympathy with poverty, and comprehension of all its straits, could not sympathize with his parents' poverty. He could not comprehend that to them to be spared the lodging and the feeding of one child was an important boon, and he has been so unfortunate as to find a biographer who records, as the only utterance of Mr. Dickens concerning his mother, this, deliberately spoken in his full manhood, when he was relating how his father and the relative who had given him his wretched occupation had quarrelled about him: "My mother set herself to accommodate the

quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go to school, and should go back no more. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back. . . . From that hour until this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it."

A great deal of public feeling upon this point has been taken for granted in perfect good faith by a great many people, for want of plain matter-of-fact comprehension of the case on its real merits. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were in deep poverty. "All our friends were tired out"—these are their son's own words. His sister Fanny, who was gifted with musical talent, was a pupil in an academy of music, as a preparation for earning her own livelihood; and when he was sent to the employment which he so bitterly resented afterwards he describes the family home thus: "My mother and my brothers and sisters (excepting Fanny) were still encamped with a young servant girl from Chatham workhouse in two parlors of the house in Gower Street. Everything had gone gradually; until at last there was nothing left but a few chairs, a broken table, and some beds." The mother who sent her child to earn seven shillings a week in a blacking warehouse from such a home—to be exchanged only for her husband's prison—was not, we think, quite a monster. What became of the "brothers and sisters"? Did any one outrage the family by offering help equally ignoble to another individual in whom Sam Weller's "double million gas-magnifying glasses" themselves could hardly then have detected an embryo genius? When Mr. Dickens left the prison it was as a bankrupt, and though he immediately began the toil which was merely "praiseworthy industry" in him, while it was magnified to heroism in his son, there is nothing heinous, to our thinking, in the mother's endeavor to keep those seven weekly shillings wherewith one child might be fed, and in her demur to a "cheap school," which, however cheap, must be paid for out of nothing. Stripped of verbiage, this is the literal truth, and Mr. Forster makes one of his gravest mistakes when he dwells with would-be pathos upon the effect of this childish expression upon Mr. Dickens's mind and manners in after life. The picture, if true, is a sorry one, for it is full of vanity, self-engrossment, and morbid feeling. That a man who had achieved such renown, had done such work, had so employed his God-given genius, should be awkward and ill at ease in the society of well-bred, unpretending people, should go about under a kind of self-compelled cloud, because, being the child of poor parents, he had, in his childhood, pursued, for a short time, a lowly but honest occupation, is, to simple minds, an incomprehensibly foolish and mean weakness.

If Mr. Dickens were represented as having been proud of the fact that as a small and feeble child he had worked for his own living with the approbation of his employers, and thus eased off her shoulders some of the burden his mother had to carry, it would be consistent with the self-reliance of David Copperfield, the devotion of Little Nell, the helpfulness of Jenny Wren, in short, with a number of the virtues of the personages "with" and "in" whom we are told his real life was to be found. Mr. Forster looks upon the childhood and youth of Mr. Dickens with the eyes of his fame and maturity, and cries out against the ignoring of a prodigy before there had been anything prodigious about him, just as Mr. Dickens himself complains of the publishers, to whom he owed the opportunity of making a reputation, for ill-treating a *famous author*, and fattening on his brains. Mr. Forster is emphatic in his blame of every one who was concerned in the matter—or indeed who was not, for "friends" are taken to task—that Charles Dickens was not given a good education, and eloquent about the education which he afterwards gave himself. Here, again, the besetting temptation of the biographer to invest his subject with attributes which do not belong to him, as well as to exaggerate those which do, assails

Mr. Forster. There are no facts in his narrative to prove that Mr. Dickens ever was an educated man, and all the testimony of his works is against the supposition. No trait of his genius is more salient than its entire self-dependence; no defects of it are more marked than his intolerance of subjects which he did not understand, and his high-handed dogmatic treatment of matters which he regarded with the facile contempt of ignorance. This unfortunate tendency was fostered by the atmosphere of flattery in which he lived; a life which, in the truly educational sense, was singularly narrow; and though he was not entirely to blame for the extent, it affected his later works very much to their disadvantage. As a novelist he is distinguished, as a humorist he is unrivalled in this age; but when he deals with the larger spheres of morals, with politics, and with the mechanism of state and official life, he is absurd. He announces truisms and tritenesses with an air of discovery impossible to a well-read man, and he propounds with an air of conviction, hardly provoking, it is so simply foolish, flourishing solutions of problems, which have long perplexed the gravest and ablest minds in the higher ranges of thought.

We hear of his extensive and varied reading. Where is the evidence that he ever read anything beyond fiction, and some of the essayists? Certainly not in his books, which might be the only books in the world, for any indication of study or book-knowledge in them. Not a little of their charm, not a little of their wide-spread miscellaneous popularity, is referable to that very thing. Every one can understand them; they are not for educated people only; they do not suggest comparisons, or require explanations, or imply associations; they stand alone, self-existent, delightful facts. A slight reference to Fielding and Smollett, a fine rendering of one chapter in English history—the Gordon riots—very finely done, and a clever adaptation of Mr. Carlyle's "Scarecrows" to his own stage, in "A Tale of Two Cities," are positively the only traces of books to be found in the long series of his works. His "Pictures from Italy" is specially curious, as an illustration of the possibility of a man's living so long in a country with an old and famous history, without discovering that he might possibly understand the country better if he knew something about the history. He always caught the sentimental and humorous elements in everything; the traditional, spiritual, philosophic, or æsthetic, not at all. His prejudices were the prejudices, not of one-sided opinion and conviction, but of ignorance "all round." His mind held no clue to the character of the peoples of foreign countries, and their tastes, arts, and creed were ludicrous mysteries to him. His vividness of mind, freshness, and fun, constitute the chief charm of his stories, and their entire originality is the "note" which pleases most; but when he writes "pictures" of a land of the great past of poetry, art, and politics, with as much satisfied flippancy as when he describes the common objects of the London streets (for which he yearned in the midst of all the mediæval glories of Italy), he makes it evident that he had never been educated, and had not educated himself. If we are to accept Mr. Forster's version of his friend's judgment and intellectual culture, apart from his own art as a novelist, we get a sorry notion of them from the following sentence, which has many fellows. At page 82 of the first volume, Mr. Forster writes: "His (Mr. Dickens's) observations, during his career in the gallery, had not led him to form any high opinion of the House of Commons or its heroes; and of the Pickwickian sense, which so often takes the place of common-sense, in our legislature, he omitted no opportunity of declaring his contempt at every part of his life." This is unkind. We do not like to believe that the famous novelist was so insolent and so arrogant as his biographer makes him out to have been, and it is only fair to remark that it is Mr. Forster who represents his "subject's" contempt for men and matters entirely out of his social and intellectual sphere as something serious for those men and those matters. That Mr. Dickens was rather more than less unfortunate than other people when, like them, he talked of things he did not understand, is

abundantly proved by his "Hard Times," the silly Doodle business in "Bleak House," the ridiculous picture of an M. P. in "Nickleby," and the invariable association of rank with folly, and power with incompetence, in all his works. He knew nothing of official life; he had no comprehension of authority, of discipline, of any kind of hierarchical system, and his very humor itself is dull, pointless, labored, and essentially vulgar, when directed against the larger order of politics; it becomes mere flippant buzzing, hardly worth notice or rebuke.

It is not only in the education of books that we perceive Mr. Dickens to have been defective. Mr. Forster's account of him makes it evident that he was deficient in that higher education of the mind, by which men attain to an habitually nice adjustment of the rights of others in all mutual dealings, and to that strictly-regulated consideration which is a large component of self-respect. If this biography is true and trustworthy; if the public, to whom the author of books which supplied them with a whole circle of personal friends was an abstraction, are to accept this portrait of Mr. Dickens as a living verity, then they are forced to believe that, though a spasmodically generous, he was not a just man. According to the narrative before the world, he had a most exacting, even a grinding estimate of the sacredness and inviolability of his own rights. To underestimate his claims was the unpardonable stupidity; to stand against his interests was the inexpiable sin. This deplorable tendency was lamentably encouraged by Mr. Forster—who in 1837 made his appearance on the scene, which thenceforward he occupied so very conspicuously as a party to Mr. Dickens's second quarrel in the course of a literary career then recently commenced. He had already quarrelled with Mr. Macrone, the publisher of "Sketches by Boz," and his subsequent kindness to that gentleman's widow by no means blinds a dispassionate observer to the fact that the strict right—not the fine feeling, not the genius-recognizing disinterestedness, but the mere honest right—was, not with the author, but with the publisher. His second quarrel was with Mr. Bentley, his second publisher; his third quarrel was with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, his third publishers. His fourth quarrel is recorded in the second volume—with the proprietors of the *Daily News*, after a brief endurance of the ineffable stupidity, the intolerable exaction, and the general unbearableness of everybody concerned in the management of that journal; qualities which, by an extraordinary harmony of accident, invariably distinguished all persons who came into collision with Mr. Dickens in any situation of which he was not absolutely the master. We know that there is a fifth quarrel—that with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans—yet to be recorded; and we submit, that to plain people, who do not accord exceptional privileges to men of genius with regard to their dealings with their fellows, those facts indicate radical injustice and bad temper. The pages of *Temple Bar* are not the place in which the merits of the indictment of Mr. Bentley at the bar of public opinion by Mr. Forster ought to be discussed. They form matter for fuller disclosure and more abundant proof; but the editor must permit us an allusion to this case so pompously stated by Mr. Forster, because it differs in kind from the subsequent instances.

In 1836 Mr. Dickens was what his biographer calls "self-sold into bondage," i. e., he was employed by Mr. Bentley to edit the *Miscellany*, to supply a serial story, and to write two others, the first at a specified early date, "the expressed remuneration in each case being certainly quite inadequate to the claims of a writer of any marked popularity." We have only to refer to the letter written by Mr. George Bentley, and published in the *Times* on the 7th of December, 1871, to perceive the absurdity of this statement, unless Mr. Forster's estimate of the claims of rising young *littérateurs* be of quite unprecedented liberality, in which case it is to be hoped he may make numerous converts among the publishers; while the notion that a man so keenly alive to his own value would have made a bad bargain, is *a priori* totally inconsistent with his whole portrait of Mr. Dickens. But Mr. Dickens never seems to

have understood practically at any time of his life that there were two sides to any contract to which he was a party. The terms of the first agreement which he made, and did not carry out, were as follows: Mr. Dickens was to write two works of fiction, "Oliver Twist," and another, subsequently entitled "Barnaby Rudge," for £1,000, and to edit the *Miscellany* for £20 a month; this sum of course not to include payment for any of his own contributions. No rational person can entertain a doubt that these conditions were exceedingly advantageous to Mr. Dickens at the then stage of his career. The terms of the second agreement which he made, and did not carry out, were, that he should receive £30 a month as editor of the *Miscellany*. The terms of the third agreement which he made, and did not carry out, were, that he should receive £750 for each of the two novels and £360 per annum as editor of the *Miscellany*. The story of the fourth agreement which he made, and did not carry out, will be told elsewhere. It suffices here to say that he had his own way in all. Throughout the whole of this affair, as Mr. Forster relates it, Mr. Dickens was childishly irritable and ridiculously self-laudatory; and it never seems to have occurred to either of them that a writer of books, employed by a publisher, is a man of business executing a commission, by business rules and under business laws. If Mr. Dickens, writing "Pickwick" for Messrs. Chapman and Hall and "Oliver Twist" for Mr. Bentley at the same time, "was never even a week in advance with the printer in either," outsiders will think that neither Messrs. Chapman and Hall nor Mr. Bentley were to blame for the circumstance, that it was no business whatever of theirs, and that it had nothing to do with Mr. Dickens's objection to furnish the works he had contracted to write, at the price for which he had contracted to write them. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens was not a famous author, on whose brains Mr. Bentley designed to fatten, when he made the first agreement of that "network in which he was entangled" (Mr. Forster's astounding description of a series of contracts, each made on Mr. Dickens's own terms, and each altered at his own request), for he had written nothing but the "Sketches by Boz" ("Pickwick," had not even been commenced) and he had never edited anything, or given any indication of the kind of ability requisite in an editor, while he was evidently not an educated man. In fact, the first bargain strikes impartial minds as a rather daring speculation on Mr. Bentley's part; and there can be only one opinion that, when the whole matter was concluded, it was on extraordinarily advantageous terms to Mr. Dickens. For £2,250 Mr. Bentley ceded to him the copyright of "Oliver Twist" (with the Cruikshank illustrations, whose value and importance Mr. Forster vainly endeavors to decry, but on which public opinion cannot be put down), the stock of an addition of 1,002 copies, and the cancelled agreement for "Barnaby Rudge." We have the progressive figures which tell us what Mr. Dickens's salary as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* had been. We have the records of his early experience, and of his exact position when Mr. Bentley employed him in that capacity. Taking all these things into account, the discretion of his biographer in recording his poor joke when he relinquished the editorship, saying, "It has always been literally Bentley's miscellany, and never mine," may be denied without impertinence.

From a more general point of view than merely that of this biography and its subject, the story of Mr. Dickens's frequent quarrels with everybody with whom he made contracts is lamentable. Mr. Forster seems seriously and genuinely to regard the persons who expected Mr. Dickens to keep his engagements, merely because he had made them, as heinous offenders. In vol. ii. page 42, we find a story about Messrs. Chapman and Hall's having ventured to hint their expectation of his fulfilment of a contract by which, in the event of a certain falling off in a certain sale, which falling off actually did take place, he was to refund a certain sum, and this conduct is described with a sort of "bated breath" condemnation, as though it were a dreadful departure from honor and decency, which, having been atoned for, is merely referred to, pityingly, under extreme pressure

of biographical obligation. And all this because one of the contracting parties is a novelist, whose fame is built upon the very articles which he has supplied by the contract! Why do publishers employ authors? Is it that they may write successful or unsuccessful books? Fancy a man undertaking to write a serial novel — which must be a venture for his publisher, who purchases it unread, unwritten — for a certain sum of money, writing it well, so that it succeeds, and that his publisher is a gainer by it, the writer's gain being of course, in the nature of things, a foregone conclusion, and the transaction being described as "an obligation incurred in ignorance of the sacrifices implied by it." What an absence of commercial morality and of a sense of fair dealing is implied by the notion! If we could suppose this line of argument to be transferred to the productions of other orders of genius than the literary, its uncandidness would come out with startling distinctness. Supposing an artist were to contract with a picture dealer to paint a picture for him within a given time and for a stated sum, and that during the painting of that picture the artist's reputation were to rise considerably, in consequence of his excellent execution of another task, so that not only would the picture be of greater value to the purchaser than he had had reason to believe it would be at the date of the commission, but the artist would be entitled to ask a larger sum for his next work. What would be thought of the artist if he denounced the dealer as everything that was mean and dastardly, because he proposed to pay him the price agreed upon, and not a larger price? What would be thought of the same artist if, an agreement to paint a second picture on the same terms as the first having been changed at his request and to his advantage, he deliberately instructed a friend to cancel that agreement also, and bemanned himself in terms so unmanly and so unbusiness-like as the following: "The consciousness that I have still the slavery and drudgery of another work on the same journeyman terms," *his own terms*, "the consciousness that my work is enriching everybody connected with it but myself, and that I, with such a popularity as I have acquired, am struggling in old toils, and wasting my energies in the very height and freshness of my fame, in the best part of my life, to fill the pockets of others, while for those who are nearest and dearest to me I can realize little more than a genteel subsistence; all this puts me out of heart and spirits. . . . I do most solemnly declare that morally, before God and man, I hold myself released from such hard bargains as these, after I have done so much for those who drove them." It is impossible to conceive any great man in the world of art or any other world, which involves production and purchase, writing in such a style as this, and no blame can be too severe for the indiscretion which has given to the public such a picture of mingled vanity and lack of conscience. If this view of the business relations of author and publisher were to be accepted as the just view, the success of the author would be the misfortune of the publisher, and the grand object of the trade would be to supply Mr. Mudie with a placid flow of mediocrity, by which they could count on a certain moderate profit without risk; but they would shun rising geniuses like the plague. We protest against all the unworthy, unbusinesslike, and untrue jargon in which this story, and the others like it are set forth, not only because it gives an impression of the character of Mr. Dickens extremely disappointing to the admirers of his genius — of whom the present writer is one of the most fervent — but also for a much more serious and far-reaching reason. Everything of the kind which is believed and adopted by the public as true of literary men, is degrading to their status and demoralizing to their class. Why should a business transaction to which a man of letters is a party, be in any moral or actual sense different from any other business transaction whatsoever? The right divine of genius is to be better, honest, higher-minded, than mediocrity, because it has truer insight, a nobler, loftier outlook and ideal, and greater aims. At least this is the common notion of the great privileges of genius, and to controvert or degrade it is to inflict on the public a misfortune entailing a loss. No man can claim of himself or be held by his friends to

be outside, above, or released from any common moral law, without a failure of true dignity, a violation of common-sense, and an offence to the great majority of respectable and reasoning people who make up that public whose word is reputation. Seldom has a more unfortunate phrase than "the eccentricities of genius" been invented. It has to answer for many a moral declension, which, if the phrase had not existed, would have been avoided, because toleration would not have been expected — for many a social impertinence, which would have been too promptly punished for repetition. The "eccentricities of genius" are always its blemishes, frequently its vices, and the sufferance of them by society is a mistake, the condonation of them is a fault, the laudation of them is a treacherous sin.

Next to Mr. Dickens's indignation that his publishers should presume to make money by his work, Mr. Forster exposes most mercilessly his disgust at the possibility of his illustrators getting any credit in connection with his books. It would be unprofitable to recapitulate the controversy between Mr. Cruikshank and Mr. Forster about the artist's share in the production of "Oliver Twist," but in connection with the subject it may be observed, that if Mr. Cruikshank's Bill Sykes and Nance did not realize Mr. Dickens's wish, every reader of "Oliver Twist" thinks of the housebreaker and his victim as Mr. Cruikshank drew them, and knows that, in the case of Nance, the author's was an impossible picture (a fact which no one, as Mr. Thackeray ably pointed out, knew better than Mr. Dickens) while the artist's was the coarse, terrible truth. On which side the balance of suggestion was most heavily weighted it is not easy or necessary to determine, but nothing can be clearer than that Mr. Cruikshank followed no lead of Mr. Dickens, in his wonderful pictures, but saw the villainous components of that partly powerful yet partly feeble romance of crime with a vision entirely his own. Mr. Halbot Browne is allowed a little credit; but, though Mr. Forster presides over the production of each book in succession, and all he suggests and says is received with effusive respect and gushing gratitude, though he reads and amends sheets hardly dry, and makes alterations which require separate foot-notes to display their importance, and italics to describe their acceptance, every hint of counsel from any one else is treated with offensive disdain. To Mr. Forster the world is indebted for the Marchioness's saying about the orange-peel and water, that it would "bear more seasoning." Mr. Dickens had made it "flavor," but the censor considered that word out of place in the "little creature's mouth," though the little creature was a cook, and so it was changed. What a pity he did not suggest that Dick Swiveller might have been quite as delightful, and yet considerably less drunken! To him the world owes Little Nell's death, but Mr. Dickens would probably have acknowledged the obligation on his own part less warmly if he had foreseen the publication of the absurd rhapsody in which he announced the event as imminent; declaring that he trembles "to approach the place more than Kit; a great deal more than Mr. Garland; a great deal more than the Single Gentleman." Then with ingenuous vanity, and forgetting grammar in gush, he protests: "Nobody will miss her like I shall. What the actual doing it will be, God knows. I can't preach to myself the schoolmaster's consolation, though I try." Only the pachydermatous insensibility which comes of mutual admiration could have prevented a biographer's perception of the inappropriateness of such revelations, and of scores of similar ones; only such insensibility can account for his complacent sacrifice of every one else to the glorification of that leviathan in whose jaws he could always put a hook. That Mr. Dickens may be made to praise Mr. Mark Lemon patronizingly, Mr. Forster prints a statement concerning Mrs. Lemon, which that lady has contradicted in the press; and that Mr. Dickens's generosity and delicacy may be duly appreciated, Mr. Forster tells how he deputed Mr. Wills to make Mr. Sala a present of £20. It is necessary to keep constantly before one's mind that it is Mr. Forster who is speaking for Mr. Dickens, if one would escape from an overwhelming conviction that

the great novelist was a very poor creature, and that it would have been far better for his fame had he been made known to the public only by his novels. It is especially necessary to remember this when we find a school of morals imputed to him, when he is represented as a great teacher who adopted the method of apologue, and we are gravely assured that "many an over-suspicious person will find advantage in remembering what a too liberal application of Foxey's principle of suspecting everybody brought Mr. Sampson Brass to; and many an over-hasty judgment of poor human nature will unconsciously be checked, when it is remembered that Mr. Christopher Nubbles *did* come back to work out that shilling."

When we read scores of similar passages, we ask ourselves, Can this be in earnest? Can it be possible that this is intended to be serious? Or is Mr. Forster, getting occasionally tired of the perpetual swing of the censer of praise before the image of the friend who, in his lifetime, never wearied of sniffing the enervating perfume, and swung lustily for himself, poking ponderous fun at the public? Even the humor of the great humorist suffers by the handling of his ardent but indiscriminating worshipper. The rubbish by which the tradition of Mrs. Gamp is continued, the silly letters in dubious French, which exhibit Mr. Dickens's absolute incapacity to comprehend any foreign country, and the unpardonable nonsense, in which he was encouraged by wiser men, of his pretended admiration for the Queen, are flagrant examples of injudiciousness, which heavily punishes the folly it parades. Mr. Dickens's letter about her Majesty, written thirty years ago, was a sorry jest. Mr. Forster's publication of it now is supreme bad taste.

Mr. Dickens's sentimentalism, always exaggerated and frequently false, suffers at the hands of his biographer even more severely than his humor. Mr. Forster as confidant, and Mr. Dickens as Tilburina, in intercommunicated hysterics over the "Christmas Stories," "Dombey and Son," and "David Copperfield," become so very wearisome, especially when Mr. Forster solemnly declares his belief that the "Christmas Carol" "for some may have realized the philosopher's famous experience, and by a single fortunate thought revised the whole manner of a life," that it is a positive relief when they are parted. Mr. Dickens's "Letters from America" form the least disappointing portion of this work; in them his egotism is less persistently offensive and his humor is displayed to great advantage. The reverse of this is the case in his "Letters from Italy." In them he is in a perpetual state of ebullition, fussiness, impatience, effervescent vanity and self-engrossment. It is amusing to observe that the great humorist was so little accustomed to recognize humor in others, that it never occurred to him he could be quizzed. When a witty consul warned him not to let his children out of doors, because the Jesuits would be on the watch to lead their innocent feet into popish places, he swallowed the warning with the docile credulity of a Vansittart.

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Forster's advice was very sound and valuable in many instances. Perhaps his consciousness of that fact has blinded him to the extent to which his exposure of his friend's weaknesses has gone. Was it, for instance, worth while, in order to record that he rejected the proposition, to let the public know that Mr. Dickens ever proposed as a title for his projected weekly miscellany, "CHARLES DICKENS: A Weekly Journal, designed for the instruction and amusement of all classes of readers. Conducted by Himself?"

In one more volume this warmly-welcomed, eagerly-read biography is to be completed. That volume must necessarily be a more difficult and responsible task than its predecessors. It is to be hoped that it will fulfil the expectations of the public more satisfactorily, and that it will do more justice to Mr. Dickens by doing less injustice to all with whom he was concerned. It is to be hoped that it will put before the world a more substantial representation of the great novelist who was so variously gifted; that it will leave its readers able in some measure to respect and esteem its subject as a man, for real qualities, while ceasing

to urge an imaginary claim to misplaced consideration, and especially that it will be free from the faint suggestion which pervades the present volumes, that, essentially, "Codlin was the friend, not Short."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A NEW piece is to be brought out at the Paris Ambigu, called "Mademoiselle of Thirty-six Virtues." Thirty-six! Imaginative author!

MR. J. FAED's well-known picture of "Burns and Highland Mary" was knocked down in a London sale room the other day for 220 guineas.

A LONDON paper in recounting a death, says: "The deceased lady died suddenly, without medical assistance, which came too late." To die without medical assistance is hardly complimentary.

SUICIDES are becoming so common in Paris that some of the papers have announced their intention of not noticing ordinary cases. The *Figaro* announces five suicides or attempts at self-destruction in one day.

BARON ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD, who spends some months of the summer at his splendid villa in the neighborhood of Geneva, intends to endow and build there at his own expense a hospital for the treatment of diseases of the eye.

NEGOTIATIONS are on foot for reviving the Galway line of steamers to America. It is thought that six splendid vessels will, in the course of the coming summer, be placed on the shortest and safest route to New York.

SPEAKING of Walt Whitman's poem, "After All not to Create Only," the *Saturday Review* calls it "another rhapsody which has at least one recommendation as compared with some of its predecessors — that there is very much less of it."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says good-naturedly: "The Americans seem to be hard at work reconstructing their navy, though it is difficult to imagine why they should take so much trouble when future differences can be so easily adjusted by arbitration."

ONE of the most curious exhibits forwarded to Vienna is a model of Paris in pasteboard, and measuring twenty yards in circumference; it is a faithful copy of the capital before the Communists changed its features, or the Germans its suburbs.

A PROPOSAL to issue the works of Dickens in Welsh has been made to Messrs. Chapman and & Hall, and provisionally accepted by them; the first issues to take place in September or October, and to consist of "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield," with illustrations.

THERE is a curious relic to be seen in the Holy Trinity Church, Minories. It is nothing less remarkable than the head of the Duke of Sussex, the father of Lady Jane Grey. It is kept in a small tin box. There is a mark as of a cut from an axe on the neck. The skin is very like thick parchment.

THE *Architect* says that Mr. Holman Hunt has received 10,000 guineas for his painting, "The Shadow of Death." This sum includes the copyright for the engraving and the privilege of exhibiting the painting. For a small replica the artist is to receive 1,000 guineas. Queen Victoria has commissioned Mr. Hunt to paint for her a copy of the head of our Saviour.

M. HORTENSUS DE SAINT-ALBIN, formerly private librarian to the Empress Eugénie, has just published a large volume, "Documents sur la Révolution Française," consisting of fragments of historical works by his father, formerly general secretary to the War Minister, on Kléber, Hoche, Danton, Dugommier, and with a chapter from the unpublished memoirs of Barras, of which the Saint-Albin family has the entire MS.

Two women were executed in Naples by the axe a few days ago. The deed was done by a masked executioner, who severed each head at a single blow. The crime of these women was "baby farming," and it was proved that they had starved and deliberately murdered by other methods a large number of infants entrusted to their care. The awful mode of punishment was chosen as a mark of the abhorrence which their crimes had excited.

It has been found by M. J. D. Pasteur, of Gennep, that the air escaping from the diving apparatus, although unfit for healthful respiration, will still maintain combustion. He has

therefore, constructed a lamp for burning under water, which is supplied with the air which has been used by the diver. The diver wears the lamp attached to his dress, and, as it is provided with a parabolic reflector, and the combustion is well supported, the light given is sufficient to read small handwriting under a considerable depth of water.

ALL the art connoisseurs of Paris were recently on the *qui vive* on the occasion of the sale of two frescoes by Raphael, formerly painted on the walls of the Chapel Magliana at Rome, and brought to France by M. Oudry in 1869. Both frescoes have somewhat suffered from time, having been transferred to canvas and *paneled* in 1858, and a door into the chapel having been pierced through one of them. The more important, however, "God Blessing the World," is tolerably intact, and was knocked down to the Louvre authorities for £8,220, while the other, "The Martyrdom of St. Cecilia," which consisted of a few beautiful fragments, fetched the price of £460.

THE Rev. Dr. Thompson of New York has been delivering a series of lectures at Berlin, on the relation between Church and State in the United States. The discourses have been listened to by large and cultivated audiences, and have formed the subject of admiring criticism in the German press. "The lectures," writes Dr. Hepke, "were notable both in the matter and in the delivery." The proceeds of the course were contributed by Dr. Thompson to the fund for the erection of a building for students of theology and philosophy at the University of Berlin. Berlin has thus had the first reading—for the lectures were capitally summarized in the local journals—of a portion of a very valuable work by Dr. Thompson now in press by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.

A CURIOUS detail of the habits of the Imperial Court of Russia has been remarked upon since the residence of the Russian Imperial Family in Italy. The Empress does not correspond with the Emperor by the post-office. A service of couriers has been established between Sorrento and St. Petersburg, composed of eighteen persons, who are continually *en route* between the two places. The immediate friends of her Majesty write to Russia like other people—that is to say, through the obliging and economic medium of the Commander Barbavara. But no letter of the Czarina is ever thrown into the box, or sent to the Russian Legation; every time the Empress writes, as she does nearly every day, a courier starts with a packet, which he is instructed to deliver into the hands of the Czar himself.

A CHARMING bit of gossip has been going the rounds about some of the amenities of the "Upper Ten" in Calcutta. The story runs that a lady called at a house, sent up her card, was admitted, paid the usual visit, and enjoyed the usual amount of small talk with the lady of the house. Returning home, she informed her husband where she had been, when that distinguished member of society at once wrote off to the "Occupant of the house No. —, — Street," saying that his wife had called by mistake, and requesting the return of the card she left on visiting the lady of the said house. The husband of the lady visited, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied that, on returning home and finding the card, he had looked at his wife's visiting list, and, not finding the name of the visitor, he had torn up the card, and was therefore unable to return it.

THE *Court Journal* thus describes the railway train in which the Empress of Russia travelled from St. Petersburg to Naples: "The train consisted of fifteen carriages, eight of which form a suite of apartments. The Imperial family occupied three of them as bedrooms, another served for the suite, and three more for the kitchen, store-rooms, and servants' rooms. The saloon carriage is splendid, all lined with crimson satin, and painted outside with the Russian arms. The Imperial carriages are connected by means of air-tight passages, and the springs are formed of steel and india rubber, so as to render all shocks insensible. The temperature of each carriage can be regulated by touching pegs communicating with a calorific apparatus. In the grand saloon there is combined the furniture of a drawing-room and a dining-room, besides six work-tables, one for the Empress, one for her daughter, and the other four for her ladies of honor. Two locomotives draw the train, and a third machine sends heated tubes to the carriages. In fact, the Imperial train is a *chef-d'œuvre* of comfort."

YOUNG ladies who find a difficulty in deciding on the merits of their suitors will do well to study an Indian novel entitled "Miragnama," published in Punjaabee for five annas, described as the tale of a highly accomplished, pious, and beautiful young lady, daughter of a King of China professing the Mohammedan

religion, who had taken a vow to marry him alone who equalled her in learning and piety. To test the proficiency of her many suitors, she had prepared a certain number of questions relating chiefly to morality and religion. The book contains these subjects of examination, together with the answers by one of her suitors, who eventually succeeded in obtaining her hand. There is no good reason why the competitive system of examination should not be adopted in the case of all matrimonial candidates of the male persuasion. Care, however, should be taken to reject those who have merely been crammed for the examination by husbands with experience as to the treatment of wives, and who would no doubt establish classes for indoctrinating their pupils with that cunning for which vile man is proverbial, and which accounts in great measure for the low estimation in which he is now generally held by gifted woman.

To what extent may a playwright push his admiration of a brother author's works, is a question about to be decided by the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques, who have cited M. Alfred Touroude to answer the charge of having, in his recently-produced drama, "Jane," plagiarized a scene from "L'Outrage" of MM. Barrière and Plouvier. Of course the scene purloined is the most objectionable in the whole work; but as the success of both the original drama and the counterfeit have resulted from it, one can sympathize with the keen thirst for vengeance which seems to animate the despoiled authors, and also with the energetic determination which has been expressed by M. Touroude to have the case argued out thoroughly. There is nothing like arguing a case; but we may hope that this one will not lead to such a catastrophe as befell a young author, who, having brought an action for plagiarism against M. Scribe, was nonsuited for having himself borrowed his plot from the "Trinummus" of Plautus. Certainly, an examination of the two plays which form the subject of the present contention shows that the disputed episode was made use of by a good many playwrights of old time who had little regard for propriety.

"THERE seems always to have been a class of persons" says the *Examiner*, "who, though perhaps amiable enough during life, have made provision for being very much the reverse after death. Some show this post-mortem asperity by the invention previous to their decease of aggressive epitaphs calculated to produce a cold shiver in the careless pedestrian who strolls by their last resting-place. All such remarks as,—

Here I lie, six feet of clay,
As I am now you'll be some day,

are instances of a spiteful disposition on the part of the defunct. Still worse are bequests to the poor clogged with disagreeable or disgraceful conditions. Why, for instance, should the lady whose annual dole of twenty-one shillings to the poor was lately distributed at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, have provided that these coins should be laid on a low gravestone, and that those intended recipients of her bounty whose joints were too stiff to stoop for them should go without? The infirmities of old age are not generally considered fit subjects for such experiments even by the living, and it is difficult to imagine what amusement they can afford to the deceased who has made such careful provision for their annual recurrence."

THE *Court Journal* says: "The greatest curiosity is manifested to know what the posthumous works of Rossini will turn out to be, and whether a large and important work is among them. At present we have only the list to judge by; the notes will, however, soon follow, for the works are to be published, and the generous purchaser, Baron Grant, will give the profits to the London Royal Academy of Music for the foundation of a prize for composers. The following is the catalogue of the music: L'Amour à Pékin ou la Gamme chinoise, spécimen de l'ancien régime et spécimen de mon temps et de l'avenir; un morceau à la mode d'Offenbach; la Pesarese—souvenir of his native town. La Couronne d'Italie, fanfare. Le Regate Veneziane, la Lagune de Venise—dedicated to the city where he obtained his first success. La Nuit de Noël, Adieu à la vie, Valse lugubre, un mot à Paganini, for violin. Les Mendiants (fruits secs du dessert). 1. Les figures: Me voilà, Madame; 2. Les amandes: Minuit sonne, bonsoir, Madame; 3. Les noisettes: A ma petite chienne; 4. Les raisins: A ma petite perruche. Le hors d'œuvre: cornichons, beurre, radis, et crevettes, l'Ultimo ricordo, dédié à sa femme. Il fanciullo smarrito: the lost child. Tarentalla; Memento Homo, a splendid religious composition. La Passegiata, the Promenade. Mon prélude hygienique du matin, boléro tartare; la Valse à l'huile de Ricin; un petit train de plaisir comico-imitatif; Chant funebre à Meyerbeer."

THE "Gerarchia Cattolica" for 1873, which was published at Rome last week, gives some curious statistics about the Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church. The total number of the existing cardinals is forty-five, but there are twenty-seven vacancies. Twenty-one of the cardinals are upwards of seventy years of age; the youngest cardinal is Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who is forty-five, and was made cardinal at the age of forty. Of the other high functionaries of the Church, including bishops, vicars apostolic, and prefects apostolic, the total number is 975 (this is inclusive of Monsignor Mermillod); 103 of these appointments are vacant. Of the present cardinals, eight were appointed by Pope Gregory XVI., and thirty-seven by Pius IX. During the long pontificate of the latter no fewer than ninety-seven cardinals have died, most of whom were appointed by himself. The number of nuncios and internuncios of the Holy See at foreign Courts is eight: one in Austria, one in Bavaria, one in Belgium, one in Brazil, one in France, one in Holland, one in Portugal, and one in Switzerland. Besides these there are three delegates in the South American Republics and the West Indies. The diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See consists of representatives of Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, France, Monaco, Peru, Portugal, and San Salvador. It thus appears that although there is a Papal nuncio at Amsterdam, Holland does not send a diplomatic representative to the Pope.

THE reported supernatural appearances of the Virgin in Alsace-Lorraine are becoming a source of serious disquietude to the German administration, having evidently taken a strong national, or at the least anti-Protestant, character. That which has most impressed the popular mind appears to be the occurrence near Saargemund, where two children of the parish of Bettweiler, the eldest of whom was of the very observant and accurate age of six years, came running into their native hamlet of Gimsen on the 4th of April with the story that they had seen a lady, dressed in black, and her hands bound with chains, floating in the air across the fields before them. A few days later the other little girls of the neighborhood, in this case some years older, were favored with the same vision, and on their report the tale spread, until pilgrims flocked from the parishes near, and even lay out all night on the fields thus specially favored, in hopes of the apparition being repeated. The excitement shown by these crowds was so great and the disturbance to the vicinity so serious and continued, that the president of the province on the 17th issued a proclamation under his special powers, forbidding the public assemblage of more than five persons in the open country without authority. This notice, however, failed to stay the proceedings; and, the Alsations persisting in flocking to the spot, a detachment of the 5th Bavarian cavalry was sent on the 20th to be quartered in Bettweiler, with orders to disperse any unlawful meetings by force of arms if necessary. This strong-handed proceeding appears to have got rid of both the pilgrims and the vision, for the time at any rate.

A SPANISH correspondent of the *XIXme Siècle* gives an account of the Carlist chief Santa Cruz, whom he says he met the other day in the neighborhood of Mondragon. "Santa Cruz," he says, "is a man of about thirty-five, short, pale, thin, nervous, and with a singularly energetic countenance. His beard is thick, the hair of his head is cut close, and there are two bald patches near his temples. Two small eyes like those of an owl shine out from under an arched brow. His lips are thin, and his nose bent. . . . On the whole, his appearance is repulsive, especially to those who have heard of his cruelties. He has a frightened look, and I was told that this look had become habitual to him since a price was set on his head. His speech is brief and dry, and he answers by monosyllables. . . . Our carriage stopped near the wall of a sulphur bath establishment, where there are a number of holes, evidently produced by musket shot, in the form of a circle. A lady had come in her carriage along the same road as we did some weeks ago. Santa Cruz ordered the carriage to be stopped, and took a packet of letters which were being conveyed by the coachman into his room. The lady was the wife of a well-known member of the Liberal party who had been captured by another Carlist band, and hearing that Santa Cruz was living in the village she entered his house. What passed between them no one knows; but a quarter of an hour after she was brought out of the house by twelve soldiers, who placed her against the wall and shot her there. The house which Santa Cruz uses as his headquarters is occupied by forty men, who form his body-guard, and are commonly known in the district as 'the black band.' . . . Notwithstanding this guard, Santa Cruz is constantly in fear of being poisoned."

TO LINA O—,

WITH A BIRTHDAY LOCKET.

YOUR Sun is in brightest apparel,
Your birds and your blossoms are gay,
But where is my jubilant carol
To welcome so joyous a day?
I sang for you when you were smaller,
As fair as a fawn, and as wild;
Now, Lina, you're ten and you're taller—
You elderly child!

I knew you in shadowless hours,
When thought never came with a smart;
You then were the pet of your flowers,
And joy was the child of your heart.
I ever shall love you, and dearly!
I think when you're even thirteen
You'll still have a heart, and not merely
A flirting machine.

And when time shall have spoiled you of passion,—
Discrowned what you now think sublime,
Oh, I swear that you'll still be the fashion,
And laugh at the antics of time.
To love you will then be no duty,
But happiness nothing can buy—
There's a bud in your garland, my beauty,
That never can die!

A heart may be bruised and not broken,
A soul may despair and still reck;
I send you, dear child, a poor token
Of love, for your dear little neck.
The heart that will beat just below it
Is candid and pure as your brow—
May that heart, when you come to bestow it,
Be happy as now.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE FLY IN AMBER.

THE gleam that caught him here seems fixed, and he
Of all the vanished myriads visibly
Attains the golden immortality.

Type of the Poet perished in his flame,
Who dies to live in the lustre of a name,
And still be looked at, fossilized in fame.

GERALD MASSET.

ASTHMA!—*Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!*—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds, the *Troches* are effectual.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

AN OLD ESTABLISHED ADVERTISING FIRM.—Messrs S. M. Pettingill & Co., who commenced business in Boston nearly a quarter of a century ago, and who now have offices in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, carry on one of the largest and most successful Advertising Agencies in the country, and do a yearly business of hundreds of thousands of dollars. They are known throughout the land—in fact, in all parts of the world—and have established a reputation for honorable and fair dealing which any firm might well feel proud of, and we can conscientiously recommend them to all who need the services of honest, upright, and intelligent agents.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

L. III.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

[No. 23.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued.)

AFRAID to refuse, Claudia put her to the cup, and found that it coned wine. But she felt equally id to drink, and set it down again. Then," she said once more, this rising from her chair, "I may tell father you can tell me nothing? see he has not been heard of in terdam, where he ought to be, e four months, and we thought"— Ah, four months is a long time ou, young lady. When I was to married, I didn't hear of my man fourteen. But your father has d?"

Yes, only"—

Only—I see." And she nodded e same odd way, without bending elf, as before. "Of course, it isn't you'd ask for news. Never mind, fear; you needn't be afraid of me. re not the first fair lady that's whispered by one of the *Kola*—black men. I could tell you of t ladies that have given up more you ever need. So make your teasy, my dear young lady; and r you don't know where to get a r without the postman having to ; it to the door, and without hav- our own name on, Mrs. Goldrick, Wharf-Side, will find you."

audia could no longer avoid per- ping the monstrous idea that had ogled itself with Mrs. Goldrick's —that she was supposed to be ing on a clandestine love affair her father's clerk. Yet how l she enter into explanations t such a matter, when no direct e had been made? Her denial l give her the air of being fitted e cap. It was plainly her best e to act as if her mind had been against even catching the sugn- of such an absurd impossibil- But her antipathy towards Mrs. rick had now grown so strong he began to form recriminating sions—to think her would-be r-in-law capable of anything red with which a conspiracy her son to defraud Mr. Brandt l be a trifle. Had she known, as is time her father had learned Harold Vaughan, that Luke had seen near his mother's house t three months, it would merely

have chimed in with her own opinion on the matter.

So, though half annoyed, half amused, with Mrs. Goldrick's wild attempt at guessing, she was proud of her skill as a detective, and set herself to earn her father's praise—for objects of her own—by playing out her part to the end.

"Thank you, Mrs. Goldrick," she said. "If you do happen to hear of your son, you will no doubt let us know, and you shall know any news in return. I am relieved that you think there is no need to be anxious; so I will bid you good-by. It is time for me to be at home."

"It's I must thank you for coming, my dear young lady. Miss Brandt—yes, a good name to change, so long as the new one doesn't begin with a B. Change the name and not the letter, that's for worse and not for better, you know, my dear young lady. What did they christen you?"

"Claudia."

"Claudia Brandt—Claudia," she continued, as she saw her visitor to the door and watched her into the carriage. "Yes, that will do. Good-by, my dear young lady!—Claudia Goldrick," she went on to herself, as she closed the street-door, too much preoccupied, however, with her own speculations to attend as usual to the bolts and chain. "They used to say no good ever came of marrying out of the people; but it's all one, I'm thinking, when a young man has whispered a young lady as fair as the sun and as golden, besides. Any way, not much worse can come of it than keeping to one's own people, sometimes."

She had the trick of thinking half aloud that is inseparable from habitual solitude. People without human companions must talk to their dogs; people without dogs must talk to shadows. And of shadows such a house as that of Mrs. Goldrick must have held a legion. No one could have entered it without feeling as though something had happened there, or might happen. It is strange that the believers in an unseen world of surrounding spirits are not even more numerous than they are, seeing how apt are chairs and boards to crack when there is only one pair of ears to hear them, leading through a labyrinth of queer corridors into a brain greedy to assimilate with itself everything that may find its way in. Perhaps like Coleridge, most of

us disbelieve in phantoms because we see too many of them, not because we see too few. But the concentrated bent of strong memory, strong affection, or strong hope always tends to develop the ghost-seer, because it sees but one phantom. It was impossible that Mrs. Goldrick could live alone, or that she should not talk as though there were ears to hear.

She drew a sigh as, with a glance over one shoulder—the common trick of ghost-seers—she poured back into the bottle, without spilling a drop, Claudia's hardly tasted cup of wine. She returned it into the cupboard, and took out and lighted a coarse tallow candle which had guttered down over a battered brass candlestick.

Had she really lived all alone, without any apparent occupation, in this large and crazy house, something more than the house must have been crazy. But being "touched" was almost the only offence with which she stood uncharged.

Certainly a witch, probably an evil-eyed miser, possibly guilty of some great and unknown crime, she was; to which the curate of St. Catherine's, who had demolished Dr. Vaughan by calling him "infidel," added "heathen." He, as a part of his visiting work, had to penetrate into Old Wharf-Side; and it is creditable to him that his lack of inward charity had a good excuse—it lay so much without that he had none to spare. Perhaps that may be one reason that those who do good are so apt to think ill. He never called a second time, however. He could not make her understand his business; and so, being unable to penetrate her crust with his common tools, he set her down as case-hardened; and, though with all the signs of poverty about her, beyond the softening influence even of blankets and coals. She gave him plainly to understand that he and she were fellow augurs, bound when they met to talk respectfully of spiritual things, but with an esoteric understanding between them about the credulity of mankind at large. Of course she did not tell him so, but treated him as if they stood on common ground, as though he could not possibly have any concern with one who had nothing wherewith to cross his hand. Conversion is plainly impossible when you have to deal with one who treats all speculation about futurity as part

and parcel of the art of fortune-telling, and the art of fortune-telling as a trade.

With the exception of the curate, Miss Brandt was the only inhabitant of St. Bavons known to have penetrated into the domestic interior of the former housekeeper of Squire Maynard of Marshmead. Of course also with the exception of her son, the sharp office-boy, who had enough foreign element in his blood to pick his way, among the Babel of a seaport town, into the position of a polyglot clerk, paid to speak and write business letters without having much to do with the books or the cash-box. Squire Maynard, of Marshmead, near St. Bavons, had long gone underground with the two wives, whose pattern husband, according to his extant epitaph, he had been. A pattern father he would doubtless have been also, had not fortune denied him the opportunity. His wives had not been childless, but he had lost his first child too soon to give any proof of his paternal affection, while his second had too early lost him. So Mrs. Goldrick had not even the ties of ancient service to compensate for the loss of a son who had left his mother behind him. But what matters the biography of a country squire whose name was forgotten, whose estate had passed into strange hands, and whom the worms had eaten long ago? If all circumstances, like pedigrees, had to be traced to their fountain-head, every story ought to contain the history of the world by way of episode. It is time to return to the housekeeper, witch, miser, heathen, whatever she might be, leaving Claudia to wait for the seventh chime of which all the sweet presage had by this time turned sour in the heart of Harold Vaughan. Their paths were diverging already; the facts of one trivial day had already put their lives, even their thoughts, out of accord.

Whether Mrs. Goldrick lived alone or no, there were no apparent signs of life, except what belonged to herself and the rats, as she wandered along passage after passage, and down flight after flight of stairs till she reached a cellar, whose cracked and slimy walls allowed the river water to ooze in ankle deep at high tide. She, however, slipped on a pair of pattens, and then, supporting herself with a stick held in one hand while she carried the candle above her head with the other, began to wade. Her light was enough to guide her steps; but it did not drive the gloom from beyond its own small circle. Every now and then, however, an unseen water-rat, scared by the glimmer, was heard to plunge, making a startling break in the monotonous drip of the gathered damp drops from the crumbling ceiling into the green water of the floor.

At last she ceased wading, balanced herself on the slippery and yielding bricks, took out a large key from her looped-up pocket, and opened a door.

Behind the door ran a flight of half a dozen stone steps, so that the brick floor to which they led was comparatively dry. In one corner of the room or rather cell, into which she climbed, shading her candle as well as she could from the draughts that blew through the wall itself, stood a heavy piece of furniture covered with green baize. Removing the covering, she laid bare a large chest, covered with florid carving, such as may be found in very old country houses and curiosity shops, and in which one may expect to find either plate, or deeds, or the skeleton which every house is supposed to contain. Having set down the candle carefully on the floor, out of the wind's way, she took another key, inserted it in the chest, and began to turn. But she had not given it a quarter of a turn when it stuck fast and refused to move.

For some time she did what people usually do under such circumstances. She tried to force the key first one way, then another, now hoping the wards might not have fitted properly, now that it might be accidentally double-locked, now that she might be forcing the key the wrong way. But it was all in vain, and with an angry exclamation she took up the light again with the intention of getting some oil, to see if that would do.

It was now towards evening; but that was of little consequence in the cellars of the Old Wharf-Side, whose noon was like a winter night in Lapland. Her flaring candle must have looked, from the other side of the stagnant pond, like a light-house across a mimic Acherusia.

And a lighthouse, or rather beacon, it must have proved, for suddenly—

"Hulloa, there!" cried a voice over the water. "Is that you, Mag? Down in all this ditch-water? What the?"

Mrs. Goldrick started as if she had been shot, half screamed, and let both candle and candlestick fall down the steps into the water.

"What is it? *Chiving luvus*? Or grubbing for it? I've often thought there must be pickings under these old break-neck lumber rooms if one could only get at the bottom of them. They say this place belongs to the big church, don't they? Perhaps there might be something good in the resurrection line. Or the river might wash in things. Is that what you're after—skinning the very bricks, eh?"

"Nothing at all," she answered, half nervously, half sharply. "This is where I keep my—coals. How did you come here? How did you get in?"

"Tisn't the first time I've got through key-holes—eh, Mrs. Goldrick? It minds me of when I used to be courting you, down at the old Squire's. Come—get out of this hole. Hark? what's that? a rat? I can't stand this—come up, there's a good old girl. Now here's a chance—

if I were like some married men—just a knock on the head, and you might lie nice and cool down here till the rats had made an end of you. Aren't you coming? It's only my fun."

"Wait a minute." She was groping in the dark, on the steps, for she had dropped, in her fright, not only the candlestick but the key.

"Shall I fetch a candle?"

"I'm coming. No; the candles are locked up—you couldn't find them."

"Yes, confound you. Leave you alone for locking up things. Look here—I've got news for you."

"News—news of?"

"Never you mind. Do you think I'm going to chatter down here? My teeth are doing that. So this is where you keep the coals? You are a rum chap, Mag. How, in the name of Jericho, do you get them? Swim? Uh!—what's that again? Ah! pattens. Don't slip down, old woman, for all the stars, hang them, wouldn't get me to pull you out of this black hole. Uh!—think of you lying down there among all those creatures—it makes me creep to think on."

"I'm coming—I can get along." She was not hurrying, however, for she was feeling for the key. But she had to give up the search at last, and waded back again.

"And now what's the news?" she asked, with a new tone of eagerness in her voice, as she landed.

"I've got the cold shivers, Mag—that's the first news. If you've got the coals, take me where I can see them afire. A nice place for a professor, this is! Not a word till I've had a drop of something warm."

Without another word, but with a sort of deliberate impatience, she walked before him into her reception room, on the ground-floor front, lighted some sticks in the grate, hunted out another candle-end, and set a kettle to boil.

"There," she said, standing upright before Aaron Goldrick, and trying to bring, at least, one of his eyes within the focus of hers. "Don't keep me waiting any longer. What have you found?"

He put his hands into the pockets of his trousers and pulled them inside out, so as to display their emptiness.

"This," he said, quietly. "You'll have to feel in that old stocking again, Mag."

"What—you dare to come to me only to tell me you've spent everything again?"

"Don't be hard, old woman—let a fellow finish. I've spent everything—but I've found *gaana*."

"What—where?"

"Hold hard—that's telling Money down—that's my way. Oh, hanged if I don't rummage the house down. You're a married woman, and it's law."

"You wouldn't find much," she answered. "You don't leave me a half penny to hide. Much the neighbour

would call me miser if they knew I had a husband that never comes but to sweep off every stick and stone. As for the girl, I don't believe you ever think of her. Poor little dear! I saw her this very day."

"You saw her?" He gave a start, and, by a wild and startling effort, made his two eyes converge.

"Yes, to-day and always. Now, at this moment. As for you"—

"Oh, that's all you mean—you ungrateful woman! Don't I go about from town to town, fair to fair, Berwick to Land's End—wherever there's a chance of asking after a stolen girl? Is there a Smith, Stanley, Wheeler, or Lovell, doesn't call out when they see me coming, 'Halloa, Fly-eyed Jack, have you caught that girl?' 'Tisn't likely I should find her easy, now she's eighteen, if she's a day—or without paying, and pretty high too."

"Eighteen years old—yes, it's a long while waiting. But the trail—you said you'd found signs?"

"Bless you, fifty. I'm a born detective—I know all their ways by this time. But—money down, you know."

She looked at him contemptuously, and then laid some money on the table.

"What's this? Five pound? You expect me to tramp the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for five pound?"

"You had ten times that last time, Aaron."

"Five fiddlestrings!"

"And to save that I've lived on threepence a day."

"More fool you, with a fortune in your hands. By the king of trumps, Mag, it's lucky, sometimes, you don't keep hatchets handy. There's such a thing as going too far."

"There is. You know our bargain. Why you married me, you know best; anyway, you know I wouldn't marry you till you promised to find that girl; and you can't say I haven't paid you. You can't say I've kept from you a penny that's my own. Only, the girl's money you shan't touch—no, not if I die for it."

"You've told me that a good many times by now."

"And a good many again. An idle vagabond, living on your wife! I've lived with them that know what to think of such things. It's lucky for Luke he's a man, and can hold his own, else you'd be down on him too."

"All right, Mag; only you needn't be so close about how you keep the stuff, that's all. I suppose you're not such a fool as to keep it in a box at home?"

"Never your mind; it's none of yours."

"In a bank? Come, Mag, you might say if it's in a bank. Do you think I should be guilty of forgery?"

"That's just what I do think. There's your brandy."

"Ah—that's the stuff to get your

coal-hole out of my bones. I'll take a pipeful, too. There, that's more like comfort. So you're still as obstinate as ever—made up your mind to give up a fortune for the sake of Thank you kindly?"

"I should think you knew that by this time."

"I say, Mag—do you know that I know enough to transport you—I don't mean with joy—but to Botany Bay? Yes, you, rolling in gold and putting off your own Aaron with a five-pound screw."

"I'm waiting for your news."

"Do you see this, Mag?" he asked, pointing to his thumb, that was as delicate and pointed as a girl's.

"Well?"

"Well, I've got you under it, just as you think you've got me under your's—that's all."

"You?"

"If you don't understand English, I mean I'll split, that's all."

"Ah, you mean you'd rake up how I took care of the Squire's money better than he did—the spendthrift? How I kept it out of the hands of sharpers and blacklegs as bad as you? How I pinched and scraped for him so that when he died my darling baby, my poor young lady's child, might have something to come to when she came to her own, and not to the nothing her drunken father had to leave her?"

"No—I don't mean about your cribbing what you had to pay the bills with. I knew that when I married you—and they say embezzling, as they call it, 's hard to prove; least-way, they had to let me off that time they tried it against me. How was I to know you were such a fool as to cheat for nothing? Fly-eyed Jack they call me—Fly-finger Jack I am, and Fly-gold Jack I mean to be—and I might as well have married a sparrow that feathers its nest for the cuckoo. I must say it's hard. But suppose I'd found the cuckoo's dead, eh? That Maynard girl, I mean. Suppose that's the trail?"

Mrs. Goldrick, hitherto so self-collected and cold in manner, despite her fever of anxiety, started with a short quick cry, and threw her arms forward.

"Dead?" she exclaimed, and glared at him as if he had been a murderer whose words had struck her to stone.

"Ha, ha, ha! That fetched you! No, she's not dead that I'm aware. I only wanted to know what about that money if she were."

"Ah, you want a temptation to play me false," she said, still slightly trembling, but crushing once more her easily-kindled fire. "If Miss Maynard were dead, I'd keep it for her still. I'd live long enough to send it somewhere after her."

"Good. You've heard of thumb-screws? Well, I'm uncommon hard up—five pound won't go far—so I'm going to put one on, that's all."

His wife turned a shade paler. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what you robbed the Squire of don't belong to Ze—hang it, don't belong to Miss, dead or alive, no more than you. Did you never hear tell of an old Barengro—Stanley, the *Gorgio* call it—that tramps up the Midlands?"

"Never in all my life."

"You see I've been down in my boots, and on the tramp myself, *choring* the flats as luck would let me. So one day who should I meet but this Barengro. He'd found a hare, and I had a nip of brandy, so we made ourselves happy under a haystack. So, by and by, talking over our lays, and such things, I told him how I was kept going up and down, like Benguilango himself, after a stray child lost after Squire Maynard died. Now this Barengro was a real *Rom*—one that wouldn't tell lies to his own *Pal*, let alone to me."

"Well?"

"Maybe, I could tell you something about that," says he, "if it did you a good turn and me no harm." You see I'd let him have all the brandy, when I heard he had something to tell."

"For God's sake—he knew about the child? She is not dead—she is really found? God bless you, Aaron!"

"Wait a bit, Mag; you put me out. And my pipe's out too. Well; where was I? Oh, this Barengro minded one dark night—when he and his wife—got hold of a young child—just when it came out—that the Squire's was gone. They didn't come forward, because the police were after them for other jobs—poaching, and *choring*, and reading *Baji*, and things—so they made off before the thing could be blown. But they got frightened, as they might be, and the woman died after a bit, and the man got lagged for something, and when he came out the child was in the union, so the Barengro thought he'd better leave it alone."

"In the union—the workhouse? She is there still? Where is she—in Heaven's name?"

"Now for a turn of the thumbscrew! 'Tisn't a She—it's a He! Do you know what I mean now? Halloa, Mag, hold up!"

"What fool's talk is this? The Squire's brat was drowned in the fishpond before I came. All the world said so. He fell in, or was thrown in—what do I care? Plenty of children get lost by servants every day. The Barengro was drunk, and so are you."

"Well, I'll leave you to think over it. I know where to find the Barengro again, and he knows where the workhouse is, and will tell me for half a crown. I've got it all pat. So now perhaps—if I don't split—you'll manage to find a few more five pounds. You can't say I'm not fair and straight-forward. You be open and above-

board, and I'll keep as dark as my hat. You keep close, and I know where to find the boy. One—two— which is it to be, before I say three?"

"What will buy you—fifty pounds? You are lying, all the same."

"Fifty thimbles without the pea! Say two thousand, and I'm dumb."

"Two thousand! Why, there's not—and if there was, what's the good of it to the girl if I'm to give it all to you? If that's your price you may do what you please—not that anybody would believe your lies."

"Now if I wasn't the best tempered fellow alive! But there—fifteen hundred."

"Five—and let me have done with you."

"Not enough by half. Look here, Mag; with a whole thousand, I'd make my fortune. I'd take a theatre, a real one—Bath, perhaps, or Redchester—and get the stars there. I've my eye on some one in the musical line who'd draw without costing me beyond board and lodging. None of your mountebank shows or juggling, but a real troupe of ladies and gentlemen from the theatre royals, under the management of the enterprising and judicious Mr. A. Goldrick and the patronage of the aristocracy. I see it all in the posters. I'd be as dark as ink, and look up the girl hard, and make my fortune, and never come down on you for another screw. With four figures of capital—red and blue posters—Shakespeare—foot-lights—Milton—Bunyan—boxes, pit, and gallery, I'll be Fly-gold Jack and Get-gold Jack too. You know my way. Enterprise—and to think that all I want's a thousand pounds just to make up for the trouble of holding my tongue!"

"I don't trust you."

"*Hir mi devlis, Mag, ova Pazorrhus.*"

No *Gorgio*, that is to say no Gentile, would have been so innocent as to accept the oath of Mr. Aaron Goldrick, far less his simple word. No *Gorgio*, moreover, considers the condition of being in debt to one of his own race as putting him under such sacred obligations that to break them is to incur the only form of remorse which it is impossible to bear. Nemesis, among civilized communities, is too much engaged to trouble herself about defaulting debtors. A simple acknowledgment of liability, which can afford no cause of action, is, in countries where consciences are ruled by law, apt to be looked upon as a mere puff of wind. If Aaron Goldrick had said to a *Gorgio*, even though he confirmed his assertion with an oath, "I will be your debtor," the probable chances are that he would have been laughed at for his pains. But then he would never have used that sacred word *Pazorrhus* to a *Gorgio*. Mrs. Goldrick knew that the veriest rogue of her race, when he used that cabalistic term to one of his fellow-rogues, meant to be faithful to his word. Coming from a country where the traditions of that and every

other race are maintained in their integrity, she knew that for a *Rom* to cheat a *Gorgio* is a cardinal virtue: for a *Rom* to cheat a *Rom* his solitary mortal sin. Not only is there, according to the paradoxical proverb, honor amongst thieves, but it is the essential part of their existence as a body politic; were it not for that same many-sided honor, there would be none but solitary thieves any more than there could be any but solitary honest men. Therefore Mrs. Goldrick, strange as it may appear to far more confiding minds than hers, was, when her husband said, "I will be *Pazorrhus*," more content than if he had delivered his formal act and deed.

That most finished of cunning rogues, his most Christian Majesty Louis XI. of France, had, it will be remembered, one form of oath which even his elastic conscience considered binding. The "*Pazorrhus*," of Aaron Goldrick was—or at least ought to have been—to him what "By our Lady of Embrun" was to the king.

CHAPTER IX. THEY THAT HIDE CAN FIND.

BUT if it is impossible to make intelligible the mental and moral peculiarities of those who have at all events varnished themselves with sufficient civilization to prey upon the world according to civilized rules, how much harder must it be to comprehend the workings of a wholly unvarnished soul!

It is easy enough to set up special rules whereby to judge the thoughts, words, works, and ways of the young lady who picks her way, without receiving any visible splashes, among the puddles and crossings of our well swept world, and who has been taught by experienced professors to set her light foot upon its eggs without breaking them. Will she, according to the eternal rules of drawing-room psychology, be justified in falling in love with the curate, ensign, or other nobody, instead of decently waiting for the ever possible peer? And, if so, what will she do, and why? What complications will she be led into, and how will she get out again? All these questions and answers belong to the limited drama of manners and customs that have become reduced to a level with the exact sciences. Of course they may happen to involve an element of tragedy, simply because even the delicate and well-considered touch of comedy may chance to graze the skin and expose a nerve. It is certain, and well understood, that without our knowing it, it may be Prometheus who preaches to us in the morning, and Clytemnestra with whom we dine afterwards. But Prometheus the curate is but a limited Prometheus, and Clytemnestra in the dining-room a limited Clytemnestra. Dissect them as we will, circumstances are an essential ingredient of their souls. To get

at the real nature of souls, we must divest them of circumstance: and to do that we must close the book of comedy: we must get rid of accident: we must open the book of tragedies—or farces—and not be afraid of setting ourselves face to face with what, in fiction, is termed "Impossible," because, in Fact, it is termed True.

Clytemnestra in the divorce court, Clytemnestra under the gallows, Clytemnestra drinking tea, is not the true Clytemnestra, though that is the guise in which we teach ourselves, from accidental experience, to regard her. The court of law, the gallows, and the steam cannot but effect a real as well as an apparent change in character as well as in circumstance. So that to examine the soul which underlies character—the soul that stands alone, and has no more to do with the apparent man or woman than the sun has seemingly to do with the apparent starlight—we must search in the clear, uninterrupted light of direct and simple tragedy for one over which no crust has been formed: which has been watered by the cloud instead of the watering-pot, and warmed by the sun instead of the stove. A thousand to one it will prove to be a weed: but a garden is after all only a collection of weeds in disguise; the gardener roots up the flowers that Nature made, and drives the botanist into the fields.

Truth knows nothing about probabilities. Probability, that Procrustes of art and science, knows—or, alas, ought to know—nothing of a young girl grown up in the midst of boiling water, printers' ink, the new police, coal-gas, competition marks *à la Chinoise*, automatic machinery, and all the glorious results of more than fifty centuries of progress, and, at the same time, in moral and intellectual ignorance, wandering about parishes and unions in evil company, passing no conscious judgment upon anything, but, in a certain dog-like or cat-like way, agreeing with that philosophy which finds in the existence of all things a sufficient *raison d'être* for their necessity, knowing nothing of content yet nothing of discontent, thieving because she is taught to thieve, lying because taught to lie—or rather because her natural childish tendencies in those directions had been unpruned—thinking of the past and future only as the birds of the air think of them. But Truth knew a great deal about Zelda. It was indeed only a fair price of compensation, seeing how little Zelda knew about Truth in return. I will say nothing about the probability of instinctive purity being found in such comradeship. On that point, let everybody hold his own opinion. Only ballad-writers, who took human nature as they found it, have not forgotten to record, as one of the deepest and purest of blushes, that of the beggar Zenophon before Cophetua.

(To be continued.)

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THAT a comedy ninety-seven years old, and which is more or less old-fashioned in style, sentiment, and treatment, should have become a stock piece at no less than three London houses, and have far exceeded its two-hundredth representation at one of those houses, is a fact of extraordinary significance. It is, perhaps, the most important dramatic event since the days of Macready; and it at least proves that the responsibility of the decay of the stage does not rest with the public. Such hearty relish of a good old play shows that a new one as good would meet as cordial a reception. The great public, indeed, often vilified, but in the main always true and honest, is the best and most sagacious of critics. Though like Charles Surface, Sheridan's hero, it may be led astray for awhile, and "sell its ancestors" for such vapid pleasures as burlesques and sensation plays, still, when the proper time comes, it shows judgment and affection, and refuses to "part with its uncle's portrait" on any terms.

There is something almost mysterious in this popularity of an old play, which every one almost knows by heart, or has read, or at least is familiar with, as it were, indirectly, by hearing it described and quoted from. On the other hand, a modern piece seems to fade and fade with repetition, and, on revival, becomes as intolerable as a suit of clothes that is ten years old. It is, indeed, more with the characters of the "School for Scandal," than with the play, that we are familiar; for every one knows Sir Peter and his lady, the two Surfaces, Sir Benjamin, and Mrs. Candor; while people who have never read or seen the piece would recognize these popular personages the first time they saw them on the boards. It would be expected that this ever-increasing familiarity might produce satiety. But this can be explained by what takes place in real life. The art of great play-writing lies in selection and abstraction—that is, in choosing and bringing together with probability characters and situations such as private individuals could rarely hope to encounter in real life. Every one in his course encounters bits of character and stray situations that are dramatic; and these furnish a strange interest. Some such interest is at the bottom of the contentment men of genius find in society. The great dramatist repairs this ill-for-one of the public, and supplies them with an artificial representation of what they could not see in real life. Again, a character that exhibits itself under various influences—that can be jealous, forgiving, passionate, and humorous, provided it be natural and spontaneous, would be in real life a source of never-flagging interest and entertainment: and it is for some such reason that the "School for Scandal," though familiar, will ever be fresh and new. The little progressive stages in particular scenes—the *crescendos*, as it were—are so piquant and tantalizing that, though the whole result is known beforehand, and what is coming can be anticipated, we are led on and on by the mere spectacle of mental details working themselves out. Thus it is not too much to say that the matchless screen scene may be witnessed again and again and again, with a perpetual sense of novelty; the situation takes hold of us so artfully, and is worked up with so many surprises, which are all at the same time perfectly in nature. There is really the same marvellous novelty that is found in the greater plays of Shakespeare. This is the more singular, as it is known that the last acts were dashed off, under pressure, as it were, and perilously near the very hour of performance. Turning back to the newspaper criticisms which appeared the day after the first performance, it is plain that the really wonderful effect of the screen scene quite carried away the spectators, and that, in its overwhelming brilliancy, all faults were overlooked. Yet it is admitted that there are many excrescences—many portions which seem to move very slowly. Compared with the brisker and more vivacious portions, such as the whole screen scene, the picture auction, the quarrel between Sir Peter and his lady; and the application for assistance made to Joseph by his uncle, the two important scenes where the "Scandalous College" ex-

hibits are rather artificial, and too detailed, and the author has been unable to restrain the flow of elaborate conceits which his wit suggested; while the love episode of Maria and Charles is as solemn as that of Falkland and Julia in the "Rivals." Indeed, the bits of scandalous wit in which the characters indulge, if tested by the canons of social probability, have an unreal air, which is unfortunately heightened by the realism of modern acting, which aims at giving as much force and emphasis as possible to every sentence that contains "a point." It would be impossible to imagine a scandalous old gossip over a cup of tea at five o'clock criticising the features of a friend by likening them to a repaired antique bust, where the head belongs to one age, etc., and where the only portions "likely to join issue" are the nose and chin. Such an elaborate conceit as this worked out minutely would only excite a stare of surprise; and it would be assumed that it had been got by heart out of a book. The only terms on which such an elaborate metaphor could be received would be that it came spontaneously, and was delivered with extraordinary lightness and gayety. This "gayety" was the charm of the old actors, and soon we may hope that our modern players will recover it. Such speeches should be delivered with an airy and flowing manner, as though the several stages were only then suggesting themselves. There should be an easy carelessness, an unstudied tone, a delicious sense of enjoyment.

Every playgoer will, no doubt, have found the last act "drag" a little. The bringing in of Snake, with his revelations, seems to belong to melodrama; but this was an attempt to tack on the Scandalous College to the main story. The reconciliation, too, of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle seems abrupt after that very damaging *exposé*: for the gay tone of the comedy is so delightful that few have time to reflect that the lady seemed on the verge of yielding to her admirer when the servant so awkwardly entered. This stage of the business was, it may be presumed, never revealed to the trusting old gentleman. On the other hand, allowance must be made for the tone and habits of the day, when a sprightly lady might pay such a visit to a gentleman, thus hovering on the verge of an intrigue. And here a remark may be made about certain pieces of "business" in this comedy, said to be inherited from the original performers. One notable instance is where the scandal-mongers are taking leave of Sir Peter, with an affectionate condolence on his misfortune. This is done by each performer coming forward in turn, taking each other's place, and finally uttering a sort of chorus of condolence arm in arm. The effect is utterly absurd, unnatural, and false to nature. In the instance of these sacred pieces of "business" it is forgotten that they arose from a certain spontaneousness on the part of the original actors, and that they were accompanied by a natural inspiration. Thus the successiveness of these condolences would have suggested a successiveness of position. But in process of time the inspiration with other attendant circumstances are forgotten, and there remains only the dry form, which, however accurately reproduced, becomes mere pantomime. Thus where Joseph is condoling with Sir Peter, each turns away and has a handkerchief to his face; and the regular "business" is that a hand of each should feel for the other, and give a feeling squeeze. This, too, has become a sort of drill-sergeant motion—very unnatural to look at. There is one absurd gag, which forces its universal acceptance in every company, namely, the addition of the "postage unpaid for that double letter," delivered by the postman who was struck by the bullet. This execrable piece of taste actually spoils the effect of the "circumstantiality" of the previous portion. Another disagreeable piece of "business" which is never omitted is the sound, like the note of a cornrake, which Sir Peter utters three times, as he points to the screen when he tells Charles of the concealed milliner, and which is repeated also three times by Charles. And it must be said that the humor of Mr. Webster at this crisis was admirable, and his suppressed enjoyment and glances at the screen, with "Yes, I will tell him," excellent. Again, how infinitely humorous is the situation, how deliciously and artfully complicated the elements of genuine

fun! There is here, too, a passage which is invariably overdone to an extravagant degree, namely, Charles's laughter and enjoyment of the situation before he goes out. This is always made to take the shape of offensive jeering, accompanied by an extravagant and unnatural hilarity. Now, the situation is really a painful one, and the intention of the author was merely that Charles, from his high spirits, should be unable to resist a thrust at his hypocritical brother, or a little reminder to Sir Peter. But no gentleman would remain for three or four minutes, ridiculing an old gentleman, pointing and scoffing at him in the most outrageous fashion. But this is too favorite a situation to be given up, and the actor so invariably elaborates it, that he is generally called out from the wing, to receive the compliments of the audience.

Connected with this piece are all sorts of traditions and stories. One of the most grotesque is the idea of the stiff, solemn Kemble undertaking the airy Charles Surface, a sacrifice which the public called "Charles's martyrdom." And yet Lamb relished the performance; but on the ground that "the points" of the dialogue were brought out by his declamatory manner "with the utmost precision." This, on the face of it, must have been one of Elia's fantastic idiosyncrasies. Palmer had so thoroughly identified himself with the part of Joseph, that he imported his earnest hypocrisy into real life; and when commencing an elaborate justification of himself to Sheridan, after a quarrel, was stopped by the author with, "My dear Jack, you forget that I wrote the part."

It is well known that the first cast of the great comedy was nearly perfect, and that every succeeding one has been inferior and yet inferior. Nearly all the actors were of the Drury Lane "old guard," and had been led to victory for many years under Garrick's captainship; most of them, too, were remarkable personages. King, the Sir Peter, had been the original Lord Ogleby, a character which took the town by storm. As a man of *ton*, he had opportunities of mingling with men of fashion, and these opportunities he turned to profit; "as an actor he represented the characters with a reference to human nature, with which he was well acquainted, and he never copied his predecessors, as many actors, both tragic and comic, have often done." Mrs. Abington, the first Lady Teazle, was a woman of wit and vivacity — the friend of people of rank as well as of the sage Johnson, the admired of Reynolds, who has left some noble pictures of her, accomplished in foreign languages. Such a privileged being would bring other gifts to the character besides mere histrionic ones. Palmer — "Jack Palmer" — was the perfection of gentility, as we shall see later, the airiest in manner, whose theatrical reputation was founded on this Congreve-like gayety, which people went to the theatre to be entertained with; while his private character was said to correspond a good deal to that of the part allotted to him, Joseph Surface. Smith, "the genteel, the airy, and the smart," was reared at Eton, the friend of Sir George Beaumont and men of rank, his old schoolfellows; fond of Newmarket and racing, and accustomed to boast that he had never degraded himself by going down a trap or blacking his face. Surely here was the very man for Charles Surface. It is enough to mention Miss Pope, who played Mrs. Candor, to call up Churchill's tripping lines; and, indeed, the merits of this gifted creature have drawn forth such graphic and vivid portraits from poets, critics, and painters, that even we of this generation have an excellent idea of her. Dodd and Parsons, the Crabtree and Backbite, played these comparatively minor characters to perfection. Now, even from this meagre description, the reader will gather that there was more than a mere group of actors cast for a new comedy. Such a bringing together of natural gifts and character would by itself tell on any performance that was attempted. No wonder, therefore, that Elia should declare that "It is impossible that it should be now acted, though it continues at long intervals to be announced in the bills." "Sir Peter Teazle," he says, "must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off

at you, as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage. He must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury, a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged — the genuine crim. con. antagonist of the villainous seducer, Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life, must (or should) make you, not mirthful, but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or an old friend; the delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin, those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth, must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas, and Mrs. Candor — oh! frightful! — become a hooded serpent. Oh! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd, the wasp and butterfly of the 'School for Scandal,' in those two characters, and charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part, would forego the true scenic delight, the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring-out of the pedant reflection, those saturnalia of two or three brief hours well won from the world, to sit instead at one of our modern plays, to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be let for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals — dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be — and his moral vanity pampered with images of national justice, national beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?"

This downright realism Lamb would have found in the current performances of the play, as presented in our time. The piece becomes a melodrama, lightened with comic scenes. Joseph Surface expostulates with Lady Teazle as to the plethoric character of her reputation; and the necessity of some trifling "trip" is urged with all the gravity of logical argument, to be gravely contested in return by the lady. Whereas, in truth, it was meant for a sort of crafty badinage — an insinuation, which, if taken seriously and with indignation, might be disclaimed as a jest; but if accepted at all, might be used as a basis for something more direct. Mr. Surface was, in truth, a gay and seductive man, with powers of attraction, elegant in his manners, and winning in his ways, and, to average observers, genuine in his sentiments. This view excludes all "canting," rolling or upturning of eyes; while "sentiments," such as "the man who," etc., should be delivered modestly and unaffectedly, with a certain earnestness.

It is easy, however, to laud the old ideals; and it is certainly unreasonable to require such matchless excellence in our own day. The air has lately been filled with jemiads over the "decay of the stage," which were justifiable enough: but it would be unjust to deny that within the last three or four years there has been an incredible advance both in the public taste and the style of acting.

AFTER THE NIGHT — DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE GARDEN."

I.

ONE of the prettiest, quaintest towns in Germany lies between civilization and a great forest. It is close to the railway, so close indeed that it forms a striking feature in the landscape. Dusty travellers who have hurried up the Rhine, and stopped to breathe perhaps at Heidelberg and been fascinated with Baden-Baden, lying in its green flowery hollow, and then, journeying southwards in the sober-paced train, have watched the spire of Strasburg, a little finger on the flat horizon, moving on and on with them beyond fields and flats, maize and colza, and the patient women hoeing and digging — turn with a feeling of

refreshment to the pretty, brown town lying under a background of hills, the open spire of its cathedral more beautiful in form and color than Strasburg itself. They look out of the windows, and shake the dust from their clothes, and feel a half-wistful longing to stop at the hotel which peeps invitingly at them from amidst the pretty houses embowered in trees. But it is not many that follow the impulse. The Alps are calling them; they are under the dominion of that strange, sweet attraction which is almost irresistible in its force; they shut their eyes, and see mysterious forms half hidden in unearthly vapor, snowy crowns, paling and reddening in the sunset, silent ice-caves; they smell already the scent of the pine-trees that throw long shadows on the mountain slopes; they gather gentians, and brown orchis, and divine forget-me-nots, and drink silvery water that comes dashing along the little wooden troughs. The Alps are calling them, and there is no stopping for those who have given their hearts to those mighty masters, not even here at the pretty, brown town with its forests and its hills; they settle themselves once more in dusty corners, and the train pants and plods on to meet the rushing Rhine at Basle.

It was not very long ago, however, not so long that even in this hurrying and eventful age the summer is forgotten, that the stream of travellers which had been setting in, became suddenly checked. Rumors had grown too persistent for any except the most adventurous spirits to care to put possible contingencies and a probable amount of inconvenience between themselves and home. The trains that labored backwards and forwards along the Rhine frontier land, carried heavier burdens than happy people escaping to snow peaks and glaciers. There was a stir, not only in the garrisons but out in the fields, for the men who worked there were soldiers like the rest, some not having completed their three years' service, and others who had done so forming part of the reserve force, which was liable to be called out in case of need. At this particular town the stir was especially noticeable, its position being sufficiently near the probable front to arouse considerable excitement and agitation, and its very danger naturally producing a patriotic enthusiasm, which in any other cause might have been lacking in the old dominions of Austria towards their new Fatherland.

As yet, however, the stir had chiefly consisted of active military preparations in the *caserne*, and in talk of all possible and impossible things among the people. Especially, as might be guessed by any one at all acquainted with human nature, much was discussed at the market, and political problems were solved there with an ease which might have excited the envy of the readiest diplomatist. It was a pretty sight at all times, that market, and with the fresh morning sun pouring upon it, nowhere in Germany could a brighter or more picturesque scene have been found. The *Platz* is large; in the centre, and, except at its east end, altogether detached from crowding houses, stands the cathedral, with its exquisite fretted spire, its warm coloring, and its three guardian statues looking down from their tall pillars. There is an old *Kaufhaus* on the south side of the *Platz*, built of the same red sandstone, with dark shades about it where age has saddened the tints; and it has arches and carved balustrades, two quaint little side towers with odd-colored tiles, red and green, like the sheen on a dolphin's back, and then a deep roof, out of which look little dormer-windows. Besides these greater points of interest there are a hundred lesser ones; the houses thrust out angles with irregular one-sided projections, and Virginian creepers hang from their balconies in long streamers; the vine-clad Schlossberg rises softly behind, and with the gay moving crowd of market people about the old buildings, there is an absolute feast of color for the eye. Under the very shadow of the outstretched gargoyles are stuck little homely awnings; but somehow, the stir and the chatter and the shifting figures do nothing but add to the silent glory of the great church. The women sit and knit with their baskets piled round them, vegetables and strawberries, and little hard plums; here and there is a great umbrella pitched like a tent to keep off the sun, little hand

carts stand on end, a soldier with his spiked helmet makes a glittering point between the red head-kerchiefs, and occasionally there strolls leisurely by a group of peasants in the out-of-the-world costume of the neighboring forest.

The rumors of war flying about invested the spiked helmets with an unusual interest. There were some people standing just under the central statue, with the great west door of the cathedral behind them, and in front a short street opening out of the *Platz*—a man, one or two old women, and a fair-haired girl, who was not much attending to their talk, and who had a rosy red kerchief on her head, a green skirt, and full white sleeves as far as the elbows. For a moment, as the cathedral door swung open, she stood in strong relief against the dark shadow; the sun was shining on her, and she put up her hand to shade her eyes as she looked eagerly down the little street. Nobody noticed what a pretty picture she made, or would have thought much about it if they had seen it, for Vefele Bürklin was as well known in the market as half the other women who were buying and selling and chattering with voices that sometimes touched us strangely by a sort of sad, pathetic cadence. The two old women and the man were talking and pointing to a soldier or two, but they had an eye for business all the while and to the baskets at their feet. Perhaps they were a little glad that Vefele's thoughts were elsewhere, for people came up and bought, and there was the girl looking up the street and entering into no competition.

"Age first," said the eldest of the three when her companion touched her and pointed with a little compunction. "There is time yet for a girl like her."

Ah, yes, and other things, too, that come with time!

But presently Vefele shook herself, turned round, looked at the baskets, and then at the women's faces.

"So!" she said, with a flush of indignation and a little petulant stamp; "when one is with friends it does not do to keep one's eyes shut. Has Frau Witzel been by? And, dear Heaven, the cook from the Hof?—and I have sold nothing! You might have told me," she said sharply to the old women.

She was ready to cry, but they were very philosophic over her troubles. "Mine wanted selling as much as yours," said old Catherine, plumping down upon the step of the pillar and pulling out her knitting.

"And if it was Otto Meyer you looked for, he is there," said her companion, with an eye to an elderly housekeeper who was approaching.

Vefele just glanced up for a moment. A pretty, picturesque cart, drawn by a fast trotting little black cow, came quickly down the street; a man in a scarlet cap was standing up and driving. A half smile trembled on the girl's lips, though she turned her head away quickly, and revenged herself upon the old women by stepping out and intercepting the coming purchaser.

"There is no fruit like mine in the market," she said, proudly. And then there was a little wrangle about the price.

"If this terrible war comes, we must give up fruit and such luxuries," said the grave housekeeper, walking away with her prize.

"Yes, yes, trust the rich for giving up anything," muttered old Catherine, crossly.

All this time the girl had kept her eyes to all appearance upon the fruit, and the baskets, and the money she was counting. Nevertheless, by some odd intuition, she was perfectly aware of the movements of the little cart; knew that it had vanished under an archway overhung with the pretty, green streamers of a Virginian creeper; knew that the man in the red cap had emerged again, and was striding towards the very spot where she stood; knew what greeting would follow, and yet started with the most innocent surprise when a voice said in her ear,—

"Vefele!"

"Ah! Heaven, thou, Otto! Why come in such a fashion just to startle one when one thinks of other things! Three and four—three and four are seven." For a moment the girl still stood with her back turned, dropping the kreutzers

from one hand to another, when, finding he did not answer, she looked round suddenly. At sight of his face, both smile and pout vanished. She caught his arm, and cried out,—

"There is some misfortune Otto; tell me!"

"No such misfortune, best Vefele," said the young fellow, with a certain would-be bravery, which at this instant was not the first feeling in his heart. "We have all got to join at once. If it were not for thee, and the father, and the mother, and the lay"—

Otto's voice broke down in a sort of sob. Vefele's face had turned white, and her hands trembled.

"There will be war, then," she said after a moment's pause; "and I, God forgive me, have not prayed against it as the Herr Pfarrer told us we should"—She broke off suddenly and caught Otto's arm and tried to draw him at once into the church. "Come!" she exclaimed, imperatively; "if we were both to pray with all our hearts, and I were to promise a silver arrow to Our Lady—Come, Otto!"

"There is no hurry," said the young man a little reluctantly.

"What shall you do with your raspberries? I am not going to sit here and sell your raspberries," grumbled old Catherine. But Vefele was not heeding. She was drawing Otto swiftly into the beautiful red-brown cathedral, and all the poor fruit and things might shrivel in the sun. At the door sat an old woman, muttering, and stretching out her hand. Vefele poured all the kreutzers she still held, into her lap. "Pray for us," she said, in an eager voice, without stopping for a moment. And then the door swung open, and the two seemed to those outside to have been swallowed up by the gloom. Perhaps there are other times when our dazzled eyes make that mistake.

Vefele lived in a little hamlet about half an hour's walk from the town. You were not actually in the heart of the great forest, but yet it ran along on either side, and there were glades, and bits of emerald meadows, and little plots of vegetables undivided from the grass by any fence. The cattle were all in the stalls, now that the crops were growing up. The Bürklins kept a sort of country *Biergarten*. There was a church close by with an ugly spire and a clock; a little stream ran down one side of the road, and if you wanted to go at once into the *garten*—one can hardly use the English word as an equivalent in this case—a little bridge helped you to your purpose. The *gartens* are all alike. There are thick little stumpy horse-chestnuts, and sometimes lamps hanging from them, long tables underneath, people sitting, eating *kugelopsfs*, and drinking beer in high covered *schoppens*, or perhaps fragrant coffee. Not unfrequently some one would give a ball at the Bürklins'; a good, honest dance, beginning at six or seven, and all over at an early hour. But no one was thinking of balls at this time. Some would have it there could be no change in the world because there was no change as yet in themselves; but others had already taken the alarm, and were flying away to places where the roar of battle should at least be more remote. You might meet mothers and wives trooping into the town along the dusty road, with chestnuts on either side, to hear the last news. And yet, there was that odd love of excitement, even of excitement full of pain, which is one of the strangest contradictions in human nature. The very mothers and wives could hardly have borne without a flash of disappointment to know that it was all at an end, and that their Karls and Bertholds were coming back peaceably to the hay-cutting, and the flax, and the colza, instead of marching along to that other harvest, which loomed up in their dreams, strange and grim.

Otto Meyer's cottage lay some distance beyond the village, and deeper in the forest. It was one of those beautiful old brown houses with deep shelving roofs, and flowers hanging out of the windows, which are built of pine, and are more like a Swiss chalet than anything else in the world. You may still see them in the forest, though they are being driven out, like other pretty things. Otto's father was a wood-ranger and had charge of a certain dis-

trict of forest land under the Herr Förster's eye: his son assisted him, and was to have been married this autumn if this separation had not come. Only one man, I think, had anything to say against it, for Vefele had the reputation of being not only the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, but one of the most thrifty. Her mother had taught her carefully. Somehow, in these pretty country places where life seems more natural and more open to innocent influences than where men jostle each other in the great struggle for existence, we do not look for the same sordid little meanesses. But I am afraid that is only a dream of Arcadia. Our pastoral peasants develop much the same natures, after all, and Frau Bürklin could have held her own, and perhaps a little more than ought to have been her own, against any woman you could have brought to bargain with her. Vefele had been brought up in this school, and although the girl's character was sweeter and truer than her mother's had ever been, there was a certain housewifeliness inherent in her which responded only too readily to the maxims which had been preached ever since the time when she was a little fair-haired girl, running out to the guests with bunches of cherries in her fat hands. There was no better market-woman than Vefele, and she alone, of all the family, almost succeeded in satisfying her mother.

There are things in this world of God's which sometimes seem to us like sad problems—too sad and strange for us—sorrow, and parting, and death; but we may know some day that but for them the greatest and divinest part of us would have never started into life. Life had been to Vefele, hitherto, chiefly a place for buying and selling, for rearing poultry, and settling bills, and gaining a character as a notable housemaid. It was all to be very much the same over again when she had married Otto, and so things were to go on till the end of the chapter.

This sudden separation had been the first thing that had startled her.

She had seen Otto on Thursday, and on Friday morning she found it impossible, in spite of her mother's scolding, to take any interest in the question whether the calf should be driven to market at once, or be kept until it was possible that prices might be raised by a war. Vefele, instead of joining in the discussion, stood at the window and absently twisted together some sprays of ivy that was growing from a pot round the inside of the window. The rosy red kerchief was taken off, and you could see the pretty, shining coils of brown hair.

"The girl's a fool!" exclaimed Frau Bürklin, angrily, when she had three times demanded how calves were selling and received no answer. "Vefele! I say, Vefele!"

"If the *jungerle* has lost her ears, you are determined all the world shall know you keep your tongue, Frau Bürklin," coolly said a new-comer, who walked into the little inn at this moment. He was a big, handsome young fellow, with frizzly brown hair, and an eye like a hawk; and as he spoke he unfastened a belt from his shoulders, flung it on the table, and shook himself like a dog. "What is the matter with Vefele?"

"That is no concern of yours, and neither here nor there," said the housemother, with red cheeks, and a readiness for battle. "If you are so quick to ask questions, you may answer a few at the same time. Perhaps you will tell me how honest folk are to live in these days? Here are Hans and Johann both called out."

"Live?" answered the young man, carelessly, "that's a matter you've had a longer experience in than I. When I was here last you told me they were worthless good-for-nothings."

"So I said, and so I say now," shrilly asserted Frau Bürklin. "But if they take the good-for-nothings, think what are those they leave, and that is the reason you are here yet—*ja, wohl; ja, wohl*; have patience; I am coming!"

She ran out, and the young fellow leant with two hands on the table, and looked a little wistfully at the girl, although he could see nothing of her face, and only the shining coils of hair. "Vefele," he said presently, in an altered voice, "Vefele!"

"Well?" she answered, shortly, without turning round.

"Are you still angry? Will you speak to me?"

"Not if you talk as you did last time."

"I'll not, I swear I'll not."

"Then say what you want."

"But I want you to speak to me."

"I am speaking, am I not?"

She flashed round upon him at these words a face very unlike its usual bright good-humor. Something glistened in her eyes, and Vincenz was at her side in a moment.

"You are crying, heart's beloved—what ails thee?" he cried out with a tender impetuosity, holding out his arms as if he half-hoped she might fall into them. But Vefeled repulsed him with a still more impetuous movement.

"This is how you keep your word, then; the word you gave only a minute ago!" she said angrily.

"But I did not see you were in trouble," pleaded the young fellow earnestly.

Vefeled had no softness in her heart for him, in spite of his good looks; it was to her only an aggravation of her trouble that he should be there, that he should even try to comfort her. It is not always when we love that we are most patient with other love to which we can give no return, though it seems at first sight as though it must be so. She would not so much as grant him a kind glance, and at this moment little Lenchen, the servant, came flying in breathless:—

"Is it true, then, that war has been declared, and already one battle fought?"

Vefeled started; both the girls were gazing open-eyed at Vincenz.

"War has been declared," he said; "I was on the other side of the forest and have lost two days, and now I am on my way to join as fast as I can."

Lenchen ran quickly out of the room to report the confirmation of her news; Vincenz fixed his eyes imploringly upon Vefeled with an expression which seemed strangely at variance with the man's whole bearing. Would she have no kind word for him even now?

But though his tidings had evidently increased her distress, she did not take any notice of them, so far as they concerned himself. The neglect stung him to the heart.

"So the neighbors may all go and get shot as fast as they please, it remains the same to you, *jungferle!*"

"Oh, no," said the girl simply, "it is because of the war that I cry."

"But not that I am in it?"

"Why should I cry for that?" she said in an indifferent voice. "I am sorry for the old mother, but you will come back, and she will be happy again."

A sudden change passed over his face as she spoke, the wistfulness died out of his eyes, and a certain fierce passion blazed in them.

"I know, I know what it means," he said, setting his teeth and speaking thickly; "you will think of no one but that dolt Otto."

The words died away into something like a curse.

They were Vefeled's eyes that flamed now. She turned and faced him and said deliberately, "You are right. I, who am Otto's betrothed, think of Otto from morning till night. Never before have I thought enough, as I know now. Why do you dare to come here and speak of him to me, you, who are not worthy to live in the same earth!"

"I loved you before he did," Vincenz answered with a sort of dogged persistence.

"You persecute me with what I do not want. Go your way, Vincenz Losinger," said the girl, scornfully.

The young man stood still for a moment as if her disdain had raised a storm which almost choked him. His face was changed; big veins started out of his forehead; there was an indescribable rage in his eyes. He strode to the table and snatched up the cap and belt he had thrown there.

"Ade, then, Vefeled Bürklin, with the heart of stone," he cried passionately; "you are not the first woman that has driven a man to something worse than death—and for

your Otto, do you know that we are in the same regiment?—do you know that I hate him?—do you know that you have given him the worst enemy that he ever had in his life?"

Like other women her passion broke down utterly before the mighty storm which she had raised; he had not finished his disjointed words before Vefeled was pale, trembling, and terrified. She was too stupefied to move, and as he turned at the door to fling her one last look of rage, he saw her standing motionless, as he saw her forever afterwards in his dreams, the pretty young figure in the dark dress and full white sleeves, standing up against the window, the light shining on her fair hair, the ivy wreath setting her as it were in a frame, and outside the background of green chestnuts. She stood breathing quickly, with her lips a little apart and her eyes strained. Suddenly she cried out, and ran from the room into the garden. There were two or three men sitting and smoking double-headed pipes under the trees, and one of them called to her to bring them some beer. Vefeled heeded nothing; she ran out of the little gate, and across the bridge, and into the road, where half a dozen children had got some sticks and were playing at soldiers.

"Have you seen Vincenz?" she asked, breathlessly, looking up and down the road.

"Is it Vincenz Losinger, *müdele?*" said the little corporal, coming forward, and saluting politely. "He is gone that road to the town with long steps like this—war is declared; we must all fight. We defend the Rhine," he explained, pointing to the little stream.

The children screwed up their mouths, so as not to endanger discipline by laughing, and drew up in an irregular row. Vefeled, sick at heart, went back swiftly, and into the room she had left, where there were the long tables, and a few horn-handled knives, and a great stove. She sat down, and put her arms on the table, laid her head on them, and cried bitterly. In the garden the men had begun to sing a patriotic song; they had got Lenchen to stand and sing too. Every now and then there came from the kitchen the shrill sound of Frau Bürklin's voice still wrangling about the calf. Over Vefeled's head a little hermit cuckoo popped suddenly out of his clock, cuckooed hurriedly, and was in again with the door slammed after him before there was time to draw a breath. The sun shone out softly, as though there were no such things as war, and love, and jealousy in the world,—shone on the green ivy, and on the girl's pretty head, and on the fields where the corn was waving that should never be reaped, but beaten down in its innocent beauty by the heavy tramp of man the destroyer.

There were plenty of people pouring into the town as Vincenz walked towards it with fierce, quick steps. Those who glanced at him avoided him, for he was known to be a passionate man, and there was a black cloud on his face, darker than the cloud which seemed to be everywhere, except on the pretty, brown town itself. This was looking its brightest. Broad sumach leaves glistened in the sun, the mountain ash was becoming scarlet, there were wreaths of clematis, gay flower boxes with open rails sticking out here and there in the streets, hanging pots with patches of crimson and blue, oleanders, and tame little vineyards running along the backs of some of the houses. The streets were full of excited people; women hurried sadly by with faces of mute misery; a soldier would be surrounded by a demonstrative group; and as the day went on the sadness seemed to increase. Words that were at first only random guesses were caught up and repeated from mouth to mouth.

"To-night!—is it possible?—*Ach, mein Karl, Gott bewahre dich!*"

There was an eager stir round the *caserne*, and the bands played inspiring airs, but there were sad hearts that could not keep time with the music, too heavy with the weight of farewells. The white glare of the day began to soften, and to take cool tints, a little breeze fluttered, a kind of subdued brown glory stole over the cathedral, the hills behind grew purple, the sunset lights died away behind the Schönberg, lights threw weird shadows, the old archways

made points of blacker blackness in the night. Out in the little country *Biergarten* everything was still, except Frau Bürklin scolding Lenchen to bed, when a woman came hurriedly in.

"If you wish to see your Otto again, Vefele, come at once. It is war — they march this night," she said, bursting into sobs.

"This night!"

"This night, the poor fellows! Otto is breaking his heart, and I promised him you should stand where the light should fall on you, as they march to the station. He could not come, for none have been allowed to go beyond a certain distance. Oh, such a day as we have had! And they say we are all in the greatest danger."

Even Frau Bürklin was stunned for the moment. As for Vefele she caught the woman's arm and drew her quickly into the road. The two hastened along too breathless and too agitated to speak.

In the town the outward signs of excitement were dying away. The farewells were over, the *rappel* was beaten very late, but it was beaten at last, and the men were back in their barracks by eleven, the doors at the back securely fastened, and the front guarded by the general himself, who seated himself there to prevent any more partings that night shaking the mettle of his men. Two hours later the regiment was drawn up before the *caserne*. It was a dark, moonless night, heavy with clouds, here and there pierced by trembling stars. Scarcely a man but had that day parted from his nearest friends; the very boys had glory, and love, and a hundred conflicting things pulling at their heart-strings, and what added tenfold to the struggle was that no one dared to think to what he might be leaving his dear ones, since the town seemed especially exposed to the invader. So they stood there in the darkness, a stern, silent mass of men. One voice broke the silence — the general's. He did not say much; but he asked them if they would swear fidelity to their flag, and suddenly every sword leaped from its sheath, every right hand was raised, a deep "*Ja!*" rolled out from every mouth. They heard it for half a mile round, it was said afterwards, the sound was so sudden, so simultaneous. It died away as quickly, and then began the dead thud of the silent march, unbroken, except by the sharp sob of some miserable woman.

Not far from the entrance to the railway station a lamp stands at a corner, and there Vefele and her friend stationed themselves, and waited wearily. Sometimes another shadow as sad as they would pass by; but there were not many people in the streets at that time of night. It seemed to them as if they must have stood there all night, when at last they heard that shout, and then the dull sounds coming nearer and nearer, until presently the light caught the first faces, and the dark uniforms with the little line of scarlet brightening them. There was something strangely overpowering in this solemn night-march, its silence, its regularity, its intense gravity. The women trembled and shrank, and then Vefele gave a little cry. Otto was close to them, his fair, rather heavy, German face changed, eager and sad at the same time, and in the rank immediately behind marched Vincenz Losinger. They all came out of the darkness, and were in it again at once. Otto had only time to wave and smile; Vincenz did not see her, but she was quick to notice the settled blackness in his face. Vefele shuddered. The French were nothing; all her terror henceforth was to lie in the grim figure keeping step by step behind the fair-haired young soldier, as though he were dogging his footsteps — in the echo of the words which rang always in her ears: "Do you know how I hate him? Do you know what an enemy" — Tramp, tramp, went the heavy steps rising and dying away, Otto and Vincenz, Otto and Vincenz, the two men close together whom it seemed to her a hundred miles would scarcely have been sufficient to divide.

It was all quiet at last. There is a little *platz* in the town at the back of the Kaisers Strasse; the street runs down one side, the corner house is overhung with creepers, and two sides are taken up with a monastery and the

cloisters belonging to it. In the centre, with trees planted all round, a statue crowns a fountain, — a statue of a monk with a fine, earnest face. There is always a sort of quiet about the little *platz*, and yet a brown-cowled Franciscan, passing back that night from some errand of mercy, stopped before the statue and shook his head. And, to tell the truth, if men's memorials should be raised in fitting places, to one who had seen that day's work there must have been something discordant about the peacefulness and the cloisters and the quiet night, and the figure of Berthold Schwartz, inventor of gunpowder. "*Auferens bella usque ad finem terræ. Vacate et videte quoniam ego sum Deus,*" muttered the Franciscan, crossing himself. In a moment or two he went on, a dark picturesque shadow, and the little *platz* was left as silent as death, with its ghostly figure in the midst.

Events passed so quickly in the autumn of that year of which I am speaking, that those who looked for successes and reverses, marches and counter-marches, and the alternations of a great campaign, found their breath taken away by the sudden smiting down of what at first presented such a formidable front. But there were others to whom nothing would have seemed quick. When there are personal fears and anxieties tormenting you, hours and days lose all proportion and stretch into endless weariness, and there is a horrible hunger for tidings in which people seem to live a lifetime, though it may be but a week or a fortnight at the most. And all this time the little homely things which, after all, are the strongest in the world, continue. Come parting, come sorrow, come death, they go on and on, a daily round which makes a treadmill for some, but which has to be trodden though it be with bleeding feet. Vefele, poor child, was working away at her treadmill, which once had seemed all she wanted in this life; now she would look round her and wonder vaguely that the trees were still green, the flowers blossoming, as if it were impossible that summer had not by that time passed and winter come. Perhaps it was worse for the people of that place than for others. They lived, as it were, upon the very edge of the strife, they could hear the distant boom of the guns about Strasburg and Breisach, wounded men were brought back to be nursed or buried; they had the ghastliness without the excitement of war. Sometimes the cathedral was full of praying figures. There were the stately columns springing up towards softly rounded arches, niched saints looking down from where men had set them as it were to bestow perpetual benedictions; underneath, the shifting crowd. Perhaps music would peal out, a service be recited; perhaps you might come in and find a strangely impressive silence broken only by the scrape of a chair, an irrepressible sob, and then the distant dull boom. Many never forgot that silence which was filled with something they could not explain. There were the distant guns and the distant dying, and heaven overhead both here and there.

A house in an airy part of the town was fitted up for the wounded, the old *Kaufhaus* was full of stores, and the women were hard at work, scraping lint, and pulling cross threads out of little squares of linen. As each convey arrived Vefele would picture Otto shot down and bleeding. Yet always it was not the common enemy she dreaded, but the one enemy close behind him, the relentless face at his shoulder. She would trudge through the forest to where Vincenz' mother lived, and carry with her a little pathetic offering, as if thus she could propitiate Vincenz. Her mother would scold by the hour when she knew what the girl had done, and the old woman, who detested her boy's love, had never so much as a good word, but yet Vefele gathered a few crumbs by her walk, and hoped that Vincenz would hear of it and relent. And every now and then a letter from Otto would come like something better than sunshine.

So time went on, although to some it seemed so slow. The vineyards were stripped of their fruit, autumn passed, winter followed, Paris was invested, Strasburg yielded, and in the glow of victory the people began to cease to fear for

their own safety. Yet the better instructed knew that their danger was very far from being at an end, for the fiercest struggle was going on at the very point which threatened the town, and it was the 14th *corps d'armée* containing their own regiment, which had the work to do round Belfort, with so great an extent of territory to protect, that constant marches and counter-marches made it very hard to gain certain news of them. Their hardships were great, the winter was intolerably severe, and at times the Germans were starving, for their carts could not come up to them. Every now and then would arrive a letter from a comrade: "Your man is dead. It was the cold and hunger that did it. He bids you kiss the little ones." The tragedies came like this in a simple fashion, and commonplace enough, alas! that winter, and the children cried, poor little souls, more because the mother cried than because death was to them a thing worse than absence.

Meanwhile the cold grew fearfully intense. The women, plodding in from the farms through deep snow, thought with terror of their husbands, sons, lovers, exposed to its pitiless force; but they had no fear that the tide of victory might turn, like those who better understood the position of affairs. For the strife was concentrating at Belfort, Bourbaki was hastening to its rescue, there was heavy fighting, the sortie had met with a certain amount of success, and if the Germans were forced to retire, the French would probably push across the frontier, and the pretty brown town, now white with snow, would lie at the mercy of the invader. The decisive battle lasted for three days in the middle of January, and perhaps it was that very thought that saved them after all, for at a critical moment one of the regiments wavered, and an officer shouted that if they gave way the homes they loved would be the first to fall into the hands of the enemy. "And so," said a young fellow afterwards, "when we heard that, we shook hands and swore we would beat them or die." The battle was won, as we all know now, but those who were waiting with sick hearts could only listen and pray when they heard the faint, far-away sound of some mighty explosion reverberating dully among the mountains.

At no time during the war were tidings so looked and longed for in this particular town as in the time that followed the cessation of the cannonade. At no time either did they seem so slow in arriving. But when they came at last, though people could look round at their homes with an old strange sense of peaceful security, there were terrible pangs to be undergone, for it became quickly known that the regiments of the little duchy had suffered severely, and that the victory was dearly bought.

No letter at all came to Vefele or the Meyers. The girl hoped and hungered day after day, and every night the heavy weight which the morning had lightened came back with a dull persistency. For in the morning, and especially in the beautiful keen vigor of a spring morning, when we are young, it seems impossible that good news should not come. Every night the hope faded away and left her miserable. She went about her work as if she were walking in her sleep, the mechanism of habit having sufficient force to carry her through it after a fashion; but she sometimes looked back and mutely wondered what her old self had been. Something she had gained at least. Life never more to her could be a thing only of eating and drinking, buying and selling: she had learnt that there were better victories than those gained by hard bargains; trouble itself seemed more endurable than the petty meanness which contented itself with so poor an aim, and sorrow had led her, as it will lead us all if we will accept its true teaching, to a higher level than that on which she had stood before.

At last, as the days wore on, and this strange foreboding silence remained unbroken, she set out one morning to see old Gretchen Losinger. It was cold, dreary weather, rain was falling, and winter seemed to have stepped suddenly back amongst them, but Vefele chose the day as one on which there was likely to be little doing at the little inn. She had a huge umbrella, under which no rain could reach. She walked hurriedly, and yet any one who knew the girl

would have detected a certain heaviness in her step, unlike its usual spring. More than once she shivered at the dreary swirl of the wind among the pines, and the gray pall that spread itself over the cheerless sky, and when she reached the Losingers', the old black-timbered house, standing in the midst of a desolate garden, looked so grimly forbidding that her heart sank even lower than before. Old Gretchen was at the door under the wooden overhanging balcony, a harsh, melancholy figure, making no sign of welcome as the girl came timidly towards her. A dog by her side began to growl.

"Good-day, Vefele Bürklin," said the old woman in her discordant voice; "what brings you here this fine weather? Is your fine lover made Herr Hauptmann? — or has he, perhaps, run away, and left better men to be shot like dogs?"

"Where is Vincenz?" asked Vefele, trembling.

The old woman did not at first answer, but her very silence was fierce. A little idiot boy, the child of a dead daughter, ran out, caught hold of his grandmother's apron, and made hideous grimaces at the visitor, who was still standing in the pouring rain. Presently old Gretchen broke out angrily, —

"He is lying with a shot through his leg, and the typhus at his pillow. That pleases you, no doubt?"

"I am sorry," faltered the girl. "Did he — Vincenz — write himself?"

"Do men write when they are as I tell you? Joseph Witzig wrote."

"And, oh, dear Heaven, did he not say what had become of Otto?" cried Vefele, clasping her hands.

"What is Otto to me that he should waste his words? This is not the house for you to seek tidings of your Otto. I have told you already where he is — he has run away."

"You are a wicked woman!" cried the girl, passionately, and then she remembered what her passion had done, and checked herself. Great tears stood in her eyes, she looked reproachfully at Gretchen, and without a word turned round and went back as she had come through the dripping forest. She felt that she could never again try this resource, and blamed herself for having irritated the old woman, whose rough words grew out of a kind of warped affection for her son. "There is nothing now left but patience," said poor Vefele to herself. And, alas! that was the hardest of all.

The Meyers themselves, the old father and mother to whom Otto was so much, appeared to her strangely apathetic. She did not realize that as life goes on there dies out of it that feverish haste to know everything — even the worst — and a lesser hope contents us. Nor indeed was their anxiety sharpened by the sting of which she was conscious.

They wrote letters, you may be sure; two or three to Otto, and one to Joseph Witzig, and another to a second townsman, Karl Schmitt, but the regiments were marched about rapidly after Belfort surrendered, and no answers came. Then there was an armistice, and still the 14th *corps d'armée* was not included. Vefele thought her misery was as endless as the days. At length peace was proclaimed, and towards the end of March the townspeople heard suddenly that the regiment which had gone out from them so many months ago was coming back.

Sorrow and joy have a strange sympathy in their deepest tones. No one who looked at the pretty picturesque town on that spring day could have well guessed what ashes and tears lay behind the flags and the brightness with which it had decked itself, for everything was fresh and delightful; the breeze that came across from the pine forest set all the young leaves rustling; a hundred colors, ugly and beautiful together, made delicious pictures in a moment. The enthusiasm had commenced the day before, when one regiment marched through, but they were Wurtembergers and had their special welcome elsewhere. These that were coming belonged almost to a man to the town and the surroundings districts; the peasants poured in, in their quaint bright dresses, girls had been at work for hours weaving

wreaths of evergreens, stripping the poor laurel bushes, or shaping ivy to imitate it, bells were ringing, guns firing, everywhere there was a joyful bustle, the most catching, boisterous gayety. The *biertgärten* were crowded, gold and silver fish swam merrily in their little grottoes, colored lamps were being hung ready for an evening illumination, on all sides were portraits of the king and the Crown Prince, photographs of telegrams, bearded men with the words "Saviours of the Fatherland," written underneath in big letters; the flashing colors, the mad joy was almost bewildering. And still there were such sad faces, such sad hearts! Little pathetic groups, that had somehow got into the glad tumult, as if they, too, had a part in the triumph, and yet went drearily about from point to point with strange sunless faces. There was one woman in black, with a child clinging to her apron, who was hanging up a garland and a bit of striped cloth. The neighbors watched her with a kind of reverent pity, but she hung them up, and then went away, poor soul, out of the light and glare.

All the houses in the suburbs had made themselves gay, but the noise, color, and brilliancy culminated in the Kaisers Strasse. The soldiers would enter the town by the Martini Thor, — which the fathers of many of them had defended against the regulars in '48, — pass under a triumphal arch, erected for the occasion, and march the whole length of the Kaisers Strasse to the *caserne* in the Karl Platz. Here it was, therefore, that as the hours passed on, the moving multitude gathered, lined the streets, thronged the windows, and watched impatiently for the first intimation of the approach of the troops. When at length there fell upon their ears a sort of dull hoarse roar, that was caught up and brought nearer, and swelled into a tremendous cheer, the excitement became almost intolerable. Women burst out crying, men turned and wrung strange hands thrust out to them in that moment of unity; heads craned from the windows as with the cheering there began to mingle the tramp for which so many ears were listening. Even the sad faces lit up. "They are coming!" "I see them!" "Father is coming! father is coming, little Maria! Ah, dear Heaven, Herr Doctor, let the children stand in front that he may see them."

Yes, they were come. Three thousand men, as many or more as marched away, but not all the same. If only those had come in that went out, and there had been left a gap for each man who had been shot down, or smitten by typhus, it would have been a ghastly entry. But the gaps do not remain unfilled in war, or anything else, except in the hearts of some people, and so three thousand marched along, and the sun shone merrily, and the regiment looked like a moving mass of green, for the men had twisted green leaves round their helmets and guns, and stuck branches in the barrels. As for the excitement it had reached a point when even the sense of discipline failed to exercise a check. Such showers of bouquets, of wreaths, of cigars came flying from the windows, that the air was literally darkened, the men caught them on their bayonets; the dust, the weapons, and the cool sweet flowers made a strange medley, and the people closed up behind until the dark mass in the midst was almost lost in the surging, cheering crowds, who in their enthusiasm were catching at the men's hands, and wringing them as they passed.

So the drums beat, and the bells jingled, and the flags waved, and hearts were full, although it was not all joy. The woman who had hung up her little tribute of color had fled away to one of those attics which peep out of the steep brown roofs with quaint windows like eyes, flung herself down, and held her hands tight against her ears, and there was the child pulling at her gown, and crying to go to father. And Vefele and the old Meyers stood in the street just where it opens down towards the cathedral. I think the girl would have fled away too, if it had not been for the old people, for the certainty for which she had cried out, now that it was at hand, seemed unbearable. But the father and mother stood with a grave patience which kept her from any outburst, waiting not being so unfamiliar to them as to her, and knowledge being so near.

And as through dim eyes she began to see that dark

gleaming body making its way up the Kaisers Strasse, as the gay crowd pushed forward, and wavered, and tossed their wreaths, a wild hope suddenly seized Vefele. Why should she be left outside this joy? Why had she despaired? Why had she not a nosegay to fling with the rest? Why might she not see the dear face looking at her with loving eyes — have her bliss, her moment of compensation? Alas, such a hope was more terrible than all hopelessness. Her lips parted, her eyes devoured the brown faces that marched by — surely the next moment she must see Otto! And then she started, turned pale, and thrust out her hands with an involuntary movement of repugnance. Not Otto, but the other face that haunted her, that she saw always at his shoulder, was then looking into hers. With such a passionate yearning, such a hungry longing in the sunken eyes, such an intense appeal in the whole figure, that one or two women standing by turned and stared curiously at Vefele. He had passed before she had time to do more than just put out her hands with that mute action of abhorrence, the people closed up, and she might have been swept away to the *caserne* by the shouting throng, if old Meyer had not laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder and drawn her up the little street towards the cathedral, where the *platz* was quite empty and quiet. Franz Meyer, smoking his pipe, walked on steadily with his wife, and Vefele followed as if in a dream. They turned under the arch where Otto had driven his little black cow, and where a cousin lived, who, like the rest of the town, was at this moment in the Karls Platz. The old man motioned to the women to go in.

"Wait for me here, mother," he said; "I am going to ask the neighbors about our lad. I will come back as soon as I know anything."

The wife put her apron over her head and sobbed bitterly, but Vefele could do nothing to comfort her; indeed, the girl scarcely noticed anything, or that by-and-by, as the shadows lengthened, the *platz* became full of moving figures, that there were soldiers almost carried off their legs, hurried along to *biertgärten* and banquets, that at last there was some one in the room speaking, until, becoming conscious of her own name, she looked up and saw Vincenz.

"Yes," Franz Meyer was saying, "the girl is here because she was his *braut*, and so has become in a sort one of us. You can tell your story to us three — all who are left," added the old man, with simple pathos. "Vincenz was by our dear lad at the last battle, mother."

Vincenz was looking eagerly at Vefele, who after her first momentary glance had turned away, and sat with locked hands, gazing into the *platz*. Presently he took up old Franz' words, —

"Yes, my comrade and I were near — there was some hard fighting going on, and our regiment had to get hold of a battery which was letting fly into us. Otto was knocked down first — then I got hit" —

The mother was crying again, but very quietly. Vefele sat unmoved. The father shook the ashes out of his pipe, passed the back of his hand across his eyes, and said, —

"So. Did our Otto speak before he died?"

"Ja, wohl," assented Vincenz, quickly. "It was while he was speaking that the shot came which took me" —

He stopped.

Vefele had risen, and had turned upon him a white, set face, all the more terrible because of the look of youth which formed so unnatural a contrast to its misery.

"Do not believe him," she said, breathing shortly; "do not believe a word he says. Otto is dead, and this is his murderer. Do you think I have forgotten your words — do you think I can ever forget? Let Heaven forgive you, Vincenz Losinger, for I never will, nor so much as look again upon your evil face."

Was she an avenging angel, as she stood there with an awful anger flaming from her eyes? Was her accusation true, that he remained stricken and speechless? Ah, it is not always truth which gives us the sharpest wounds, nor are the angels, perhaps, so swift to smite! Frau Meyer dropped her apron, and stared first at one and then at the other; old Franz shook his head and said, softly, —

"Sorrow has turned her head, poor girl! Go on, Vincenz."

But he only answered by saying, in a sharp voice of anguish,—

"Vefe! — I swear to Heaven" —

"Do not swear," she interrupted; "do not make your sin more horrible. Father, mother, I am going — I cannot breathe in the same room with this man."

She went away from the midst of them without another glance at him. The old mother put out her hand, and caught feebly at her gown as she passed, but the girl gently unfastened her hold, and was gone. She went down-stairs and out from the dark archway into a world of white light, past happy groups that were bursting with merry laughter, under the triumphal arch where already the green boughs and the flowers drooped and hung heavily, and so, by-and-by, into the road between the chestnuts, where the cool pine forest swept down on either side, and the glare, the noise, and the happiness were all left behind.

To outer eyes the world looked very much as it had done for years past. The men had gone back to their farms; the shop windows had their pictures of heroes, their little *Trauergedanken* for mourners; every now and then a general came to the hotel, and a sentinel or two marched up and down, and stared at the great steel globes stuck about among the oleanders in front; the *biertens* had perhaps more people than usual to drink coffee and eat *kugeloffs* and *gipfeln*, and Vefe! and Lenchen had as much on their hands in the long summer evenings as they could manage. One evening when there were more guests even than usual, you might have noticed, had you been on the road outside, that a man had crossed the stream, climbed the opposite bank, and was leaning over the low wall which encircled the *garten*, in such a manner that while he could not easily be seen from the inside, he himself commanded a view of all that was going on. For some time he remained motionless, and apparently without seeing what he wanted, for at length he made an impatient movement as though he would turn away. At this moment, however, Vefe! came to the door of the house, and stood looking out, and seeing her, a group of men, who were sitting under the trees close to the watcher, held up their *schoppens* to show that they wanted more beer, and the girl came at once towards them. The face behind the wall changed, quivered, and took once more that hungry, yearning look which had startled her on the day of the entry. Did nothing suggest to Vefe! who was so near her? Did no sense awaken under the watching, and quicken her to hear in what sounded no more than a sighing breeze among the trees, the words, "*Ade, heart's beloved*"? Ah, no. She stood there very quietly, her face so raised that the sunset light fell upon it, and showed the sad weary look that had grown into the sweet eyes; and then in a minute, when the men were drinking and smoking again, she turned back into the house. *Ade, heart's beloved! Ade.*

When morning dawned, a man who had been sleeping in a wood-shed by the road side, came out, shook himself, looked for a few minutes into the distance behind him, where, with the glory of the morning light upon it, the spire of the cathedral rose up out of a brown sea of roofs, and then again set himself to walk along the white road which stretched itself interminably. The man, who had frizzly hair, and bright eyes, a little startling from the pallor of the face, limped as he walked, and used a stick as if requiring such a support. Some country people, whom he met by-and-by, struck with pity, stopped to ask if he were not ill, if he had, perhaps, fought in the war. When he told them yes, and where he had been wounded, they looked at him with a still deeper kindness. One young girl as she went on wished him a happy home; the man hurried on a little, and tried to avoid the next salutations. The difficulty with which he walked prevented his making any great progress; but before night came, he looked back for the last time, and saw — through a mist which might not have been altogether in the air — the far-away

spire like a little mark in the blue distance, and breathed once more those words which sounded like a prayer, "*Ade heart's beloved, ade!*"

The next day's travelling and the next to that were marked by the same slow but resolute advance. He had money with him, with which he was able to get food and a night's lodging among the peasants, whose thinly-scattered houses he passed, and more than once, when his strength was unusually exhausted, a lift in an ox-cart. But his impatience at this slow rate of travelling prevented his often having recourse to it, and he preferred toiling on, although at an evident cost of suffering and increased weakness.

Following a road, with which he was already familiar, it was not very long before he came upon traces left by the war, and when he had crossed the Rhine into Alsace, these traces thickened and grew more heartrending, or would have done so even to an enemy, had he not been taken up with other thoughts. These occupying his mind, it did not affect his pity that a general air of desolation was spread over entire tracts, that fields were uncultivated, villages in ruins, or that the people he met looked at him with an angry misery when they knew he was a German. He was simply bent upon pushing forward as fast as his failing strength would allow, and while the sight of a thaler never failed to bring him the necessities he required, he was indifferent to the words and looks which accompanied them. Perhaps, also, these were softened by his own haggard appearance, especially with the women, who were quick to notice that old brightness of eye which had not yet deserted him.

To a certain point Vincenz had a purpose. He wished to reach the ground near Mont Vaudois, where the Germans had for three days resisted Bourbaki's fiercest assault, and where he had last seen Otto. But what should follow when he reached the place, what possible glimmer of light his coming to this field of death could throw upon the blank darkness in which the end was left, he did not attempt to think. During the campaign he had avoided Otto, feeling no sort of kindness towards him, and although the passionate words which haunted Vefe! carried no meaning to himself after the first moment, the young fellow's death had not seemed to him a great misfortune, nor the dream of winning the girl's love hopeless. He had in fact lived upon it, by sheer force of will dragging himself through the uphill work of recovery, so that he might march in with the other troops, and get, as he fancied, the first look of welcome from her sweet eyes. So they had marched; and when, reaching the top of a little hill, and seeing before them, far away, the spire of the cathedral, the regiment broke simultaneously into a tremendous cheer, his voice rang out again and again. Afterwards we know what came, and now there was no more left than those words — *Ade, heart's beloved.*

He had a wild dream that there was a possibility of hearing something of Otto at the place where he had been shot down. In such times it was not unusual for a mystery to hang over the disappearance of a soldier, and you might read pathetic little appeals in the local and provincial newspapers to any one who could give tidings of such and such an one of such and such a regiment, who had not been heard of since a certain engagement: or the appeal would be to Friedrich or Hermann himself. Yet what a dream for Vincenz! Until now he had had no thought that Otto could be alive, little enough had he now, only it seemed to him as though the very dead must rise and speak in answer to Vefe!'s accusation, and after all, to find him at all would be little less of a miracle. One man — a unit among hundreds — in a hostile country — a man, too, who, had he been living, would have made his way back without delay. If Vincenz had faced these impossibilities, he would have sunk down by the roadside long before he reached that ravine, where the pretty river with its banks trodden and defaced, ran swiftly along. But he faced nothing, except the burning desire that one day Vefe! should acknowledge that he was no murderer.

Coming to the place at length, and having pictured it so

often to himself as he last saw it, with flame and smoke belching out from the batteries and the din of three days' fighting filling the air, the quiet struck him strangely, as something unnatural and almost ghastly. Birds were whistling, the grass was waving, the sun shining peacefully, and one or two little children were scrambling up and down the banks. When they saw this shrunk and haggard figure coming down upon them from the top, they fled as fast as their legs would carry them, tumbling over each other, and uttering shrill shrieks of terror.

As for him, I think it was as he reached the spot which for these long days had been the goal he set before his feverish eyes, that the hopelessness of his dream for the first time met him face to face and crushed him. What had he dreamed? — where should he go? — what vain wanderings up and down that long length across which the battle had raged could find Otto alive, or bring him up from the dead to bear witness? A horrible sense of the inevitable choked his breath, as he stood there and looked despairingly. As his spirit failed, the weakness of his body, enfeebled by previous illness and excessive fatigue, increased. He cried out, "Otto!" standing still and stretching out his hands as if to make one final effort, and with the word still on his lips fell down on the bank, and lay as unconscious as though not a dead man, but death itself, had answered him.

That confused border land in which we grope so strangely was so full of unknown and shifting figures to Vincenz when he came slowly back through its mists, that he gave up attempting to extricate himself. It was long before he realized that a square of white light, from which he instinctively turned, was a window; by-and-by other shapes resolved themselves into the dark figure of a priest and an ugly old woman wearing the black bow of Alsace. It added to his bewilderment to hear voices which did not belong to them.

"Where am I?" he asked, putting out his hand, "and who is speaking?"

The old woman was beginning to answer volubly, when the priest stopped her.

"You are in my presbytere at A——," he said, "and the sounds you hear are the people waiting to know your condition."

The alarm of Vincenz' approach had indeed been given by the children, who had run back to their mothers and reported that the Prussians were returning. This report brought many to look, and Vincenz, had he been in health, might have had a dangerous reception; but enemy or no enemy, a man lying on his back and looking like death itself could not meet with anything but kindness from the simple people. They lifted him carefully, and carried him to the presbytere, which had suffered less than the other buildings of their poor ruined village, and meanwhile, they loitered about the door to know what the curé thought of his patient. Vincenz asked no more questions, he drank obediently some herb decoction which old Brigitte held to his lips, and lay staring at the square of white light, apparently little less unconscious than when he had been brought in. The curé was talking to Brigitte about a distribution of corn he was going to make to the half-starved people, when suddenly Vincenz sat up in bed.

"Who is there?" he asked, eagerly, lifting up his hand.

The priest hastened to calm him, to tell him again it was only the little group outside the door, half-hungry, and half-curious, and then hurried out to disperse the talkers. Meanwhile the young man gradually relaxed his listening attitude, sank back on the pillow, and said no more for the night — no more, that is, in conscious words, for through that night, and for many days, he rambled feverishly through long sentences, incoherent to the priest and the old woman, who wanted the key. And every now and then, when voices were heard outside the door, he would start again, hold up his hands, and ask, in an eager whisper, —

"Who is there? Is he come?"

They nursed him kindly, very kindly, considering the evil condition of the village, which, lying in the very heart

of the fighting, had been taken and re-taken, battered, shelled, the cattle carried off, the crops destroyed. The curé had received from one of the funds a certain amount for distribution among his people, but they could only just keep famine from their doors, and a sick German was no welcome addition. Old Brigitte grumbled terribly until she learnt he was a Badener, but she did not nurse him the less carefully, and by-and-by it seemed as if the bright eyes that had grown so wistful had won the old woman's warm heart.

As the fever and the old pain of his wound lessened, he would lie quietly, being very weak, and watch the flies upon the ceiling, or the little fluttering shadows that came and went across the window. Everything of the past had grown suddenly far away and remote from his life, nor did he look very much beyond the hour. Remembering what he was in Vefele's thoughts, even that sorrow did not any longer seem unendurable; nay, he smiled softly to think for how short a time misunderstandings could last, and how surely it would all be known one day. And until then, until then, why — *Ade*, heart's beloved.

To the curé he had not said much except that he was in search of a friend, and that he had started for this purpose before his strength was reestablished. He asked him also to write to his mother, but not to frighten her with a full account of his condition, and after this was done, and he had given his kind host the little store of money that remained to him, he seemed quite content to lie still and wait for what was coming.

The children who had found him had more than once peeped in at the door, and been scared away by Brigitte's scoldings or the sick man's wan face; but one evening when he was alone and smiled at them they took courage and stole in while their mothers were receiving the curé's dole. Once in, they chattered freely, running to the window to see what was going on, and breaking into shrill laughter.

"There is old Mathias," they said, "and Anna."

"Anna has the share for Fritz."

"Who is Fritz?" asked Vincenz, languidly.

The eldest little girl looked at him with her dark eyes, and said very gravely, "Fritz is an enemy, like you are. You are, for Max said so."

"I should shoot you, if I was grown-up, in a battle," said the boy, staring at him from a safe distance. "Would Fritz fight for you? Old Mathias the charcoal-burner picked him up after the battle that was down there, you know. I heard the guns, but I did not mind them. Mother did, though — she cried."

"Is he called Fritz?" Vincenz said, with his eyes eager.

"What is he like?"

The children looked at each other. "We call him Fritz," said the girl at last. "He is ill."

"Where does Mathias live?"

"Don't you know? It is the next house. If you get up I will show you."

It did not seem a very wonderful thing to the children, but to any one else a miracle might have been before their eyes, for the sick man raised himself feebly from the bed. Little Elsie ran away in terror, he looked so thin, Max advanced to assist, with some pride that his advice had been followed. The old strong will had come back; Vincenz got on his clothes between gasps of terrible breathlessness. The curé, standing at the door, started with horror at the touch of a pale, eager ghost; and as for the women they caught at each other and crossed themselves, panic-struck. But when they heard the name that Vincenz breathed, a buzz of comprehension went round the poor gaunt figures.

"It is his brother, without doubt, and he cannot rest now that he has heard of him. These Germans have some heart after all."

Anna, the charcoal-burner's daughter, was almost a heroine, as she and the curé helped Vincenz into the miserable hut, from which the priest would have before now removed the wounded man, had not old Mathias, with surly obstinacy, refused.

"Fritz is only a name the people have given him,"

aid the curé; "the wound in his head has affected his memory, and they cannot make out to what part he belongs. There he is in the corner; Anna, speak to him."

Whose was the face, bandaged and sunk? Whose were he clouded, foolish eyes? Not Otto's — oh, thank Heaven, though his own name might never be cleared — not *Fesle's* Otto found here an idiot! Yes, he could thank heaven for that.

They carried him back with great difficulty, for the effort and its result had well-nigh exhausted his feeble hold of life. The calm summer shadows were falling gently across the little bare room, the sweet evening air just stirred the blind, outside were the women talking and wondering. The grass was growing and waving where it had been trodden down, and forget-me-nots looked up from the brink of the little river. Ah, me! there are other battles fought and other victories won than those of which the world hears the noise. Perhaps the curé, who knew something of those struggles, could trace their working in the ice of the dying man; perhaps, looking from him to the little crucifix upon the wall, he remembered whose infinite help could give strength in the hour of need, for he knelt down suddenly and prayed. And then there was heard a triumphant little child's voice, —

"Here is a letter for Vincenz!"

"It is from the old mother," said Vincenz, feebly. Read it, Herr Pfarrer."

There were two letters in one, and the curé read the first opened.

"Oh, dear friend," it said; "all is so beautiful, so happy! Otto has come back; he has had the most heart-recking hardships, but he is here, and thou must forgive the wicked things I said, for I know now how wrong it was, and that it was in trying to save Otto thou wast hurt thyself. Come, and let us be right good friends."

The reader stopped.

"You will write, Herr Pfarrer; they are very happy, are they not?" said Vincenz, with a wistful look.

The curé was not thinking of them. Even a bystander could gather something from the little history, could guess what for them there was love and life and happiness, but for the other, the other who, through long nights of fever, had kept one dear name continually on his lips, what was here? — renunciation and death. Does it not sound sad to us? It sounded sad even to him who had just risen from his knees. And yet those words may mean love and happiness and life — not less, but, rather, more.

Through the night the curé watched, and heard in broken sentences his story. At last he only lay and listened, quietly, with a look on his face of infinite peace. The breeze had died away, the stillness was profound; a pale clear light beautified the poor battered walls, the desolate fields, the deserted batteries. Hearing something that sounded like a whisper, the curé bent down. "*Ade*, heart's beloved." That was all.

Some change struck the good priest at that moment. His little lamp was burning so dimly that, scarcely knowing the hour, he went to the window and drew back the little blind. The east was bright with bars of yellow light; everything was fresh and gleaming in the dew; gay little flowers looked brightly up from the grass and the long shadows, and a streak of sunshine fell gently across the lead man's face.

After the Night — Day!

MALINGERING.

OF the art of simulating disease, with a view to escape some irksome duty, which is familiarly known as "malingering," many curious examples are related. The principal qualities necessary in a good simulator are acute powers of observation, a talent for mimicry, some knowledge of human nature, and great tenacity of purpose. The last-named quality is usually the only one to which the common type of malingerer can lay claim. To assume a simple rôle,

such as inability to hear, or articulate, or move a limb, and doggedly to stick to it, often in the face of the plainest exposure of the fraud, is all that he considers necessary. But the higher class of practitioners take a much more enlightened and ambitious view of the requisites of their art. Some of them evince a power of observing the minutest manifestations of disease which would not discredit a practitioner of the healing art, joined to a faculty of imitation which would enable them at least to earn a livelihood in some departments of histrionic art. As a rule, over-acting is the common æsthetic vice of simulators. The sham paralytic, though he shows no difficulty in protruding his tongue, will turn it a trifle too much to one side; the spurious lunatic will be much too inconsequential in his ideas and actions; the counterfeit deaf-mute fails not only to recognize the loudest sounds, but even the vibrations of the sound-wave produced by striking a resonant body on which he may be standing, to which a real deaf-mute is never insensible. But some are able to render the characteristic symptoms of particular maladies with remarkable fidelity. One of the most extraordinary cases of successful simulation on record is one which, despite modern facilities of detection, occurred in recent years. This artist, who, up to last year, was a frequent inmate in one or other of the London hospitals, visiting some of them more than once, showed his confidence in his own powers by selecting one of the most difficult parts presented in the whole range of disease. To feign paralysis of one half of the body, which he frequently did, is not so uncommon a thing; but his leading part was tetanus, a condition in which the muscles are thrown into a state of violent and continuous contraction. Some medical jurists had, indeed, pronounced it impossible to simulate this affection with even tolerable accuracy. To do so must require not only extraordinary command over the muscular system, but must involve a very considerable and constant expenditure of physical energy, with great discomfort, through a weary succession of restless days and sleepless nights. In spite, however, of all these difficulties and inconveniences, this man rendered the part so well as to deceive the practised eyes which watched him. At first, as was to be expected, his acting contained a few mistakes; but these were often considered merely anomalous deviations from the usual course of the disease, which rendered his case in a medical view all the more interesting. Like a careful artist, however, he gradually perfected himself in his part. Anything which in one hospital he gathered not to be strictly according to rule, was rectified on his appearance at another, until, it is said, he could render the disease from its onset through the different gradations of symptoms from slight to grave with almost faultless fidelity. One would like to know something of the thoughts of the rascal when a learned professor on one occasion delivered a clinical lecture to his students on his very interesting case. He must have needed all the artistic satisfaction which he experienced to enable him to brave the discomforts of his position. How he stood the variety of active treatment to which he was subjected, is something wonderful. Enormous quantities of powerful drugs, including some very potent poisons, were administered internally, while his head and back were kept externally at something like the temperature of an iceberg. On one occasion his death appearing imminent, the services of the chaplain were called in, and the sufferer viewed his approaching end with patience and Christian fortitude. He proceeded to settle his worldly affairs, made his will, in which he considerably left a round sum, "free of legacy duty," to the hospital which sheltered him, not forgetting also the physician's assistant who had charge of him. In return for so much consideration, the hospital authorities looked well after his comforts, allowed him any quantity of stimulants, with soups specially procured for him. His career at this institution was at last put an end to by one of his previous dupes happening to call and expose him. It is probable that this genius, after a very successful run on several metropolitan boards, is now starring it in the provinces.

The way in which artists in disease have occasionally

been balked of their hard-earned success, after they had all but attained it, must have not a little tantalized them. A seaman of the navy feigned a chronic decline so well that he was on the point of being discharged, when the real nature of his disease was very unexpectedly elucidated. The mail from the seaport at which the man was in hospital had been robbed, and the letters broken open with a view to search for money. The burglars were captured, however, and the letters recovered. Among them was one from the sick seaman to his wife, in which he told her his scheme had succeeded, that he was to be invalided on a certain day, and desiring her to make good cheer against his arrival. The feelings of the malingerer may be imagined when his own letter was read to him. A soldier who avowed that he had lost the power of locomotion was detected by a very simple *ruse*, after other means had failed. The doctor gently tapped at the window of the room in which the paralyzed man was sitting alone after dark, at the same time softly calling his name, when he at once appeared at the window. "How long have you been dumb, my friend?" said a passenger on shipboard once to a pretended mute. "Three weeks, sir," replied the incautious simpleton. An old device of army surgeons, in suspicious cases of deafness, was to commence a conversation in a high tone, and gradually to lower the voice to an ordinary pitch. A common malingerer would probably continue to reply to the questions put, from not observing the alteration. The most remarkable example on record of success in simulating deaf-dumbness (or deafness from birth) is that of a Frenchman, best known under his assumed name of Victor Foy, at the beginning of the present century. This young man travelled about, ostensibly in search of his father, but really, in his character of a deaf-mute, to escape military conscription. For four years his extraordinary ingenuity baffled all the tests to which he was subjected by some of the most scientific men in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy. In Switzerland he was tempted to avow the deceit by a young, rich, and beautiful woman offering him her hand; but even this bait did not take. In the prison at Rochelle, the turnkey was ordered to watch him closely, to sleep with him, and never to quit him; and even the prisoners were encouraged to make him betray himself. To throw him off his guard, he was often violently awakened out of sleep, but his fright was expressed only in the usual plaintive cry of a mute; and it is said that even in his dreams only guttural sounds were heard. At last, the Abbé Sicard, director of the institution for deaf-mutes at Paris, to whom a specimen of his writing had been transmitted, promptly pronounced him an impostor, on the ground that his blunders in spelling were phonetic in their character — that he wrote, not as he saw, but as he *heard*. M. Sicard afterwards subjected him to a personal examination, at the end of which he was obliged to confess the imposition.

A very simple incident will often suffice to throw a good simulator off his guard. The letter-carrier, on entering a French barrack-room on one occasion, called out the names of the men for whom he had letters, and among them that of a man believed by everybody to be laboring under almost total deafness. For one moment he forgot his part, and answered to his name. Casper, the celebrated German medical jurist, on one occasion neatly exposed a case of counterfeit deafness in open court. The pannel, an old woman, pretended to be as deaf as a post. "You are accused," roared Casper in her ear, "of severely injuring the woman Lemke." "It is not true." "But," roared Casper again, "the woman Lemke asserts that it is true;" and then rapidly added in a low tone, "and she is certainly not a liar." Her wrath for a moment got the better of her consistency, and she rejoined, to the amusement of the whole court, "Yes, indeed, she is a liar." Possibly the nationality of the hero of the following incident is chargeable with the impulsive imprudence which betrayed him. An Irish army recruit who had suddenly lost his hearing was sent into hospital, and put, by the doctor's order, on spoon-meat. For nine days the latter in his visits passed the deaf man's bed without seeming to notice

him; on the tenth day, after examining the state of his tongue and pulse, he asked the attendant what kind of food the patient was getting. On being told he was on spoon-meat, he affected to be very angry. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" said he to the nurse. "The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him at once have a beefsteak and a pint of porter." "God bless your honor!" blurted out the deaf recruit; "you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!" Under the influence of strong emotion of any kind, only a limited class of malingerers have sufficient self-command to play their parts. An amusing example of the way in which, in the heat of passion, every vestige of pretence is sometimes thrown away, is related by a surgeon of the navy, to whose experiences we have already been indebted. A seaman on board a frigate, who pretended to be totally blind, and was believed to be so, was on one occasion allowed to go on shore with an attendant to lead him. The pair happened to quarrel, and come to blows; when the blind man, finding himself unduly handicapped, instantly regained his sight, and got the better of his astonished guide. The latter took to flight, was pursued through a great part of the town by his late protégé, and finally got a severe drubbing from him. The application of the cat-o'-nine-tails next day to the back of the impostor, effectually cured him of any further tendency to defect of vision.

The amount of fortitude — call it obstinacy, if you will — displayed by some of this class of impostors is something amazing. Day and night they will remain in the most constrained and irksome positions. For weeks, and even months, men have sat and walked with their bodies bent double. A man feigning palsy of the lower limbs was placed by himself in a room with food which he could reach only by walking to the place where it was laid, and at the end of two days he had not tasted it. Another, simulating paralysis of the arm, allowed the amputating knife to be placed beneath it, and would have submitted to the operation for its removal. A soldier counterfeiting blindness was placed on the steep bank of a river, and ordered to march forward, which he unhesitatingly did, and fell into the stream. The medical writer who relates this case queries whether the cheat would have gone forward had a precipice instead of a river been before him. No doubt these may be called exceptional instances of fortitude, as the great majority of malingerers are made of more commonplace stuff. A mere hint from a navy surgeon that an equivocal complaint would be benefited by transference to an African climate, or the application of the actual cautery, has been the means of effecting a miraculously rapid cure. A French physician, after watching a spurious epileptic fit for some time, put his hand on the heart of the cheat, and turning to the attendants, said, "It is all over with him; carry him to the dead-house." Immediate resuscitation was the result, and the man never had another attack. A Shetland clergyman was greatly annoyed at the weekly occurrence of a kind of contagious convulsions which attacked many of his congregation in church. At length the good man lit on a plan which put a speedy termination to the infliction. He announced from the pulpit that he learned that no treatment was so efficacious as an immediate ducking in cold water; and as his kirk was fortunately contiguous to a fresh-water lake, the proper hydropathic treatment could always be secured. It is a most unfortunate coincidence for the malingerer that the means which would be the most beneficial in the treatment of the real disease are often the most distasteful to him.

The difficulties and discomforts to be endured in this department of art in attaining the desired object, no doubt enhance the enjoyment of it in those few cases in which success at last crowns their labors. A convict sentenced to seven years' penal servitude kept his right knee bent so as not to touch the ground with his foot during all that period, and on account of his infirmity, was exempted from the usual kinds of convict labor, and employed at work which he could do in a sitting posture. When being discharged at the expiry of his period of involuntary service,

he coolly observed to an official; "I will try to put down my leg: it may be of use to me now." He was as good as his word, threw away his crutch, and walked off with a firm step! With some, the temptation to give an airing to the little secret which they have been obliged to keep so long close, and which has stood them in such good part, is wholly irresistible. Without this flaunting of their impotence in the face of their victims, some rascals would deem their triumph only half achieved. A trooper who pretended he had lost the use of his right arm, after resisting for a length of time the most testing hospital discipline, at last succeeded in procuring his discharge. When he was leaving the regiment, and fairly seated on the top of the coach, he waved the paralytic arm in triumph, and cheered at the success of his stratagem. An Irish soldier, reported unfit for service from loss of power of the lower limbs, arranged for a more dramatic avowal of his deceit. Having obtained his discharge, he caused himself to be taken on a field-day in a cart to the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in front of his regiment, which was drawn up in line. He had the cart driven under a tree, on which he hung his crutches, jumped suddenly with agility out of the cart, sprung three times from the ground before the faces of his astonished comrades, then turned his back to the regiment, and after a series of expressive gestures, which we cannot particularly describe, scampered off at full speed! In a case of deception once practised in a New York court of sessions, there seems to have been no pre-arrangement of the denouement which occurred. A man who had been for some time in prison awaiting his trial for perjury, had a paralytic seizure a few days before the period fixed for the trial, and one of his sides was thus rendered completely powerless. In this helpless condition he was carried on a bed from prison into court. During the trial he became so faint that a recess was granted to enable him to recover, the prosecuting attorney kindly lending his assistance in conveying him out of court. The sight of an infirm fellow-being trembling on the brink of the grave had a visible influence on the court and the jury. The evidence, however, was conclusive, and the jury convicted him. The court, in view of his speedily being called to a higher tribunal, instead of sentencing him to the state prison, simply imposed a small fine, which his brother, who manifested the utmost fraternal solicitude, promptly paid. The next day the prosecuting attorney met the fellow, apparently in good health, on the street. The latter laughingly told him that he had recovered, and dropping his arm, and contracting his leg, hopped off, leaving the learned counsel to his own reflections.

It is, however, a rare thing nowadays for a clinical artist to attain his end and enjoy the full fruition of his labors. In most cases he has no other reward than the pleasure received from the exercise of art. This æsthetic satisfaction would need to be great to enable him to bear even the ordinary prosaic hardships and discomforts of his lot. But in addition to these, he is sometimes overtaken by a species of poetical justice in the shape of a penalty paid in kind. The feigned disease, in fact, occasionally becomes a real one. Montaigne mentions some curious instances of this occurring within his own experience. It is chiefly in simulating the class of nervous diseases that the danger lies of this avenging Nemesis. The continued repetition of the manifestations of the affection seems eventually to make an ineradicable impression on the nervous centres. Two French sailors taken prisoners by the English in the wars of the First Napoleon successfully feigned insanity for six months, and at the end of that period got the reward of their clever deception by recovering their liberty; but it was at the expense of their reason, which was really gone. The means adopted to simulate one disease have sometimes produced another of a more serious kind. Soldiers have so persistently kept up a state of irritation in a factitious sore as to bring on a disease which required amputation of the limb. Others have lost their sight by the methods taken to induce a temporary inflammation in the eye. The historian Robertson mentions a case which, whether true or not, is at all events physiologically possible. He says that

Pope Julius III. feigned sickness to avoid holding a consistory, and in order to give the greater color of probability to his illness, he not only confined himself to his apartment, but changed his diet and usual mode of life. By persisting in this plan, however, he contracted a real disease, from which he died in a few days.

A NIGHT ON THE "BITTER LAKE."

"AND they say it don't rain in Egypt!" growls our skipper, wiping the last drops of the departing squall from his bushy beard and bluff English face. "Let 'em just come here and try, that's all!"

"This is our sixth squall since we got into the Canal," remark I; "pretty well for one morning's work! No getting to Suez to-night, eh?"

"We'd ha' done it right enough if they'd let us go full speed, but half speed's the rule here. We'll be gettin' into the Bitter Lake 'bout sun-down, and there I'll anchor for the night, and go on to Suez to-morrow."

We are by this time about midway through the famous Canal, and have had time to get somewhat used to a panorama which is utterly new to us both. Our first feelings (as is the case, I should judge, with every one who has seen it) is one of disappointment; for, great achievement as it undoubtedly is, it is so utterly dwarfed and overshadowed (like the Don and Volga Railway, or the "Nicholas Column" at Ibraila) by the limitless desolation which surrounds it, that the statistics of its expense and labor appear actually fabulous. Nor has it even the element of beauty to recommend it. Two interminable ridges of yellow sand, growing gradually higher as we advance southward; a huge dredger, every now and then, lying like a castle upon the water, with its clamorous freight of blue-shirted workmen and red-capped boys, who rush to stare at us as we pass; a few little stations, consisting chiefly of one hut apiece, with a resident population of two men and a dog; an occasional passenger-steamer from Ismailia, so diminutive that you almost expect to see "Complete at 10s. 6d." labelled upon its bulwarks—such are the leading characteristics of the famous international thoroughfare. But as we gradually realize the utter barrenness of the whole country, void alike of food and of shelter, the treacherous nature of the soil, the merciless heat, which presses sorely upon us even in April, we begin to admire, in our own despite, this little ribbon of light-green water drawn athwart the dull, brassy yellow of the everlasting desert, and to appreciate the magnitude of the task which, begun by an Egyptian king nearly thirty centuries ago, has received its completion in our own day from the hand of a French engineer.¹

"Here comes another o' them 'Puffin' Billies'!" remarks the skipper, with grand contempt, as a little toy-steamer skims past us with accommodation for one passenger, provided he were a thin one. "They're alays a-tryin' to haggrivate us by passin' us that way; but if we could only put on steam, we'd show them fun! Only this mornin', when you was below writin', one on 'em cum by, and the skipper hollers out to me, 'Shall I throw out a rope and tow you?' and I says to him, says I, 'No, thankee, it's only blind men as is towed by dogs!'"

And with an approving chuckle at his own sledge-hammer wit, the worthy skipper walks aft.

The black rain-cloud has vanished as suddenly as it came, and the sun looks down upon us once more in all his merciless splendor from the bright, cruel, cloudless sky. There is a hot, dreamy languor in the air, and a silence as of utter exhaustion. The long, lazy ripple in our wake dies without a sound upon the thick, lifeless sand; the very shadow of our steamer seems to drag after us like a spent runner. Two black skeletons suddenly appear on

¹ Pharaoh-Necho, under whom (according to Herodotus) 120,000 men perished in digging the canal.

² The greatest depth of the Suez Canal is 26½ feet; the mean breadth 70 feet, and in the sidings 100. Its total length is about 79 miles.

the right bank, moving slowly along the water's edge with their long, noiseless stride; and the sight of a living being in this great sepulchre of nature startles us like an apparition. Then comes a momentary glimpse of the world of life and action, as we swing round a projecting corner into the great basin along which rise the towers and minarets of Ismailia, "the City of Ismail Pasha." The pilot-boat flits alongside like a fire-fly, whisks away our Port Said pilot, and replaces him with a lithe, swarthy, keen-eyed half-caste; and then the desert engulfs us once more as we head southward, on towards the Bitter Lake.

Midday changes to afternoon, afternoon wanes into evening; and at length there rises before us a boundless waste of smooth water, all adame with the splendor of the sunset; the far-famed Bitter Lake, which is perhaps the one spot of the Canal that, in an age of railways and telegraphs, wears the living impress of a time when the Pharaohs still reigned in Memphis, and when the white-robed priests of Isis watched the stars from the summit of the Great Pyramid. Smooth, tideless, lifeless, it stretches from sky to sky, in all its weird and desolate beauty; and, far to the west, wave after wave, purple hills surge up against the burning sky; while to the east, far as the eye can reach, extends—dim, and vast, and unknown—the mighty desert, beyond which lie Mecca and Jerusalem.

As we sweep into the lake, the sun goes out (no other word will express it), and, in a moment, earth and sea and sky are one great shadow. In the gathering darkness and overwhelming silence, the captain's hoarse call sounds indescribably strange and unearthly:—

"Stand by your anchor!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Let go!"

The rattle of the chain, the splash of the falling anchor, break upon the stillness for a moment with unnatural loudness, and then the silence returns like a wave. The isolation is now complete. I have seen the frozen Neva at midnight, and the Dead Sea in the gray of the early morning; but a ghostlier sight than the Bitter Lake in the dim interval between sunset and moonrise I have never yet seen. However, the ghostly dimness does not endure long. Suddenly as a flash of lightning there falls across the shadowy waste of water a broad silver sheen, and up rises the full moon in all its splendor (such a moon as one only sees in tropical skies) glorifying the whole panorama at one stroke. Behind us, tall, and white, and spectral, rises the lighthouse that guards the entrance, with its solitary eye of fire. To right and left, far as the eye can reach, the huge, cross-barred signal-posts that mark the channel loom out like a line of phantom sentries. In the background, the curving hills stand out black as night against the unearthly splendor; while the faint ripples made by the night-breeze break upon our bows in rings of living fire, flashing, quivering, and bursting incessantly. And now the sense of utter loneliness and separation becomes overwhelming. Landlocked as we are, it is as though we were becalmed in mid-ocean, far away from sight or sound of human life, a feeling intense enough to overpower even the sense of companionship. With five and thirty men close beside me, I am as utterly alone as if I were upon a desert island.

And so the night wears on, the weird impressiveness of the wonderful panorama becoming more intense with every hour that passes; till at length, when I fall asleep under the lee of the quarter-boat, with my head pillowed on a spare sail, and a fold of the canvas pulled over my face as a shield against the moon,¹ my dreams are haunted by a confused phantasmagoria of figures from the remotest ages: black-browed Sesostris driving his team of chained monarchs along the shouting banks of the Nile; and towering Ninus hounding on his endless files of Assyrian spearmen to rack the temples of Memphis; and Moses, with the light of a solemn triumph in his deep, earnest eyes, leading forth a free nation over the corpses of the Egyptian firstborn; and Persian Cambyzes, "master of all who live," marshalling his best and bravest to a death of lingering agony in the depths of the Great Desert. From these and other histor-

ical nightmares I am aroused by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and a jolly English laugh close to my ear:—

"Lucky you ain't the hoffer, o' the watch, sir; you sleeps as sound as a peeler on dooty! Come, tumble up and take your six buckets; the steward's pretty nigh laid breakfast already."

Laid it is, sure enough, with the traditional beefsteak smoking in the middle. The sunrise is just lighting up the purple hill-tops; the steam is on for our final run to Suez; the nineteenth century asserts itself once more; the visionary romance is gone.

VIENNA.

AMONG the many considerations which have invested the Exposition just now opening at Vienna with peculiar interest, may be reckoned a general feeling that it represents, to some extent, a more liberal and humane policy on the part of Austria. It is felt to be not so much a financial scheme as a festivity, held in celebration of the passing away of the old rule by pitting one ethnical element against another, and the inauguration of a method which shall pay greater respect to the sentiment of provincial patriotism, while cultivating a freer and friendlier intercourse between the diverse sections of the country—an effort after fraternity based upon the recognition of reciprocal interests. Since the withdrawal of Austria from Italy there has been a notable alteration in the tone of political critics towards her; we have heard far less of "the crimes of the Hapsburgs," and known much more sympathetic expressions of hope for a future begun in conflicts with the clergy, and continued in apparently honest, and partially successful, efforts to include the seventeen provinces within the national franchises. We may expect the success of the Exposition—which there is every reason to anticipate—to be followed by an increase of popularity to Austria. We shall have defences and eulogies of her government and social usages, with perhaps too little discrimination in them. It is to be hoped, however, that some visitors from other countries will avail themselves of the opportunity to study the curious and instructive conditions of life by which they will find themselves surrounded in the beautiful capital, a city which, considering its importance and antiquity, has been less unfolded to the knowledge of English readers than any other in Europe. The guide books—of which Murray's is by far the best—give but little of the curious lore and notable associations of the place concerning which we propose to offer a few rambling notes.

That Austria is a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" is a fact which presses itself upon the observant visitor to its capital at every step. The element of chance which meets the student of Austrian history at its legendary origin, attends him as he visits its art-galleries, its court, its institutions, and is not forgotten as he passes through the public gardens, whose sections are named after the various regions of the globe, or witnesses the masquerade of races and costumes thronging its streets.

The legend of the reigning House is a story of happy accidents. A young Swiss Count, poor and obscure, while riding in the chase, comes to a river, where he finds a priest on foot, anxious to cross the stream, but unable to do so. Having addressed the pious man kindly, he learns that he is hastening to administer the sacrament to a dying parishioner, and thereon freely offers his horse, on which the priest passes over the river, and hastens to the death-bed. Next day the horse is returned, with expressions of gratitude, but the Count declines to receive it. "God forbid," he exclaims, "that I should again ride a horse which has carried my Saviour!" Whereon he returns the animal as a gift to the priest and the Church. In course of time the priest becomes chaplain and confidential adviser to the Prince Elector of Mentz; he remembers the pious Count, and persuades his patron to name him to the Assembly of Electors of the Empire. Inquiry having shown that the Count is as brave as he is pious, he is chosen to be the

¹ This precaution is indispensable in the tropics.

arch, and appears in history as Rudolph, Count of Habsburg — a word which we may translate in connection with the good hap which has generally attended the family. This Rudolph has charming daughters, they marry five powerful Princes, and the marrying-on, so to speak, of nations becomes the structural growth of Austrian dominion. The beauty of Austrian Archduchesses has been a political element in the shaping of Europe. Napoleon, having conquered the country, is satisfied to be dealt with the hand of one of the pretty Princesses, instead of with milliards, the horrors of Austerlitz ending in a friendship between Austria and France which even Solferino was not able to destroy. There is, perhaps, no more attractive Queen in Europe than she who has knit together the thrones of Austria and Belgium.

Notwithstanding the bloody wars of races which have seen out of the heterogeneous character of the Austrian Empire, of which Vienna has generally been the centre, its people are proud of their cosmopolitan character. They admire the many-hued costumes parading their streets, and respect each, however *outré*. The chants of Greek and Jew, Catholic and Armenian, mingling in the morning air on Sunday, are reflected in the wide toleration which has allowed to give even the seventy Unitarian churches of Transylvania full leave to grow to their strength. Even the Spanish Jews, who in earlier times were forced to find among the followers of Mahomet a protection denied them to those of Christ, are now welcomed to the city to which they have brought so much of the wealth of the East. The Japanese gentleman loves to set before his guest a dozen varieties of international wines, and to regale him with oysters and crabs from the Adriatic, and little lobsters from the far-away sea, laid upon the fig-leaves in which they are packed; with Bohemian eels, Styrian chamois, sturgeon from the Elbe, and pheasants from near Prague, of the same sort that Napoleon I. thought so delicious as to give five hundred of them sent to the Tuileries annually. He does not complain that Vienna has so few luxuries not grown, while making much of the boneless, big-headed open fish, and the *Huchen*, a scaleless trout, which Austrian Jews, who will eat nothing scaly, buy up at large prices.

The Fine Arts Department in the Exposition will be extremely good, for the living artists of Europe have long regarded Austria as a region which has not sufficiently recognized the claims of modern art. Of the regular galleries there are two, both of which merit more attention than they commonly get. The Lichtenstein can hardly be called a great one, and it must be admitted that amongst fifteen hundred paintings one can find but few that represent the best workmanship of the great masters. One must note, however, the portrait of Perugino by Raphael, and that of Wallenstein by Vandyke, the latter one of the best paintings of the kind in existence. Guido's "Charity" Domenichino's "Sibyl," and Rubens' six pictures representing the history of Decius, are very fine indeed. But the gems devoted to engravings are more important than those assigned to paintings, and there are few spots where a lover of old portraits and representations of ancient costume and scenes will find so much to interest him as here. There are minor private collections to be thrown open to visitors during the Exposition, which have each gems that should be seen — those of Count Czornin, Count Schönborn, and others. The latter has a wonderful picture by Rembrandt — wonderful if not very pleasing — the blinding of Samson by the Philistines. In the Esterhazy collection, readers of Mrs. Jameson will be glad to see the remarkable picture of the Conception (Tavarone, 1590), in which the Virgin is represented as a dark-haired Spanish girl only nine or ten years of age.

But it is in the Belvidere Gallery that the lover of art will find the fullest reward, if he can be patient enough to wade his way through the heterogeneous accumulation of splendors, a task not easy even with an excellent catalogue or his guide. The Belvidere is one of the most valuable collections of pictures in the world, and it is the very worst arranged; in fact it is hardly arranged at all, the

various schools and different ages of art having to be picked out here and there from most incongruous quarters. The Belvidere Gallery was not made to order, like those of Dresden and Munich; it grew as Austria grew, and its treasures bear trace of the ancient history and political constitution of the country (if it can be said to have a constitution). And this fact represents the peculiar value of it as compared with the majority of other European galleries. It may not have so many great masterpieces, but the historical development of art in nearly every country is represented here, making it an invaluable collection for the art-scholar or the critic. We are borne back to the fourteenth century, when a German school of art was just burgeoning out, the main stem of it being in Bohemia. There it was under the patronage of Carl IV., who, much wiser than many later patrons of artists, preferred to give them good institutions and special advantages, rather than foster their love for the luxury of his palaces. So here we have the old Bohemian collection, showing strokes well worthy any artist's study for their blended strength and sweetness. Theodoric of Prague, Nicholas Wurmser, Thomas of Mutina, and others had founded a school different from all others, but it perished amid the convulsions of the age, leaving the *disjecta membra* here. It is to be feared, if every picture in the Belvidere could tell its history, and should do so honestly, the relations would hardly redound to any reputation the Hapsburgs may have for possessing an intuitive perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. We are told, however, by the Teutonic authorities, that the Gallery is "the result of a profuse liberality, the creation of powerful sovereigns, who enjoyed unlimited access to all those channels which poured forth their rich stream of the most precious treasures of art for the gratification of those who thirsted for them." It is to be hoped, therefore, that the various countries parted with the treasures pleasantly. Be this as it may, the rule among empires in such matters is just that which is said to have originally rendered society possible in California — respect for such maxims as *status quo*, *uti possidetis*, let bygones be bygones; above all, a remembrance that all palaces are glass-houses, and stone-throwing strictly prohibited.

The two points in which to the art-student the Belvidere presents the greatest attractions are in the specimens of Albrecht Dürer, and a collection of Flemish and Italian art made by Teniers. Maximilian I. was the personal friend of Albrecht Dürer. It was while that Emperor resided at Prague that he learned to love literature and art, and above all to esteem Dürer. Most of the Dürer pictures at Vienna were brought there by him. Teniers was the friend of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, who was Governor General of the Netherlands, and whose enthusiasm for the fine arts proved much more beneficial for Vienna than for the Dutch. This Archduke employed David Teniers to go about and make a collection particularly of Flemish pictures, for him. Teniers repaired to Brussels, and it really was the collection there made that forms the basis of the Belvidere Gallery. For it must be remembered that the numerous little collections which Austrian emperors, archdukes, and noblemen have been making for five hundred years or more had no reference whatever to a public gallery. Each was meant to decorate a palace or private mansion. When Teniers brought the collection he had made (1657) there was no room for it in the Imperial palace, so the pictures were hung in a neighboring building called the Stallburg. It seems to have become thus slightly detached from the person of royalty; and though a hundred years ago the pictures were transferred to a palace again, that building has ever since been the palace of the people. The princes for whom the Belvidere was built live, as art enables them, on its walls, there frescoed by Van der Hooke, Solimena, Auerbach. The emperors and archdukes have discovered long ago that an individual cannot monopolize great treasures in this world without losing the most real enjoyment of them, and so rill after rill has come in from generation to generation as tributaries to swell the singular collection.

None need to be informed that Vienna is the metropolis of music. The visitor there finds himself floating about, as it were, in an ethereal musical sea. Even the brass bands perform good music. The only difficulty on this musical score is, indeed, that the varieties of harmony in Vienna are likely to form in the less sophisticated ear a medley something like the ancient "Quodlibet" (which still may be heard occasionally), in which the persons of a company sing each a different ballad simultaneously to one theme—a solemn hymn jostling a bacchanalian ditty. The opera is the most perfect in the world, the symphonies perfect, and the sacred music also; and none of them can surpass the majesty with which the military band sends abroad through the air "Gott erhalte Kaiser Franz." Generations of culture have gone to build up the musical taste and the fine ear which of old made this city the Mecca of musicians.

Mozart found it up-hill work at Vienna. The people looked upon his thin, pale face, and his light, boyish hair, with incredulity. They could hardly imagine that the little man was more than an ambitious youth. It was just eighty-five years ago that he was trying to accomplish something there, but had more reputation for his game of billiards than for music. At the time the two great librettists of Vienna were Metastasio and the Abbé de Ponte—a man who passed twenty weary years as an Italian teacher in New York, where he died in destitution! This Abbé de Ponte wrote the drama of "Don Juan," after consultation with Mozart, who believed that the traditions of the wild nobleman formed a good theme for an opera. The composer did his part in less time than any opera was ever written in. He wrote day and night, his wife keeping his wits awake by bringing in punch, his favorite drink, and so got it ready for a grand occasion in Prague. Prague was delighted. After being thrice performed, it was waited to Vienna on Bohemian raptures. At Vienna it fell dead. The Emperor Joseph sent for Mozart, and said, "Mozart, your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it." "There are just as many as there ought to be," replied Mozart, deeply offended. This fine piece of Imperial criticism may have got wind, for everybody was in the habit of saying there was certainly merit in the piece, "but," etc. Being in a company one day where the new opera was the subject of dispute, Haydn, in reply to a demand for his opinion, said, "All I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence." Haydn suffered from the cavils of the critics, but his genius met with recognition from Mozart. A composer of some merit, but of a jealous disposition, was expatiating on the defects of Haydn, when Mozart broke out with the abrupt reply, "Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we could not make one Haydn!" Mozart gracefully dedicated his quatuors to Haydn. Frederick the Great offered Mozart a situation at Berlin, with a salary of five thousand florins, in place of the miserable sum of eight hundred (£80) which he was getting at Vienna. While he was hesitating Joseph II. called on him and said, "Mozart, you are going to leave me." "No, never will I leave your Majesty," said the tender-hearted composer, with emotion. Beethoven had a better experience, for Vienna recognized his genius from the start. When he brought out his Fifth Symphony there before a vast audience, the crowd rose, shouting their plaudits. Beethoven, who had conducted the piece, did not accept their applause. A member of the orchestra took him gently by the shoulders and turned his face, that he might see the enthusiastic audience. The audience then remembered that the artist who had been so charming them was stone-deaf. Beethoven, when he beheld the scene, burst into tears.

With all the social conservatism in Vienna, and the hardness of the aristocracy—the noblemen being more like kings than even the Junkers of Prussia before Bismarck compelled them to commit harikari—one cannot help being struck by the degree of freedom allowed in that city. It is said, indeed, not to be found in other cities under Austrian rule; poor Prague especially being under such surveillance that many of the best plays are prohibited

to its public theatres. In Vienna, Herr Étienne, an old revolutionist of 1848, who edits the *Free Press*, informed me that he was able to print as much radicalism as he pleased in his paper without interference from the police. I remember on one occasion, while visiting the celebrated crypt in which the remains of the emperors are preserved in fine coffins loaded with wreaths, our party paused for some time at that of the late Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico. It was inscribed by the Emperor, "To our dear brother, who was shot by Mexican barbarians." Two Germans present commented upon the inscription in their own language and very audibly to the company present, one declaring that the Mexicans had served "our dear brother" just right; the other expressing the belief that the Emperor had helped to send his brother away through jealousy of his greater attainments and popularity, and fear of his tendency to radicalism, and that he (the Emperor) was by no means sorry when he heard of the Prince's tragical end. Such free talk as this one continually hears in the *cafés*. The freedom accorded to religious heresy is equally great. One hears continually loud theological discussions going on in public rooms, where Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics assemble. There is very apt to be present also a Unitarian, whose arguments sometimes make one fancy himself in the atmosphere of Boston. In Transylvania there are near two hundred Unitarian congregations, with a very systematic organization, and some allege that this form of belief is spreading to Vienna and other parts of Austria. In the public libraries one sees shelves high up inscribed "Verbotene Bücher," and on them heretical theology is curiously mingled with works of immoral tendency (such as Rousseau's "Confessions," Ovid's "Art of Love," etc.), but these shelves have become so little prohibited and so popular, that it is doubtful whether the warning does not act rather as a guide to the heretically or pruriently disposed.

The most quiet and aristocratic quarter of Vienna is the "Tein," where are the stately palaces of the Lichtensteins, the Stahrembergs, the Esterhazys, etc. These noble families are looked upon with much awe, as is natural, the Austrian monarchy being limited by the nobility. In Russia, the Czar can deprive a nobleman of his hereditary dominions, but it is not so in Austria. The present Emperor is the first who ever set aside the will of the nobility. There are three hundred of these families, territorial, the chief of these being the Lichtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Lobskowitzes, and Esterhazys. They are entitled Regents, and have body-guards. They are by birth-right Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the fleece symbol may be seen on the cornices of their houses. Their fortunes are immense. Though the Esterhazy's fortune has been diminished by one or two spendthrifts, it is said to be larger than the revenue of the Kings of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony put together. How formidable is the power of these families, was shown by an incident that occurred in 1805. During the war with Napoleon, Prince Appony was entrusted with the Austrian forces on the Danube. After the capture of the Austrian army at Ulm, this Prince was ordered to destroy a wooden bridge near Vienna; he disobeyed the order, and Napoleon's pursuit, facilitated by this bridge, resulted in the disaster at Austerlitz. All Europe expected Prince Appony would be shot; but he was only temporarily banished, not from Austria, but from the Imperial headquarters! His descendant is now Austrian Ambassador in France, where his memory is blessed. As for the age of these great families, who can estimate it? In the Esterhazy Palace there is a chart of the family tree which represents it growing out of the stomach of Adam! In these houses, there is not only a great deal of refinement and culture, but also of mirth and entertainment. The children are well taught, the tutor being ordinarily a lawyer or a divine. Their little brains are said to be terribly over-tasked, as it is thought they must learn all languages in such a polyglot empire. In many of the palaces there are rooms fitted for private theatricals, and there is no end to the masquerades, *tableaux vivants*, and balls. The favorite dance is still the old

"chain-dance," upon which more modern terpsichorean gems have been threaded; in it the company winds like a serpent from room to room, through corridor and hall, until at last the sinuous form breaks up into waltzes, which pass from one species to another, ending in the giddy whirl of the German.

Considering that Vienna successfully claims the honor of having established the first University on the Continent (1333, says Bouterwek), one is surprised to find so few literary characters in high society in Vienna. The possession of a fine University did not prevent Hartmann Schopper, the most scholarly editor of the *Reinecke Fuchs*, from having to sleep Diogenes fashion in a barrel in the streets of Vienna, just three hundred years ago, until Josias Hafnagel gave him shelter; and the flourishing condition of the same institution there does not avail now to render the city the great literary centre that it ought to be. It is to be feared that few things thrive in Austria in which the court is not interested; and as its earlier despotism acted as an extinguisher on the fine genius of Bohemia, its indifference has prevented the intellect of Austria from lighting up at all. It is probable that such a poet as Grillparzer would have found a welcome at Court in any other capital, but at Vienna he was hardly known except by the lower classes. He held some petty office bringing him an amount equal to 250 thalers; and when some of his friends petitioned the Emperor (1828) for his promotion to a place that would bring 600 thalers, the monarch exclaimed, "Let me alone with your Grillparzers; he would make verses instead of reports." After his journey to Italy, and when he had grown out of the phase of his genius which produced "Schicksalsstück" (an imitation of Werner) to that which could thrill audiences with the subtle passion of "Medea," he was taken up by the Imperial Burg Theatre as its poet, at a salary equal to 1,000 thalers. But that sort of occupation which quickened the genius of Schiller depressed that of Grillparzer, and I suppose there have been few men of equal power who have left so little monument of it. Moritz Hartmann, too—who, though a Bohemian by birth, passed much of his life at Vienna—had a good deal of genius which came to little and reached its climax in "Chalice and Sivad." Somehow but few men of genius are born among the aristocracy, or no doubt they would make much of him, as they did of Von Hammer, the Orientalist. The Germans have their own theory of this matter, and say that when the Austrian government by its despotism and espionage stopped the German immigration that was coming to it along the Danube, it committed intellectual suicide. It was an ancient impolicy, and it enabled the imported Faber of Suabia to earn at Vienna the title of "Mallet of Heretics" by stamping the first germs of Protestantism in the time of Luther. Since then the only genius in Austria, i. e., the German, has dwelt in poor attics, industriously pursuing useless knowledge. In one house Maelzel devoted royal powers to the fashioning of an automaton trumpeter, and in another Faber worked twenty-five years to produce his talking-machine. However, we will not forget that Michaelis is proving almost as terrible a "Mallet" to Bishops as Johann Faber, Bishop of Vienna, was to Lutherans in the dawn of the Reformation. Were the Old Catholic scholar to make an appeal straight to the reason and conscience of the people, there would be, I am persuaded, far more hope for the new movement in Vienna than at Munich; but the effort to convince the priests is hopeless. The ignorance of the rural Austrian priest is quite unfathomable. Berthold Auerbach relates that he once walked a little with one of these priests during the revolutionary excitement in '48. "We walked some distance," says Auerbach, "and the conversation turning on religious subjects, the priest said, 'Aye, the liberty men would lord it over the great God, but the great God is far too great for them. All the mischief comes from philosophical religion.' I asked what he meant, and he replied, 'Philosophical religion comes from Rousseau in France; his friends once said to him, 'We have no drums nowadays,' to which he answered, 'Skin men, and make drums

of their hides.' Now that's philosophical religion, and it all comes from Rousseau, who died anno 5.'" All Auerbach's objections were vain; the priest resolutely maintained that he had himself read in a book in a convent that this was called philosophical religion.

In what I have just written I have not meant to disparage the literary gifts of Austria to the world. Nay, I am persuaded that it is much more through the ignorance of the world generally that the fine specimens of Austrian genius are not more widely known, than through any lack of such specimens. Thus in the English Beeton's Biographical Dictionary, one finds mention of Grynæus, an old and dull editor of Greek books in Vienna, who has attained the honor because he visited England; but Anastasius Grün, who might well occupy this particular place, is not mentioned; nor in any English authorities will one find any trace of the existence of him, or of Ladislaus Pyrker, Nicolaus Lenau, or even Von Hammer Purgstall. If Englishmen are not familiar with what Grün has done, I advise them to forthwith look into the charming translations of various verses of his by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, in America. Grün was not indeed born in Vienna, but in the Austrian Duchy of Carniola, but he won his fame by his "Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten." It is significant, however, that this work was published at Hamburg, and his "Gedichte" at Leipzig. Lenau too is full of mystical depth and purity. One must not forget that one of the leading contributions to mythological science in this age has just come from Vienna, namely, Roskoff's "History of the Devil." But at the same time it is impossible not to see his learned work as a solitary column in an arid theological desert. Baron Von Prokesch-Osten, a Styrian, is certainly a man who has shown fine powers as a numismatist and a thinker; and if a mathematical professorship in Austria had been able to compete with the temptation of a position of private secretary to Prince Schwarzenberg, he might have built up a nobler fame than that of a reactionary diplomatist, by adhering to the studies which he abandoned, and to which he returned to bring the homage of his gray hairs. Although, as I have already intimated, Vienna does not hold a very high position in Europe as a patron of pictorial art, nor has contributed much in that direction, that city is to be credited with having given to the world Eugène von Guérard. This vigorous painter, who has won a good name, in America especially, was the son of the court painter in Vienna at the beginning of this century, but his genius was developed in Italy, and his individuality was found only amid the wild grandeur of Australia, where he went never to return, though often solicited, I am told, by the nobility among whom his father (Bernard) flourished.

But if we turn from literature and fine art to see what Vienna has done and is doing, we shall find that she has cultivated a power of beautiful workmanship unequalled in any other city of Europe. Vienna alone among highly civilized and manufacturing cities, has the blood to sympathize with the Byzantine love of having *everything* beautiful, whatever be the coarse utility to which it is devoted. The kitchen skewer must have an ornamental head like a golden hairpin. And Vienna is the only European city which is in a position to know completely the wants and tastes of the East. Hence a stranger roams among the shops endlessly, as under woven spells. The clocks kill time by their beauty while they record it; the shawls are of the magic-carpet kind, that transport one to far-off realms of beauty; and there is a touch of transcendentalism in their meerschäum pipes. What stearine works are these! Who can ever burn a candle irreverently after seeing here a huge grotto, with crystal stalactites, and a noble white bear, all artistically done in stearine! Beautiful bronzes, heraldic engravings, theatrical decorations, cabinets, glass, all these things in Vienna show where its genius is at work. They have a way too of calling their shops by pretty names, "Laurel Wreath," "L'Amour," etc.

One may find much that is curious, if less beautiful, in the markets; the parrot market, the monkey market, and the Hofmarkt, where the old women called *Frotschelweiber*

chatter quite as unintelligibly as the animals just named. One need not follow the plan of the Emperor Joseph, who is said to have gone to the market *incognito* and kicked over a basket of eggs in order to hear the Frotschelweiber's vocabulary of expletives; he will hear enough of it without that. And there, too, he will see the wretched Croats, who seem to be under a doom to forever sell strings of onions, like that which binds poor Jews in so many cities to the merchandise of old clothes. The Croats are, indeed, a much more despised race in Vienna than the Jews, the Germans especially having never forgotten the part they bore in the butcheries of 1848. "They have yet to pay for the blood of Robert Blunn," said an aged German to me, as a party of Croats passed by. "I saw them looking on with laughter—so many hyenas—when the great man was executed. He said ere he fell, 'For every drop of my blood a martyr of freedom will arise.' It doesn't look like it now, but it will come—it will come."

In the year 1583 Elise Plainacherin, seventy years of age, was, after torture, condemned to be bound to a horse's tail at the so-called "Gänseweide," near Vienna, and there dragged, after which she was burned alive. The Bishop of Vienna, Kaspar Neudeck, saying mass over her granddaughter, whom she had bewitched, announced that "this maiden had on August 14, 1583, been happily freed from all her devils, 12,652 in number, and would now enter the cloister of St. Laurentia." The multitude of the demons which were said to have possessed this girl, is the reflection of the vast number of ancient pagan deities which from time to time were believed in at this spot, where so many religions were alternately triumphant and overwhelmed. Christianity demonized all these deities, but for ages they were supposed to haunt every tree and fountain, and to waylay every traveller for good or evil; according to the treatment—as the offering of a bit of bread and meat, or the withholding of the same—they received. One old tree survives from the ancient Wienwald, which we may suppose to have been originally regarded as haunted by exceptionally potent deities. It is close to the cathedral, and some antiquaries believe that the cathedral was built where it is in order to inherit or borrow some of the sanctity with which the tree was invested in the popular mind. Those who are interested in such subjects will find mention of this curious object in Mr. Ferguson's "Tree and Serpent Worship." It is called the Stock am Eisen, the trunk and few branches that remain (fastened to a wall) being literally changed to iron by the nails which have been driven into it for good luck. We must look to Thibet to find the general use of the nail as a charm. So carefully does cunning History drop the grains, that we may track her in every byway to her hiding-place! There is another curious bit of plant-lore in Vienna also, namely, an old picture in the library of the goddess of Invention, presenting a mandrake to Dioscorides. Near to the two figures is a dog in convulsions, showing how universal was the legend, that the shriek of the mandrake when torn from the earth being fatal to any being hearing it, a dog had to be tied to it and whistled to, when in rushing to his master he would pull up the root, expire, and leave the magic charm to be detached at will. The goddess of Invention was, perhaps, the last goddess ever invented, which adds interest to this queer picture. It is, however, mainly as it has been merged into Roman Catholic legends that the old mythology is preserved. Many persons are astounded at the utter childishness of many of the Church legends and marvels in Catholic countries, simply because they do not observe the relation they bear to the original mythology of the place. A North German philosopher has quoted a Vienna legend of which much is made, as an instance of the paltriness and childishness of the Church fables. At Klosterneuberg—a quiet village eight miles out—this worthy Protestant was shown the stump of a tree and a veil, from which the famous monastery of the place grew, as it were, and about which the piety and offerings of the district cluster. On listening to hear the romance of the stump and the veil, it proved to be as follows: Leopold was a margrave in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, who,

two years after his death, was canonized by Pope Innocent VIII., the Pope who issued the great Bull against witches, under which so many thousands were burned because the Innocents were too pious to "shed blood." However, Margrave Leopold may have been a canonizable man for aught the world knows. "One day," says the legend, "he with his spouse, the Margravina Agnes, were standing on the summit of Leopoldsberg, scanning the landscape, with a view to fix upon a suitable spot for the location of a monastery. Whereupon a gust of wind carried away the lady's veil. Many persons searched for the veil, but in vain. Nine years after, when Leopold was hunting, he found the veil, as good as new, hanging on an elder-tree on the spot where Klosterneuberg now stands, the Margrave regarding the locality of the monastery as having been thus miraculously pointed out." The disgust with which a man of common-sense listens to the sacristan relating this feeble story over the log and rag, which are the cloister's most sacred relics, is only heightened as he learns that the Emperor Maximilian considered this spot so sacred that he entrusted to the place the Archducal coronet of Austria, which remains on the head of Leopold's statue, a huge copy of it being raised over one of the towers. But examined in the light of mythological science, the story is valuable for preserving three elements of pre-Christian and pagan lore—the sanctity of the number nine; the sanctity of the veil (type of ascetic chastity in the East, inherited by all brides, and devoutly associated with Mary); and, above all, the sanctity of the elder-tree, which in nearly every part of Germany and of Scandinavia was anciently believed to be the home of the goddess Huldah (whose name probably came from Elder), and the abode of the elves who were her servants.

Yet another trace of tree-worship survives in various parts of the country, in a custom known as the "Church wake." On a certain day of the year the young men of the village are accustomed to cut a tree out of the wood, and having stripped it of bark, and planed it neatly, raise it in the centre of a pavilion, which is consecrated to the "Church wake." They adorn this pole with garlands and ribbons, and various emblems of rural life and work—an apple, a small sheaf of wheat, etc. Then they raise to the top of it a small fir-tree. Having done this, they repair each to some house in the village wherein resides a maiden, and each of these is escorted to the pavilion, none being neglected. There they dance around the pole and the fir-tree all night. It used to be a general understanding, and it survives in the more remote districts, that a youth might kiss any maid he met on Church wake day, whether he had ever seen her before or not. A superstition so agreeably surrounded is apt to live a long time.

The impression I have received in Vienna, however, is that the people in that immediate vicinity are by no means so superstitious as those of Northern Germany. The many fauna and flora of superstition, in a country where many religions must be tolerated, each with its own stock of legends, has, on the whole, had a tendency to liberate the minds of the people; for each Church is able to detect and deride all superstitions save its own, and so each variety suffers exposure. Moreover, there is a tremendous law in Austria which prohibits any one from getting married who cannot read and write, the result of which is that every child born in wedlock is apt to inherit some degree of education. There are, however, many customs which I think owe their origin to old superstitions, even though these may not be any longer associated with them in the popular mind. The little invocation which any one finds uttered over him by all who happen to hear him sneeze is probably to be referred to the age when all involuntary agitations of the body, from St. Vitus' dance down to sneezing, were supposed to be the work of tricky little demons, which had to be exorcised. And I think it must have been to some such primitive explanation of the whooping-cough, that there has grown up in Austria the unique custom of treating that disease by administering the rod. When the child is seized with one of the coughing fits, the rod is vigorously applied. The physicians declare that this strange custom has been

preserved because it is effectual. The whooping-cough, they allege, is rather a nervous affection than anything else, and the flogging, besides being a good counter-irritant, rouses the child to an exercise of the will which often suppresses a cough. Whether it be true or not that the great St. Stephen's Cathedral was founded on a place previously hallowed by a sacred pagan grove, of which only the Stock am Eisen remains, that building and its superb steeple seemed to me an emblem of how the Christian faith, ascending above all others, was nevertheless compelled to bear on it many of the earlier religions amid which it grew. On its roof, in its cornices, inside of it, are found a fauna and flora of its own; mosses and lichens, and curious grasses grow on it; crows, jackdaws, hawks, and bats find it a comfortable domicile. And similarly the myths and superstitions which haunted the uncultured imagination of man have climbed into the creed, and nestle in the ceremonial inside of it. It is the darkest church in Europe. In its crypt are hundreds of the unburied, uncoffined dead, whose mummied forms, thrown there in the time of some great plague, remain to suggest the thousands who perished ere this proud monument of religious victory could be raised. It is marked all over, too, with the strange, wild history of Austria. The bells were cast from Turkish cannon, captured during the famous siege. The crescent still stands which was raised to induce the Turkish bombs to spare the tower. And on the roof is spread out the double-headed eagle, wrought in the tiles of the roof, each eye four gilt tiles, each beak thirty tiles, and a distance of 180 feet lying between tip and tip of the outstretched wings. This one sees from the top of the steeple, reached by 700 steps, the greatest artificial height in the world.

Early in the spring the Viennese betake themselves to the various retreats in the neighborhood, where most of the social enjoyments take place during the warm weather. There are no people who better understand the luxuries of the *dolce far niente*, and one may see it in perfection at Vöslau and at Baden. If one of the explanations of the ancient Roman name of Vienna, Vindobona, which makes it mean good wine, be correct, it was probably given because of the prolific vintages of Vöslau, though I fear there may be two opinions as to the excellence of the wine they produce. One vine-grower, however, gave me an excellent glass of red wine, which he declared was too good to sell. The final cause for the existence of a town amid these vintages seems to be the admirable swimming-bath around which it has grown. This bath is really beautiful. It is a large marble basin, oval, some thirty yards in greatest length, and about twenty yards in width, filled with fresh water, clear as crystal. The smooth bottom is plainly seen, even where the water is twenty feet in depth. This basin is fringed with little alcoves, and the handsome youths standing in front of them preparing for a plunge, look like so many Apollos. A dozen or more of them were English, and they were the most shapely and statuesque there.

Charles Kingsley has lately been preaching to the English in a dolorous way about their physical degeneracy; but I can well believe what is told of him, that his muscular Christianity is a phase of his later life, and that in his University days he pored over books during play-hours. He read and re-read, no doubt, about the superb statues of ancient Greece, which he now holds up before the English youth to show them how inferior they are to such forms — forms, one may be pretty sure, which were ideals combined from many models. Kingsley did indeed study his books to good advantage, and no one could wish one of them unread; but he might have not learned poetry less perhaps, while he would have estimated the physical character of his young contemporaries better, had he oftener gone on such long-vacation expeditions as that which Arthur Clough has made into one of the finest poems in the language. Clough could see the Greek god in his Oxonian comrade:—

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed an Apollo, down gazing,
Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself
into it,

Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinting floor underneath them,
Eying the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,
Drinking in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,
Arthur the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers.

"Halloa, fellows, jump in! It's awfully jolly!" — I recognize the Oxonian glory of headers at once, as, having made his curve in the air and darted like some silvery salmon beneath the clear water, he rises on the other side and shouts out his hearty English amid a group of Greeks. Their small olive bodies are almost dwarfed by the Anglo-Saxon, whose blonde and rounded form represents a sum of selected shapes.

The floor of the bath is graded so as to give a depth suited to every age and every degree attained in the art of swimming. On the sides goes on the work of teaching little boys to swim. They are attached to the end of rod and line, and the teachers have the appearance of having just caught each a curious species of human-like frog. As I passed one of these merry fellows his plump little body suggested a pat so irresistibly, that, simply for the eternal fitness of things, I administered a gentle one. The liveried servant who held the fishing-rod in his case made a little ejaculation of mingled surprise and amusement, and my Viennese friends laughingly informed me that I had touched the ark of Austrian royalty. One of them found in the performance an illustration of the strength of republican instincts. I had the pleasure of chatting with the object of my unconscious political malice afterwards, and found him remarkably clever; he could hardly have been over nine years of age, yet he was already well advanced in his knowledge of English and French.

The ladies have preceded us in the bath, and when we emerge we find them gathered about the garden and porticos of a pretty, fairy-like chalet on a small hill, where, as we begin to ascend, they look like parterres of flowers. They are dressed in the richest and most becoming costumes, presenting varied and brilliant colors. When the ladies of London dress in rich colors — just such colors as these — at the fêtes of the South Kensington or the Botanical Gardens, critics sneer at the costumes and call them "loud" or "vulgar." And they really do so appear under the English sky. But here similar colors seem appropriate and refined. The ladies themselves are so lovely that I was almost shocked to hear them talking in German; for I think the most enthusiastic friend of the Germans, however much he may appreciate the simplicity and sparkling intelligence of Gretchen, will generally concede that she is rarely beautiful outside the pages of poets. When the gentlemen swarmed up the hill these ladies began to beam, and their faces blossomed into smiles, showing them more flower-like than ever, and then ensued an amount of *native* and elaborate flirtation which I had never known equalled elsewhere. The whole company parted off, two and two, on the solid old principle that it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and if any of the fair creatures were left without a gentleman she sat aside in gloomy silence, almost pouting, like a disappointed child. This transparency of feeling in a company consisting in good part of the higher classes was charming. They seemed a bevy of grown-up children. After strolling about the grounds for a time, they sat, still by twos, at the little marble tables, and took coffee, or enjoyed ices, or sipped the sourish red wine of the vines which covered the hills around them, as if they liked it. "This," remarked my handsome Greek friend from Vienna, "is the finest wife-bazaar in this part of Europe. It would be safe to pronounce these ladies bold hussies in London [he had once resided there], but custom makes a great difference. These ladies are strolling here, flirting more or less seriously, forming engagements for life, exactly as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. Our society furnishes nothing else so innocent; it is an invention of common-sense and social necessities to build up a little civilization within the rigid walls

which have lasted from ages that ran from the extreme of barbaric license to that of ascetic hypocrisy, and there hardened. Go a little way east of this, say to Roumania, and you will find the wife-bazaar completely undisguised, the ladies seated in a line in their carriages, the youths filing by, and pausing before this or that beauty to bargain with papa about her dower under her very nose."

The most celebrated place of resort near Vienna is Baden, about fifteen English miles from the city, about half-way to Vöslau. Many thousands go out to this place during the summer, especially on Sunday afternoons, the religious associations of that day ending at noon and making way for a somewhat more noisy and sportive afternoon than is known to any other day of the week. Baden is noted for its bread—Rothschild in Paris will have no other baker in his house but one bred at Baden—and its wonderful and abundant hot fountains. The place was called by the Romans *Aquæ Hannomæ*. The temperature of the waters was as high as 104°. There are about twenty sources, the largest of which is the *Ursprung*, which springs in the middle of the public promenade, and supplies the large swimming-baths for men and women, which are little lakes ten or twelve feet in depth, strongly exhaling sulphuretted hydrogen, limpid and warm. This fountain pours forth half a million gallons every twenty-four hours. All these waters are considered especially useful in cases of paralysis, scrofula, wounds, and catarrhal affections. They contain a comparatively small quantity of salts and about a cubic inch of sulphuretted hydrogen to the pint. There are many legends about the discovery of the various baths of this region, most of them diabolical. Their healing beneficence has not availed to deodorize the sulphurous character of its infernal suggestions. The legend of the discovery of the Carlsbad springs by the Emperor Charles IV., who saw a deer plunge into one of them, and a puff of smoke arise, has also been made to invest many another fountain. The baths of Baden present some features quite novel to Western eyes. Each bath is a large round tub in shape, some twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and made of stone. The water is warm, almost hot, as it rushes in, and at times the atmosphere is thick with a not disagreeable steam. Around the wall runs a circular gallery, where sit or stand parties gazing upon or criticising the curious scene below. All around, below the water, attached to the side of the bath, runs a seat, upon which the elderly or the ill sit, while the younger or more sportive swim or paddle about. The bathers are of both sexes, and as the only garment they wear is of white cotton or linen the effect is startling enough, and is apt to shock those who have been brought up with English or American notions of propriety. Nothing, however, could exceed the decorum of the bathers so far as behavior is concerned; although there appeared to be a kind of free-masonry among them, permitting each to chat with the other and offer civilities. It is indeed considered the proper thing if a gentleman sees a lady entering the bath or leaving it, or attempting to go from one side to the other, for him to start forward and offer his support whether he is acquainted with her or not. No incident, I was told, had ever occurred to suggest any separation of the sexes into different baths or hours; and when I expressed some surprise that the ladies did not demand some less diaphanous costume, it was said that the physicians considered this the best. The keeper of one of the baths assured me that the baths were conducted now just as they were when ancient Romans used them; though whether the classical invalids of the *Thermæ Cetiæ*, as they were anciently called, had cotton gowns seemed to me doubtful. There is, indeed, a *Frauenbad* set apart for ladies who wish to bathe alone, but few go to it, as the merry society of the others is less lonely to the victims who are ordered to sit for hours in the caldron.

The town of Baden itself seemed to me on an ordinary week day unattractive. It contains, apparently, a population of invalids. There is a pleasant-looking square in front of the chief hotels, *Theresiengarten*, covered with a thick grove of trees, but those who promenade through it are pale victims of disease, and the shady depths have a

silent sadness almost sepulchral, which the feathered songsters above can hardly relieve. A mile or so out of the town, however, there is the Vale of Helen (*Helenthal*), which is certainly beautiful. In it is the *Schloss Weilburg*, where the old Archduke Charles used to pass his summers, amid his 800 species of roses; and near it the ruined castles, *Raubeneck* and *Scharfeneck*. There is also in the *Helenthal* an ancient ruin called *Raubenstein*, once a stronghold of Robber Knights, and haunted by legends of them. The castle of these aristocratic brigands was destroyed soon after they had exceeded the prudent usages of their class so far as to rob the Emperor Maximilian I. on the highway. The never-failing legend that in time of war the Wild Huntsman's diabolical and noisy procession is heard issuing from or returning to the ruin may still be heard told by the peasantry of the neighborhood. The fact that the Wild Huntsman legend is always vigorous wherever there is an old Robber-Knight ruin confirms the theory that the ancient myth of Odin's career in the storm was transplanted from the Teutonic religion in its decay to the great centres of human devilry existing in the Middle Ages, chiefly represented by the mounted knights who rode rough-shod over the people, before the idea of chivalry arose among them beneath the first warm touch of Christianity.

The Slavonic type preponderates in the superstitions of Vienna and the region round about, though happily the weird horrors of that type are here much mitigated. Thus the terrible Vampyre legends, the hungry corpses that reappear in pleasing shape, and suck the blood of their surviving friends, so firmly believed in in every part of Russia, are here represented by the faith of the peasantry (and even some of higher position) that on All Souls' Eve, at midnight, any one visiting the cemetery will see a procession of the dead drawing after them those who are to die during the coming year. There is a gloomy drama founded on it, which is still acted on every All Souls' Eve in the people's theatre. It is called "*The Miller and his Child*." The Miller has a lovely daughter, the daughter a lover: the Miller obstinately opposes the marriage. After some years of despair the youth goes to the churchyard at midnight and sees the spectral train, and following it the cruel Miller. The Miller, then, will die during the year. The drama might have passed at this point from the graveyard to the marriage bells; but it would never be allowed in Austria that young people should be so encouraged to look forward cheerfully to the demise of parents, however cruel; and consequently the youth sees following close to the Miller—himself. In course of the year the poor girl loses both father and lover. During the performance of this drama the audience is generally bathed in tears, some persons sobbing painfully. It is evidently no fiction to them; and it is impossible not to believe that the heaping of their friends' graves with wreaths next day is in part due to the surviving belief that the dead have some awful power over the living, which is generally exerted for evil. But *quisque suos patimur manes*. Have we not Spiritualism in England and America? Looked at, however, from the abyss of Slavonian superstition, the bright fairies of Western Europe and the communicative familiars of the mediums have a happy sunshine about them which reminds us that Humanity has in its Westward march at least got safely past Giant Despair.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

MR. BROWNING is the most abrupt and inquisitive of imaginative writers. His works often remind us more of the manner, half amused, half grotesque, and wholly indifferent to human judgments, with which a sagacious raven inspects the domestic arrangements of our imperfect world, anxious to get a fresh and original view of them, not a view which would win its way to any of our hearts, than of the rich and sympathetic, if prejudiced picture which one is

¹ *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Telf and Towers*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith & Elder. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

astomed to look for from a poet. He seems to hold his d on one side and find a sort of hoarse, unearthly ument even at the very heart of the tragedy to which pierces, so that while no one can say he is too hard upon or too tender to folly, it is yet often quite impossible to rid of the feeling that he is scrutinizing both rather r information's sake," — as a hospital physician enters all the symptoms of a very rare disease which he has the slightest hope of curing or alleviating, but not the feels it a privilege to witness; — than for any spell ch they have laid upon his imagination. In that finest, haps, of all his efforts, the picture of Pompilia in "The g and the Book," he rose almost entirely out of this region quisitive analysis, but even in that great poem he com-asted himself for the depth of feeling in his pictures of apilia and Caponsacchi, by vivisection Count Guido a terribly cold scientific curiosity, and making such a ly even of the fine old Pope, as laid the springs of his duct a little too bare and dry. But in this grotesquely-ied and grotesquely-conceived poem, the tragedy is all in the oddity of treatment and the profusion of side-ices the poet keeps taking at his subject. As artists l their heads on side to renew the freshness of the im-ision which a landscape makes upon them, so in this m from beginning to end Mr. Browning seems always ng to renew his impression of the whole strange and very agreeable substance of his story, by a succession alf-dry, half-quizzical glances at it, glances too amused critical to be in keeping with the character of the story. d the effect is, as we have said, to give a painful sense moral vivisection, of an analysis entered into from mere al curiosity rather than imaginative sympathy. he poem is dedicated to Miss Thackeray, and Mr. wning tells, in his own peculiar, abrupt style, how he : Miss Thackeray in a very sleepy little village on the man coast, which Miss Thackeray, with her playful or, called "White-Cotton-Night-Cap Country," partly n the sleeping costume of its women, and partly from profound effect of drowsiness produced on those who lived in the great world. This induces the poet to e on night-caps, to imagine himself in a great museum ight-caps, — the night-caps of celebrated people of all s down to the cap the hangman draws over the eyes of condemned, till it occurs to him that France is rather e celebrated for its red night-cap, called the Phrygian of liberty, than even for its white: —

Well, it is French, and here we are in France :
It is historic, and we live to learn,
And try to learn by reading story-books.
It is an incident of 'Ninety-two,
And, twelve months since, the Commune had the sway.
Therefore resolve that, after all the Whites
Presented you, a solitary Red
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more !
Do not you see poor Louis pushed to front
Of palace-window, in persuasion's name,
A spectacle above the howling mob
Who tasted, as it were, with tiger-smack,
The outstart, the first spurt of blood on brow,
The Phrygian symbol, the new crown of thorns,
The Cap of Freedom ? See the feeble mirth
At odds with that half-purpose to be strong
And merely patient under misery !
And note the ejaculation, ground so hard
Between his teeth, that only God could hear,
As the lean, pale, proud insignificance,
With the sharp-featured, liver-worried stare
Out of the two gray points that did him stead
And passed their eagle-owner to the front
Better than his mob-elbowed under-size, —
The Corsican lieutenant commented,
' Had I but one good regiment of my own,
How soon should volleys to the due amount
Lay stiff upon the street-flags this canaille ;
As for the droll there, he that plays the king
And screws out smile with a Red night-cap on,
He's done for ! Somebody must take his place.'
White Cotton Night-cap Country : excellent !
Why not Red Cotton Night-cap Country too ?"

That is perhaps the finest passage in the poem. That cap of liberty has indeed proved a "crown of thorns" to all who, unprepared, have put it on ; yet the metaphor mis- leads, for the crown of thorns was a true crown only be- cause it was suffering borne for others, but the cap of liberty, where it has carried most benefit, has been a fool's cap too, because they who wore it were unprepared for it, and became its victims. But to return to the poem. Hav- ing thus suggested that France has bitterer moods, even under the seemingly sleepy Conservatism of her people, than the White-night-cap would symbolize, the poet sug- gests that perhaps even in that sleepy neighborhood which his fair friend had named White Cotton Night-cap Country, there might be traces of this fiercer disposition, which ought to be symbolized by the red cotton night-cap, and so leads us gradually into a weird story of sin and superstition which has been unravelled in a recent French trial, and the scene of the most tragic incident in which had been in the immediate neighborhood of the sleepy Norman village. The hero of the story is the eldest son of a rich Paris jew- eller, half of Spanish, half of French blood, — profoundly and fanatically superstitious, also full of the eager volup- tuous French nervousness which rebels in its very nature against the grim yoke of the Spanish form of faith, and also disposes the mind upon which that yoke is forced, to bring the faith it accepts to book, and test it practically by its own tests. But we will quote Mr. Browning's own analysis: —

" This son and heir then of the jeweller,
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, at his birth,
Mixed the Castilian passionate blind blood
With answerable gush, his mother's gift.
Of spirit, French and critical and cold.
Such mixture makes a battle in the brain,
Ending as faith or doubt gets uppermost ;
Then will has way a moment, but no more,
So nicely-balanced are the adverse strengths,
And victory entails reverse next time.
The tactics of the two are different
And equalize the odds : for blood comes first,
Surrounding life with undisputed faith.
But presently, a new antagonist,
By scarce-suspected passage in the dark,
Steals spirit, fingers at each crevice found
Athwart faith's stronghold, fronts the astonished man :
' Such pains to keep me far, yet here stand I,
Your doubt inside the faith-defence of you !'"

Perhaps the poet's analysis is hardly always consistent with itself. Once Mr. Browning represents his hero as of a merely "leaning nature," and says of him that when his brother died, he —

" Meant to lean
By nature, needs must shift his leaning-place
To his love's bosom from his brother's neck,
Or fall flat, unrelieved of freight sublime."

Yet neither the cold, thrifty profligacy which is attributed to the hero at the outset of his career, before he comes to love really at all, nor the reckless passion of his love when he does fall in love, nor the vehemence of his attachment to his mother, nor the fierce remorse which makes him burn off his guilty hands, as he calls them, the hands with which he had written such heaps of love-letters to the object of his passion, nor the fanatical ecstasy (as Mr. Browning inter- prets it) of the last and fatal act which ends his life, is quite consistent with the merely dependent, leaning nature here ascribed to him. He must have been hard and ruth- less till his affection was roused, and then liable to almost any excess of spontaneous passion. The man who could burn off his own hands in his remorse, crying out, "Burn, burn, purify," and again, who could exclaim, —

" Why am I hindered when I would be pure ?
Why leave the sacrifice still incomplete ?
She holds me, — I must have more hands to burn !"

was not a merely dependent creature. He may have had but little will, as distinguished from passion ; still, gusts of impulse so violent, and unreflected from any other mind,

are hardly characteristics of mere dependence or "of much affection and some foolishness," as Mr. Browning also describes it. We do not call the cyclones dependent, even though they are doubtless dependent on some natural law or other outside themselves; and it seems hardly apt to describe any mind that had passed through the phases of the coldest and most selfish lust, the most profound devotedness of earthly affection, and spasms of self-forgetting asceticism and fanatical rapture, merely as one "of much affection and some foolishness." Though these terms may be really applicable, they are surely inadequate. And this seems to us the chief blot on Mr. Browning's poem, that in spite of all his quizzical side-glances at his hero, and his imaginative analysis of that hero's fervent desire to test and show his faith in the miraculous help he only half believed in, by the fatal leap from his own tower which caused his death, we do not get a really satisfying picture of the man at all, but only a number of rather inquisitive researches into his moral anatomy. We seem to see in the story something of the figure of the traditional Ignatius Loyola, without his strong will, — a man who had been profligate, and who had yet great capacities for both superstition and faith, but who, unlike Loyola, was never in any degree master of himself, and passed from earthly love to raptures of earthly religion in somewhat sudden and violent bounds. This is hardly the character Mr. Browning delineates, though it is the one his story seems to require; and on the whole we are disappointed with his development of the battle between the Spanish and the French blood in his hero's veins. It is coldly analytical, without quite justifying itself as true.

The picture of the not very pure heroine, "the medium article," who is mistress to two or three men before she knows and becomes really faithful to the hero, is more consistent and subtle. She is one who is capable only of a second-rate love, who cannot so redeem her-elf by love as to rise to that height where love forgets itself in the desire to minister to another's good. But in the second stage she is complete of her kind, — one who can reflect perfectly the wishes of those whom they love and who can heal their wounds in their self-esteem; —

"Born, bred, with just one instinct, — that of growth :

Her quality was, caterpillar-like,
To all-unerringly select a leaf
And without intermission feed her fill,
Become the Painted Peacock, or belike
The brimstone-wing, when time of year should suit ;
And 'tis a sign (say entomologists)
Of sickness, when the creature stops its meal
One minute, either to look up to heaven,
Or turn aside for change of aliment.
No doubt there was a certain ugliness
In the beginning, as the grub grew worm :
She could not find the proper plant at once,
But crawled and fumbled through a whole parterre.

Was he for pastime ? Who so frolic-fond
As Clara ? Had he a devotion-fit ?
Clara grew serious with like qualm, be sure !
In health and strength he, — healthy too and strong,
She danced, rode, drove, took pistol-practice, fished,
Nay, 'managed sea-skiff with consummate skill.'
In pain and weakness he, — she patient watched
And wiled the slow drip-dropping hours away,
She bound again the broken self-respect,
She picked out the true meaning from mistake,
Praised effort in each stumble, laughed 'Well-climbed !'
When others groaned 'None ever grovelled so !'
'Rise, you have gained experience !' was her word ;
'Lie satisfied, the ground is just your place !'
They thought appropriate counsel. 'Live, not die,
And take my full life to eke out your own.'

'But — loved him ?' Friend, I do not praise her love ;
True love works never for the loved one so,
Nor spares skin-surface, smoothening truth away.
Love bids touch truth, endure truth, and embrace
Truth, though, embracing truth, love crush itself.
'Worship not me, but God !' the angels urge :
That is love's grandeur : still, in pettier love
The nice eye can distinguish grade and grade.

Shall mine degrade the velvet green and pace
Of caterpillar, palmer-worm — or what —
Ball in and out of ball, each ball with brush
Of Venus' eye-fringe round the turquoise egg
That nestles soft, — compare such paragon
With any scarabæus of the brood
That, born to fly, keeps wing in wing-case, walks
Persistently a trundling dung on earth ?
Egypt may venerate such hierophants,
Not I."

That is a fine and subtle analysis, and apparently consistent with the miserable story. But still the heroine is so wholly the second figure in the piece, and the tragic incidents which give it its interest keep, on the whole, so far clear of her, that it is hardly enough that this part of Mr. Browning's picture is really powerful. It is the tragedy that fascinates us, and the tragedy he treats in the same critical-grotesque mood as he does the analysis of the lady, "the medium article." Now that mood may be adequate for the latter subject, but it is not for the first, and so the total effect upon us is that a very grim subject, full of tragic elements, has been rather coldly analyzed and almost quizzed, instead of worked up into a tragic poem.

As to style, we must add that there is far less of obscurity, but also far less of fitful eloquence, than usual with Mr. Browning. There is the same faulty, short-hand, article-eliminating hurry of style, as if the poet had to get his story told within a certain number of minutes, and every superfluous word, and many words by no means superfluous, must therefore be left to the reader to guess at. But there are very few passages the meaning of which is not quite clear at the second reading, and as our extracts will have shown, there are some of great subtlety and intellectual vivacity. Still Mr. Browning has not succeeded in giving any true poetic excuse for telling a story so full of disagreeable elements. When told, it fails to purify, as tragedy should, "by pity and by fear."

MR. MACREADY.

In the year 1812, there was to be seen in the Royal Academy Exhibition a miniature portrait, described as that of Mr. Macready, of the Newcastle Theatre, as Hamlet, by De Wilde. No one knew anything of this actor, yet the name was familiar to the public. The father of the Newcastle player had been on the stage from the days in which, quitting Dublin upholstery, he had played with Macklin. He was also a dramatic author. In the year 1792, when he presented to the public the once popular farce, "The Irishman in London," Mrs. Macready presented him with a son. This was the son who became distinguished on the stage, and who died this week, at Cheltenham, in the eighty-first year of his age.

There are a few men left who remember, in this son, an old schoolfellow at Rugby. He quitted it early for the boards. At the age of twenty he was already leading tragedian at Newcastle, with his face eagerly turned towards London. His progress thither lay through the usual course and discipline. He was at Bath in 1814, subsequently at Edinburgh, where Mr. Macready played Edward to the Warwick of Master Betty, the "Young Roscius." At length, on the 15th of September, 1816, he planted his foot on the London boards. On that night he appeared as Orestes, in "The Distressed Mother," to the Pyrrhus of Charles Kemble, and the Pylades of Mr. Abbott. Mrs. Egerton (a clergyman's daughter) played Hermione, and Mrs. Glover was the Andromache. Mr. Macready was announced as "from Dublin;" but he came to London, immediately from Bath.

That Covent Garden season of 1816-17 was the one in which John Kemble left the stage. It was the first season not only of Macready, but of Lucius Junius Booth, father of the player who shot Abraham Lincoln. Booth flared up and went speedily out. Macready made much less sensation, but he gradually won and kept a distinguished position.

tion. He belonged to the former Kemble school, which was then being shaken by the terrible earnestness of Edmund Kean. Macready, though a great actor, never became a mighty master of his art. He was no real successor to John Kemble, and he could never rival Edmund Kean. After the last had passed away, Macready was the foremost actor of his time; and the new generation, who had not known Kemble, and who had seen Kean only in the last sad years, when his glory had departed, believed Macready to be superior to both.

Although belonging to the Kemble school, Mr. Macready's talents were something akin to those of Kean. But his first positive successes were not achieved in the loftier walks of the profession. The "hit" he made in his first season was not in *Orestes*, nor in *Othello*, nor as *Iago*; his *Beverley* was a complete failure, but his *Gambia*, in "The Slave," was a triumph. He created the character, and no one has ever equalled him in it. So, in his second season, his *Hotspur* was of small account, but his *Rob Roy* took the town by storm. Yet he fell into secondary characters, and occasionally acted in after-pieces. If he played *Hamlet* for his benefit, the character was reassumed by Charles Kemble, as belonging to him! and even *Prospero* fell to Macready only when Young was ill. Nevertheless, Macready bided his time, and never missed an opportunity. Edmund Kean declined to act *Virginius*, which Sheridan Knowles had written for him. That popular tragedy was, accordingly, produced in Glasgow, with John Cooper for the hero. Macready adopted it; and, throughout his subsequent career, he probably never so stirred the heart-pulses of an audience as in that slightly melodramatic part. Miss Foote was the *Virginia*.

From that time till his retirement in 1851, Mr. Macready grew in favor as he grew in ability, and he was not only an accomplished actor, he was a true friend of the drama. In his management of Drury Lane and Covent Garden he tried to make the stage a "school of virtue," according to the words in the patent; but the proprietors preferred high rents, lost their tenant, and went for a time without any rent at all.

Mr. Macready's taste in mounting his plays, as it is called, was consummate. What was a rare excellence in him was carried to excess by Mr. Charles Kean, who painted the lily. To the last, Macready improved, and was never greater than when he took leave of the stage, in *Macbeth*. He was less careful of costume than he was of his acting in it. In *Romeo*, for Mr. Macready played that part, he looked very like a rope-dancer, but there was something terrific in his dying scene. This may be said especially of those where death was by poison. One could not see him die in *Hamlet* or *King John* without holding breath for a time, so appalling was the representation to those who saw it for the first time.

In management, he was called a martinet by those who were too lazy to work, as he did, for perfection; but he occasionally roughly suppressed the impulses of fellow-actors if they interfered with his own efforts. He kept too proudly aloof from those fellows, but he did not show his contempt so coarsely as Mrs. Fanny Kemble expressed hers, in her *Diary*, for the stage and contemporary players. On making his final bow, no sympathizing comrades surrounded him; but at the banquet given in his honor, he bade his real farewell to troops of friends, with a heart as full as his glass.

Finally it may be said of him, that he was a link between two epochs. He acted with men who had played with Garrick and Macklin; and he himself, in the course of his career, performed with John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons (Glenalvon to her Lady Randolph), Master Betty, Edmund Kean, and also with many actors who yet remain on the stage.

He was the last of the great actors, yet he was not of the very greatest. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, stand together on the highest eminence; but Young and Macready occupy the next height; and it does not seem likely that they will be joined during the present generation by a brother of equal quality.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A PARIS beggar, on being traced home, was found to be worth 1,535 francs, and several suits of good clothes, in which he used to disport himself at night on the boulevards.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to raise a substantial testimonial to Dr. Charles Mackay, in recognition of his political and literary services. The president of the movement is the Marquis of Lorne.

A PORTRAIT of Cromwell by Cuyp was purchased lately by M. Thiers at the sale of the collection of the late Count d'Espagnac, for the moderate sum of 5,600*f*. The President had given orders to his agent to go as far as 15,000*f*.

THERE is an agitation in Paris over postal cards. The innovation is asserted to be unsuitable to the Parisian character, as the evil-doers are so witty and wicked that they adopt this plan for circulating slanders, for which there is no law to punish or to repress. It never strikes the objectors that an unsealed letter can just as well be read by the maid and house porter as a card, and has the addition of being more attractive — tempting.

IN consequence of an eloquent protest by George Sand against the mutilation of Fontainebleau Forest, a committee has been formed in Paris for the purpose of protecting it not only from the woodman, but from the manufactories which are beginning to encroach upon its borders. It appears that the timber which is marked for falling will yield but an insignificant price. The botanists assert that some of the oaks are more than 400 years old, and their age should protect them from destruction.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the most incorrigible of the English burlesque writers. When a favorite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wait occurred, on the night of its production, after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh grating sound was painfully audible from behind — the sound of a saw struggling through wood. "What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author. "Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

THE *Temps* gives some details relative to the two pictures by Murillo lately destroyed at the Grotto of Bethlehem, near Jerusalem, through the dissensions of the opposing sects of monks: "They were," says the journal, "two veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, which, having been sent out at the very period when they were executed, have probably never been engraved. One represented the 'Nativity,' and the other the 'Adoration of the Magi.' Those two paintings, placed in the oratory, had been remarkably well preserved, owing to the care which had been taken to cover them with glass to protect them from the smoke of the torches and tapers."

THE *Liverpool Albion* reports some very remarkable experiments which have been made upon a life-boat at the Windsor Iron Works at Garston. The boat, which is double-bowed and fitted with side and end air-chambers, measures 25 feet in length, 7 feet in beam, and 3 feet 3 inches in inside depth. The first experiment was to order 12 men to stand on the gunwale, but though the water of the dock in which the boat lay, rose to the edge of the gunwale, none was shipped during the five minutes in which the position was maintained. Twenty-one men then jumped on board, and on being trimmed, the boat was found to be less than 7 inches deeper in the water than when quite empty. She was next filled with forty-seven men, to test her carrying power, but still preserved a freeboard of 19 inches. With this crowd on board, she was then rocked heavily from gunwale to gunwale, and still she shipped no water. The men were next ordered out, and told to jump in again hurriedly, as people would do in case of a collision, and the boat's steadiness and buoyancy enabled her to bear the test satisfactorily. Next, water was poured into the boat to the level of the outside water, and twenty-one men were placed in her. She had still a freeboard of 16½ in. Thus loaded, she was once more rocked heavily, when it was shown that the perpendicular position of the inner sides of the air-chambers confined the motion of the water to the centre of the boat, thereby causing it to act as ballast, and to ensure steadiness. To exhibit her manageability in the event of being filled by a heavy sea, the boat was after this filled with water to the thwarts, but on two plugs being drawn from the bottom she began to relieve herself, the water gradually falling to the level of that outside in the dock. The plugs were put in, and while

the water remained at this level, twelve men were again ordered to stand on the gunwale. It was shown, as before, that the water ballast gave the boat greater steadiness. The last test to which the lifeboat was subjected proves in a very striking manner the enormous strength of iron boats constructed on this principle. "A dingy of a size suitable for coasting vessels, 12 feet long by 5 feet beam, and 2 feet 4 inches depth inside, was dropped from the crane bodily into the dock, a height of upwards of 21 feet. It fell perfectly flat, with tremendous force of impact, and a noise as of thunder. On examination it was found that the bottom of the dingy, on the starboard side, was slightly flattened, but that not a single joint or rivet had been started, and that the buoyancy of the boat had been in no wise affected."

THE following letter to the editor of the London *Athenæum* rather felicitously explains itself:—

NOOK FARM, HARTFORD, CONN., April 19, 1873.

Although I belong by chance and by choice to a nation which will not do unto the authors of another nation what it would like to have that nation do unto its own authors, and I have no standing in your court, perhaps you will permit me to make a little statement in the interest of nobody in particular.

Last Christmas time, under cover of the charity of that season, a little volume was published called "Backlog Studies." It was made up of seven papers which had appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*,—the author's rights being reserved in that copyrighted periodical,—and of four other papers; the whole forming a volume complete in itself according to the author's plan. It was published simultaneously in Boston and London, and the proper steps were taken to secure the right of the publication in England to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., who were to pay the author the equivalent of a copyright. This is the only English house from which the author receives any compensation—it having voluntarily sent him an honorarium for a previous book.

And now this writer receives from bountiful England a copy of another book, called also "Backlog Studies," with his name on the title-page, and with the imprint of Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler, published after Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. had, by advertising, made a market for a book of that name. But it is not the same book. It contains, it is true, the seven papers which were in *Scribner's*, chopped up into a score, but not the four others which the writer inserted to make the volume complete; and it has in addition a portion of an address delivered on a college anniversary, which has no more connection with this volume than it has with the Book of Acts. By the insertion of this the author is put in the attitude of one delivering an earnest appeal to the shovel and tongs of his own fireside.

Now I will not say that I should not be glad and proud to write books merely to have upon them the imprint of Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler—it might be a pleasure to do that just for the sake of having an occupation; but both pleasure and occupation are gone when they make up books for me and put my name on them.

However, I do not write to complain, but only to express my appreciation of the delicacy they must have felt in preparing this volume, without consulting the owner of the name on the title-page, and in such a manner that nothing is left to the publishers or to the author of the genuine book but admiration of the cleverness of the performance. CHAS. D. WARNER.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THIS flower that smells of honey and the sea,
White laurestine, seems in my hand to be
A white star made of memory long ago
Lit in the heaven of dear times dead to me.

A star out of the skies love used to know
Here held in hand, a stray left yet to show
What flowers my heart was full of in the days
That are long since gone down dead memory's flow.

Dead memory that revives on doubtful ways,
Half hearkening what the buried season says
Out of the world of the unapparent dead
Where the lost Aprils are, and the lost Mays.

Flower, once I knew thy star-white brethren bred
Nigh where the last of all the land made head
Against the sea, a keen-faced promontory,
Flowers on salt wind and sprinkled sea-dews fed.

Their hearts were glad of the free place's glory;
The wind that sang them all his stormy story
Had talked all winter to the sleepless spray,
And as the sea's their hues were hard and hoary.

Like things born of the sea and the bright day,
They laughed out at the years that could not slay,
Live sons and joyous of unquiet hours,
And stronger than all storms that range for prey.

And in the close, indomitable flowers
A keen-edged odor of the sun and showers
Was as the smell of the fresh honeycomb
Made sweet for none but mouths of paramours.

Out of the hard green wall of leaves that clomb
They showed like windfalls of the snow-soft foam,
Or feathers from the weary south-wind's wing,
Fair as the spray that it came shoreward from.

And thou, as white, what word hast thou to bring?
If my heart hearken, whereof wilt thou sing?
For some sign surely thou too hast to bear,
Some word far south was taught thee of the spring.

White like a white rose, not like these that were
Taught of the wind's mouth and the winter air,
Poor, tender thing of soft Italian bloom,
Where once thou grewest, what else for me grew there?

Born in what spring and on what city's tomb,
By whose hand wast thou reached, and plucked for whom?
There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odor as of love and of love's doom;

Of days more sweet than thou wast sweet to smell,
Of flower-soft thoughts that came to flower and fell,
Of loves that lived a lily's life and died,
Of dreams now dwelling where dead roses dwell.

O white birth of the golden mountain-side
That for the sun's love makes its bosom wide
At sunrise, and with all its woods and flowers
Takes in the morning to its heart of pride!

Thou hast a word of that one land of ours.
And of the fair town called of the fair towers,
A word for me of my San Gimignano,
A word of April's greenest-girdled hours.

Of the breached walls whereon the wallflowers ran;
Called of Saint Fina, breachless now of man,
Though time with soft feet break them stone by stone,
Who breaks down hour by hour his own reign's span.

Of the cliff overcome and overgrown
That all that flowerage clothed as flesh clothes bone,
That garment of acacias made for May,
Whereof here lies one witness overblown.

The fair, brave trees with all their flowers at play,
How king-like they stood up into the day!
How sweet the day was with them, and the night!
Such words of message have dead flowers to say.

This that the winter and the wind made bright,
And this that lived upon Italian light,
Before I throw them and these words away,
Who knows but I what dead thoughts too take flight?
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

[No. 24.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IX. (continued.)

THIS Whit Monday, so particularly disagreeable for Harold Vaughan, had not been one of Zelda's bad days.

She had fared sumptuously on cold beef at the Old Point Hotel, and it was not common, even on holidays, to light on such a *trouvail* as a gold watch and chain to save herself from a beating, if not to earn the rarer accident of praise. So she ran off to obey her master's whistle without fear, and looked forward, like a child, to the excitement of a scolding for truancy that she would so easily turn into a compliment for her good luck and dexterity.

Guided by her true and practised ear, she found Aaron Goldrick standing by a haystack. To her disappointment, however, as well as to her surprise, he seemed in no scolding mood.

"So you're here, are you?" he only asked, curtly. "Then you stay here, and wait. I've got to go to the town — and if I don't find you — Here's your supper. If anybody comes, dodge behind the rick. If they don't, eat your supper and sit still."

She said nothing, but obeyed literally and mechanically, taking her hunch of bread from Aaron's grimy hand, and sitting down on some loose straw.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to speculate as to how those creatures who, having no acquaintance with books, newspapers, dress, household management, business, or pleasure — who have no memories, no hopes, no visiting lists — manage to keep awake when left alone? That is a riddle which the Sphinx might have put to Œdipus with a fair chance of being unanswered. Œdipus, not being a lady, would have scorned to give the true answer, "Because they do."

A mind need not be pregnant with ideas for the eyes to take in the green of the fields, the splendor of the sunset, and to return the wondering gaze of the stars who have strayed into the sky before their time. Or for the ears to separate the song of the brook from the silence of the meadow, to follow the buzz of the cockchafer, and to dwell upon the discord, more musical than music, of the cawing rooks as they sail home to their castles in the

air. Or for more subtle senses to drink in, without the aid of thought, the perfume of the hay and the dew, and to enjoy the flavor of stale bread with hunger for honey. Or to feel the delights of a good conscience, even though it takes the form of self-approval for petty larceny.

Conscience is not very apt to be troublesome when not burdened with fear. Had Zelda been compelled to make an allegorical design for conscience, it would have taken the form of a policeman in uniform. The dog who used to steal legs of mutton for his rogue of a master would have carried a good conscience with him to his final pond had not the butcher deprived him of his tail. Zelda could feel remorse: she would have felt remorse for wasted opportunities had she left Dr. Vaughan's watch alone. But, as things were, she was void of reproach — except, perhaps, to the extent of a passing regret that she had scratched the militiaman too feebly. All the bright dark blood in her sickened at the recollection of a touch which now, as she recalled it, seemed to pollute the sweet evening air, the caress of Nature that wrapped her round. She — a *Romani Chîl*, to be insulted by a *Gorgio* boor!

But, among the pictures of that day, floating before her and leaving no conscious trace behind, there came one that took the semblance of an idea, tangible and firm in its outline. It caused her to draw the watch and chain from her bosom, and to regard it gravely while she hummed abstractedly the fragment of a tune.

That idea was that there might be *Gorgios* and *Gorgios*.

The young gentleman who had taken her part in the public-house quarrel was not of any type that she had hitherto met with in her volume of the world. He had been quick and stern; that was nothing remarkable: he had been kind, and that was nothing so very remarkable, more especially as the kindness had been of the rough order. But he had been something for which Zelda had no name in her vocabulary, so new and unintelligible was it. It is called "courteous" in ours — the something that every woman demands instinctively from every man, whether she has a name for it or no. There were grateful Romans, though there is no Latin word to express gratitude: and

so Zelda felt that she had found something besides a watch and chain. I do not think that Zelda had ever had a respectful word, much less a respectful accent, addressed to her in all her years of days: and though Harold Vaughan had simply treated her with common respect, because she was a woman and not because she was Zelda, the effect was the same. Of course she had robbed him in return: that was a matter of business, wherein proverbially fine words are trash not worth the smallest change. But, as she pondered, and as the sun went down to her tune, and as she began to feel drowsy, she was almost conscious of a wish that this handsome watch had belonged to any other *Gorgio*. A beating — now that she expected none — did not seem so very hard to bear: and there was a little spring in the bottom of her heart that, she felt, would have made amends for the emptiness of her hands. The watch was clearly valuable: she could, from experience in such matters, easily decipher the hall-mark that proved it to be gold. She put it, as a child would have done, to her ear, and listened as it ticked and rattled against her large ear-ring in time to the tune she hummed. In the watch she seemed to hear as much as children of large and small growth find in the murmur of a sea-shell — only it struck less upon her fancy than upon a yet more inward ear.

Harold Vaughan had been touched by her voice, heard out of the reek of a tavern parlor, mainly because it had called up in his imagination vague and indistinct dreams of impossible former times. But his own voice, first heard in as uncongenial atmosphere as hers had been, but afterwards, more fitly, in the country lane, had given her something not to imagine but feel: not a new past, but a new present. Yes — she wished she had not taken the watch. And yet she was glad to have it, and for other reasons than because it was gold.

This was all however very inconsistent, very intangible. Had she been asked what she was thinking, she would have answered, "Nothing," and the answer would have been strictly true.

So true, indeed, that when Aaron Goldrick, after some hours, returned to the haystack, he had to shake her roughly. He was generally rough

when he had been drinking, and Zelda was used to that—it was the dream she was unused to, not the waking.

"Get up, Zelda," he said, rather thickly. "We must go on to-night. Anything been up?"

"Nothing," she answered, as if he had really asked what her thoughts were. She thrust the watch she had intended to dazzle his eyes with back into her bosom.

"Then rub your eyes and find your feet."

"Have we got to go far?"

"What's that to you? Get up, can't you?"

"I'm tired."

"Oh, stow that. So am I—but business is business. Here's the bundle," and he fastened an old knapsack over her shoulders as if she had been a pack-horse, and then relighted his pipe. "I'll carry the flask and the cards." She heaved a sleepy sigh, gathered up her short petticoats, and pulled her scarlet shawl over her black hair. "Are you ready?" he asked, impatiently. "Step out, then, and mind you don't lag behind."

She asked no more questions, but stepped out as she was bidden, and as well as the weight on her shoulders would allow, upon that endless tramp of hers, while her companion walked on leisurely a little in front, smoking in silence. The watch seemed to lie on her heart more heavily than the load on her shoulders, but that could not be helped now. The *Gorgio* gentleman had just stepped across her path; and on she must go, though it might be less lightly. Her world, uncomplicated as it was, had got a puzzling hitch in it, and she would willingly have given both watch and chain for leave to lie down by the wayside and sleep it into joint again.

On they went, in this order of march, for a mile or two; and then Aaron thrust both his hands into his pockets and began to whistle his favorite *fioriture*. At last the hands of Harold's watch arrived at twelve, and there they stopped. Whit Monday had come to an end.

At the same hour, Mr. Brandt was sitting in his study poring over accounts. Mrs. Goldrick was paddling in the cellar after her key. Harold Vaughan was tramping up and down his room smoking a cigar. Claudia was gone to bed with a heart-ache. Zelda was trudging along the high road under a knapsack, and Aaron was whistling.

BOOK II.—SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER I. "SINBAD THE SAILOR."

If the reader pleases, he shall be introduced to good society—it will be at least a relief from the very unconventional society which has much to do with the movement of our

planet, but which is out of place, and therefore commonly ignored in our visible comedy. It is mostly as hidden from sight as the law of gravitation was from Galileo's inquisitors; or, for that matter, from Galileo. *Eppur si muove*. It is there for all that; it wanders about under the stars that are so far away, and the gas-lamps that are so terribly near; it is the world within the world; it is to our manufactured life what China is to Europe; all things are reversed and turned upside down; it is the other side of the shield. It does not include the poor, who are visited by the parish curate, by the jail chaplain, or even by the special correspondent of a newspaper. They belong to our recognized daily comedy; we know all about them. It includes rich as well as poor—the great mass of all those who cannot manage to look at things through the spectacles of the majority; who are color blind in the matter of black and white, and cannot see why two and two should not make five. There are whole races who find themselves in this condition; all Eastern races appear so to us, and we, in turn, appear so to them. Most artists belong to it, especially those afflicted with genius. So do a great many beggars, and not a few thieves. Reformers and philanthropists who deny themselves as well as give to others, are certainly to be numbered among those who cannot see that the rules of comedy compel everybody to display the same features, like the portraits in a photographic album, or to act according to what we, in our timid criticism, are accustomed to call the "laws of human nature"—as though Adam and Eve had been furnished with a handbook of etiquette when they went out into the world. It is a rule of moral etiquette that people act from intelligible motives—perhaps they do, once in a thousand times. Shylock did not, however, nor did Hamlet, nor did Iago. It is another rule that anachronisms are absurdities; and yet how many people move among us whose souls belong to generations that either have been, or that are to be? We still have among us savages, dreamers, Jews, gypsies, scholars, misers, alms-givers, Greeks of the age of Pericles, Romans of the age of Nero, as though social and physical science, and their application to the problems of personal political economy had not been long ago proved to be the means and end of life here below—and who shall say what any of these outlawed spirits may or may not do? They have transgressed etiquette by being here at all.

But this has nothing to do with Lord Lisburn, who was one of the *dramatis personæ* in the very genteel-comedy. He read stranger things in the newspapers, and yet the idea of a reputed witch who, like a dragon, spent her life in guarding a treasure for the sake of a child neither kith

nor kin to her, would have seemed strange. It would not have seemed strange to him had she been faithless to the memory of a dead mistress, or rather friend, whom she had loved as the strong can love those who have been dependent upon them for protection and kindness. It would not have seemed strange to him if she had cheated and robbed her master for her own sake, and not for that of another. It would not have seemed strange to him had she, a woman and a foreigner, invested the produce of her thefts on mortgage or in shares, instead of keeping it hidden in a damp cellar. And so of Zelda, if he had known as much about her as Aaron Goldrick knew, he would have thought her story strange; but what was really strange, her repentance for having allowed her hands to pick and steal in spite of her never having heard of the catechism, he would probably have thought a very natural act of conscience, and not strange at all.

Lord Lisburn had long recovered from his gun-shot wound. He ought to have been killed, by rule. But he was not, and so, no doubt in gratitude to sheer luck, he, at an early age, made up his mind that living by rule was a mistake altogether. In carrying out this theory, however, he did not manage to succeed. He kicked over the traces, but it was only as *amateur*: he never got his head out of the collar of his earldom. The variations of his course never amounted to eccentricity in his orbit.

He was a peer of the realm, with a more than necessary estate, at twenty-one years old, without even so much as a lady mother to control him, and, strange to say, few overmastering family connections. No one in all this world was fairer game for the attacks of sharks, hawks, and other animals of prey, who depredate according to form. However, he had given them all the slip, not of set purpose, but because he had taken it into his head to spend the first few years of his independence in making a yacht voyage round the world. He was an amateur Drake, and liked to think that he would have been one in reality, if there were anything left to discover, except in quarters where it is either too hot or too cold. Nevertheless, his dream of ambition was to take everybody by surprise one of these days by nailing the Union Jack to the top of some hitherto unknown something, though less for the sake of science or patriotism than adventure. As things were, he had already discovered such remote parts as Cape Town, Sydney, Malta, Canton, and New York—representing respectively the five quarters of the globe—and had written a volume containing the results, that had been kindly reviewed. Cowes and all its ways he professed to hold in scorn, and considered himself married to the *Esmeralda*.

He had many calls to make on his return from his last voyage. Among them was one to a certain Lady Penrose, who lived in Eaton Square, the wife of a baronet, banker, and Member of Parliament. Not finding her at home—considerably to his relief, as she was a bore, whose notions of aviation were confined to the troubles and perils of the Straits of Dover,—he in his character of author of "Sinbad at Sea" went to call on a publisher; a journey that brought him into a very different quarter of the town. Having finished his gossip there, he had, on coming out, to pass behind two men, one of whom was talking confidentially to a clerk in the outer office. It was a fine day, and he chose to walk on his way westward, but had not gone many steps when he was accosted by one of the women with a polite, but rather exaggerated bow. He was dressed negligently, not to say shabbily, and he had a dissipated look about the eyes; but there was a frankness and ease about his address, neither affectedly luff, nor elaborately deferential, that made it impossible to treat him otherwise than as a gentleman.

"Lord Lisburn?" he asked in the most English of Irish; "I thought so—I am awfully glad! So your book's out? Splendid I hear—everybody says it is—and beautifully written. Splendid title too! 'Sinbad'; it's like the 'Arabian Nights'—what a wonderful book that is! It's marvellous how good some people are at titles. 'Sinbad'—it calls up everything; it's like Baghdad, or that other place, Bassora, or that other place—your lordship knows what I mean. You ought to get it put about everywhere. We must get a little notice in everywhere, my lord. Is it all finished? or is it all to come? If you could only bring out a volume a month, and have your name in all the papers, twelve times a year—that would be splendid. That's what I'd take care you should get good notices. I know everybody, and everybody gives way to me. It's curious, but there's only one thing I care about, and that's having my way. And I always get it, too. It's no good being rich—what's the good of money? I'm just like the man—you now who I mean—who didn't have money himself, but had his way with money that had it. That's life! Ah! there's a man you ought to know. Lulloa, old fellow! You'll be at the theatre to-night, won't you? Let me introduce you to my friend, Lord Lisburn, the author of 'Sinbad.' Of course you've read 'Sinbad'—splendid! If you haven't, I dare say Lord Lisburn will let you have a copy. You'll let Mr. Brandon have a copy? It'll do the end of good."

Mr. Brandon looked a little uncomfortable. "I am glad to make your lordship's acquaintance. I have no doubt the book will be sent to us, but I am afraid our friend Carol overrates

my influence. I don't even think it will come into my hands. Yes—I shall be at the theatre—so good-by till then."

"Wait a bit, I must introduce you to another of my friends—this is the lessee. It'll be really splendid. I don't know music, but I know what's good—that's my line. I'm never wrong: I don't care what anybody says—I'm never wrong. Did you ever know me wrong? Did you ever know me call a thing a success that didn't succeed? And this'll be a success, you'll see, whatever people may say—I don't care."

"And if," said the lessee, speaking for the first time, "if I may say it, it will be a success worthy to be remembered among the brightest memories of foreign song. If," and he bowed as if he were addressing an audience, "if I have the honor of addressing a representative of the press of this—enlightened country—my good friend, Mr. Carol, will"—he paused as if making an effort of memory—"will bear me out in professing that I have spared no pains and no expense to deserve merited recognition at the hands of an enlightened and aristocratic audience. And if, Mr. Brandon, you are ever passing Golden Square"—

"There," said Mr. Carol, triumphantly, as they went on their way, "I've done the trick for you both this time. That's like me—I always come to the point. I say to people you *must*, and the thing's done. I know everybody and everybody knows me. I say, though, Lord Lisburn likes music, of course. He must come and hear the little girl, mustn't he? We must get him to come behind the scenes. There'll be some fun there; we won't have any bad fellows. Lord Lisburn, you and I will have it all to ourselves. That's pleasure! Did you ever go behind the scenes?"

"Never," said Lord Lisburn, feeling rather like a fly in amber, but amused with his adventure. Mr. Carol, whoever he might be, had put himself so much on the footing of an old friend that it would have required something more than self-assertion to set him down. Besides, he was a little flattered, and not unwilling to think that "Sinbad" had really tasted the first fruits of fame. It was impossible to feel angry with Mr. Carol, whose impudence was too original to be offensive; and even the squinting, hawk-nosed, and flashily-dressed lessee was not an unattractive study, though for the solitary reason that it was wholly new. Lord Lisburn was but a young man, and he also liked seeing life in the sense in which that term is generally used. Besides, he had knocked about many countries quite sufficiently to have made temporary acquaintance of a more doubtful kind, and in a far readier and rougher manner. A sailor at five-and-twenty, whose caste is too high to lose, must be a very strange

kind of prig if he does not take his adventures kindly and just as they come.

So, with some expectation of real amusement, he let the lessee hand him a green ticket with an air of much importance and many bows.

"This will admit your lordship," he said, "to the best unoccupied seats at any time your lordship chooses. The house will be full: but your lordship"—

"Oh, that's all right," broke in Mr. Carol, "shan't I be there? I can do everything; nobody ever interferes with me. By Jove—I should like to see them. That's power. I once wanted the Prime Minister to do something for a friend of mine. I didn't know him then, but I went to his house, straight; I said, 'Look here, old fellow, you see you *must* do it:' he did see it, and the thing was done."

"The Prime Minister?" asked Lord Lisburn, beginning to see the sort of man with whom he had to deal, but still opening his eyes.

"Why not?" answered Mr. Carol, coolly. "One man's just like another, and I always have my way. I kicked a manager once out of his own green-room"—here he gave a suggestive glance at the lessee—"and stopped the run of his piece just because he wouldn't let me have my way. That's power, again. When I was at college, I made them change all their rules that didn't suit me—that is, they would have changed them if I hadn't got my way in taking my name off their rotten old boards. If I go to a chop-house, I should like to find the waiter who wouldn't bring me the first steak, no matter how many orders he's had before. I've stopped an express train to get a glass of beer. I'm the poorest man in Europe—I don't care—but I've got power. So take my word for it, your book's made. You look out for the notices, and if you don't find some good ones, then I'm wrong. Farewell, my lord," he added, with a majestic and almost patronizing wave of his hand, "I shall find you out in the theatre."

Lord Lisburn was left wondering whether he really ought to have recognized Mr. Carol, or whether their acquaintance was part of Mr. Carol's power of imagination. But he half thought that he might possibly look in at the theatre, supposing he had nothing else to do.

But meanwhile it was still early and he had some hours on his hands before he cared to dine: and so, to make the most of the fine afternoon, instead of turning into his club at once, strolled into St. James's Park. Of course, people may walk for a whole day in London without meeting a single acquaintance: but it very seldom happens that to meet one does not mean to meet two.

Suddenly Lord Lisburn, whose eyes were anything but introspective, saw a face approaching him that he felt

sure he knew. In a moment his face brightened into recognition, and he exclaimed, as he held out his hand, —

"Dr. Vaughan?"

"Surely — Lord Lisburn?"

"Do you remember that day you found me under the hedge? I do, I can assure you. But, by Jove! fancy my meeting a Barnfield man the first day of my being in town. I'm awfully glad to see you, anyhow."

"And I am very glad to see your lordship again, and looking so well. You have come up from Barnfield? Good God, what an age ago Barnfield seems."

"From Barnfield? Yes, four years ago. I've come from New York now, and before that from round the world. By the way," he went on, in the first pride of authorship, "I must send you the history of my voyages — 'Sinbad at Sea.' Perhaps it may amuse you. And how has the world been using you? Well, I hope — though you did save the life of such a scapegrace as I am?"

Lord Lisburn was not a scapegrace, but it pleased him to think himself one.

"Oh, well enough, my lord." (If Harold Vaughan seems to "my lord" too much, remember that he was a Barnfield man, and early habits will cling.)

"You are practising in town? I'm glad to hear it — you will be at hand if I want you again. Not that I mean to. I've shot big game since then, and by Jove, I've given up carrying my gun at full cock any more."

"I have been in the country since your lordship's father died."

"What — at Barnfield?"

"No, at St. Bavons."

"Ah, then perhaps you know Sir William Penrose, the member? I was calling there to-day."

"Only by name. In fact, I have left St. Bavons. I mean to try my fortune here."

"Quite right, too. I must get you all the patients I can; only, confound it, all my friends — and I haven't many in town, I've been so long away — have such a habit of keeping well. Never mind, I'll send them all my book, and you shall cure them. I should say you ought to have an introduction to Sir William. He has womankind, and women are always at sea without a doctor — as much as 'Sinbad.' By the way, come and feed with me at the club to-day. We'll compare notes, and have a chat about old Barnfield and old times."

Harold Vaughan was human, and perhaps the wish did just float through his mind that the evil ears belonging to the chattering tongues of St. Bavons could have heard him invited to dine *tête-à-tête* with an earl. But to do the *parvenu* justice, the wish did not become a thought, and he had more potent and impossible wishes in him to care much for the memory of public slander.

"I'm afraid, your lordship" —

"You have no other engagement? Then come. The sea-hunger's still on me, and I really do want to talk to you. You're a scientific man, you know, and I want the advice of a scientific man. I've been thinking of doing something big — you'll open your eyes no doubt when I tell you, but the success of 'Sinbad' has encouraged me. You're just the very man to talk to, so you see I'm not unselfish in asking you to come with me. It's really important."

"If I can be of use to your lordship, of course I will come."

"I must feed before I talk, though — and you look as though you want a glass of wine: you look as if you'd been working too hard. Ah! there's nothing like the sea for keeping one clear from cobwebs — there's no dust there. I've not been a day in town, and I'm longing for the Esmeralda again as if we were still in our honeymoon — the dear girl! So come along — we'll talk about Barnfield at dinner, and then about my idea."

Harold Vaughan was really looking pale and worn. Not only for reasons more apparent to the reader than to Lord Lisburn, but for others that he alone knew. His little capital had not been increased at St. Bavons, beyond a check from Mr. Brandt, which he had at once returned by post unopened. So, as his siege to London practice, into which he was now trying to coin his spare energies, required good clothes and respectable lodgings, he was compelled to pinch and save in ways bad for the health of the tissue. One of his reasons for hesitating about accepting the invitation of the earl was a sort of shame for the body's craving, which made it disgracefully welcome. It was not that he was as yet starving himself beyond the limits of prudent economy. He still had his daily supply of bread from the skies; but even manna, if eaten in bitterness and rebellion, does not exclude hunger for flesh-pots served by friendly hands. Hunger, as an emotion, is too much despised — it is far more closely connected with sentiment than is conventionally supposed. The needs of the body, where they exist, terribly, if humiliatingly, counterbalance the needs of the soul.

The unaccustomed luxury of a glass of good wine had its due effect upon the nerves of the doctor, whose nature had been humanized and vivified under one influence only to be rendered keenly susceptible of every influence. A dinner, which is merely a common accident of every-day life to one man, may be an event to another; though not a *gourmet*, *entrées* may be to him experiences, and a roast a revelation. They may place him in a different frame of mind, and by altering his bodily condition make him see things with other eyes. Hitherto Harold Vaughan had felt himself a martyr to personal injustice; but as he sat in a

magnificent room, splendid with light, and filled with an atmosphere which makes such an utter outsider as he feel like a trespasser, he could not but recognize that there were barriers, not imaginary, but real, between himself and Claudia, that had made his desires trespassers when he had tried to overleap them. Intellect doubtless has its rights, and even its privileges, but its greatest right lies in breaking down social barriers, if it has the power. It has neither right nor privilege simply to ignore them — such a proceeding belongs not to intellect but to stupidity. The club-room felt like a great, blazing gulf, fixed between himself and Claudia Brandt; the Chambertin like a wholesome but bitter potion, that put earth into his blood, and made him see that his separation from her was the result of sheer hard fact, and not of personal prejudice or accidental scandal. He even, unconsciously, felt a little jealous of Lord Lisburn, because he was so kindly and so easily thrusting him farther and farther outside. The peer, he reflected, might gain with a word, and in a moment, what it would take him years of ambitious toil to qualify himself to strive for, supposing it were any longer worth his while. It is not a pleasant or amiable moment in a clever man's life when he discovers that intellect is a weight as well as a force, and that it cannot serve a man's personal desires unless it fits exactly into the well-oiled grooves of the social fulcrum.

After all, Claudia's father had been quite right, he thought, in acting according to the established order of things: what could a successful tradesman do more? And Claudia herself — well, she was her father's daughter, and would scarcely be expected to follow the example of ballad heroines. It is true she might have let him know that she did not believe him to be unworthy of her, except in fortune: she need not to have let him leave St. Bavons without a word. But that was only a detail —

*Oubliions-la, passons-la, dont le monde est
notre ciel
Qui passe, et qui oublie.*

Meanwhile the Chambertin, which like his mother the earth and his father the sun, is good to all with that sort of impartiality which consists in dealing out one law to the rich and another to the poor, had given way to the more reflective claret: and then Lord Lisburn, having for a few moments contemplated the cornice began to unfold his scheme.

"I have been thinking, Vaughan, that we live in degenerate days."

ANOTHER, now the seventh, Roman tomb has been discovered in Mecklenburg, containing a skeleton in perfect preservation and over a dozen articles of pure Roman antiquity.

THE ART OF CULTIVATING UNHAPPINESS.

THE chase after happiness, or the pleasure which we signify by calling it happiness, is generally supposed to be a common occupation of all the world. But this is by no means the case. There are people too apathetic to care about happiness at all. Some there are who pursue it in an inverted form: they find pleasure in being unhappy, and happiness in making themselves and all around them miserable; while others do really prefer tragedy to comedy, and if they can get it in no other way, they will create tragedy, or the illusion of it, in private life. There are a few actors, either good or bad, who have not at some time believed that their rôle was tragedy, and it is thus that these every-day actors on the world's broad stage derive a certain dignity in the claim. The tragedies of ripides rank higher than the comfortable sayings of aæschylus. "I also have suffered," they proudly say; "in sorrow only I seek for consolation." Clearly there are as many ways of being or doing the one thing as there are of being or doing the other. To cultivate the habits of ready giveness, of earnest and persistent cheerfulness about all things, of looking on the bright side, carries a man a long way in one direction; to such, however, as choose the opposite path, we volunteer some well-intentioned advice. One who finds their pleasure — or, if that be too strong a word, their satisfaction — in developing unhappiness in themselves and others, must bring to their task as much care and concentration of purpose as if the object were not only good and wise in itself, but in the nature of things absolutely necessary; and the means to this end would be the subject of serious reflection. A well-sustained official physiognomy or demeanor of any kind often turns counterfeit into reality. If a man fixes his face for good or evil, he almost compels himself to be good tempered, or peevish by assuming perpetually a peevish expression, a peevish temper is engendered. But this is a work of time. The better and more thorough method is to create your own breast the sentiment you desire to manifest. If this with practice becomes a matter of the utmost utility, laying down a line beforehand, so that in representing unhappiness you may not appear in the character of a Despair.

One of the first moral qualities to be cherished is suspicion. This exercise produces endless results, often quite unexpected, since the operation of it hardly admits either guidance or check; for who is there that in the past, the present, or the future may not be bitterly distrusted if long looked through a particular focus? Father, mother, wife, friend, or your best friend — of any of these it is quite possible to end by believing the very worst, if you steadilyustom yourself to the notion. And if not living beings, there are other sources. Try to detect a particular malevolence as regards yourself in whatever circumstances occur, whatever fate befalls you; indulge in portents, dream visions and be careful to remember them, and attach great importance to them whenever they presage coming misadventures. In this way you may enjoy anguish at will and dwell in miseries which have not yet accrued. By describing your miserable state of mind to others you will probably propagate it, and so "spread far and wide the great net of sadness." If your friends resolutely refuse to share your sentiments or even to listen, you must content yourself with prognosticating for them sorrow in the future. Even there is envy to be induced and cherished, so that the sight of the success of others shall never fail to produce remorse, grudging, and sullenness in your own breast. So much from this point of view cannot be said in favor of the habit of passive vindictiveness or the quality of ungratefulness; there is no better fertilizer than this with which to prepare the ground for a fruitful crop of unhappiness. Revenge is not herein implied, because that might lead to action, and in a healthy stand-up fight bad wishes might be blown into the air, bad blood spent, and thus all care and trouble expended would be thrown away. It is a good plan to keep in mind, and in a certain fashion

celebrate the anniversaries of particular griefs, losses, insults, or injuries. If necessary, make entries in your diary to aid your memory, for some people are absurdly loose on this head, and when they grant a pardon, forget the offence as well as the cause and date. Even if you forgive a wrong, you are not bound to forget it, or to refrain from referring to it when so inclined, adding the fact of the pardon accorded as an extra shaft of pain. Repining and habitual discontent are less unamiable but still very serviceable qualities. They should be steadily indulged, constantly fed, and the causes must be often silently reviewed and dwelt on, so that nothing may be overlooked or forgotten. This group, i. e., envy, vindictiveness, repining, and discontent in general, have this clear advantage — by cultivating them you not only create your own special atmosphere of neutral tint or Indian ink, but you positively obtain a solid rest and fulcrum for the future, since they have a peculiar power of corrosion. They eat into temper, health, and morals alike; they penetrate deeply, take strong hold, spread their roots, and so on, as certainly as rust honeycombs steel, or acid acts on limestone.

Again: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." And this crown, so desirable to wear, is within the reach of almost any one who steadily applies himself to obtain it. There are few in the present who can fail to remember a happy past, which by taking pains and "making believe very much," they can represent to themselves as much happier than it really was. All relating to it should be frequently rehearsed, brooded on, and mourned over. But if there are people whose condition is so obstinately unfavorable to artificial misery that in fact they are in the present infinitely happier, better off, and more free in action than at any former period of their lives, they must, in the language of novelists, throw a veil over the past, and, having no prospect or chance of wretchedness in the present, they must look to the future in which to recoup themselves of the sorrow which has been denied them, and the unhappiness which they have so far failed to obtain. For the future is necessarily more fertile than the "has been" — "of all words the most pathetic," as an apostle of sorrow has beautifully said or sung — because imagination can roam at will; but memory, though she may exaggerate and color, ought not to be allowed actually to invent. So, take it that we are young now, with friends and relatives around us. We may lose all. Fathers, our children may die or break our hearts. Husbands, our wives may drive us either into the Bankruptcy or the Divorce Court. It is advisable to dwell much on these possibilities and to realize them in thought; so that even if circumstances turn otherwise, we shall at least have enjoyed these miseries by anticipation, a delight of which no man can deprive us. Again, whatever is uncertain, old age and death are not. If you are young, reflect that the young may die; if you are old, that the old must die. By imagining a lingering, solitary death caused by some especially dreadful disease, an ingenious person can easily create an amount of mental wretchedness little if at all inferior to the reality. "Thank God, it is no worse," is an expression often heard on the lips of the votaries of cheerfulness. Such a phrase, or such a frame of mind as causes it, ought to be decisively discouraged by those who seriously cultivate unhappiness. If these people are poor, they find comfort in the fact that they are not paupers; if they break a limb, they rejoice that they have not broken two. You must view things in another light, and steadily anticipate the very worst. Think that mortification may, and often does, result from a fracture, that a headache may be the precursor of insanity, that a pimple may be the beginning of cancer, and that if you die even that may be an illusion, in which case you will certainly be buried alive. The precise degree of misery which it is possible thus to induce can hardly be gauged, but it is very considerable. It comes easily by practice, and is much more commonly to be met with than is generally supposed. There is also to be attained the habit of rejecting all fresh or accidental sources of happiness which open out, as it were, hap-hazard in life. These obstacles to your success

must be conquered in detail; regard them with coldness and sour distrust, examine them one by one, discover or believe that you discover their hollowness or their fleeting, temporary, and unsatisfying nature. If, notwithstanding this severe ordeal, these advantages are undeniably real, substantial, and of a lasting kind, little indeed can be done except to close your eyes, ignore them, and reflect that, in the natural order of things, decay follows blossom and fruit as surely as night follows day after the most beautiful of sunsets. But if by no exertion can you procure sufficient unhappiness of your own, you may still suffer vicarious misery in the persons of your friends—if such you still possess: apprehend all things, attain hopelessness, make the worst of the present, and look on the black side of the future. There is an art not sufficiently understood in this country, of “posing” in your wretchedness, and surveying yourself as it were from the outside. The French have the word and understand the knack or trick *de se poser*. “I am not made,” says Rousseau in his Confessions, “like any other man I have seen;” and thence inevitably follows a burst of senseless *pitié de soi même*, whence by easy gradations through dismalness to blackest melancholy. It is true that all this will make people disagreeable, and that it has a distinct tendency to *se vieillir et s’enlaidir* may be taken as certain as that two and two make four. So best. The assurance of being thus rendered through advancing years more cankered and unattractive, more unfit to love and be loved, will cast a solid and legitimate gloom on any stray particles of the happiness which they have rejected and the pleasures they have forsworn.

“YOU MUST KNOW BANKS.”

My wife and I resolved to retire from the perplexities and publicity of a town life into the innocent ease and obscurity of a country village; and having made up our minds to the move, we tried to settle the whereabouts. After answering a hundred advertisements of small and singularly unobjectionable houses, and visiting some fifty of them, we fixed on one on the outskirts of the large village of Sefton. We imagine ourselves scientific, so we made our choice with a view to ferns, aquariums, flowers, mosses, and other roots of experimental philosophy. Of course our new neighbors looked on us as over-learned, seeing these symptoms of abstruseness, and complimented us by declaring we had quite a museum indoors and horticultural gardens out. We had not succeeded in obtaining much celebrity before, but we soon became even more celebrated than we desired.

As one neighbor called after another, and all were introduced to our curiosities, natural and artificial, the general cry was, “Oh, you should know Banks! You must know Banks!”

“Who is Banks?” we ask.

“Such a clever man! quite a genius. Has been all over the world, and knows everything. Lives alone in that lovely place the other side of the village, and has the most beautiful garden and fernery in the country.”

“What is he like?” asks my wife, interested.

“Well, like clever people generally. Careless of his appearance, and peculiar looking.”

“Humph!” say I, glancing at my wife to see how she will take this; for, between ourselves, she considered herself clever, and is especially particular in her dress, and is anything but peculiar-looking.

“That theory was exploded when Hannah More died. Clever people are no longer peculiar,” she says satirically.

“Everybody is clever nowadays,” I remark sententiously.

At the end of each day, as our last visitor departed, my wife would say, —

“How strange that Banks has not called! We must know Banks.”

We are naturally fond of society, and were soon admitted into the various coteries of the village and its neighborhood.

We went to dinners, afternoon teas, suppers, wherever we were invited, and soon became quite popular people; but we never met Banks. Either he was not at home, or he had excused himself on this plea or that, or he had not been invited; for “it was no good to invite him, he always declined.”

Even in this seventh heaven of country love and peace there was bitterness, and my wife's happiness was alloyed because she could not “know Banks.”

“If they would not din his name into my ears forever, I should be indifferent,” she said; “but we really must make his acquaintance.”

“We have no daughters to marry, so why are you so anxious about a bachelor?” I ask, beginning to feel jealous.

“He is evidently the only person in the place worth knowing,” she replies. “Besides, he gives to everything. I see his name down for every charity, and I want to ask for a subscription to my pet Dorcas.”

“Write him a polite note in the third person.”

“I will; then we must know Banks.”

The sentence had become a proverb and joke between us.

My wife wrote, and in a week or so received a note and five pounds, with Mr. Banks's compliments. She composed so elaborate an acknowledgment that I accused her of writing a love-letter, and getting fast in her old age. I got a good snubbing in return.

We were celebrated for our little dinners; but even they were not as charming as they used to be, for lack of this unattainable element, and I now grew anxious to secure it. We passed and repassed his house — paused to look at his profusion of flowers and ferns — sought for him at church, where, we were told, he was to be seen twice each Sunday, but failed to see him. Once we were walking with a friend, who exclaimed suddenly, “There is Banks! I want to speak to him;” and we perceived a tallish man in the distance, whose only remarkable feature was a wide-awake. On another occasion, a young lady was with us, and she said with a blush and simper, “Here is Mr. Banks!” as somebody passed rapidly and raised his hat.

“He is nothing particular after all,” said my wife, glancing back.

“Oh, he is charming! Don't you know Mr. Banks?” said the young lady.

One day, however, when we were near his house, we saw a man working in the garden. My wife said impulsively, “There is the gardener! I must ask him for a bit of that curious fern.”

She started across the road, and I followed humbly, as I am always compelled to do. I hear her make her request in her most gracious and bland manner, and see the gardener turn and approach the railing.

“You have such a lovely garden. It does you so much honor,” she says, while I examine the man.

“Will you walk in and look at it, and make choice of any specimens you fancy?” he said politely, but nervously, and with a slight impediment in his speech.

He went towards a small gate leading into a shrubbery at the bottom of the garden, my wife skirting the railing in the same direction, and I following with a chuckle. “Now we shall know Banks.”

“You may be sure he is not at home, or we should not be asked in,” said she.

I always say that it is no wonder I am jealous, for my wife's manner is certainly frightfully attractive. It was quite as courteous to her gardener as it could have been to the enviable Banks himself.

“So much obliged to you. This is quite a paradise,” she says, passing through the gate held open by the gardener, and adding carelessly, “I suppose Mr. Banks is not at home?”

“I am Mr. Banks,” was the curt reply.

Thus at last, we knew Banks! My wife was confused for a moment, during which brief period I came to the rescue, with —

“You must excuse our intrusion; for having heard of

your choice ferns, we could no more resist their attraction than a moth a candle's. My wife is the most resolute specimen-hunter in the world."

"And we have heard so much of you and your treasures that we have been dying to be acquainted with you ever since we have been here," said that lady, recovering herself.

"I intended to do myself the pleasure," began Banks, and paused.

"We have hoped and despaired so long that we have anticipated you," said my wife, laughing and venturing to look at Banks for the first time.

He was a man of about forty, or, perhaps less, young and yet old looking — with that expression of mingled reserve, sweetness, and melancholy which women call "interesting." He had a broad forehead, well lined either with thought or care, and deep-set, expressive gray eyes. They were rather like my wife's, and I perceived that when they glanced at one another, a sort of understanding, one might almost say mesmeric sympathy, passed from one to the other.

We were soon all three engaged in conversation on topics of mutual interest. He had not been overrated, and was certainly an agreeable, clever, and in some sort scientific man. He showed us his garden, which was laid out with great taste, and which he said he cultivated mainly himself; his fernery, containing every specimen of fern capable of bearing the English climate, and a rockery covered with various species of parasitical plants, mosses, and lichens that must have cost him years of labor to collect and make flourish. But what pleased my wife and me most, in spite of our scientific proclivities, was a dell outside the garden, which held a rustic seat, and through which a tiny rivulet ran. Here was every wild flower that bounteous spring lavishes on ungrateful man, and every bird that sings in England's air. Crumbs were visible, for which Mr. Banks excused himself by saying that he had got into the habit of strewing them in winter, and continued it all the year round.

"The nightingale favors me sometimes," he said, "and some of the birds are quite tame."

As if in proof of his assertions a thrush burst into song so near us that I turned in surprise, and saw the bird so close that I could have caught it. I was, in effect, about to make the attempt; but Banks arrested me, saying, quietly, —

"I never molest them, and I have educated Flush to respect their privileges."

He pointed to a shaggy terrier, following close at his heels.

"That was Mrs. Browning's dog!" said my wife, who was a devoted lover of that great poetess.

"Yes. I named this dear friend after him. Mrs. Browning understood that a dog was truly one's fastest friend. My Flush, like hers, has

"Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary."

At the sound of his name, Flush sprang upon his master, and licked his hand, while I remarked that Mrs. Browning's letters to Mr. Wedgewood concerning Flush were almost more delightfully earnest than her poem.

As we could not remain in this enchanted land forever, we prepared to leave it. My wife's hands, and arms even, were filled with floricultural treasures, so that she might easily have bowed herself off; but shake hands she would and did; so we all parted more as friends than strangers.

We expected a visit from Banks the next day — at least my wife did — but we were disappointed. The week passed, and he did not come.

"Your fascinations have failed for once," I say.

"I shall send him that lycopodium he was asking about, and then he must come," she replies.

"We will know Banks!" I cry suspiciously.

The lycopodium went, and a note of thanks was returned; still he did not call. But he waylaid us as we again passed his house — we always were passing his house — and graciously acknowledged the gift. Down came a quick, pat-

tering, unexpected April shower, and we had no umbrella. Politeness compelled him to offer shelter, and we went into his house.

"Well, we have succeeded at last, Mr. Banks," I say, when we are happily engaged in surveying his small aquarium and vaunting our own; Flush was at his side.

He looks inquisitive, my wife reproachful, for she knows me, and expects something disagreeable; but I continue provokingly, —

"You will not come to the mountain, so the mountain has forced itself upon you. My wife thinks you the only person worth knowing in Sefton, and, woman-like, she made your acquaintance."

I believe they both blushed, as he muttered something about "too much honor." I know my wife looked indignantly at me.

"Will you waive ceremony and dine with us to-morrow?" I continue. "We have many pursuits in common, and we have some things that may interest you. We shall be quite alone, and have not even a marriageable daughter."

He smiled, and his smile was winning. I was conscious of being better dressed, even better looking, but I could not boast of such a smile as that; and I glanced at my wife to see if she had observed it. Of course she had, for nothing ever escapes her.

"I go little into society; but I shall be very happy," he said, to my great surprise and my wife's undisguised delight.

She had compassed her end at last, and we should know Banks! No sooner did we reach home than she began preparations for the *petit diner* of the morrow.

"You never took half so much trouble for me!" I grumble.

"You were never half so interesting," she retorts.

Well, we triumphed in having Banks all to ourselves. We were *trois îles dans un bonnet*; for as soon as he overcame a slight shyness at finding himself reversing the etiquette of society, he entered into all our pet theories with evident interest. He was a delightful companion; and I regarded my wife's pleasure in securing him with my usual cynical jealousy. I must not forget to say that he was accompanied by Flush, for whose presence he apologized by the assurance that they were inseparable.

By degrees we also grew to be nearly inseparable; that is to say, my wife tamed him so judiciously, that he came to us whenever he liked, and our intimacy gradually ripened into friendship. We discovered that he had been a great traveller, an extensive reader, a wandering philanthropist: but of his private history we could glean nothing. He was known to be of good family and ample means, and there was no ascertained blight on his name or fame; but he lived alone, and seemed to have few personal friends. He was, however, a good deal from home, and my wife had no doubt but that he went to visit his relations.

As she was the most consummate and determined of matchmakers, my jealousy was excited because she did not propose to find a wife for Banks. I mooted the subject cautiously one day, when she assured me she had been thinking of it, but that she intended him to supply my place when kindly Nature had finished her work with me.

"I am the tougher of the two," I say grimly.

"Well, I have considered that side of the question also," she replied reflectively; "so I mean to keep you both as long as I can, and be consoled by the survivor when one shall depart."

"What if you should go first?" I ask. "Then it will be for me to look out, and I shall at once propose for Addy."

"Addy would no more have you than the Great Mogul: but she would just suit Banks," says my wife reflectively. "Let us ask her to come."

"With all my heart; but you know she will see no one but ourselves," I reply.

"That will suit very well; for then you and she can amuse one another, and I will improve the occasion with Banks. We do know Banks."

My wife always acts on the spur of the moment; for, like her sex generally, she is what has been delicately called "a creature of impulse." She wrote her invitation at once, talking to me the whole time.

"It will be rich fun to try and bring them together. He declines to meet our friends; she has given up society since her husband's death. I should have consoled myself long ago, for he was no better than a mummy or a jelly-fish! But I could not change my name for Banks! Adelaide Percy could never become Adelaide Banks!"

"I thought you intended us to remain as we are, until you could marry Banks, and I Addy," I suggest.

"I don't quite understand your position," she remarks, signing her name in letters that filled a line.

Neither did I; but I suggested that we should be like the Kilkenny cats; a story that puzzled me when I was young, and puzzles me still.

The Adelaide Percy to whom this suddenly-improvised invitation was sent was the widow of Marmaduke Percy, Esq., M.P. for —shire. We had been on a visit to her just before we had the happiness first "to know Banks," and shortly after her husband's death. Why she had married old Percy, and why she grieved for him now that he had been so considerate as to leave her rich, handsome, and still sufficiently young, nobody could guess; except, perhaps, my wife, who made even broader "Guesses at Truth" than the admirable brothers Hare. She said that she was convinced Addy had been forced into the match; for had she not been her school-fellow and bosom friend, and did she not know that she would never have married an old man if she could have helped it? What girl would?

Be this as it may, we had found Mrs. Percy a highly-prosperous, but somewhat reserved and sobered lady. Her handsome country-house was well appointed, and all her domestics appeared much devoted to her. We heard and saw that she was a good mistress and judicious friend to the poor neighbors who surrounded her. Really a friend, and not an inquisitor, as some ladies are reported to be who make a profession of the poor. But she saw no society, beyond the ordinary morning callers who performed their daily duty-rounds in their various vehicles; and but for innate good-breeding, she would not have seen these. Still, we had a delightful time with her, for she was well-read, and had travelled before her marriage, making the most of her opportunities: moreover, she ciceroned us to all places where we fancied our coveted specimens might be obtained.

My wife, whose curiosity is as remarkable as her match-making and impulse, learnt from one and another of her people that she had been a devoted wife to the most selfish and tiresome of husbands; nursing him, through illness and still worse irritability, with unswerving patience and sweetness; but she also learnt that she had never been either more cheerful or less reserved than we found her.

"A model woman!" I exclaimed. "Calm, sober, reticent!"

"Tiresome! I hate people from whom one cannot pump up a secret; and Addy won't tell even me what has changed her so!" said my wife, pressing a flower she was about to dry.

"Perhaps it was that railway accident abroad, in which her only brother was killed," I suggested, examining a piece of moss.

"More likely a tiresome husband. Nothing depresses the spirits like a husband," she replied demurely.

"Yours are lively enough," I rejoined. "That speaks well for me."

We remained a month with Addy, and left her much as we found her; grave, thoughtful, and reserved, but truly affectionate and warm-hearted.

My wife seemed unable to exist through the two days that intervened between her invitation and Addy's answer. Happily for me, Addy was tractable, and promised to come, provided she were not expected to see people.

"Banks cannot be called *people*." She must know Banks! says my most unyielding of wives, pulling my hair with delight.

"You will get into hot water between them, like that leaf you are skeletoning," say I ungrammatically, if scientifically.

Addy arrived: and whether it was change of air, or the sense of once more visiting old friends, she greeted us cheerfully, and with evident pleasure. Her pale cheeks flushed, and her handsome eyes flashed, as my wife welcomed her with all the effusion of a school-girl.

"You are quite alone; you will have no company?" were amongst her first questions.

"One cannot be said to be alone, when one is two; and everybody knows three are no company," said my wife evasively.

Banks was invited for the very next day, also under the impression that we were alone; but, as my wife insisted again, "Three's no company."

We were getting through the twilight ten minutes before dinner, when a distant but shrill bark announced Flush. Addy was almost animated at that moment; but my wife looked at me doubtfully.

"Oh, Addy, I am so sorry! I verily believe this is a tame friend of ours and his dog. We must ask him to dinner; indeed, I dare say he has come on purpose; for he has *carte blanche* here, and I forgot to give him *carte noire* on your account," said my wife, with shameless effrontery.

Addy seemed about to escape, when Banks entered unannounced.

"Only an old friend and school-fellow of mine," whispered my wife as she rose to meet him, and muttered some sort of inaudible introduction.

He was taken in, but was too much of a gentleman to run away; so he seated himself near my wife, and began to talk at one end of our good-sized drawing-room, while I engaged Addy in conversation at the other. She was seated with her back to the conservatory, and her tall, elegant figure was half in light, half in shadow. Her low voice must have been inaudible to our companions; but the echo of theirs reached us. Just as dinner was announced, she said hastily, —

"Who is he?"

And I replied, as I offered my arm, —

"Oh, don't you know Banks? I thought everybody knew Banks."

When our *partie quarrée* was formed, and I was mentally rubbing my hands at my gustatory prospects, I glanced at our guests to see how they had taken this infringement of our compact. Addy was gazing at her empty plate as if it were a mesmerist, and she a hapless medium. She was pale and motionless, and the color had gone from her lips. I could not have believed that the presence of a stranger could have produced such an effect, and began to think there was some obstinacy of temper at the bottom of her misanthropy. I looked from her to Banks. He was talking to my wife, and bowling out soup for her; looking rather "put out," it must be confessed.

"Do have some soup, Addy. You eat nothing," said that diplomatist, as Addy shook her head at our neat parlour-maid.

"Some fish, then. You are ill, dear!" she added, seeing how pale our guest was.

"No, no. Pray don't," said Addy, casting an incomprehensible glance of entreaty at my wife, and gulping down a large glass of water.

Banks started, dropped the soup-ladle, and looked at his *vis-à-vis* for the first time. I shall never forget his face as he saw that grand profile; for Addy was as handsome as a Cleopatra.

"Can this be love at first sight?" I asked myself.

His face grew crimson; his brows met as with an angry frown; his deep eyes flashed; and he half rose, as if about to leave the dinner-table. Flush rose also with an inquiring bark; but, putting him down almost roughly, he recovered himself, and said, in a low, hoarse voice, —

"I have had the honor of meeting Mrs. Percy before."

Addy, in turning her imploring eyes from my wife, had encountered those of Banks. She was red enough now, and there was an expression in her face of a pain so intense

my wife was alarmed. She made a slight movement, nevertheless, in return for a formal bow of grim civility to Banks; but her eyes again returned to the mesmeric te, and her face to its rigid pallor. I could not resist malicious glance at my wife, who was, I perceived, named of her management. She was not to be beaten. She dashed at once into her pet subjects, and raged Banks in conversation on them, appealing now then to Addy to confirm facts relative to the flora of the neighborhood, or some foreign incident. Addy replied monosyllables; but I had never heard Banks so eloquent agreeable. He and my wife kept up the conversational l between them — tossing it from gardens to museums, from museums to picture-galleries, and finally letting it fall Italy. I had time fully to enjoy my *petit diner*; for not word could I get from Addy, and not one could I thrust between this collision of tongues. Only once, when my wife suddenly mentioned Milan, did I remark any other of acquaintanceship between our friends. They appeared to look at one another involuntarily, but only for a moment; the mesmeric plate and my mesmeric wife drew me apart again irresistibly.

I never passed so uncomfortable a dinner. It was worse in cold soup and ill-cooked venison: but it was over at last, and the ladies withdrew. If women are hyperinquisitive, men are rationally inquisitive. I felt a reasonable curiosity concerning the previous meetings of Banks and Addy, so I put the former a few delicate questions: — "Strange that you two should have met before. How, when, and where?"

"I thought my facetious introduction of this interesting meeting would excite a smile; but it produced a frown. 'In Italy — years ago. What excellent wine!' was my response."

"You do not appear to be well acquainted; but I hope I will improve on your slight intimacy while Mrs. Percy is with us," I continued. "She is one of the most amiable and accomplished women I know, and I am sure you would like her."

"I scarcely think I should. I do not care for female society," he replied; and I could get no more out of him.

We found the ladies even more silent than we had been, but they did not, as is their rule, brighten up when we appeared. But Banks grew exceedingly lively, and was so devoted to my wife, that I remarked aside to Addy that I began to feel jealous. It was strange how he lingered on, strange how he looked from time to time at immovable Addy, who sat with her elbow on the table, shrouding herself with a white hand, on which was the ring which had belonged to her old Percy, and no other. She had left off her jewels, and was only in slight mourning — something black and white I remember it was, which became her wonderfully.

When at last he and Flush rose to go, she rose also; and when he had wished my wife and me good night, and was about to make her a distant bow, she walked towards him and held out her hand. The action must have been premeditated, for it had the calm dignity of a certain thoughtfulness, which was touching even to the bystanders, and overawing to him who took the hand, held it a moment, then let it go without speaking.

What did it all mean? I resolved to find out with my usual inquisitiveness, my wife having failed with her perinquisitiveness.

"And you have had the advantage of us all these years, Addy?" I said; "you do know Banks!"

"Yes," said Addy, with a large tear in her eye.

"Do tell us all about it; we are dying to know."

"I met Mr. Banks abroad at the saddest time of my whole life," said Addy, in the same calm, premeditated sort of way as the previous out-holding of her hand. "His mother and my brother were killed in that frightful railway accident at Milan, and he and I were left alone. He was very kind to me. Do not ask me any more, dear, dear friends." She sat down and burst into tears. It was our last attempt at curiosity, for we knew that the frightful catastrophe which had caused the death of a brother she loved with

all her heart had been the precursor of a long illness and brain-fever. We had heard that she was alone at the time, and that, until her parents reached her, she had been indebted to strangers for care and aid. Still we could not account for her peculiar kind of emotion on meeting Banks, or for his strange manner.

"There is something under the rose," said my wife.

"Your match-making may as well be stowed away with it," quoth I.

"On the contrary, I shall invite Banks again every day and all day," said she.

But the following morning we ascertained that our restless friend had left home for an indefinite period, and his servants did not know where he was gone. It was my wife's pleasure that Addy should not be told this, and we prevailed on her to remain with us longer than she intended. Her manner grew fitful and excitable, and my wife declared that she started at every sound, and turned red and pale at every bell. I began to hint that she was not, after all, the piece of calm perfection I had imagined, but a mere woman, and my wife required to know what I could desire better.

More than a month passed thus, when we were suddenly informed that an old and favorite horse belonging to Banks was ill, and that he had been telegraphed for, and had returned immediately. He had often told us that he had two faithful friends, his horse and dog.

"We must go and see after him," said my wife. "If that stupid old horse dies, he will shoot himself, and leave orders that they shall be buried together. Addy, there are marvellous recipes for moribund quadrupeds in that huge folio over the dining-room window. Look them out while we are away. Chivers will bring you the steps; but take care you don't break your neck, or we shall have to add you to the hecatomb."

Addy was struggling with some emotion, but turned upon this into my piece of calm perfection again.

We found Banks in the stable in the utmost distress. The horse was apparently dying.

"How kind of you!" he said, wringing my hand.

"My father had a horse just in this state, and one of those old recipes cured him," said my sagacious wife.

"Where is it? How can I get it?" asked Banks. "May I go with you and procure it, and have it made up at the chemist's at once?"

He had great faith in my wife's judgment; so we all hurried off together, leaving the horse to the groom and farrier. He outstrode us in his excitement, and was in the hall while we were barely on the threshold. Addy came out of the dining-room, breathless, exclaiming: "I have found them. How is he — how is the horse?"

They met face to face, and we heard him say, "Good heavens! Adelaide again!" as he strove to hurry past her.

"Oh, this is cruel! let us be friends!" she cried desperately.

"Friends! with one who has been the ruin of my life! — never! I have but one friend, and he lies dying," he said in a low, hoarse voice.

Flush understood him, and barked a sharp protest.

"Aye, I forgot my poor Flush," he added, stooping over the dog, whose large eyes looked as reproachful as Adelaide's.

She hastened up-stairs as he entered the hall, with the words, "Hard! unforgiving!" on her lips.

We found the folio open at the recipes, and two or three copied out in her clear large-handwriting. My wife selected one, and gave it to Banks, who crumpled it up in his hand, but hurried with it to the chemist's. I accompanied him, and my wife ran up to Adelaide.

She recounted the scene to me afterwards, and I said it should be dramatized as sensational, thereby giving great offence.

She found Addy on her knees, in an agony of weeping, her face buried in her bed, her arms outstretched over it. My calm piece of perfection! What anomalies these women are! Of course my wife threw her arms about her, mingled her tears, and so forth, calming her by degrees. I

can just imagine the stately Addy, encircled by my blonde, impulsive, satirical little wife, and the diverse feelings of the pair. But violent emotion sometimes produces confidence, and Addy's ended in a spasmodic relation of some passages of her history connected with Banks.

It appeared that she and her brother were travelling in Italy at the same time that Banks and his mother were, and that they made a casual acquaintance as they met occasionally at different places. They chanced to be all in the same train at the time of a fearful railway collision, which caused the death of many passengers. Poor Addy was frantically calling on a dead brother, when Banks came to her, himself in the terrible agony of the sudden consciousness that a mother, whom he devotedly loved, was also killed. He promised to find her brother if she would but consent to withdraw from the horrible scene, and she, injured herself, fainted at his side. He carried her away and gave her into the charge of some of the people who had gathered to the spot, while he returned to watch for the dead.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in a small railway station, surrounded by strangers. She tried to rush back to the scene of the accident, but she could not; for, although not seriously injured, she was unable to move. Carriages came from Milan in course of time, and Banks returned to her, and carried her to one, into which he also got. He had previously seen the dead bodies of those they each loved best conveyed towards that city. Even I cannot think without intense pain of that journey; what must they have felt! My impression is, that they must have been attracted to each other before this time, and that they therefore found some consolation in a growing mutual attachment; but Addy owned to no such feelings; she only spoke of the tender, respectful, unselfish sympathy of him afflicted like herself.

When they reached a hotel at Milan, he confided her to the care of the landlady, having previously ascertained the address of her parents; then he gave way to his own grief.

Some time elapsed before her parents arrived, during part of which their dead were buried side by side in a cemetery at Milan, and she was delirious. She got better, however, and would leave her bed and go into a room where she could see and thank Banks. It is pretty evident that she must have loved him ere this. How could she have helped it? Still, she did not confess to it.

Her father and mother arrived at last. My wife knew them well, and disliked them particularly. They were narrow-minded, ambitious people, whose one object in life seemed to be to amass money for their only son, and to make a grand match for their daughter. However, Addy only said that Mr. Banks did his best to console them for their loss, and to amuse them while she continued ill.

I take it for granted that the upshot of it all was, that the young people fell over head and ears in love. It was apparent from Addy's disjointed account that Banks did not leave Milan until she did, and that they must have understood one another. She particularized their last meeting as having taken place in the cemetery where he had buried their beloved dead. She had resolved to see it; and he had taken her thither. My wife gathered with difficulty that a promise or engagement of some sort passed between them over the graves, on which they left emblematic flowers, and that love sprang out of death.

I am not sentimental; but even my imagination grows vivid when calling up the scene — the grief and beauty of Addy; the intensity of feeling of her remarkable lover; the cemetery; the deep blue of the Italian sky.

We could not discover whether Addy's parents were asked, and refused consent, at Milan; but it evolved that they left that place for England, while Banks pursued his travels alone. At any rate, he held the promise sacred; and so, doubtless, did Addy, until she had to endure the persecution of her father and mother. This, at least, was my indignant wife's version of the story, who knew those worthies, and declared that they had forced Addy into a marriage with old Percy about two years after her brother's death.

While these disclosures were being dragged to light at our house, I was nursing Banks's old horse in his stables with him. The potion, or mash, or whatever it might be called, had such wonderful effect — probably because Addy had turned out the recipe — that, to my unspeakable relief, the excellent quadruped revived, and his master's joy and gratitude were so great that I thought he would have kissed us both, as well as the doctor and groom. He certainly did embrace the horse, whose name I afterwards discovered to be Milan — the groom having been wont to call him Mil-lum? with a sort of interrogative doubt, as if ill-informed of the orthography. Banks accompanied me homeward, and was still pouring out his thanks when we met my wife. She greeted us with, —

"We were so anxious about the horse that we could not rest. Addy was even more fussy than I; but I see, by your faces, that her recipe has been successful."

Banks stammered out something, while my wife came between us, and went on addressing him carelessly.

"I think you said that you met Mrs. Percy abroad?"

"Yes."

"Before her marriage?"

"Yes."

A pause; and I break in with, "She was wonderfully handsome."

"Was? Is, you mean. You men never think a woman good-looking after thirty-five," cries my wife.

"I should not dare to say that in your presence," I reply.

Banks smiled.

"It was too bad of them to marry her up to that old Percy," she continued.

"Them? Whom?" asked Banks involuntarily.

"Her parents. They were arbitrary and ambitious; and she was sacrificed, like the rest of us," she replied bowing to me.

"And he was got rid of, like the rest of us," I said, returning the mock salute.

Banks's face was aflame. I never saw any fellow change countenance so often in so short a space of time. At last he said grimly, —

"No woman ever marries against her will."

"I am sure I did, and you know what a victim I am," said my wife; and he smiled again. "You will come to dinner," she continued. "I have a new moss, and my husband has made a discovery quite Darwinian."

"Not to-day — quite impossible," he said, hurrying off.

"We shall expect you," she cried, waving her hand.

It was nearly dinner-time when we got back, and we found Addy ready. She was calm; but the marks of her late emotion were visible enough. She told us that she had made arrangements to leave us the following morning, and that her maid was packing up. We combated this resolution in vain.

We were late for dinner, and I hurried Addy off, saying to my wife, "It is no good to wait."

"Provoking man!" she exclaimed.

"Who? which?" I asked.

"Both! all! every man I ever saw!" she replied.

We had begun, when there was a sharp bark and ring, and Banks actually appeared. He had dressed hastily, yet with even more than the French "four pins" of care.

"I could not resist the new moss and the Darwinian discovery," he said, glancing at Addy and bowing nervously.

She made no movement, but looked at my wife reproachfully. She was, however, resolved to hide all emotion, and began to talk as naturally as she could. By degrees the conversation became sufficiently easy, and my hopes of a quiet dinner — faint, at first — were realized. I had not at that time, heard Addy's story, so I hazarded a remark at dessert which savored more of the hyperinquisitive than the prudent.

"So odd you two should have met abroad. Were you long acquainted?"

I watched the effects of this venture. Addy's cheeks were crimson, and Banks's eyes flashed as he saw it.

"We met, as people do on the Continent, by chance;

and parted by chance also, I suppose," he said nonchalantly. "You remember our last encounter?"

A sudden pain must have struck at his heart, for his face turned deadly pale. He had said more than he intended.

"Yes, I remember," said Addy, with an entreating glance at my wife, who moved to leave the room.

When they were gone, Banks fell into reverie, and I maliciously interrupted it by saying, —

"You do not know what an intolerable match-maker my wife is. I am charmed to see her circumvented for once. She was bent on bringing you two together, and you hate one another beforehand. It surprises me; for Addy is generally much beloved, and you are not altogether odious."

"Did she — did Adelaide — did Mrs. Percy say she hated me?" he asked impetuously.

"Not in so many words; but her manner implies it much as yours does."

He smiled sadly, and said his manner was terribly awkward.

Addy played and sang well — divinely, my wife said; who uses exaggerated terms, like the rest of her sex — so when we were again assembled, we asked her for some music. She consented at once, as she always does; for she is neither nervous nor silly. I know I am terribly provoking, as my wife says; but I can no more help it than another man can help being amiable; so when Addy asked me what I should like, I said, —

"Moore's melodies are all the fashion again, Banks, and I rejoice, for I like the old songs. Mrs. Percy sings them so well. Let us have the one with the doubtful simile of the sunflower, Addy. You know which I mean. 'The heart that has truly loved never forgets;' though I have watched a hundred sunflowers, and never yet seen one 'turn to her god when he sets.'"

"Nor have I," said Banks, watching Addy's tremulous fingers as they tried to strike the first chords.

She sang the desired song with difficulty, but perfect sweetness and expression. Towards the end her voice trembled slightly, but she commanded it.

"Did you ever hear her sing before?" I asked of Banks.

"Never," he replied, moving his chair so that we could not see his face.

Addy had what is called a sympathetic voice, and I was sure that it had reached his heart. When she ended, and was about to rise, my wife detained her at the piano.

"Why do poets invent fables to rouse our feelings?" said Banks, hoarsely. "You sing a song in which you cannot believe."

"I am not answerable for my songs; yet I believe in this one, in spite of the sunflower," said Addy, half sadly, half lightly, beginning another at our request.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall,"

we all said, or implied, by our significant silence as she sang song after song.

Banks spoke never a word; but he quietly drew nearer and nearer the piano, until he was close to Addy. Was she conscious of the proximity? She gave no sign save in the *tremolo* of that *voce simpatico*: and that might have been according to the modern school of singing, which is a perpetual roulade.

However, it was very sweet and touching; and when at length the clock struck one sharp, reproachful stroke, reminding us that the small hours had begun, we all started in amazement. Banks rose hastily to wish us good night. He took Addy's offered hand and held it a moment, gazing into her pathetic face. There were tears in her eyes, and, I believe, moisture in his.

"Thank you. Music was invented to unman us," he said, and was gone.

To our surprise and annoyance Addy kept to her resolution, and we accompanied her to the station the next morning. She was profuse in her gratitude to us, but she persisted in repeating, "It is best, it is best." We put her into a first-class carriage in which was no other passenger,

at her particular request, for she said she wished to be alone. We were making our last adieus through the window, and my wife was extracting a promise of return, when I saw Banks fuming up the platform. I nudged my wife, who mastered the occasion intuitively. I went to meet him, saying, in the elegant language of the period, "Where are you off to?"

"I am going abroad — I will write," he answered.

"Just in time; jump in here!" I exclaimed, pushing my wife aside, and opening the door of Addy's compartment.

He obeyed, not perceiving the lady.

"Take care of her, Mr. Banks. So glad you have an escort, Addy!" cried my wife, as the train steamed off instantly.

Addy looked after us with a pale, troubled, reproachful face; but there was no redress either for her or Banks.

"Suppose they leap out of the windows," suggested my wife. "A sentimental lover's leap!"

"The railway will be the best match-maker," said I.

And so it proved. A letter arrived by the next post from Addy, entreating us to go to her — for — for — she was engaged to Mr. Banks. She was so happy, and it was all due to us. The following day Banks reappeared. He actually called my wife "my dear," when he announced the fact that he was not going abroad after all, but — but — was going to be married instead.

"Then we shall not only know Banks, but Mrs. Banks!" said I.

And so "the curtain falls."

LIGHT LITERATURE.

"WRETCHED young man! there you are, reading your novels and trash again. Where do you expect to go to?" Such used to be the withering speech of parents, guardians, and those in authority over us, when I, a schoolboy, after having been buried up to my eyes, and far over my ears, among the dead languages, was striving to get an idea into my head from a book written in a tongue which I really and radically understood; so the novel was secreted, and only the more eagerly read by the light of a furtive candle in bed, and at unholy hours in the morning, when a stern sense of duty should have compelled us, if awake, to be making "nonsense verses."

And here, perhaps, I may be allowed to pause a minute, in order to remark on that wonderful system of education — I hope no longer existing — which ordained that, at fixed hours during the week, each boy in a large school should become a temporary poet of nonsense — or, if in a higher class, of sense — verses; the latter, as a rule, being seven degrees (Helicon) lower than the first. If they had said, "Here is a pair of top-boots: every boy shall make one boot on Tuesday and Friday," after a time some boys would have become Hobys or "Burns who wa'" in *Piccadilly* bred; but you can't raise poets like shoemakers — "Poeta nascitur;" and he is a misfit (as the boots above quoted would have been) if he is forced into the perilous and useless trade. But this is a digression, though perhaps this youthful infusion of "nonsense" may have acted on the system, and, breaking out later in life, have engendered some of the novels of this generation.

On reflection, however, I do not think those "parents, guardians, and others" were so very wrong in placing novels on the "Index Expurgatorius." They spoke after the wisdom of their generation, and their experience of novels and romances must have been depressing. Imagine the trash that was written before Walter Scott; and alas, friend of my youth, who sat on the second volume of "Waverley" (family edition, 5s.) while you gloated over the first, I strongly advise you not to try to read "Scott's Novels" again, or at least only two or three of them, lest you find yourself yawning in the face of your old favorites. Then imagine reading "Evelina" or "Cecilia"! Picture to yourself being told how "she came to carry me to

Vauxhall in her coach," about the "tea equipage," and "Oh, cried she."

For my own part, I have always swallowed with a grain and a half of salt all the stories about Johnson's "little character-monger." That Sheridan sat up all night to read her is probable, if he read "Evelina" at all; but then Sheridan seldom went to bed. Burke, Windham, Johnson! — "the best novel they ever read!" Then, dear me, how bad the others must have been! Do not, however, for a moment imagine that I am abusing novels or their writers; on the contrary, I think that the whole world is indebted to them. In this terribly practical, material, and over-working age, when men's brains are surcharged with thought, some rest is required; and as no busy brain can rest except in sleep, what is better for it than the mild excitement of a good — not a supersensational — novel. Blessings on Bernhard Tauchnitz! say I, though I think it just possible that English authors will hardly echo that prayer; and indeed it is hard on them that I should have a library of all the best English novels, extremely well bound, at a cost of 2s. a volume. Of course these books are "exiles from the land of their birth," like General Garibaldi, but they are very nice to residents and travellers abroad. Besides, if vol. ii. disappoints you, you can throw it out of the train unbound; and your revenge on the deceptive *author* — or *ess*, as the case may be — only costs "½ Thlr."

It is impossible to exaggerate the debt of gratitude due, by any one who is a long traveller or a bad sleeper, to another of his species who plunges into the inkstand, and comes out dripping with a novel in his hand. Talk of *Venus orta mare!* I wish to say nothing disrespectful of her, as she is a woman, but she may "go to Bath" again, if so minded, as far as I am concerned. Give me my intellectual diver, and the pearl which he fishes out of the Black Sea. What hours in bed and in train have I passed in romance land during the last ten years! With the candles and the "midnight oil" burned by me alone, chiefly in personal railway lamps (and I wish they would make their hooks better and their glass clearer), a limited company might have existed, and paid, say, one dividend. *A propos* of this — and even very *à propos* — I must again digress for a few lines. I believe you should never let a good action pass unnoticed. I was dreadfully travelling, on a miserably wet, black night, in a special train through Hungary. By day the road is beautiful and interesting — *je ne dis pas non*; but at night it is as black as a wolf's throat. You hardly ever stop, and there are no regular stations. I was just thinking how lucky I was, wrapped up in fur like a well-dressed bear, with some biscuits, a bottle of Tokayer Wein, brought to the train for me by one Pulszky, the grower of it, — of whom, as he is only the cleverest man in Europe, you, my dear reader, most likely have never heard, — and, last but not least, a novel. The light was as that of other railways — darkness visible; still, with "a great deal of the best will," one could read, and we got on till, *crac!* something happened, and the lamp went out. "We shan't get another," pleasantly remarked a companion. So we sat in the dark; "Kenelm Chillingly" fell from my grasp; I ate a biscuit, drank a glass of Tokay, and wept.

Presently we stayed at a station for a minute, and out of the darkness came a kindly voice, which said: "Old friend, I have brought you a candle. *Fiat lux!*" It was General Türr, who, unseen himself, had seen my misery; and here to that Lucifer, pride of midnight, I return my thanks. But you will say, "This has nothing to do with light literature." *Si scusi, signore*; it had at least much to do with mine.

But let us return to our muttons — black sheep indeed, according to our elders. I say that the civilized world is deeply indebted to novel-writers. If a man writes a novel, he is clever; if he writes a good novel, he is cleverer; and if he writes a first-rate novel, he is cleverest; but even to the positive we owe a great debt of gratitude. As a rule, too, the novels are good; but still I cannot help thinking that, with a very little more trouble, they might be so much

better. "Praise the works of Pietro Perugino, and say the pictures would have been better if the painter had taken more pains:" that was a bishop's charge; and I say a little "more pains" would save most of our novelists from making blunders which would be terrible if they were not so amusing.

And now I beg to state that I am not going to abuse anybody personally, and indeed I could not if I would; for, with two or three exceptions, the writers of these novels are as mythical to me as the characters they produce; all I know is, that I am much indebted to them. The two or three writers of fiction whom I have the pleasure of knowing are capital fellows, and so, I have no doubt, are all the rest; still, I think they make mistakes. Jealous of them? Of course I am of the very smallest of them — sincerely jealous; but I hope I shall not show it.

To begin with, then, and speaking merely as the mildew but still most "constant reader," would it not be possible for these writers of fiction to confine themselves a little more to fact as far as habits and customs, men, women, and children, are concerned? Their plots are their own, and they have a right to do with them as they like; poor in the lightning, ram home the thunderbolts, give the word "Fire!" and blow us out of our seven senses — that is *whist*; a bold game, but still "whist." Let the *dramatis personæ* be women or ladies, men or gentlemen, as the case requires; but let them be, do, and suffer as we daily see women and ladies, men and gentlemen, exist and act and endure. We live at a most unpleasantly practical period; that is the fact. "The age of ruins is past; have you seen Manchester?" asks Sidonia of Coningsby, and the few words well describe our age. I may prefer the ruins to Manchester, but the world does not; and also the world likes a spade to be called a spade, not an "agricultural implement."

The realistic school should be that of modern novels; but it is not. Surely Scott's best novels are "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and the "Antiquary" — and why? Simply because they take us among our fellow-men; our grandfathers might have been at school with them. I confess that when I get to chivalry, misty and mysterious maidens, and Yellow Dwarfs, I am lost. My only idea of chivalry is a damp tournament at Eglington Castle; I don't think I ever saw anything nearer to a "maid of the mist" than a girl in a fog; and the only "Yellow Dwarf" I ever heard of as a reality was Lord Waterford's steeple-chase horse of that name. But Scott wrote a long time ago, and let us hope what he told us *was* all true. "*Se non è ven è ben trovato*," and that is always a point gained. Let us come nearer home. I should be almost afraid to say how many days of my life I have spent in reading the works of Dickens; if I am left in a room with one now for a quarter of an hour, I am at him at once; and I hope to continue to read them while I read anything, though actually I can say that I know them by heart; still you know nobody ever saw (except perhaps Squeers and the Brothers Cheeryble in a mitigated form) any living being the least like any of Dickens's characters. What fun the world would be if there were any Pickwicks and Jingles and Winkles! But there never were nor will be; more's the pity. Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Nickleby are the only characters that could have been traced to an origin, and it is to be hoped that the type of the first is worn out before now.

No; dear as is Dickens to me, he could no more describe men as they are, than he could describe the country; he drew wonderful caricatures, whereas Thackeray photographed.

What a wonderful man was Lord Lytton! After writing a perfect series of novels in one style, he rested a little, and then came out in a new form with novels as superior to all but one of his earlier production, as Byron was to Haifa. But, then, ask yourself, my most critical reader, and answer truly, were not the best works of the Lord of Knebworth those in which he described real live men and women? "Pelham," for instance; you may dislike the dandy if you please, but ask your father, and he will tell you that it was a faithful type of a class. "Devereux,"

and then those glorious every-day books, the "Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will he do with it?" Where would you "place" "Zanoni," "Lucretia," or "Paul Clifford" in such a race?

For my own part, I believe it was the creed of my childhood, as it is now, that "Pelham" was and is the best novel that ever was written; that it made an impression is evident, for it was the first novel I ever perused, and that was before I had even been to a private school, and I can yet describe the exact spot where I read it, though I have not seen it for years. I was sitting on a green garden-stool under a tree in the shrubbery just opposite the door at Havering. By the bye, there must have been one or two good novels then; for once having tasted blood, I took to that "pernicious literature," and I remember "Hyde Nugent," in which a late "saint," who later drove a coach to Brighton, and was in fact a man of an age, was a principal figure, and also "Almack's." I have never seen them since, but I would read them again, and if any reader of the *Belgravia* will send me a copy of them, I will mention her or his name in my will. Can any one say fairer than that?

Do writers as a rule improve as they write on? My impression is that as a rule they do not. See how many first novels have been the best. Miss Burney never beat "Evelina;" "Waverley" is certainly the best of Scott's lot; "Pelham" was never surpassed by its author even in his later brilliant works; "Pickwick" and Dickens will live together; "Vanity Fair" is the glory of Thackeray, though I confess to a great weakness for "Esmond;" "Coningsby," a book of a peculiar school, and written *avec intention*, was never quite equalled by its brilliant author; Whyte-Melville will never surpass "Digby Grand," or Lawrence produce another "Guy Livingstone."

Ah, those novels of Mr. Disraeli's; take from them the extraneous elements of politics and poetry, which latter he cannot help writing even in prose, and what vivid scenes of actual life are spread before you! *Voilà un qui a vécu*. I suppose no other author could have written that scene at Crockford's the night before the Derby. It is life, and that is what this practical age requires in works of imagination. Altogether, however, it seems to me we have lately had among us the "Eclipse" of novel-writers — Thackeray. If I had to be limited for life to one author, I should choose him, and be contented. He does not sketch or invent, or at least his invention is like a photograph. We may be struck by the poetic ideas of Smith, in love with the glowing scenes of oriental Brown, or deeply interested in Professor Robinson's "Travels from Nowhere to Somewhere Else," two vols., dedicated to the Bishop of Phantasmagoria; that is well, and as it should be, but we do not, all or any of us, always wish to be perpetually excited, awed, or instructed.

Pas si bête! civilized man wishes to be amused. Now we take hold of Thackeray's arm, and he walks us through the life which is ours. He dines at the houses we dine at; knows all the fellows at the clubs, meets you at the balls, goes to Spratt's, and has all the news for you (in the bow-window of Bay's next morning, and he never makes a mistake. Now I prefer this to hearing about the Last either of the Tribunes or the Molicans.

Yes; Thackeray is my photographer, and I should humbly submit the best novel-writer of the century. To Mr. Trollope the world must be infinitely obliged. What days of good reading he affords! and he is, I should say, true to life enough to satisfy the most material man, but he will draw one class — he draws it to the life, with one exception; he is never dull. I should think the life he describes was — very often.

A cathedral town is not big enough for Mr. Trollope. To use a metaphor which he will understand as well as any one, and I hope excuse, I should like to "take him out of the plough into the grass." But you see all his characters talk and act like men and women of 18 —; they don't go stalking on stilts over dry ground.

Mrs. Wood is no doubt a realist, but then small-town life is so very real that one wishes her in a large metrop-

olis: the author of "The Channings" and "Mrs. Halliburton" is worthy of a large field. After reading one of this lady's healthy downright stories, try that sickly mixture of sentiment and sensation concocted by the author of "Abbot's Cleve" and of that other equally vapid and similarly forgotten novel "Carleton Grange," and discover the difference between the popular story-teller and her obscure imitator. I was led into making this discovery by a fulsome notice in the *Saturday Review*, in which the critic lavishly exhausted his vocabulary of praise upon what turned out to be the silliest imitation of a popular novelist that ever fell, as it deserved to fall, still-born from the press.

I felt curious to know what relationship the author of "Abbot's Cleve," had to the reviewer and to the immaculate journal in which the review appeared. Perhaps Mr. James Grant, who has just issued a supplement¹ to his elaborate work on the "Newspaper Press," or Mr. John Timbs, author of "Things not Generally Known," may let out the secret. Then we shall all learn how it is that literary abortions are lauded, while really clever works of fiction are libelled, in the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Edmund Yates writes like a gentleman about ladies and gentlemen, and tells us what living people do. That is the essence of modern romance. We do not want the "Loves of Angels" or the "Lives of Saints" — no, I prefer "Black Sheep."

There is no occasion to speak of the "Seven Sons of Mammon." They are the seven sons of X. the banker, or Y. the director, with whom we so often dine; but this is only natural. I believe, if Mr. G. A. Sala wished to describe a pre-Adamite fancy-fair, he would do it, and describe all the ladies' dresses (*halte-là!* was there a pre-Worth), the stalls, and chaotic goods they sold. I love those seven sons as I do Mammon.

"Tom Brown" is a good book as long as it sticks to Rugby. When it gets transcendental, it is so unlike the Rugby of my time that I pause and admire. A sainted schoolboy must be, to quote Mr. Squeers, like Nature, "a holy thing;" but then, to follow out the quotation, he must also be "a rum un."

I have reserved, almost for the last, two especial favorites, two writers who tell of the life which they lived, of the people whom they knew — Whyte-Melville and Guy Livingstone. It seems to me that they alone now draw pictures of that life which is so amusing to the "frivolous" — let us call him "frivolous" — reader of to-day who wishes something to interest and amuse him, take off his attention from the House, the settling-day, or the family lawsuits, and calm down his mind after breakfast and before sleep.

When "Digby Grand" first appeared, I remember a man sitting at breakfast in a hunting-box — by the way, he was in Guy Livingstone's regiment — reading the last thing out. I had finished it in bed, and said how good I thought it. "Bosh!" said Henry C —; "what's the use of reading the stuff? I know all the fellows and all about them." I think no greater compliment could be paid to an author. If Whyte-Melville had written only the introduction to "Homeby House," and the letters at the beginning of the "Interpreter," he would have taken a first-class degree among the describers of the *true*. Commonplace people, most of his characters! True; but then, *amica mea*, the world is very much made up of such cattle.

What shall I say of Guy Livingstone? What Henry C — said of his brother officers. Yes; any man of the standing of the author "knows all his characters at home."

The worst of Guy Livingstone's friends is that they are too strong, a deal too clever, and a turn too aristocratic for this workaday age; but none of these writers go wrong, much less perpetrate outrageous errors, at which the writer himself must roar if ever he reads over his own production. I hate to see clever people make feeble errors.

¹ *The Saturday Review, its Origin and Progress, its Contributors and Character. With Illustrations of the Mode in which it is Conducted.* Darton & Co., 42 Paternoster Row.

I can scarcely call feeble the errors into which the writer — the last I shall have the audacity to criticise — falls every three or four pages. But pause. Who, what, or where, is Ouida? Is it a literary society, like *feu Homère*? Is it three gentlemen in one, like the dog of Mrs. Malaprop? or is it a joint-stock company, limited, without the least power to add to its numbers? I am inclined to believe the last. I should say original shareholders have taken half: Melville, W., 1 share; Livingstone, G., 1 share; *Morning Post*, 2 shares; servants' hall, 5 shares; "Newgate Calendar," 1 share; Dumas junior, 1 share; police court (use of detectives), 5 shares; and so the company is made up. (Names are sometimes used without authority.)

Now as far as reading them goes, these "real romances" are charming, always save "Idalia," which is as mad as bedlam. It is worth buying them to live for a few hours in that atmosphere of perfumed hair, nectarines, Rhine wines, narghellites, with buckets of rose-water, roses, lilies, daffadowndillies, and sweetmeats; to sit in a society all wit and beauty. As you can't do it in life, buy a Tauchnitz, I say. The books are charming, though I think "Puck" better fitted for a smoking-room than "my lady's chamber." But why, when he, she, it, they, or the limited company, can write so well, do they write such nonsense? Time, space, season, night and day, are often blended together like a servant's salad (always dress your own); characters are taken away and given again. There are battles, murders, sudden deaths, and picnics — why not? — betrayal, banquets and bouquets of flowers and pheasants, and again, *pourquoi non*? All this is the affair of the author, and comes, as they say in government offices, "in their department." But why not let the people in novels of to-day talk, eat, drink, as our people do?

I will give a few instances. A sportsman, "only expecting to shoot snipe," does not go out armed with a rifle with which he kills "a border eagle," neither does he fish, armed with the same weapon. It does not take many drags to take a party of eight from Sunning Hill to the Ascot grand-stand. Neither do I see why the *chef de cuisine* came every day "in his little brown brougham" to superintend his master's dinners. Where the d— did he come from, and why the d— did he not stay on the spot? Stay and look after the breakfast, *allez donc!* Hock is not usually drunk after dinner, neither is it often found in little cottages in Vallambrosa. Men seldom "play at baccaret" before breakfast, except indeed in the sense that they have been at it all night. If you know a Queen's Messenger — I do many, I am happy to say — ask him if he takes many "specials," and goes from the embassy to the station at two A. M. "in a bed carriage."

I could go on for a month, but I will merely say that I do not believe that "Idalia" is founded on fact. If I thought so, I should "rise in my place," and ask leave to submit a question: "Is Sir Fulke Erceldoune still on the list, and is he, as a Greek prince, still a Queen's Messenger?" I should give notice on a Monday.

But I don't believe the story. Why, mark this, as Wilson Croker used to say, this was in '60. I was at Naples at the time. I was close to the spot where these startling events happened, and, sir, as an English representative, I should have required —

But I will finish seriously. Why write nonsense when you can write wit? why take scenes and days open to "return tickets"? I was there on the spot at the time, and so were some score of other English. Why, I say, throw such talent to the winds? If you are a poet, write poetry, and let those who like read; but if you write prose, write up to truth and down to the level of our poor prosaic intellects.

Yet I wish I had never read one line of Ouida's writing, so should I have it all yet to read.

Probably it is impertinent to criticise as I have done, yet I am one of the many, the readers; and finding no fault with any writer, I only wish to state my opinion that in fiction and description "truth is great, and will prevail."

F. M. W.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

BERTIE HEYTESMERE'S STORY.

LET me begin like an "acting edition."

Scene: Miss Alice Rawnsley's drawing-room, 15 Burleigh Place, Bayswater. A quantity of musical publications, songs, programmes of concerts, etc., strewn about, betoken her profession. She is seated at the table, talking to Bertie Heytesmere, *moi qui vous parle*.

"That is the exact state of the case," I say, replacing a letter in its envelope. "It is written with decision, very black ink, and an entire absence of beating about the bush. If I do not forthwith set about making a very serious proposition to a girl whom I particularly dislike — which unfortunately precludes the possibility of my making a similar proposition to a girl of whom I am particularly fond — Mr. Luttrell will 'cease to be enabled to subscribe himself, my affectionate uncle, George.' Genial person, Uncle George, but decided!"

There was, I may admit to you, more than a leaven of deceit in my speech. My relative was not behaving like the traditional uncle in a comedy (who probably derives some of his characteristics from Sir Anthony Absolute), and insisting on my summarily uniting myself to a lady of his choice for the gratification of his whim. The fact was that I had at last screwed up my courage, and ventured to tell him of my attachment to Alice, of which he strongly disapproved; but as there happened to be a certain young woman of large wealth and considerable unattractiveness, about whom Alice did me the honor of exhibiting much jealousy, and as such portions of the letter as I had read to her admitted of arbitrary interpretation, I made up my own story — for, of course, I was anxious to avoid hurting poor little Alice's feelings by confessing that my uncle objected to her. It was very hard to take it all coolly, for his displeasure meant the withdrawal of the liberal income he had hitherto allowed me; but I could not show that before Alice.

"As for me, I can't change, you know," she said; "but I will never consent to be a cause of quarrel between you and the uncle who has been so kind to you. It shall not be through me that you — now, don't, Bertie! I want — don't! I want to talk sense."

"You shouldn't attempt impossibilities, little girl; and listen to me. I read you extracts from the letters partly because you made me do so, and partly because I wanted you to know how matters stand. You see that you are not the bone of contention between my uncle and myself — it's a much more osseous subject than you, dear. Of course it is a nuisance, a great nuisance; but not great enough to make us despond; and though I have no definite plans at present, I shall soon see my way."

"And don't you think, Bertie, that I ought to accept Betterton's engagement?" she asked.

"I hoped that you had done with singing forever, and hate the idea of your resuming the profession — especially on the stage. You'll travel about I don't know where, and I shall never see you," I selfishly added.

"I think I had better take the offer, dear, for if I'm not busy I shall mope; and there's nothing doing in the way of concerts — nothing at all. Besides, it's worth having, you know, twelve guineas a week and travelling expenses."

"I don't like consenting — however, do as you think best. It won't be for long, I hope. Betterton doesn't want an active and intelligent young man in the scene shifting line, I suppose?" said I, trying to raise the feeblest of jokes. "Don't you think I should look well in a paper cap?"

"Would you sing, Bertie?" she said eagerly. "But no, that wouldn't do."

"I don't expect it would, little girl. Betterton seems a very good sort of fellow, and I should be happy to afford him any gratification; but I don't think my rendering of 'In cielo benedetto,' from the 'Lombardi,' for instance,

would have the effect of transporting him to the place in question."

"Be serious, Bertie," she said, with a flutter of excitement in her voice and fingers as she searched through a little pile of letters on the table. "Who does sing 'In cido' in tune? See what Betterton writes," and she handed me his letter, and pointed to a passage which I read:—

"I shall be in town on Tuesday, and will call about three to give you any information you may require in the event of your accepting; and to try and find a tenor. Northblossom asks (and deserves) more than I can give. Do you know one whose terms are not very high?"

"You don't mean to say that you think he would have me?" I asked.

"I do indeed, Bertie dear—I'm nearly sure that you would suit him, and you know a great deal of the tenor parts—but of course you wouldn't accept?"

"I wouldn't what?" I cried frightened out of propriety of language at the idea. "Why, it is the very thing in the world that I should like best."

Throughout a life idle in every other particular, I had enthusiastically indulged my love of music, and studied diligently, little dreaming that one day my industry would be turned to account; so I seized the notion with delight, and we filled up the time till Betterton arrived by building castles in the air of the most magnificent proportions and superb architectural detail.

My heart echoed his knock at the door, as he arrived at the appointed hour. He seemed pleased at Alice's acceptance; receiving the announcement of my candidature with equanimity.

"Sung a good deal as an amateur? No, thanks; I don't care much for newspaper criticisms," he said, in answer to an offer which I made of showing him some. "I'd rather hear you, if you will kindly sing something for me. May I look through your music, Miss Rawnsley?"

He selected "Agnès, ma jeune fille," from "Fra Diavolo," which I said I knew; and seating himself at the piano, commenced, with perfection of touch, to play the symphony; and then for the first time I realized the position, and, trying to draw a deep breath, found that there was none to draw. His deft fingers pressed the keys, and I saw that in two bars—in a bar and a half—in one bar, I must commence. I have no idea how I did so, but suddenly I heard the sound of my own voice; and, hearing it, a little confidence came to my aid. It was not a very difficult song. I feared only one passage; and as Betterton turned the page I saw the little ambush of black notes thickly clustering together, with a big white open one at the top of all, which seemed to be lying in wait to entrap me. As I came to them Alice laid her hand on my arm, and, summoning up all my strength, I attacked my enemies. The little ones fell easily before me, and then with a fresh breath I engaged the big one, and victoriously overcame him, he offering no resistance, for I held him aloft, and he was quite steady, and easy to manage; though a full, strong, able-bodied note for all that.

I don't think any grunt was ever so difficult of interpretation as Betterton's when he struck the last chord. Whether it meant utter contempt or lively appreciation, I could form no idea; but there was a smile on Alice's face which led me to hope that I had not failed; and I was comforted.

"Faust" was open on the piano, and the manager carelessly turned the leaves.

"You know this, I suppose?" he said, as he came to the duet in the garden scene. "Do you mind trying it with Mr. Heytesmere, Miss Rawnsley?"

We sang the recitative; and I commenced

"Dammi ancor, dammi ancor
Contemprar il tuo viso,"

the perfectly beautiful air which follows. Then Alice's voice rang out sweet and clear:—

"O silenzio, O mistero,
Ineffabil mistero;"

and then we joined, both of us, loving the music, singing with heart and soul.

Betterton ran his fingers up the keyboard when we had finished, and for a moment I feared that he was dissatisfied; but it was not so.

"Thank you, Mr. Heytesmere. Yes, I am happy to offer you the engagement," he said; and proceeded to arrange terms, etc. We were to join him at Maverford in three weeks' time; leaving us a week in which to settle the wedding, and a sufficient balance to admit of our spending two quarters of the honeymoon. I inwardly blessed him as he made his *adieux*, and soon retired myself; for, under the circumstances, I thought it probable that Alice would like to go up-stairs and cry; and I wished to be alone also, and realize the rapid changes which the last few hours had brought about.

It would have been a great convenience to me if my uncle had seen fit to postpone his indignation until after quarter-day. Perhaps it did not occur to him; or perhaps he thought that I should prove exceptionally amenable to reason about the 20th of March; for though a ten-pound note and change for a sovereign are very good things in their way, they hardly constitute sufficient ballast wherewith to embark on the voyage of matrimony. I was turning this over in my mind when I reached my rooms, and found Charlie Mather reclining in an easy-chair, studying the sporting intelligence of the morning paper.

If Charlie's intellect had been in proportion to his goodness of heart, Shakespeare and he might have tossed up for the first place: if his goodness of heart had been in proportion to his intellect—but it is needless to pursue this consideration, for there would have been hardly enough goodness to mention.

"Readin' the paper, old fellow," he said, after the usual greetings. "'Top-knot' cantered in an easy winner by five lengths. The others close up, except Amaryllis, who trotted in with the crowd.' That's my mare—ran at Epsom yesterday."

"Very sociable animal," I suggested; "fond of society."

"Praps that's it," he answered. "It's bad weather for horses, Daycott says—and for men, too, I think, when they have to pay such trainin' bills for nothin'. Corydon's runnin' to-morrow at Windsor. Will you come down?"

"I'm afraid I can't, thank you, Charlie. The fact is, I am going to be married on Tuesday, and my wife and I play in the opera of 'Maritana' at Maverford on the 17th of next month," I replied.

His astonishment was of the very blankest description when I had convinced him of my seriousness; and he sank farther and farther back in his seat as I told him of the change in my fortune.

"Beastly fellow, that uncle—at least, I beg your pardon—but"—I prayed him not to apologize. "Isn't there any chance of his comin' round?"

"Not round to my view of the subject; at least, when he does come to it he doesn't like it. He's very determined, and won't change," I answered.

"Goin' to be married, and goin' to sing at the opera!" Charlie exclaimed, slowly. "By Jove! you'll have to know an awful lot of tunes; shan't you? It's rather quick work, though, isn't it? I thought it took a long time to pull these things off."

"In an ordinary way, the slaughter and preparation of the oxen and fatlings are rather protracted ceremonies, I believe; but we shall do without much beef and veal. Imprudent pair of song-birds, you think, setting up without a nest to go to? The material to help and line one would have come on quarter-day, under ordinary circumstances."

"But you must have a nest, and," he continued, plunging into metaphor for perhaps the first time in his life, "furniture in it, too, like other birds!"

"More than most birds, my good Charlie. We must have a piano; and they sing without accompaniment," I answered.

"That's chaff; but, seriously, you'll want money. You'll have to buy spangles and things, shan't you? And you know, Heytesmere, how very glad I shall be if I can do

anything to help you and the girl; and you can pay me when you are *primo tenore*—don't they call it?—at Covent Garden; or when you've found out about Peter's grandfather, and come into all that money."

I must interpret Charlie's allusion. My grand-uncle, Clement Heytesmere, was a lawyer, and had made the discovery that when society reached that interesting stage at which every one had his rights, we should have the Heytesmere property. We had not got it, nor had it been ours for generations; and though I do not know how many points the law has, possession is nine of them; and the law must be a regular porcupine if it leaves the unfortunate non-possessor enough to do him much good. My grandfather, Colonel Heytesmere, was the eldest brother, and took the matter-up at first; but he could not prove where Peter was born, nor where Michael was buried; and, most important of all, where Percy and Anne were married; indeed, he was forced to conclude that if they had been through the ceremony at all, it must have taken place in some inaccessible backwood of America—they were traced to the other hemisphere. Clement would not give up: wanted to quarrel with his brother for his lack of enthusiasm, and continued the quest alone; except inasmuch as my grandfather supplied him with money when Clement said it was necessary to success. It was supposed that he had found the chief links; and, casually, my grandfather came across a few important facts; but, when Clement died, as he did very suddenly at Southampton, the old villain left no papers but an unpaid bill for wines and spirits, and one useless certificate. Since then the search had been abandoned.

I was rather too doubtful as to the arrival of either period of repayment which Mather suggested to accept the check he tried to force upon me; but I took one for a smaller amount, and extracted from him his consent to give Alice away, if by a legal fiction she might be supposed to belong to him temporarily.

She and I appeared at the church on Tuesday morning, and were met by a very mild young curate, a very snuffy old pew-opener, and Mather, nervous and confused in the highest degree; but by their joint aid we were united with a security to which the whole bench of bishops could have added nothing; and then we started for our short tour.

It was not by any means a holiday, for I was obliged to perfect my knowledge as much as possible of the lyrical and dramatic joys and sorrows of Don César de Bazan, Manrico, Elvino, Edgardo, and various other persons who sometimes resorted to extremely complicated methods of expressing their feelings. The two weeks passed like two days; and then we ruefully said "Good-by" to pleasant little Beachley, and journeyed on to Maverford. Bertie Heytesmere was no more; Alice Rawnsley had ceased to exist; but a Miss Alison and a Mr. Heywood, who alighted at the Maverford Station, and were there received by Mr. Betterton, bore a striking resemblance to the "young couple" who had been staying at Beachley.

I must not plunge into anecdotes of my stage life. with all its novelty and excitement; for if I once begin, there will be no stopping. It was very strange, at first, to retire into a little room at the back of the stage each evening, dressed in a shooting jacket, and to emerge anon in unaccustomed trunks and tights, face "made up" with red and white, and mysterious hair *crêpe*, or "crape hair" as it is generally called in the profession. Wigs were puzzling, too, at first; and having carefully tucked up the betraying natural crop, a terrible feeling would steal over me towards the middle of the first act that some slight exertion on the stage had disarranged the whole affair, and that from beneath the meretricious adornment of light hair, the natural dark was becoming more and more visible, and forming an absurd contrast to the lightened eyebrows. But all this soon passed away.

We played "Maritana," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Lucia," "Lurline," "Sonnambula," and the perennial "Bohemian Girl;" the fact that my wife had been a singer in some measure removing the brand of the amateur beast—so hateful to the profession—from my forehead. It was hard

work, very hard; for there is a mighty difference between learning to sing a ballad with what you imagine to be taste and feeling, and joining in tune and time in the recitatives and concerted music throughout a long opera. A notion obtains amongst amateurs—you see, I speak from the other side of the stream now—that if one can sing a ballad "properly," the said one can sing anything. There is a similar idea with regard to cooks; that if a man can cook a chop satisfactorily, he is capable of any culinary effort. Distrust each axiom. Ask the accomplished vocalist to sing "Salve, dimora," and the finished *chef* to dress you something special in the way of a *salmi*. *Vous verrez*.

To return to the opera, however. Though it was, as I have said, hard work, it was a very happy life. An old motherly contralto took a great fancy to little Alice, and was very kind to her (poor Maria! gone now forever beyond the reach of Mephistophelian temptation, did any one, in any nation or language, ever play the part of Margherita's unwary guardian as perfectly as you!). I got on admirably with Betterton, who was a most amusing companion when duty was over, and had seen musical service in every part of the world; from improvised concerts amongst the huts of Australian gold-diggers to performances of music from a royal pen at a royal castle. With the company I may venture to say that I was not unpopular, when the first flush of rawness had worn away; and the local papers were kind enough to say civil things. Those country papers! How contemptuous we are of their opinions when they don't nearly interest us. How utterly we despise their ignorance when they cut us up. But if it so be that on looking down their columns we find a favorable criticism on something we have done, how rapidly we correct our notions as to their merits, and value the far-seeing wisdom of their remarks!

My wife's success was great, for she sang very charmingly, and acted with a natural talent and intelligence which to a great extent compensated for her lack of stage experience. But away from the theatre she was the veriest child—more fit to trundle a hoop round the town than to wear a symbolical golden one on her finger. Fate was propitious, or I don't know where we should have landed; for if the two ends had shown any di-inclination to meeting, we were utterly incapable of inducing them to do so.

Our choice of residence, at 15 Cliffe Road was not fortunate. Mrs. Ripps, the landlady, kept a stationer's shop in the High Street, and was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the editor of the *Times* and most of the leading publishers had conspired together to effect her ruin, by deliberately refusing to supply her with the various papers and magazines which she punctually ordered; for what reason she was quite unable to say, as she was not conscious of ever having done any of them an injury. Mrs. Ripps did not show the light of her countenance much at Cliffe Street, leaving us to the tender mercies of Lizer, a young person who, if wanting as an attendant—a fact which, I think, her most faithful friends would not dispute—was even more dismally a failure looked at in the light of a cook. In spite of all this we enjoyed Maverford, and were sorry when our stay was drawing to a close. I had waited in vain for a letter from the uncle, but one day we received one from Charlie Mather. He was going south, and as he had to pass through the town, and was very anxious to see us, proposed remaining at Maverford for a day or two, if I would take some rooms for him at the hotel.

"Are you a sufficiently experienced matron to entertain a visitor?" I asked Alice. "Charlie Mather is coming to Maverford for a day or two, and of course he must stay with us."

Alice looked pleased; but serious withal. "I don't know, I'm sure, dear," she replied; "I'm afraid Mr. Mather would not like Eliza's cooking." And, indeed, the extraordinary variety of methods in which that damsel contrived to spoil our dinner, though curious from a numerical point of view, was a trifle disheartening to hungry people, and I could not but reply that Alice's fear had a foundation.

"She is a little tiresome sometimes, certainly. Do you think," she continued, with a due sense of the gravity of her proposition, "that if I were to try and cook things I could do them right? Don't laugh, dear; don't you think I could?"

"No, you baby, I don't think there is the slightest possibility of your being even remotely successful," was my annihilating reply. "However, we'll manage all that. Let's see, he arrives at half past two; we can go and meet him as we come from rehearsal."

She consented to accompany me to the station, where Charlie's good-humored face was one of the first we saw.

Our guest was immensely delighted with Maverford and everything there — though, for the matter of that, I never saw him in any combination of circumstances under which he was not perfectly satisfied and happy. Of course he went to the opera the first evening; and it was decided that next day we should take him for a drive to see the neighborhood, going by the London road to enable Alice to visit her latest *protégées*. But events were ordered otherwise. Instead of repeating the familiar "Rose of Castile," Betterton decided on playing the "Lily of Killarney," and we were obliged to attend rehearsal; and indeed, apart from the music, I should not have liked Alice to go through the water-cave business without seeing that it worked well. I don't think that such scenes should be introduced into opera at all; if the music is not sufficient attraction, better give up the whole thing; however, the "Lily" is far too beautiful to be lost, and so will continue to be played in spite of objections to the plot. You see a nervous girl becomes quite unstrung by knowing that all that acrobatic business is coming, and the reaction and excitement prevent her singing up to herself when it is over.

Alice was disappointed; but Charlie, gathering the gist of her regrets, of course expressed his determination of riding round to have a look at the place by himself; and he could leave the money.

Rehearsal went off smoothly; and when we returned to the house we found Charlie already there. He announced the fulfilment of his errand.

"Didn't you say you had been never to that cottage, Mrs. Heytesmere?" he continued. "You haven't seen the people, have you, Bertie?"

Neither Alice nor I had been near the place.

"Then how it is that I found this there?" he asked, drawing a scrap of paper from his pocket. It was a wrapper in which something had been sent through the post; and I took it and read, —

CLEMENT H. F. HEYTESMERE, Esq.,
109 Riverside, Maverford.

"Uncle Clement, by all that's marvellous!" I exclaimed; "'109 Riverside,' why, that's a sort of provision-shop, isn't it? How could it have got there? It was he, you know, who took such trouble about the Hall property."

Charlie had been keeping in his excitement; but the small spark which I had emitted set it in a blaze.

"I thought it was very strange, and so I asked about it, and the people at the cottage said it had been used to wrap up some things they bought there. But, look here, Bertie, don't you go gettin' sanguine and all that sort of thing, and then bein' disappointed, you know," was Charlie's caution; he palpably thinking all the while that this discovery must bring about the most important results in the course of the next ten minutes. Alice did not exactly follow the matter, for I had not talked much about it to her, not wishing to raise hopes which might never be realized; and she looked on with wonder, as I seized my hat, and rushed off to 109 Riverside.

It was, as I had expected to find, a small grocer's shop.

"Is your master in?" I asked the shopman, who greeted me with a bumpkin grin of resignation, and was about to reply when the proprietor emerged from his little den at the back.

"What can I do for you, sir? — Mr. Heywood, I believe?" he said.

"That is my professional name. My own name is Heytesmere; and something which you sent from your shop yesterday has that name upon it, with initials the same as those of an uncle of mine who died some years ago. If you have any papers connected with him, they may prove of the highest value to me."

"There's a cupboard-full up-stairs, and" —

"I'll give you what, price you like for them," I burst in.

"No, sir; if you are one of the family, they rightly belong to you — though it's a great wonder that they were kept. Mr. Clement Heytesmere lodged here in my father's time, and a very strange old gentleman he was, as I well remember, though I was but a lad then: not quite right in his head, they did say — begging your pardon, sir. He came down here, and said that he thought he had found a mine in the neighborhood — though, as you know, sir, there are no mines anywhere near Maverford; and this was his headquarters, on and off, for about a year. He'd go away for a fortnight and three weeks at a time, and then come back and sit day and night poring over old law-papers; but one day he left — ah, nigh upon forty years ago — and he didn't come back again, and never's been heard of since, that I know of. I'm not aware how the paper you have in your hand found its way down here; but there's a lot more up-stairs, and I hope they'll be useful to you." Thus the shopkeeper; and I escorted a barrowful of Uncle Clement's documents back to Cliffe Street.

"Look here, Bertie, you just write — or I'll write for you — to my old lawyer, Lawson, of Gray's Inn. He'll pull you through, if any one can," said Charlie, vaguely gazing at the heap of parchments and papers, which I was vainly endeavoring to reduce to some sort of order. I could make nothing of them, however, though I tried until it was more than time to go to the theatre, where I was just able to dress and get on the stage to my cue; but I fancy there was a frikiness about Elvino's demeanor, and a jauntiness about the manner in which he took his troubles at the end of the second act, that Bellini hardly contemplated.

Lawson arrived next day. A little, shrivelled-up old gentleman, wearing a white neck-cloth, and raiment in the style of the last generation, who knew every one and everything about him. He set to work, and amongst the papers found a pedigree which Uncle Clement had drawn up, showing the discoveries he had made — what his mine had yielded — and the few things which were still wanting. Yes, Fate was propitious — it wasn't worth Fate's while to persecute such a harmless little creature as Alice — for amongst my grandfather's papers was a document of similar character to Clement's, and the two dovetailed in, fitting together the missing links and making all clear!

"Your way is straight, but there are obstacles in it," Lawson explained. "The property has fallen in to Lord Steyningforth, as you probably know — the most obstinate old man in the kingdom; and I greatly fear that he will stubbornly oppose us."

"And that will delay matters for some time?" I said, rather ruefully; for this prospect had not occurred to me.

"Possibly for years," Lawson exclaimed, making a polite little bow to the law which could so legally obstruct justice. "I have, however, written to his lordship, and explained matters."

We all waited very anxiously for a letter — you may guess I was not anxious to play a part in that long and uninteresting drama, a chancery suit; at length the letter came.

"Lord Steyningforth had always been given to understand that the Heytesmeres were very estimable people" (an awfully vain old boy was his lordship); "and as his lawyer found Mr. Lawson's statement perfectly correct, he should be delighted to assist."

Thus with four lines about £5,000 a year, and seven about a wretched little beast, worth half-a-sovereign, this dreaded personage cleared the course.

In the envelope was a paper covered by figures, enwrapping a check.

"Very handsome of his lordship," said Lawson, handing it to me.

It was a check for the arrears of rent which Steyningforth had received, and he had inclosed the calculations.

Betterton kindly insisted on giving my wife a benefit, and the emerald-and-diamond ring she always wears is the memorial of it; after a little while we settled down here.

Alice's favorite subject of discussion is, through whom was it all brought about?

I say through her; for if I had not married her I should never have gone to Maveford. She talks nonsense about the result of faithfulness on my part; but, after all, it was Charlie who made the essential discovery. All influences worked wonderfully together to help each other; and here we are at Heytesmere.

I think we have good reason to remember our engagement as Soprano and Tenor.

BODLEY AND THE BODLEIAN.

THE STORY OF A LIBRARY.

WHEN we try to call up the Devonshire of Queen Elizabeth's days, the figures which rise before us are for the most part those of the great sea-captains and adventurers — Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Raleigh — with whose doings every one is more or less familiar. These men were not only Devonshire born; they were closely connected with their native county throughout the whole of their active lives; whilst many an Elizabethan worthy, of whose birth Devonshire may well be proud, following a more pacific calling, passed early from the "sweete hive and receptacle of western witts," as old Carpenter calls "our Dævon," and has left the chief mark of his life elsewhere. Such were Jewell and Hooker, whose "pious ghosts would rise up in opposition" should they be ranked among the worthies of any other county, although they saw little of Devonshire after they had once left it; and such was Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of that famous library at Oxford which "has rendered his name more immortal than the foundation of a family could have done,"¹ and of which Casaubon wrote as a "work rather for a king than a private man."

Bodley left Devonshire at an early age, at first for a studious University life, and afterwards for a life of Court service and employment. So little is his name associated with the glories of his native county — although he lived through a period in which Devonshire was certainly more distinguished than any other part of England — that he is hardly recognized as one of the brightest "Dævonian witts," as eminent, thought Carpenter, "as their native mountains, approaching far nearer to heaven in excellency than the other in height transcend the valleys." Bodley's work was done elsewhere. Yet it would be impossible to find a truer son of Devon, or one more worthy of the "sweet western hive."

The family of Bodley belonged to that class of squirelets — something more than franklins, yet perhaps in many ways not so favorably placed — of which Devonshire in the days of Elizabeth was very full. The Bodleys were entitled to "coat-armor," and their "five martlets in saltire, sable, on a shield argent," no doubt dignified the window of the great parlor at Dunscombe, in the parish of Crediton, where they had been settled for some time before the opening of the sixteenth century. There are no remains of the old house at Dunscombe, but the modern farm occupies the same site, on a rising ground above the quiet green meadows through which the little river Creedy winds onward towards its junction with the Exe. Wooded hills, pastures, and broken plough-lands rise at the back, and the scene is still the same as when Leland, riding from Exeter to Crediton, found it "exceeding goodly and faire, all by gresse

and corn." The line of ancient road, now of course greatly changed, passes close under the house at Dunscombe.

The Bodleys intermarried with the lesser gentry of the country, and, more rarely, with houses of greater mark, such as that of "Copleston of the white spur," "the great Coplestons," as they were called, then flourishing in state within the bounds of the same parish of Crediton. A cadet of Dunscombe married Joan, daughter and part heiress of Robert Hone, of Ottery St. Mary. This was John Bodley, father of Sir Thomas. He settled in Exeter, where, owing, no doubt, to advantages of family and inheritance, he became a prominent and wealthy merchant. In due time five sons were born to him. Thomas was the eldest. The others were John, Lawrence, Zachary, and Josias. John and Zachary "lived privately," and are called "ministers." Lawrence was a Canon of Exeter, and parson of Shobbrook. Josias was a "worthy soldier," active in "Tyrone's wars," and knighted in Ireland by the Earl of Devon. So they are described by Thomas Westcote, author of a curious "View of Devonshire," who lived and wrote at Shobbrook, within sight of Dunscombe. He was a personal friend of Lawrence Bodley, who, as he tells us, "was greatly assistant to his brother's chargeable work," the foundation of the great library at Oxford.

Thomas Bodley was born at Exeter on the 2d of March, 1544. He was not removed from his birthplace until 1556, when he was twelve years old; but during that time events had taken place at Exeter which cannot but have made a deep impression on him. In 1549 occurred the rising of the two western counties, Devonshire and Cornwall; when the insurgents, who professed to be in arms for the support of the "old religion," besieged Exeter for more than a month. The city was itself greatly troubled, "the serpent of division and the fire of malice having entered it," says Hooker.² But the Mayor, and others of the "ancientest," although many were inclined to Rome, yet determined to hold out for the King's Government, and did so. John Bodley had set himself strongly on the side of the Reformation; and when Lord Russell, who had been sent against the insurgents, was unable to advance from Honiton for want of supplies, Bodley, with other merchants of Exeter, provided money on their own security. The defeat of the rebels, and the harsh measures afterwards taken, can hardly have tended to soften the feeling with which the opposed parties regarded each other, and Mary's accession in 1553 greatly depressed, of course, that to which the Bodleys had attached themselves. There was extreme agitation in Exeter in the following year, when the Spanish match was in question. It was rumored that Philip was about to descend, with a large force, on the coast of Devonshire. The Carews and Courtenays were deep in plots, and Sir Peter Carew, who in 1549 had been active on the side of order, was now compelled to escape in all haste from his house at Mohun's Ottery. Whether John Bodley was at all concerned in the disturbances of this time is not evident, but, as his son tells us, "he was so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed by those that maliced his religion,"³ that he found Exeter no longer a safe place of abode, and accordingly, in 1556, he took refuge in Germany, where his wife and family soon afterwards joined him. They then settled themselves at Geneva, where there was a considerable English "congregation," consisting for the most part of persons who, like Bodley, had fled from England on account of their religion. The University of Geneva had but lately been established, and, young as he was, Thomas Bodley (so he tells us himself) attended the public lectures of Chevalierius in Hebrew, of Beroaldus in Greek, and of Calvin and Beza in Divinity. In later years he became an excellent Hebrew scholar, and was, indeed an accomplished linguist, speaking well and fluently French, Italian, and Spanish. But he did not remain long at Geneva. The whole family returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth in 1558. John Bodley then settled in London,

¹ John Hooker or Vowell, Chamberlain of Exeter, and author of a curious history of the "Commotion," as it was called in Devonshire, of 1549. He was uncle of the "Judicious" Hooker.

² The very short sketch of his own life written by Sir Thomas Bodley will be found in the *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, published by Hearne in 1703.

³ Hallam.

and in 1560 his son Thomas was entered as an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford. From that college he took his Bachelor's degree in 1563, and in the same year was elected a Fellow of Merton. He remained at Oxford until the year 1576, lecturing in Greek in the Hall of Merton, reading natural philosophy in the public schools, and serving for some time as University Orator. In 1576 he went abroad, and spent four years in different cities of France, Germany, and Italy. On his return he applied himself to the study of history and politics, and was made gentleman usher to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, or the great statesmen who surrounded her, soon recognized the ability of Bodley, and after serving on various embassies, he was sent to the Hague in 1588, where he remained, with only a short interval, until 1597. In 1585 he had married Anne, "daughter of Mr. Carew, of Bristol, and widow of Mr. Ball," a lady of considerable fortune.

Affairs at the Hague were at this time in their usual troubled condition. Elizabeth, by virtue of her treaty with the States, had the right to appoint two of her subjects to be members of the Council. One of these was Bodley, who, in this position, is accused of overbearing demeanor and intemperate language. He says himself that he did wonderfully well at the Hague, but he was one of those fortunate persons who are always on the best terms with themselves, and his good opinion of his own judgment was not to be shaken. He certainly made many enemies. Walsingham, shortly before his death, regretted having placed "so unquiet a spirit" in so important a place; and the Queen was greatly offended with Bodley on account of a sudden visit to England in 1595, with a secret proposition from the States about the money advanced by Elizabeth — always a sore subject. Bodley then wrote from London to Anthony Bacon, that he had not stirred abroad for ten days past, nor knew when he should, he saw so little hope of better usage at Court, "when I did hear for my comfort that the Queen on Monday last did wish I had been hanged. And if withal I might have leave that I should be discharged, I would say, 'Benedetto sia il giorno, e l' mese, e l' anno!'"

His public life closed in 1597. When he returned to England he found himself surrounded by jealousies and intrigues; and accordingly, in his own words, "Examining exactly for the rest of my life what course I might take, and having sought, as I thought, all the ways to the wood, to select the most proper, I concluded, at the last, to set up my staff at the Library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that . . . I could not busy myself to better purpose than in reducing that place to the public use of students. For the effecting whereof I found myself furnished, in a competent proportion, of such four kinds of aids as, unless I had them all, there was no hope of good success. For without some kind of knowledge, as well in the learned and modern tongues as in sundry other sorts of scholastic literature; without some purse ability to go through with the charge; without great store of honorable friends to further the design; and without special good leisure to follow such a work, it could but have proved a vain attempt and inconsiderate." Bodley's "purse ability" may have been partly acquired at the Hague; but his wife had brought him the greater portion of his means, and it must be set down to the self-importance which so strongly marks him, that, as Chamberlayne says, "although he had written his life in seven sheets of paper, he did not so much as make mention of his wife, or that he was married at all."

There was at this time no public library in Oxford. The older University Library, at first established in a chamber attached to St. Mary's Church, was greatly increased by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the patron of all learning; and in consequence of his numerous donations, a new building, which now forms the central portion of the great reading-room of the Bodleian, was begun, and was completed about 1480. This library was literally destroyed by the Commissioners sent to Oxford in 1550 by Edward VI., "for the reformation of the University." All illuminated manuscripts were condemned, without examination, as eminently Popish. The few others that remained were

stolen or uncared for; and in 1555 the fittings of the Library, its shelves and stalls, were sold under the direction of certain "venerabiles viri" appointed for the purpose. When Thomas Bodley first came to Oxford, an eager student to whom all books were precious, he found round him in all directions traces of the recent destruction. "His stationer may have sold him books bound in fragments of those manuscripts for which the University but a century before had consecrated the memory of the donors in her solemn prayers; the tailor who measured him for his sad-colored doublet may have done it with a strip of parchment brilliant with gold that had consequently been condemned as Popish, or covered with strange symbols of an old heathen Greek's devising, that probably passed for magical and unlawful incantations." At any rate, Bodley carried with him in all his wanderings the ardor of a student, and never forgot the losses and needs of his "deare mother Oxforde." Accordingly, in February 1597-98, he wrote to the Vice-Chancellor, offering that "whereas there hath bin heretofore a publike library in Oxford, which you know is apparant by the roome itself remayning, and by your statute records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it again to his former use" — by fitting it with shelves and seats, by procuring benefactions of books, and by endowing it with an annual rent. The offer was gratefully accepted. Merton College undertook to supply wood for the purpose, and in little more than two years' time the old Library, above the Divinity School, partly built by Duke Humphrey, was refitted for the use of students, and ready to receive books. More than 2,000 volumes had been supplied when, on November 8, 1602, it was solemnly opened by the Vice-Chancellor, attended by a numerous company of red-robed doctors. In 1604, the year after his accession, James I. granted letters patent, in which the Library receives for the first time the name of its founder, by which it has ever since been known. The King himself visited the Bodleian in the following year, and declared that if he were not King James he would be a University man; and that if it were his fate to be at any time a captive, he would choose such a library for his prison. Bodley had been knighted by James on his accession to the throne; and on reading the inscription below the bust of the founder, placed in the Library by the Chancellor, the King remarked that he ought to be called Sir Thomas Godley rather than Sir Thomas Bodley. Besides this bust, the Library contains a contemporary portrait by Cornelius Janssen, the most skilful and most refined limner of that period. The head of Bodley is that of a thoughtful, observant man, not without such a cast of shrewdness as might be expected in a long resident at the Hague. His dress is rich. His right hand grasps the hilt of a sword, suspended from an embroidered belt. A fur-lined mantle hangs from his shoulder.

Foreigners, and all who chose to submit to the regulations of the statutes, were allowed to study in the Bodleian. It was indeed the first truly public library established in Europe; although it was speedily followed by that of Angelo Rocca at Rome (1604) and the Ambrosian Library at Milan (1609). Bodley himself, from the commencement, was a most liberal donor of books and manuscripts; but his "store of honorable friends" contributed largely; and their names are duly entered in the folio register "aureis umbilicis fibulisque fulgidum," as it is described, enriched with silver-gilt bosses, and with the arms of Bodley and of the University. Among the earlier donors were Savile and Camden; Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who sent £100 from Ireland for the purchase of books; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Robert Cotton, who, with other manuscripts, gave a text of the Gospels which is believed to be one of the books sent by St. Gregory to Augustine, one of the most ancient books that ever were read in England, belonging to the "primitiæ librorum totius Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," as these gifts of St. Gregory's are called by Elnham. The Bodleian is rich in manuscripts which, like this, formerly one of the treasures of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, had belonged to the dissolved monasteries. They found a fitting resting-place at Oxford; but it is hardly possible to

say as much for the "81 Latin manuscripts" sent to Sir Thomas Bodley in 1605 by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. His brother, Lawrence Bodley, "parson of Shobrook," was at this time a Canon of Exeter; and we must conclude that it was at his instance that the Chapter stripped their library of some of their most ancient and most precious ornaments. Among them are many manuscripts which had been given to the Church of Exeter by her first bishop, Leofric, under whom the see was transferred from Crediton in 1050. His native county did well to recognize and to assist the noble work of Bodley; but it is difficult to understand by what right the Chapter thus alienated their books. They clearly despised (or perhaps could not read) the words written by Leofric in each volume, by which he gives over whomsoever should abstract it "to bondage with all the devils." At a later period the Dean and Chapter of Windsor followed the example of Exeter.

Before the year 1610 the re-stored Library had become crowded with books; and Sir Thomas laid the foundation of a new building at the east end of the Divinity School, and arranged transversely to it. He lived to see this finished; but it can hardly have been stored with books before his death in 1613. In the mean time he had not been idle. He procured an arrangement with the Stationers' Company by which they granted to the Library a copy of every book they printed, an arrangement which long afterwards was made binding by the Copyright Acts. He began the permanent endowment of the Library, bestowing on it sundry manors and tenements. He provided a massive iron chest with three locks for the due safety of the money to be kept in it, and the ironwork of these locks is so beautiful and intricate, that the chest is now exhibited in the picture gallery; and he set up a large bell to announce the closing hour, which has been lately restored to its place, "daily thundering forth an unmistakable signal for the departure" of all students. Whatever additions might afterwards be made, Sir Thomas had clearly established his right to call the foundation "after his own name;" and although he had not exceeded the age of sixty-eight, his work was well done when he died in 1613, at his house in Little Street, Bartholomew Lane, London.

In accordance with his own desire, his body was brought to Oxford, and was interred in great state, with long processions and with many orations, in the chapel of Merton, his own college, to the library of which he had been a great benefactor. After the fashion of the time, the University set forth two volumes of elegiac verses, in which the "Ptolemy of Oxford" was commemorated with due honor. One of these volumes was entirely composed by members of Merton College. Among the contributors to the other were Laud, then President of St. John's, and Isaac Casaubon. A stately monument, for which Nicholas Stone, the sculptor, received £200, was raised above his grave, which is on the north side of the chapel, immediately opposite a cenotaph erected to his friend Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton, but also Provost of Eton, where he was buried. Bodley appears on his monument surrounded by books and attended by Grammar, Rhetoric, Music, and Arithmetic; but "the labor of an age in piled stones" could have afforded him no such lasting memorial as he had constructed for himself in his lifetime.

Of this he may have been fully conscious. At least he has not escaped the charge of being so "drunk with the applause and vanities of his Library," that with great "unthankfulness" to his friends and brothers, he left little or nothing to them, "not even to the children of his wife, by whom he had all his wealth," but bestowed by his will nearly the whole of his money toward the advancement of his great undertaking. His brothers, at any rate, did not require his assistance; and it was to the means thus provided that we are principally indebted for the completion of the quadrangle of the schools, of which the Library forms a part. This was finished no long time after Bodley's death; the architect being Thomas Holt of York, who was also employed in the building of Wadham College, where the chapel is a very remarkable example of late Gothic. The court of the schools, plain and somewhat bare as it is, has

nevertheless a grave, antique character, not unbefitting the exterior of a great library. It has sometimes suggested reminiscences of old Italian cities, and especially of Padua, which are due mainly to its height, and to the Gateway Tower on the east side. The five stories of this tower display the five classic orders interspersed with various arabesques and ornaments, and decorated, in the fourth story, with a seated figure of James I. This "picture," as Anthony à Wood calls it, and other emblems, were at first covered with gilding; but when the King himself came from Woodstock to behold the new building, he found them too "glorious," and commanded that they should be "whited over and adorned with ordinary colors." The "whiting" has happily disappeared. In other respects, the Solomon of Britain was, as before, highly content with the Library; and soon afterwards (1620) presented to it the folio edition of his own works. This most weighty volume was received by the University with great ceremony, and was conveyed in solemn procession to the Library, attended by the Vice-Chancellor and four-and-twenty Doctors. There it was placed "in archivis" with much respect; greatly to the satisfaction of King James, who had frowned and muttered when the University of Cambridge received their copy with less solemnity. Yet he gave a word of praise to George Herbert, then Public Orator, who to his letter of thanks for the book, added the lines, —

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumque objicis, hospes?
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca liber.

The King pronounced the Orator to be the Jewel of the University.

Vast accessions have enriched the Bodleian since this quadrangle was completed, and the royal volume was duly installed; but the interior of the Library, at least so far as the principal rooms are concerned, has been but little changed. The roof of the central reading-room — that chamber above the Divinity School with the restoration of which Bodley began his work — still displays, on its bosses, the arms of the founder, quartered with those of Hone, his mother's family (two bars wavy between three bone stones), and having on a chief the three ducal crowns of the University shield — an addition granted to Bodley at this time — together with the motto, "Quarta perennis erit." The main panels are occupied by the University shield itself — the open Bible with its seven clasps, between the three crowns. The room remains much as it was seen by King James; but time alone — the two centuries and a half which have passed since James visited it — could bestow on it that charm of reverend antiquity so difficult to put into words, yet so real and so impressive; a charm felt in the stillness and seclusion of the place, re-peopleing it with those illustrious dead whose feet have often trodden the floors, and whose best thoughts now lie enshrined in the cases along its walls. Few libraries, whether in England or on the Continent, have a more venerable air than the Bodleian. Like some great musical symphony, it at once excites and tranquillizes; and many an enthusiastic student might confess, with Sir Walter Scott, that his feelings within its walls resembled those of the "Persian magician, who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager sages retired in alarm." There is indeed one sound which occasionally floats through the air, but only to deepen the impression of quiet and distance "a strepitu sæculari." The latticed cells wherein readers sit, "from year to year have been, and still are, the resort of grand and grave old bees, majestic in size and deportment, of sonorous sound, and covered with the dust, as it were, of ages. Just as a solemn rookery befits an ancestral mansion, so these bees of the Bodleian form a fitting accompaniment to the place of their choice."

At the present time the Bodleian Library contains about 350,000 printed volumes, and about 25,000 manuscripts. The growth has been very gradual. After Bodley's "store of friends" had sent their contributions, and after Bodley

and his generation had passed away, many very important MSS. were given by the Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University, and by Sir Kenelm Digby; but the first great benefactor was Archbishop Laud. Between the years 1635 and 1640 he sent to the Library nearly 1,300 MSS. in various languages, some of which are of the highest value. From a curious letter addressed by Laud to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctor Frewen, it appears that the books hitherto placed in the Library had been chained to the shelves after the ancient fashion (a fashion which may still be admired in perfection in the Chapter Library at Hereford). Laud's books, in 1639, stood unchained. "And I would to God," he writes, "the place in the Library for them were once ready, that they might be set up safe, and chained as the other books are; and yet then, if there be not care taken, you may have some of the best and choicest tractats cut out of the covers and purloin'd, as hath been done in some other libraries." The books indeed, and more than the books, were on the eve of exposure to great perils. Laud's formal letter, in which he resigns his office of Chancellor, dated from the Tower, June 21, 1641, is displayed in one of the cases near the entrance of the Library. In 1642 the King borrowed £500 "out of Sir Thomas Bodley's chest," a sum which was never repaid; and it was in the winter of the same year that Charles I., while at Oxford, visited the Library, and amused himself with what was then a favorite method of inquiry into the future — the "Sortes Virgilianæ." His ill-luck has often been told. If the story be true, he opened on Dido's denunciation of Æneas, the words of which are curiously appropriate to his own fate; and Lord Falkland, who next consulted the oracle, was answered just as fittingly. Oxford surrendered to the troops of the Parliament in June, 1646, and Aubrey tells us that "the first thing General Fairfax did was to set a good guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian Library." Fairfax was a true lover of learning and of art, as he showed by his care for the Library at Oxford (which at his death he enriched with the Dodsworth manuscripts), and for the stained glass in York Minister. The Cavaliers are said to have done more harm in the Bodleian than the Puritans; but either party was less to be dreaded than the Council of War which sat at Westminster in 1649. In that year the Jews offered £600,000 for St. Paul's Cathedral and for the Library at Oxford. The former they would have turned into a synagogue, the latter they would have sold. The Council refused to take less than £800,000, and the offer was not renewed. This dangerous time passed away at last without much evil, and ten years later (1659) the Library received the second great addition to its stores, in the collection which the learned Selden left to it by his will. This numbered nearly 8,000 volumes, most of which contain Selden's motto. Among them is a MS. of Harding's Chronicle, which once belonged to a Percy, Earl of Northumberland, whose border antipathies seem to have been considered in an appended map of Scotland, where "Styx, the infernal flood," and "the palais of Pluto, King of Hell," are noted as "neighbours to Scottz."

No such benefactor as Selden appeared until the year 1755, when Richard Rawlinson, a bishop of the Nonjurors (he was consecrated in 1728), left by will to the Library the whole of his collections — printed books, manuscripts, and antiquities. There were about 1,900 printed books, and 4,800 manuscripts. The collection is especially strong in history, biography, and topography, and had been gathered at the dispersal of many famous libraries. It was from Rawlinson that the Bodleian acquired the acknowledgment of the Duke of Monmouth, signed and sealed on the day of his execution, that Charles II. had declared to him that he had never been married to his mother. This acknowledgment is now displayed in one of the glass cases in the Library. The diary and note-books of Hearne the antiquary,

Who snatched old stories from the jaws of time,
And drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,

were also among Rawlinson's treasures. Extracts from

them were published by Dr. Bliss in 1857; and they are full of such curious personal anecdotes, gossip, and denunciations of "anti-monarchical Whigs," as might have been looked for from so thorough-paced a Jacobite and Nonjuror. In 1701 Hearne had been appointed Janitor or Assistant in the Bodleian. He resigned this office in 1716, when an Act was passed compelling all office-holders to take the oaths to the existing Government. His Jacobitism had already brought him into trouble, and he had been "reported" to the Vice-Chancellor by a certain Whiggish visitor, to whom he imprudently exhibited a portrait of the Pretender. He fell upon hard times, for his love for the great Library, and his zeal in caring for its treasures, could not well have been exceeded. Whenever, in his explorations among the manuscript volumes, he came upon the handwriting of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester — the founder, as we have seen, of the first library at Oxford — he was wont, as he tells us, "to show a sort of particular respect to it." "Probably," suggests Mr. Macray, "by such a reverential kiss as he once bestowed on a certain pavement of sheep's trotters, believing it to be a Roman tessellation." The "religious, good, and learned Prince," as Hearne calls the Duke, wrote his motto, "Moun bien mondaine," in many volumes which have found their way to the Bodleian.

To the present time the only rivals of Rawlinson in the extent of their donations have been Gough and Douce. Gough's collections, received in 1809, related chiefly to Anglo-Saxon and Northern literature, and to the topography of Great Britain and Ireland. There were about 3,700 volumes. The library of Francis Douce, consisting of 16,480 printed books, 393 MSS., and a large collection of early and valuable prints and drawings, was bequeathed to the Bodleian in 1834. This library is the delight of antiquaries. Among the manuscripts are some of the finest illuminated service books in the world; Horæ, executed by the chief artists of their day for emperors and princesses, and volumes of earlier date, which, if less elaborately enriched, are of still greater historical interest.

There are the memories — not only of the founder and the great donors, or of men who, like Hearne, have found their chief "bien mondaine" in the diligent study of its stores, but more especially of the books themselves, with their varied and often eventful histories — that give such a charm to a stroll through the chambers of a great library like the Bodleian. Massive volumes, which grew slowly, year after year, in the "scriptorium" of many a noble monastery, long ruined, or, it may be, utterly swept away from the face of the earth; spoils of war, like the Wurtzburg manuscripts, rescued from the troopers of Gustavus Adolphus, and given to the Library by Laud, or like the books of Osorius, Bishop of Faro, carried off when that town was captured by the English fleet under the Earl of Essex in 1598, and bestowed on Bodley's new foundation, it is said, by the influence of Raleigh, who was a captain in the squadron; the choicest treasures of great princes, dispersed, like the library of Charles I., in the storm of revolution; or volumes which have been handled and pored over by possessors whose names alone would give distinction to the simplest old "tractate," "dark with tarnished gold:" it is, in truth, under a "weight of time and of history" that the "groaning shelves" are bending. What changes and what dispersions, wrote Southey of his own library, "must have taken place, to make it possible that these books should be brought together here among the Cumberland mountains!" What changes, what dispersions, what revolutions, and what passing away of whole worlds of thought and of action, tell their silent stories in the collections which make up the great Library of Oxford! Here for example, among the Laudian manuscripts is the Peterborough copy of that old English chronicle which before, and for a short time after, the Norman Conquest was regularly compiled in certain of the greater monasteries. This record was continued for nearly a century after the others; and neither the great existing church of "Peterborough the Proud" nor the fragments of its once stately monastery take us

back so completely into the days of the "alien king," and of the struggle between Normans and Englishmen, as those leaves of gray parchment on which the monk entered his record of the troubles that had fallen on England. Here, again, one of many precious manuscripts bequeathed to the Library by Francis Junius in 1678 is the famous poem of Cædmon, the "ceori" attached to St. Hilda's Abbey on the Whithy headland, whose first verses (so Bede asserts) were composed in his sleep, and who afterwards elaborated this long paraphrase of the Scriptures. This is the solitary manuscript of what is the earliest English poem; and its adventures, could they be recovered, might well prove as remarkable as the poem itself. The "Codex Rushworthianus," given in 1681 by John Rushworth, the historian of the Long Parliament, carries us across the Irish Sea and back to the days when Ireland was in truth a land of learning. It is a MS. of the Latin Gospels, written by an Irish scribe, MacRegol, who records his name on the last leaf; and is glossed with an interlinear Anglo-Saxon translation. It is said, though improbably, to have been in Bede's possession; but the Saxon gloss tells its own story, and quietly asserts the intercourse between the churches. Not one of the superb manuscripts which, displayed under glass, immediately attract the attention of the visitor as he enters the Library, but is worth dwelling upon, not only for its beauty as a work of high art, but for its actual history, and not less for the associations which it suggests and illustrates. It may be mentioned that some of the finest of these manuscripts formed part of a collection made by a Venetian Jesuit named Canonici, who died in 1806. In 1817 the Bodleian bought the whole of his manuscripts, about 2,045 in number, for the sum of £5,444, a larger sum than has been expended at one time by the trustees of the Library before or since. In this collection came fifteen manuscripts of Dante, the first which the Bodleian possessed, notwithstanding a wonderful story told by a certain Girolamo Gigli about 1717—how in the Bodleian Library at "Oxford" there was a MS. of the "Divina Commedia" which had been used for wrapping up Florentine cheeses, and so had been brought into England. The odor of the cheese (says this veracious chronicler) had so penetrated the manuscript that it was necessary to protect it from mice by a brace of traps constantly placed near it. Hence it was known as the "Book of the Mousetrap."

The Bodleian is famous for its vast assemblage of Oriental manuscripts, collected at various times, but begun by Bodley himself, who had desired the Consul at Aleppo of the Company of English Merchants to procure for him such books. But it would be idle to attempt any further delving among the treasures of this great store-house. Two additional books only shall find a place here—the first because it is the handiwork of a countryman of Bodley's and deserves the respect of all Devonians; the second because it is in itself unique, and is one of the great marvels of the Library. The Rev. William Davy, vicar of Lustleigh, in Devonshire, wrote and printed with his own hands, between the years 1795 and 1807, twenty-six volumes of "A System of Divinity, in a Course of Sermons on the First Institutions of Religion." Fourteen copies only were printed, in a very indifferent type, of which the author possessed only sufficient to print two pages at once. It must have been with no small zeal that he worked—"arte meâ," he says, "diurno nocturnoque labore"—in his remote parsonage under the shadow of the Dartmoor hills. Whatever the merits of the System may be, the book so laboriously elaborated well deserved a place among the "Curiosities of Literature" in the Bodleian. The second book or "collection" is of very different quality. In 1839 Mrs. Sutherland presented to the Library the folio editions of Clarendon's History of the Rebellion of his Life, and of Burnet's History of his own times. These are inlaid and bound in sixty-one elephant folio volumes, and illustrated with no less than 19,224 drawings and engravings: "portraits of every person and views of every place in any way mentioned in the text or connected with the subject-matter." The collection was

begun in 1795 by the husband of the donor, who continued it after his death. It is enough to say that there are 743 portraits of Charles I., 373 of Cromwell, and 552 of Charles II. The views of London are in number 309, and there are 166 of Westminster.

Such curiosities as are frequently assembled under the wing of a great library, are not wanting in the Bodleian. The founder himself procured from Sir Richard Lee, to whom it had been given by the Czar of Muscovy, a cloak lined with the wool of "certaine living creatures in the shape of lambes, which grow out of the ground in Tartaria," the wool being "of excellent use and vertue, especially against the plague and other noysome diseases of those cuntries." This was, of course, the famous *Agnus Scythicus*, the mystery of which is explained by the remarkable woolly growth which is found on the large *Polypodium Barometz*—a Tartarian fern, of which specimens may be seen at Kew and elsewhere. Sir Richard Lee's cloak was greatly envied by the "Kinge of Swethland," whom he visited on his homeward journey. He brought back "divers other rich fures and rarities . . . the greatest part whereof the Queene tooke of him, and promised him recompense for them, which she never performed; which was partly the cause that he concealed this garment from her during her life." Thus it came to the Bodleian, where it is no longer to be found, although an "ark of sweet-smelling wood," was prepared for its reception. This was a more worthy marvel than Guy Faux's lantern—still to be admired in the Picture Gallery. It was given to the University in 1639 by Robert Heywood, the son of a "Justice Heywood" who assisted in searching the cellars of the Parliament House, and arrested Faux with the lantern in his hand. It has a neighbor in a chair made from the wood of the Golden Hind, the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world. It is hardly fair to number among similar curiosities the fragment of Charles the First's waistcoat (so called) in which a New Testament exhibited in one of the glass cases is bound. More interesting, because certainly authentic, are the specimens of Queen Elizabeth's skill in embroidery. A New Testament which belonged to her is bound in a covering worked by herself, with various mottoes—as "Celum Patria," "Sco-pus vitæ Xpûs." Another book, sent by her from Ashridge in 1644, to "our most noble and vertuous Queene Katherin" (Katherine Parr), is embroidered with the Queen's initials, on a ground of blue silk.

An annual speech, in honor of Sir Thomas Bodley, is still made "in scholâ linguarum." But it is little needed. His memorial will endure so long as Oxford "stands where it does," and while one stone of his great Library remains on another.

PEKIN.

THE ancient capital of Northern China, three days' journey from the Great Wall, on the Siberian road, uprears itself from a hideous, seemingly boundless plain of dust, strewn with remnants of old buildings, and all kinds of disheartening rubbish. There is perhaps no portion of the earth's surface on which the European feels more hopelessly far away from every familiar place and person, than when traversing this great desert plain heaped with the dust of ages. A few crumbling villages break the monotony; and then comes a wall of immense length, brown, crenulated, pierced in the centre by a magnificent bow, the finest "gate" in all the Celestial Empire. It is like the Scripture picture of the walls of Babylon and the formidable ramparts of Ninevah. A lofty tower is surmounted by a roof, consisting of five stages of green tiles, pierced by five ranges of holes, through which grin huge cannon-mouths, very terrible, until one learns that the guns are wooden. Far out of sight on right and left, stretches the wall, partly of granite, partly of huge gray bricks, and at its foot opens a deep vaulted passage, through which pour converging tides of Chinese, Mongols, and Tartars, strings of blue carts, files of black mules, car-

avans of dun-colored, heavily laden camels; for this is the entrance to the Chinese town. The ancient city is divided into three sections—the Chinese, the Tartar, and the Imperial, and each has a perfectly distinct physiognomy.

The majestic beauty of the "gate" passes like a dream, and the traveller finds its stateliness utterly reversed by the scene which it incloses. Waste land, tumble-down huts, sinuous ways—half paved with enormous blocks of stone, half left in yawning gaps a couple of feet deep—dirt, poverty, desolation; through these one struggles on until a second wall stops the way. It is still more majestic and Babylonian; it is sixty feet high, and forty feet wide, and it divides the Chinese from the Tartar city. On the other side is a kind of circus without benches, which is formed of gigantic walls protecting the principal gate, and is very like a spacious bear-pit. Nobody is permitted to pass through the central aperture except the emperor; so the traveller passes under the great arch at the side, and is generally instructed by his guide to ascend some steps to the top of the wall, from whence he can command a view of all Peking. A wonderful sight, grand, melancholy, and suggestive. Three concentric cities, divided from each other by inner walls: first, the Tartar city which is the largest, and has upon it the warlike stamp of the conquering race; then the Imperial city—with the palaces of the mandarins, each consisting of nearly a hundred kiosks; and finally the forbidden city, with its thousands of roofs in imperial yellow, and its Me-chan, the *sacrosanctum* of the Celestial Empire.

Forming the vast, mysterious inclosure of the forbidden city are walls, on whose summits four carriages might be driven abreast; the countless roofs of the mandarins' palaces are bright green, the domes of the temples dark blue; there are great spaces paved with pottery, and there are marble bridges. But all this splendor is set in a framework of crumbling, dusty ruin. Everything is extraordinary in this wonderful place, which is an epitome of decay. Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome are ruins which tell of violent vicissitude; Peking is a skeleton dropping into dust. The ravine-like streets are knee-deep in every sort of rubbish; the moats, the canals, and the rivers are all, and always, dry; the formal parks, the once marvellous ponds, are turned to desert places. Triumphal arches stand side by side with wretched, tumble-down booths, surmounted by a forest of little poles, whence paper "signs" dangle in the air, and uniformity is lent to all by the thick layer of evil-smelling dust which lies upon them, the same dust that is always whirling around, hurting the eyes, and offending the nostrils.

This great city, in which nothing is ever repaired, and where it is penal to pull down anything, is dropping to pieces; and it is the opinion of M. de Beauvoir, the French traveller, to whom we owe the best and most picturesque account of Peking yet given to the western world, that in a century it will have been abandoned and have ceased to exist.

A poetic element reigns at Peking, with all its dust and quaintness, making one see the soul of that wonderful verification in life, and on a huge scale, of the designs on screens and plates with which every one is familiar. The imperial city is a vast assemblage of the turrets, the bell-fries, the steep bridges, the balconies, and the kiosks, which we have seen a thousand times in lacquer. But they are reached through the Gates of Virtuous Victory, of Great Purity, of the Temples of Heaven, of Agriculture, of the Genius of the Winds, of the Genius of the Lightning, and of the Bright Mirror of the Mind. Every year the emperor, arrayed in a country costume, with a straw hat a yard in circumference (afterwards hung up in the temple), drives a golden ploughshare through a field, that the tracing of the furrow may call down the blessing of Buddha upon the seed-time and the harvest. Every six months the emperor burns a number of death-warrants in bronze brasiers, ranged under a roof of dark-blue porcelain, between curule chairs of pink marble, in front of which are dragons and pugs in the rarest china, perched on columns of carved wood. A little beyond the temple where these

ceremonies take place, there stands, built upon the wall, a magnificent observatory, 273 years old. The gigantic bronze instruments curiously wrought, rest upon the outspread wings of flying dragons; a celestial globe eight feet in diameter shows all the stars known in 1650, and visible at Peking. Such is the dryness of the climate, that the whole apparatus of the observatory, though exposed to the open air, is wholly uninjured, and the instruments act with unerring precision.

Close by the Hall of Examination for the literates, an immense rectangular building which accommodates twelve thousand candidates, are "the red-fish pond," in which there is neither water nor fish; two great theatres, the Temple of the Moon, and that of the Lamas. Here, as at Lhasa, a thousand bonzes, clothed in yellow, chant in hollow tones an eternally monotonous rhythm. In the Temple of Confucius, the devotions are not chanted, they are, so to speak, "ground" in a huge prayer-wheel. In this temple hangs the largest bell which has ever been hung (the famous bell of Moscow has never been lifted off the ground); it is twenty-five feet high, weighs ninety thousand pounds, and is covered with the finest carving.

The private life of the Chinese is, especially at Peking, so profound a mystery for Europeans, that there is nothing to interest them in the city except its architecture and ornamentation, which, though most curious and ingenious, does not appeal to any of the tastes or sentiments of western peoples. There is always food for the imagination in the contemplation of the outside of objects whose interior is "forbidden," and thus the traveller looks longingly at the inclosure of the sacred city, which he must never pass, and dreams of the treasures which it is said to contain—the golden columns, the silver mats, the furniture incrustated with fine pearls; but what he sees is a very rude case for such a jewel. As for the famous Me-chan, a very third-rate pagoda in Siam is more splendid, externally, than the sacred dwelling of the Son of Heaven. At Peking, external ornament, or even decency, is not regarded as desirable. The city is sedulously divided into the noble and military, the trading and the poor quarters, and in the former it is etiquette to conceal all curiosity concerning strangers. After a while, the traveller learns to recognize the rank of the mandarins by the arrangement of the movable wheels of their carriages. The more "blue-button" or "red-button" a mandarin is, the farther the wheels are removed from the centre of the huge machine. The palanquin is a far easier vehicle than the jingling, jolting carriages, but the use of it is sedulously restricted to princes and ministers.

The middle-class and poor quarters of the town have something picturesque about them in the midst of much which is horrible. They consist of one interminable winding street, with an impossible name, in which there are three hundred shops with scarlet boards hanging upon poles before them, covered with gilded inscriptions, and where only animation exists in Peking. The motley scene is crowded with carts, palanquins, camels, mules, coolies, Chinamen, buying, selling, poking about and examining all sorts of merchandise, myriads of children and old men pushing their way to the waste grounds near the walls, that they may proudly fly the kites whose cords they hold in their hands. Absurd as the notion of kite-flying as a national pastime seems to us, it is interesting to learn to what a pitch of perfection the manufacture of the familiar toy has been carried. M. de Beauvoir says, "I have seen in numerous instances a kite which becomes a flying dragon, a flying eagle, or a flying mandarin, seven yards in circumference, lighted, and given motion and gesture. They construct these wonderful things *without tails*, a peculiarity which implies extraordinary art: and so dexterously manage their equilibrium, that they rise calmly, steadily, without any of the jerks of our kite-flying, and float, glittering like stars, vertically above the head of the cord-holder. They fit a kind of Æolian apparatus to them, almost imperceptibly small, which imitates the songs of birds or the voices of men, and, when the air is crowded with kites, produces a tremendous noise; and they send "messengers"

up the cords with an incomprehensible dexterity. Another singular musical invention deserves special notice. They make tiny Æolian harps hardly heavier than soap-bubbles, but beautifully worked, and affix them to the tails of doves and pigeons, fastening them to the two central feathers; as the birds strike the air, it resounds through their harps, loudly or pathetically, according to the speed of their flight. Nor are these tiny triumphs of ingenuity merely mechanical inutilities, like so many Chinese *curios*; they serve to save the birds from the claws of the vultures which swoop in ominous flocks above the bastions.

Outside the trading quarter commence the horrors of the ancient capital; and the unwary traveller, following the multitude peacefully pursuing their way, entirely indifferent themselves, and unconscious that strangers may not be so enviably constituted, finds himself in the Avenue of Executions, which is simply the junction between two of the main thoroughfares. The whole apparatus of justice consists of a shed and a bench, in front of which groups of condemned criminals are ranged, whose heads the executioner strikes off, each with one blow of his sword. There is no ceremony, no guard, no solemnity; the people pass by, unconcerned; and when the daily batch of victims has been despatched, a butcher takes the place of the executioner, and exhibits joints of beef and mutton on the bench still wet with human blood. A little beyond this barbarously simple slaughter-house, the decapitated heads are exposed in the open street, in wicker baskets, inserted into iron sockets. A slip of paper is attached to each of these ghastly heads, whose eyes and mouth are open, with the following inscription: "Justice has punished theft." Nor is this the worst. The heads are not buried after their exposure; removed from their baskets by the crowd of leprous and blind beggars, who assemble daily upon the famous "Bridge of Tears" — a fine antique structure in marble — they are salted, and eaten! This one horrid fact alone should make us hope that Pekin may not live for the predicted century. The great augmentation of commerce of late years, the gradual breaking of the barrier of exclusiveness, and the establishment of wise counsellors about the young emperor, lead us to hope that better days may be coming, and that Pekin may not be buried in its own dust, but may arise, and shake it off. Revolutions such as that which is accomplishing itself in Japan are, happily, infectious.

The Mongols — who despise the Chinese, and employ their own national name "Mongol" as the sole mode of expressing the idea of courage and virtue — come to Pekin to sell horses, and sheep with long wool and flat wide tails. The Mongol caravans are highly picturesque, as they traverse the dusty desert, on which the traveller falls in with them on his way to see one of the wonders of the world, the Great Wall of China. These caravans are marshalled after the immemorial fashion of the East; headed by a chief, to be recognized by his arms; the men perched between the humps of the camels, which walk in single file, each fastened by the head to the tail of the preceding one, and slowly swinging the long, pendent bell of bronze, painted scarlet, which hangs at his neck. The men are fierce, proud-looking, and handsome, and their dress is imposing. It consists of long robes of red leather, lined with thick furs, and immense caps of bearskin, with strange coral ornaments.

On the second day's march towards the Great Wall, the travellers reach "the fortified city of Tchang-Piu-Tchao," and find it is a filthy hamlet with mud walls. Next morning they come to the five majestic gates of the Valley of the Tombs of the Emperors. This valley, which is all sand, is shut in on the other side by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, at whose feet, surrounded by green trees, stand thirteen gigantic tombs, arranged in a semicircle. The long avenue which extends from the entrance of the valley to the tomb of the first emperor, a distance of three miles, is marked out, first by winged columns of white marble, then by two ranges of sculptured animals of colossal size: camels, elephants, hippopotami, lions fifteen feet high and each cut out of a single block of granite, winged

dragons, a number of other animals, and then twelve emperors three times the size of life, helmed and cuirassed. What superhuman labor does this wonderful avenue imply! Well may M. de Beauvoir remind us that the men of the age which saw those blocks of granite rolled into the midst of that sandy plain, must have been men who did not consume their lives, like the Chinamen of to-day, in gambling and opium-smoking dens. At the end of the avenue are the tombs: each is a temple, in which white and pink marble, porphyry, and carved teak-wood are blended in a tasteful harmony, and with grand, severe lines, very rare in Chinese architecture. The austere splendor of these funeral palaces has undergone no change for nine hundred years; since an entire people in mourning escorted the golden coffin of the Ming emperor on its road between the colossi in granite, the "howlers" flung themselves down and grovelled before his tomb, and the diggers who laid his ashes in the dust they had dug into were slain upon the spot, lest the secret of the treasures buried with him should be betrayed.

One more night, and Nang-kao is passed, and a wild, dark gorge is entered, formed by precipitous mountainsides and the dry bed of a torrent; this gorge opens into a rocky valley, most majestic and forbidding. A chain of walls, surmounted by high turrets and crenulations, runs along the top of the terrible rocks, following their sinuosities like a serpent, far out of sight. At first, the traveller thinks this is the Great Wall; but when he has advanced far upon the difficult road through the valley, he sees the sun shining on two other parallel walls, side by side upon the extreme crest of the tremendous rocks, and standing out in clear profile against the sky. One more plunge into a deep, dark gorge, whence the traveller emerges upon a sheet of ice, to find himself confronted by two scarlet kiosks, perched like eagles' nests on the summits of two black rocks, which form a natural gate to a new pass. Flocks of wild ducks and geese fly screaming overhead; for many leagues around, not a human being is visible. A little later, and he has reached the bastion which separates Mongolia from China. Its base and its windows are slightly dilapidated; but the Great Wall, which rises abruptly on the right and left, and winds, "a fantastic stone serpent," along the crest of the principal chain, and over the hills and far away, with its square towers rising at intervals, to break the undulating line, until it passes out of sight in the dim distance, is in perfect repair. As the hands of the builders left it, two thousand years ago, it stands to-day.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL.

PROBABLY very few authors who have exerted so powerful an influence over the course of English thought as Mr. John Stuart Mill, have ever been so wanting in superficially marked personal characteristics of style. He has recast our political economy, converted almost a whole generation of teachers to his own opinions on Logic and Ethics, and materially modified the view taken even by democratic thinkers of the machinery of political life; moreover, he has been for three eventful years a distinguished member of the House of Commons, where he delivered probably the most thoughtful speeches of that Parliament, and yet few of us would find it as easy to individualize our impression of him as we should our impression of many thinkers we have never seen or heard, — his own father, Mr. James Mill, for instance, or Jeremy Bentham, or Adam Smith, or Hume, or Locke, or Bishop Butler. There is a singularly polished uniformity, a want of light and shade in his style. It is always the style of flowing disquisition, without any relieving glimpses of either humor, or fancy, or moral inequalities of any kind. Locke's style is uniform and dry in its own shrewd, investigating way; but there is always the vigilant air of keen inquiry about it, and now and then, though very rarely, he breaks out into passages of a more personal character, like that on the fading of memory: "Thus the ideas as well as children of our youth often die

before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away." In Mr. J. S. Mill's works we cannot at present recall one break of this peculiar kind, except, perhaps, the celebrated passage in his examination of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, in which he declares, "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures, and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go;" and even that fine passage is not like the one we have cited from Locke, one of marked variety in style, a sort of shaft sunk into the inner character, but though deeper in conception, seems to be of one piece in rhythm and structure with the whole texture of Mr. Mill's writings, a part of the disquisition, not a light through it. No doubt there is a fine pale enthusiasm in the passage, but the same sort of pallid enthusiasm is visible on lower subjects, in the discussion of remedies for over-population, of safeguards against the dangers of democracy, of speculations as to the potentialities of education. What we miss in Mr. J. S. Mill are personal characteristics beneath and beyond the permanent characteristics of his rational disquisition. There is a monotony in the calm, evenly flowing, impartial, didactic pertinacity of disquisition, which is almost appalling, when we consider the number of volumes into which it has flowed with steady and uniform current, without a single important variety of doctrine or manner. Doubtless this is one of the causes of Mr. Mill's great doctrinal success. His books diffuse a fine, all-penetrating intellectual atmosphere, more even than a body of individual conviction, and the less closely they are associated with his name and personality, the more do they seem to partake of the impersonal intelligence of his age, and the more readily do they pass into the very essence of what is called the Time-Spirit, and win their way without the necessity for a battle and a conquest. Still undoubtedly this great uniformity of style and want of individual touches,—read, for instance, through the three thick volumes of "Dissertations and Discussions," and hardly anywhere will you stop and say, "There is the very man,"—make it more difficult to appreciate Mr. Mill's individual genius than it usually is in the case of men who have so powerfully influenced the thought of their day.

Yet after all, there is something characteristic of Mr. John Stuart Mill's genius in this uniform and colorless, but incessant stream of penetrating doctrine, in which an experience philosophy, a nominalist logic, a utilitarian ethics, a large-minded social economy, and a democratic political philosophy, are all taught in their most attractive and catholic sense,—no safeguard omitted which would help to make them more palatable to minds in doubt, and no difficulty ignored which is at all within the scope of Mr. Mill's wide intellectual horizon. His is the kind of style which is great in *method*, and not great in dealing with first principles: for first principles require a close study of the roots of human character, while method occupies the middle ground between those ultimate roots and the definite results of philosophical knowledge. Mr. Mill's strength lay in systematizing, and especially in so systematizing as to comprehend as much as possible within the limits of the same principle. This was what made his systematic books so much greater than his single papers. The "Dissertations and Discussions" are, except for their considerable range of knowledge and interests, almost commonplace. There are but one or two of the essays in which you are compelled to recognize the great author of the Political Economy and the New System of Logic. It is in stretching an elastic method so as to cover a great subject that Mr. Mill's peculiar power comes out. In criticising Grote, or Coleridge, or Alfred de Vigny, he hardly gives one a conception of his own capacity at all. But when in his Logic he has to connect together his nominalist doctrine and experience philosophy so as to cover the whole of deductive and inductive reasoning, and when in his Political Economy he has to apply the historical method

so as to correct the narrow rules of a very provincial school, he shows at once the great grasp of his mind, which was unrivalled in its power of eking out a principle so as to make it cover as far as possible all the facts within his reach, but was by no means, at least in our view, of the first order in the discussion of ultimate speculative truths. We believe that for this reason his "Principles of Political Economy," as it is the less ambitious, is also by far the better of his two great works, and that his intellectual deficiencies come out most in the criticism on Sir William Hamilton, and his book on Utilitarianism, where he grapples most closely with the ultimate principles of psychology and ethics.

We may illustrate what seem to us Mr. Mill's radical deficiencies as a philosopher, by his virtual evasion of four ultimate difficulties in the theories of perception, of reasoning, of moral obligation, and of volition. In the theory of perception, nothing can be more unintelligible and inconsistent than his leap from consciousness,—the only thing of which he admits any direct knowledge,—to the belief in an external world as the cause of certain states of our own consciousness. He has various very ingenious devices for getting more hay out of the field than there is grass in it,—for showing how, though we know nothing but states of our own minds, we are certain to come to believe in external objects as "guaranteed possibilities of sensation" outside our own minds; but the moment you look into his *rationale* of the process of inference, you discover at once that all he has any right to infer is a specific *order* of sensations, and that the notion of externality as the cause of that specific order could not possibly have entered into the inference, if it had not been put there by apprehensions quite different from any of which he will grant the reality. Again, in his theory of reasoning, Mr. Mill, true to the tenor of his system, maintains that all true inference is from particulars to particulars; that you argue from the death of certain men, A, B, and C, to the mortality of another man, D, and not from the death of A, B, and C to the mortality of all men, and then to the mortality of D. But he ignores the truth, as it seems to us, that unless the death of A, B, and C be regarded as enough to suggest the mortality of *all* beings resembling them as D resembles them, it will not establish the mortality of D, and that in point of fact, the mind does infer first a *general* cause for the death of A, B, and C, which also applies to D, and that it is through that general cause,—which is represented by the major premise of the syllogism,—that we get our inference, which we could not get without it. Again, in relation to his utilitarian ethics, Mr. Mill never was able to explain how, without the help of a principle of obligation lying outside the utilitarian system, it could be obligatory on us to regard the happiness of others as claiming as much consideration from us as our own. He leaps the chasm from the claims of our own pleasures to the claims of the pleasures of other sentient creatures, without admitting any aid from a moral faculty endowed with an authority wholly undervived from the selfish system, and yet nothing is more obvious than that Mr. Mill is really an intuitive moralist, if he assumes, as he does, that I am bound to sacrifice a certain amount of my own happiness for a grain more than the same amount of another's happiness, though it is clearly to my own disadvantage to do so. Lastly, the way in which he endeavors to get rid of the controversy as to necessity or free-will by simply throwing doubt on the meaning we attach to the terms, has always seemed to us the very acme of philosophical evasion. His solution is undoubtedly necessarian in spirit, but he tries to soften its real meaning by making much of verbal distinctions. On all these four fundamental points of psychology, Mr. Mill simply evades the stress of the argument against him.

We should be very sorry to seem to underrate the largeness and catholicity of Mr. Mill's intellect,—quite the largest and most catholic intellect that was ever well kept within the limits of a somewhat narrow system, of which, however, he knew well how to stretch the bounds, sometimes beyond, but more often only up to the full limits, that it would bear. He enlarged Utilitarianism in this sense

till it was hardly recognizable as Utilitarianism ; and he made Political Economy from a "dismal" and hardly credible science into a wide and historical study. His genius for thus giving breadth and elasticity to an apparently inelastic and rigid set of notions was exceedingly marked, and was more or less connected, no doubt, with that fine susceptibility of his mind to all intellectual impressions which made it intolerable to him not to find room in his system for the recognition of so great a thinker, for example, as Coleridge. His essay upon Coleridge marked indeed a new era in the history of the philosophical Radicals, the era when their teaching may be said to have emancipated itself from the formula of a clique and to have become the doctrine of a great school of thought. Mr. Mill, who, like all great expositors of philosophical method, had a fine sense of what was local and provincial, and, on the other hand, of what was likely to be recognized by all ages as a factor in human speculation, was incapable of leading any school characterized by a harsh and jarring tone towards other wide schools of human thought. Keen as he was in controversy,—as, for instance, in defending Utilitarianism against the hasty and not very scientific criticisms of the late Professor Sedgwick,—controversy had little charm for him. He greatly preferred so to interpret a great philosophical tenet as to bring it within his own philosophy, to any attempt to refute it. His essays show no very great critical power in relation to poetical subjects, and no very great pleasure in such criticism. His mind was more intellectual and didactic than artistic, in spite of his passion for music ; and in the one essay in which he does criticise Wordsworth and Shelley, he seems to us to have missed their most striking poetic characteristics. But on philosophical subjects, he loved to appreciate fully and to expound with power the view of his opponent.]

As a practical politician, Mr. Mill might have risen to the first rank, had he entered Parliament earlier, and had more physical power of voice. He showed considerable skill in repartee, and with greater strength would have made a great debater. As it was, he held his own against Mr. Lowe in the discussions on the cattle plague ; and we must remember that for the debates of Committee, the debates of short, sharp dialogue, Mr. Lowe is probably as formidable an antagonist as it would be possible to find. Perhaps the chief hindrance to Mr. Mill's political career was his high place in the hierarchy of philosophers. Having been so long looked up to as the head of a school, he could not quite divest himself of the didactic feelings of a philosophical bishop, and gave letters of recommendation to Mr. Chadwick, — and we believe to another candidate, for the election of 1868 which materially injured his own chances at Westminster. But these are errors which are of the minutest kind, and only worth mention at all as accounting for the arrest of a political career which was fairly successful, and might have been of the first order. His enthusiasm for all causes that he thought just was intense, though mild in its character, and more than once he administered a telling rebuke to the vulgar non-intervention doctrines of the commercial Radicals. We do not know that his Parliamentary life added greatly to his fame, but at least it showed that a thinker and a scholar is not disqualified by his studies for taking a very weighty part in the practical affairs of life. Whatever, indeed, were Mr. Mill's philosophical and political errors, we believe it may be truly said of him that no recluse was ever before so honestly devoted as he to the cause of the people, and that no popular reformer was ever before so honestly devoted as he to the cause of abstract truth.

ENGLISH EXTRAVAGANCE.

LORD DERBY the other day made some characteristically sensible remarks upon the importance of thrifty habits for all, but especially for the working classes. Speaking on so well worn a topic, he could of course say nothing very new ;

but he suggested one or two curious problems. Englishmen, as he remarked, are distinguished amongst all the races of the earth by their extravagance, or are surpassed by their American cousins alone. He quoted some very pithy remarks of Defoe, who said nearly the same thing more than a century and a half ago. Then as now, an Englishman could scarcely scramble through life upon an income which would enable a Dutchman to grow rich ; and then as now it was the pleasant habit of a large number of our fellow-countrymen to fill their pockets with money and then to drink till the golden tide had ebbed. Lord Derby explained this phenomenon, or declined to explain it, by appealing to the permanence of national character. It is always a puzzling question how far national characteristics are inherited, and how far they are merely the result of the permanence of certain conditions. Of course it saves a great deal of trouble to say that Englishmen waste their means because, as Dr. Watts put it, "it is their nature to ;" and by that simple device to avoid all investigation of the political and social conditions by which the habit may have been fostered. There is indeed no reason to doubt that Frenchmen may inherit a tendency to hoard money as a dog inherits a tendency to bury bones ; but, on the other hand, that inheritance is itself the result of the conditions under which previous generations of Frenchmen have lived ; and by altering their circumstances we need not despair of producing an English breed with the same peculiarities. The labors of successive generations have developed special instincts in various breeds of domestic animals ; and the saving instinct may be strengthened in the races which are at present most wasteful. Indeed, it is probable that Englishmen are not so far from possessing this cardinal virtue of the political economists as we sometimes persuade ourselves. The Lowland Scot belongs to the same race with ourselves ; and yet he is not generally considered to err on the side of extravagance. Some of the facts mentioned by Lord Derby prove upon what slight differences of position a great difference in the habitual conduct of life may depend. He was speaking on behalf of a very praiseworthy society whose object it is to make known to the working classes the advantages offered by the Post Office Saving Banks. The fact that such institutions are at everybody's door must be pretty generally known ; but the machinery has never been set in motion to an adequate degree. There is a helpless sluggishness in the human mind which prevents us from stooping to pick up a penny, though we are willing enough to hold out our hand. It has been found in certain Friendly Societies that the depositors prefer paying a shilling to a collector who calls at their houses rather than walk across a street to pay ninepence at the office. The principle is one with which we are familiar enough in every-day life. A man who has given an order to his bankers will cheerfully subscribe to a club for years ; when, if he had to draw a check or to pay the money in hard cash, his zeal would have broken down after the first payment. The introduction of a single link completes the electric circle ; and the removal of a trifling obstacle sets in action a whole set of forces which would otherwise remain in a state of complete inertness. The mere difference between declaring a regulation to be valid unless it is vetoed, and declaring it to be valid as soon as it is approved, seems often to be imperceptible ; and yet in practice it often determines whether a law shall be dead or alive. This simple principle lies at the bottom of the theory of frugality, and suggests how small a change may sometimes be necessary to convert a wasteful into a saving people. On which side is the burden of proof ? The claims of the public-house and the savings banks may be pretty equally balanced, and a slight difference in accessibility will make the whole difference in the popularity. The theory of advertising rests on the same principle. If the name of Smith occurs to the minds of a hundred people with ever so little greater facility than the name of Brown, that infinitesimal saving of trouble will determine them to go to Smith's shop. To make people do anything, you must save them the trouble of thinking. Mental

exertion is the one thing to which nearly everybody has an ineradicable antipathy; and therefore, if you can make an ally of intellectual indolence, there is nothing which you may not hope to accomplish.

From another point of view, unluckily, this is the great obstacle in the way of preaching thrift. We are extravagant because we find it so easy to act like our neighbors. The tendency is generally denounced as a proof of the moral slavishness of mankind. People complain, and with some apparent justice, of the tyranny of custom. An English curate has often a smaller income than an artisan or a coal-miner; and yet custom orders him to wear a black hat and a frock-coat, to have a steady supply of white neck-cloths, and to live up to a certain standard of external decency. Custom orders the struggling middle classes to give elaborately bad dinners, to live in separate houses instead of taking modest apartments, to send their children to schools whose only recommendation is in the high scale of charges, and generally to spend their income according to an arbitrary code of rules prescribed by the vague entity called society, instead of suiting their mode of life to their real wants. Moralists and novelists delight in expatiating upon the manifold evils which result, and they have of course no difficulty in showing that nine tenths of the customary rules have very little to say for themselves in the court of pure reason. They infer that all the foolish extravagance of English life is due to the inherent snobbishness of our nature. The merchant apes the noble, and the shopkeeper apes the merchant; and the first notion of the poor man who has made a few shillings is to dress himself in the costume of the class just above him. We fully agree that the standard rate of living has been pitched too high in most ranks of society; and it is probable enough that that desire to imitate our betters of which snobbishness is the uglier side has been at the bottom of it. An English household, as compared with a household of the corresponding class in most Continental countries, is a model school in the art of throwing away money for an inadequate return. But when reformers propose a change, they have to deal not only with the spirit of snobbishness, but with the more powerful, if less offensive, spirit of general indolence. They invite us to break our chains; to plan a rational mode of living, and to carry it out in defiance of other people's opinions. Give up, they say, all the useless apparatus with which an English family surrounds itself, and be simple and independent. The doctrine is so excellent that we only wish it were easier to act on it; but these eager persons under-rate the difficulty of putting it in practice. A certain social machinery is provided, costly and extravagant it may be, but yet with the surpassing merit that it is there. To provide the more reasonable machinery would require an amount of thought and trouble which nearly everybody dreads far more than the expense. You would prefer your children to go to schools where they would be taught something besides cricket, and would pay fees on a German scale of economy; then you must become an educational reformer yourself, and convert parents enough to start your new system. You wish for a house built on more rational principles; you must be your own architect, or, in other words, run a risk of going to a lunatic asylum. You wish to entertain your friends on more economical principles. The chances are that you save a very few pounds, and make your home unbearable. Simple meals are perhaps better than bad imitations of elaborate cookery; but unluckily simplicity both in food and dress is very apt to mean expense. You wish to improve your relations to your servants, and you discover that they prefer the conventional system, and that you have only made them more idle and discontented than before. Reformers in all these matters deserve every praise, and we earnestly desire their success; but reform in domestic economy, as in everything else, requires an amount of time, thought, and energy to which very few people are equal.

The real objection to living simply and cheaply is that one cannot afford it. A few geniuses can strike out new plans of life, but most men will find that more trouble is

saved by falling in with the stream than by struggling against it. The more favorite method of economy, especially with the female mind, is that which is generally known as cheeseparing. Without descending to a lower platform, it is possible to effect something by minute attention to details. Money may of course be saved by substituting an omnibus for a cab, by retiring to the cheaper places in a theatre, and by all that painful system of minute attention which is irritating until it becomes a habit. Here, too, one must ask whether the game is worth the candle. To keep out of debt is not only the first of duties, but the most essential condition of happiness, and therefore no sacrifice which makes both ends meet should be grudged. But, though a person who pushes his economy to any further point may boast of setting a good example, he will scarcely find that he has consulted his own happiness. The strength of character which enables a man to retire to a hermitage and devote himself to intellectual studies on bread and water will bring its own reward; but the man who tries to divide his allegiance, to remain in the world without paying the world's price for it, will generally have little reward beyond the trifling satisfaction of a good conscience. In one sense it may almost be said that saving comes easier to the poor man than to his richer neighbor. If an appreciable fraction of your income goes in drink, you can save what is to you a considerable sum by improving in sobriety. The advantage, at least, is tangible, if the temptation to be surmounted is great. But the rich man who has succeeded by the exertion of much thought in putting his establishment on a more reasonable scale often finds that the advantage is rather shadowy and effects posterity more than himself. The chains with which we are bound are riveted upon us with terrible strength. Our bondage cannot be broken by a single good resolution, or a mere change of personal habits. Our families, our relatives, and our acquaintances combine to force us into the regular grooves. And undoubtedly many men who could do better things are forced to grow daily more commonplace, and plod more contentedly along the mill-horse round of existence. We would gladly welcome a deliverer, though we can see few signs of his appearance. Society grows more luxurious; and even our good qualities rather tend to increased energy in growing rich than to increased judgment in using wealth.

FOREIGN NOTES.

RICHARD WAGNER is said to have visited London lately, but refused to appear in public.

WALTER THORNBURY will soon bring out a new book, in two volumes, oddly entitled "*Criss-Cross Journeys*."

THE Shah of Persia is accompanied on his European journey by his cabinet and three of his wives — only three.

MR. MILL'S Autobiography was continued up to a very recent date, and will before long make its appearance.

THE Empress of Japan has set the fashion of wearing uncolored teeth and eyebrows. It is generally regarded as a shocking innovation.

THE *Athenæum* says: "In our next week's number we shall print a short poem by Mr. D. G. Rossetti." It would be unkind to say, "The shorter the better."

THE death is announced of Carlo Arienti, one of the best known painters of the modern Italian school. He was director of the *Accadémie des Beaux-Arts* at Bologna.

THE "*Homespun Songs*" by "Sam Slick, Junior" which appear in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, are by a son of Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick." The songs are not so good as the idea.

THE droll announcement is made in the Bristol (Eng.) papers that the Committee of the Bristol *Athenæum*, a few days ago, resolved to pay posthumous honors to the late Mr. Macready, and reflected him as one of their vice-presidents three days after the announcement of his death.

M. RODRIGUES, a well-known Paris stock-broker, fell down dead on hearing of the suicide of his valet. There was affection for you!

EXQUISITE little sixpenny copies of the "Christian Year" are now purchasable in England, the copyright of that famous work having just run out. For many years before his death it had brought in a royalty of £800 a year to its author.

AN antique glass vase has been disinterred in the neighborhood of Arles. It consists of two parts, one of common glass, the other, which is superimposed on it, of red glass curiously knotted. It bears the inscription, *Divus maximianus Augustus*.

THE executors of M. Gustave de Beaumont are in possession of Mr. Mill's letters to M. de Tocqueville. It is to be hoped the letters of both political philosophers will be published together, in the order in which they passed between them. Mr. Mill was almost the last of England's great letter-writers.

ACCORDING to the *Academy*, a German paper states that Mr. Bayard Taylor is going to follow up his translation of "Faust" with a "History of the Germans," for which it is said he has the (indispensable) qualification of a slight infusion of German (Suabian) blood, introduced only eight generations ago into his English pedigree.

A PARIS letter-writer says: "Bret Harte has appeared in a French guise, thanks to M. Amédée Pichot and his collaborateur of the *Revue Britannique*. So far as the work has yet made way among the Parisians, the palm has certainly been carried off by 'Le Bonheur du Camp-Rugissant,' otherwise, in the English vernacular, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.'"

ON the 21st of March Vilhelm Nikolaj Marstrand died at Copenhagen. Marstrand was the most original and powerful painter that Danish art has produced. Born in 1810, he studied first under Eckersberg, and later in Rome was a friend and associate of, though much younger than, Thorwaldsen. His greatest works are the colossal frescoes in Roskilde Cathedral.

AMADEUS, the ex king of Spain, is preparing a work, to be entitled "The history of King Amadeus, written by himself," and to be published at Rome within a short period. Many eminent personages connected with the various political parties in Spain have assisted the royal author. The work in question will be divided into four parts: "Isabella," "Prim," "Hohenzollern," and "Amadeus." It will contain many priceless precepts to princes already dethroned. Amadeus ought to be something of an authority on that subject.

A SILENT but veritable revolution has taken place in the English fashionable world. Hitherto it has been the practice when friends or acquaintances were about leaving town to call on one another and leave a card with the letters in pencil, *P. P. C.* At present, if that missive be left by the owner, and no departure takes place within eight days, no umbrage is to be taken; but if a fortnight or a month elapses, and there is no prospect of the departure, the *p. p. c.* is to be accepted as a notice to quit all visiting—a decision as definite and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It would be pleasant to hear the mild rejoinder of the member of the New Zealand House of Assembly, whom Mr. Anthony Trollope describes in his lately published work, "Australia and New Zealand." He says of this luckless member that he was "so vulgar, so ignorant, so illiterate, so incapable in his attempts, so nauseous in his flights of oratory, so blasphemous in his appeals to religion, so impudent to the gentlemen around him, so weak in his language, so strong in his Billingsgate phrases, that I could think but little of a constituency which would return him, and marvelled at the patience of a House which would endure him."

IN the newly-published volume of Monographs by Lord Houghton, there is, in one of Sidney Smith, the following story of his clerical fun in Yorkshire: "He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Ker-shaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sidney Smith at parting, 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman, with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied

the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet."

A VERY old playgoer indeed, Baron de Chamerolles, bought, so long ago as 1827, a life ticket for the Gymnase Theatre (then called Theatre de Madame), at the price, which now, after nearly half a century's enjoyment, must seem moderate, of \$200. During all these long years his taste for this particular theatre never palled, and the very frequent use of his right was now sweetened to him by the reflection that he had survived a long succession of managers, and that he was getting full value for his money. On January 14 last, just as the curtain was about to rise for the first representation of M. Alexandre Dumas' new play, the "Femme de Claude," the baron presented himself at the box-office, and asked for a stall. Being told that all the stalls were let, he offered to accept another place in the house, albeit his contract stipulated that he was entitled to one of the best places. But the house was quite full, and he was sent away. Thereupon he brought his action. The court deliberated in its private room for an unusually long time, but ultimately decided that the sound construction of the contract was only that the baron was to be admitted to any place which might be vacant, and that unless it were proved that the manager had, by means of arrangements with theatrical agencies or otherwise, taken measures to diminish the fair average number of places to be had by application at the doors, it was not reasonable that the plaintiff should have damages for an accidental inability to accommodate him.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in Northern Europe by the announcement that the collection of antiquities, paintings, etc., at Ulryksdal, near Stockholm, the summer residence of the late King Charles XV., of Sweden, is to be sold by public auction. Charles XV. was not only a poet and a musician, but also a painter and an art connoisseur, and he collected during his lifetime a great number of art treasures, most of which he presented to the national museum which he founded at Stockholm. The remainder he left to his heirs, the principal of whom is his only daughter, the wife of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and she has now directed the collection to be sold, in order to distribute the proceeds in accordance with his will. The first day of the sale is to take place on the 16th inst., immediately after the coronation of King Oscar, which, it is expected, will attract a great number of visitors to the capital. The collection will be sold in 700 lots. The first section comprises a number of antique pieces of furniture of different periods, including some rare cabinets of the seventeenth century, tables, mirrors, bedsteads with baldachins in the style of the Renaissance, and various miscellaneous specimens of rococo furniture. In the second section are wood carvings, goblets, and bronze and silver work. The third section consists of a large collection of articles used in hunting, two mediæval Scandinavian drinking-horns, and some valuable pipes; and the fourth, of china and earthenware from all the most celebrated factories. In the fifth section are costumes and embroideries; in the sixth, statuary in marble, porphyry, and granite; and in the seventh, oil-paintings and water-color drawings. The oil-paintings, which are mostly of the Flemish school, were in the apartments of the late Queen Louise. They consist of works by Ruysdael, Teniers, Van Ostade, Metzsu Hobbema, Claude, Boucher, Dujardin, and other eminent masters.

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[No. 25.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER I. (continued.)

THE doctor waited for him to proceed. He thought the exordium undeniable.

"There's too much red-tape; too much rule and form. People don't go in hotly enough for their ideas. I don't know if you've noticed that everything big has been done by people who never thought how a thing would pay? In fact who sail straight to the port and do things while others are finding out what's the good of going there, and what's the best way to go?"

Harold Vaughan smiled inwardly, with the cynicism of one just ceasing to be young, at the enthusiasm of a young man who has just made the original discovery of an ancient truism.

"Of course, if a man's hard up, like Columbus, he must go about begging of government, and lose time, and then only gets half the credit if he wins. Fortune has been fool enough to give me more than was ever spent in fitting out the Pinta. I've been reading it all up on my last voyage. Now what would Columbus have done if he'd been me?"

"I think, if Columbus had been an English peer," Harold answered, a little bitterly, "he would have stayed at home. And," he thought, "have no cause to think trust in woman as foolish as that in princes."

"What?" cried Lord Lisburn. "Is that the way of gentlemen? Did Raleigh stay at home, or Drake, or any of those fellows? I'll tell you what he'd have done: he'd have found America in a month. My idea is this — just to let people go on talking, fit out the Esmeralda quietly, have some fellows of the right sort on board, sail straight to the point, get over everything without thinking, like the old fellows used to do, — I'd take out stores for twenty years, if need be, — and then come quietly home again, and say it's done."

"What's done?"

"That the North Pole had been taken possession of by the Earl of Lisburn for the king. By Jove! the Esmeralda would be in history."

"Is your lordship serious? Impossible."

"That's what they said to Columbus. Just think — I've read all the books — they say that inside the ice there's most likely the most glorious country in the world, a regular El Dorado — not for gold, you know, but for climate: perhaps Eden was there, who knows? One might meet the angel with the flaming sword. But that's nothing, though I've dreamed of such things. What I mean is, I mean to try, just for the sake of doing something. I've been round the world, I've done everything in the shooting line, I can't stand keeping indoors, I hate billiards — what's a man to do in these confoundedly slow times? It's not my fault if there's nothing but the Pole left for my Esmeralda."

Lord Lisburn was not a handsome young man, and Harold Vaughan's rather low opinion of his brains was not altered by hearing him talk in this wild strain. But his eyes glowed and his lips wreathed eagerly as he rode his brilliant hobby so earnestly, until some sparks of sympathetic life fell over his companion. But they soon went out again.

"That is a startling idea," he said, quietly. "I am not a geographer, but I should think you ought to get some scientific opinion."

"That's just what I won't do. There'd be deliberations and consultations, and the thing would get talked about and be in the papers. I don't want the heart to be smudged out of me by wisacres and editors, half of whom will say I'm a hero because my poor father was yellow, and the other half will call me an ass because he wasn't blue."

"You have thought of the risk — the failures of others?"

"They be hanged. I want the risk, and I expect the others failed — splendid fellows they have been too — well, they were unlucky, that's all. Some one must do it at last, and why not the Esmeralda? Come — what do you say? I've wanted to open my heart to some one I could trust this long while, and the murder's out now. I mean to go."

Harold Vaughan went on smoking in silence.

"I can easily get a crew," went on the earl. "That's one thing money can do. I'd pay everybody so high that they could afford to stake their lives, and I'd take no family men, and settle something on everybody's rela-

tions before starting. My own captain would go with me — we're like brothers. I should keep the journal myself, and get up natural history while the Esmeralda's fitting. You can recommend me what to read."

Suddenly Harold spoke.

"I am afraid you will find natural history rather a long subject. You will want some one accustomed to observe, and you will want a medical man. I beg to offer myself in both capacities."

"By Jove, Vaughan, are you in earnest?"

"In full earnest."

"Then you are a brick — that's all I can say. Then you think it's a good idea?"

"Any way, it is one that suits me."

"Done?"

"Done."

"Then that's settled. I'll send for my captain to-morrow, and we'll go to work. Let me see — what can one do now? It's too early to turn in. Ah, by Jove, I half promised to look in at some theatre. Will you come? We can go on talking about the North Pole."

Harold Vaughan did not care three straws about the North Pole. But in his condition of mind, and with his prospects, men are moved by straws — and in his case Lord Lisburn was the straw.

CHAPTER II. TOWN MICE AND A COUNTRY MOUSE.

THE reason for Lord Lisburn's not finding Lady Penrose at home was that she had gone out that fine afternoon in the carriage in order to make some calls. Her list included a Miss Perrot, who had not taken advantage of the fine weather. Lady Penrose was not, however, as much disappointed as people usually are when they fail to hear those words which combine the virtues of charity and self-denial, "Not at home."

Down came Miss Perrot, bustling like the brisk young lady that she was — young still, though she had been young long ago. But then she was hawked-nosed and sallow — of the style that wears well by candle-light, and can bear a little rouge and hair-mixture on occasions without reminding the beholder of the wife of Ahab.

"Ah," she exclaimed, almost as a Frenchwoman says, *Mon Dieu!* "I

have been wondering what had become of you. So you have really come back again? And Sir William? I am dying to see Sir William."

"Sir William is now at St. Bavons — there is some meeting or something."

"Political, of course? Politics are my foible. That's why I adore Sir William. You ought to be jealous of me about Sir William. It sounds so well — like Pitt. But that reminds me — I'm so glad you're come! Clo!" she called out shrilly from the half-opened door, "come down. I want you to see Lady Penrose."

"Clo," whoever she might be, answered, and Claudia appeared.

"My first cousin once removed, Miss Brandt," said Miss Perrot. "Claudia, this is Lady Penrose. Your father, my dear, knows Sir William well. I have no doubt he votes for him."

Claudia in St. Bavons — Claudia in Belgravia? No, they were not the same. The lazy, sofa-ridden, lame girl, who let Harold Vaughan make love to her over her easel and took it like a queen, while the sweet meadow breath fanned her and the buzz of the truant bee made a bass to the soprano-steeples of St. Catherine, was hardly this stately young lady, no longer Rubenesque, who dressed like a nun, was as pale as St. Agnes, and carried, in the face of a morning caller, three yards of plain sewing over her arm. The two ladies bowed, and Claudia sat down. Miss Perrot flashed a glance over the plain sewing. Lady Penrose, who had been trained to mild electioneering, beamed serenely towards the St. Bavons girl.

"Yes," she said, "I have heard the name. Have you been long in town? You must come and see us as soon as Sir William returns. Are you often in London?"

"I have never been in London before."

"My cousin has not been well," Miss Perrot explained. "Her father has sent her here for change of scene."

"Indeed! How exciting it must be. Don't you find it so, Miss Brandt?"

"Yes," said Claudia, looking up, but without her old ready brightness and outwardness of look, "I suppose so. At any rate it is very noisy."

"Now that's you all over," broke in Miss Penrose, quickly. "You would make Lady Penrose think I led you a life that a whirlwind would be a lethargy to."

"I'm sure Lady Penrose won't think any such thing," said Claudia, smiling a little over her work. "The fact is, we country people get old I think before our time. I am sure Miss Perrot is very good to put up with the whims and caprices of an old person like me."

"Old?" asked Lady Penrose, with a placid touch of lady-like astonishment. "Why?"

"Stuff!" burst in Miss Perrot. "Claudia's not three-and-twenty — what we used to call babies when I

was one of them. I don't know what's come to the children: they're all old now before they're young."

"Perhaps Miss Brandt is delicate?" asked Lady Penrose, with a maternal air suitable to her comfortable figure. "I was delicate once. When I was married to Sir William I was quite a slip, like Jane or Laura."

"Ah, that's it," exclaimed the elder lady, triumphantly. "That's what I'm always saying. I'm always at Claudia, asking her why she doesn't do like other girls. I wish you'd speak to her — you've got girls of your own. What should you say if Laura was to want to leave a dance before the after-supper gallop, or Jane was to make things for poor people instead of doing slippers and really useful things?"

"It is very proper to make things for the poor," answered Lady Penrose, gravely. "I should do it myself, only it is so much better to buy them ready made, and cheaper too, in the long run. Sir William thinks that it's against economical politics to mix up labor and capital."

"I don't understand politics," said Claudia. "But it seems to me that the labor of charity is the most charitable part of it. I can never feel that I'm doing good to anybody unless it gives me some trouble. And I like making strong stitches. It's only my way of telling my beads."

"Now that's you again, Claudia. You'd make Lady Penrose think I have a papist for a cousin — talking of beads and things. Sir William, who's in the House, must understand better than you. And I'm sure fancy work is much more natural for a girl who must think of settling one of these days."

"You think sewing 'slippers is a young lady's substitute for sowing wild oats?" asked Claudia.

"Well, you may joke about it, but I don't see why marriage should be a forbidden subject of conversation. As for people waiting, as young men and women do now, till each has got a foot in the grave, I've no patience with such new ways. We married for love in my time, and if we didn't marry for love we married for youth all the same. We shall be hearing of *post mortem* marriages soon, I suppose."

"The young men should come forward more," said Lady Penrose.

"The young women should come forward more," said Miss Perrot.

"Cousin!" exclaimed Claudia.

"Of course, I mean in a proper way."

"Such as working slippers and waiting for after-supper gallops?"

"I mean by not moping, and waiting for wedding-rings to fall down the chimney."

"But, cousin, isn't that the way they mostly fall?"

"Yes — and the housemaids find them in the cinders. It's they that are always getting married now — the

simpletons, as if a bad home were better than a good place."

"And as I don't want to be a simpleton — there, cousin, I dare say Lady Penrose is thinking us a terribly quarrelsome couple."

"How are Laura and Jane?" asked Miss Perrot, suddenly turning the conversation. She was nettled, but could not afford the luxury of carrying a fencing match with a rich relation too far.

Lady Penrose certainly did not think Miss Brandt a particularly sweet-tempered young lady. But she was well disposed to be friendly to a sharp-tongued, piously disposed, and sickly looking country girl who could by no possibility prove a rival to either of her own young cygnets at home.

"Both the girls are well," she said, preparing herself to indulge in her favorite topic, and shaking herself out like a sitting swan. "They will die to make your acquaintance, Miss Brandt. They would have come with me to-day, only Laura is at her music. She has a real genius for music, and plays all the things out of the opera. She is learning from Signor Fasola, who teaches at court, you know, and charges a guinea a lesson; so she can't help having a genius. Are you musical, Miss Brandt?" A suspicion entered her mind that Claudia might perhaps, after the manner of plain and disagreeable people, take her stand on accomplishments.

"I hardly know," answered Claudia, seriously. "Except the cathedral organ, I don't know that I ever heard any music to care for. As for the piano, I must confess to detesting it."

"How very curious! I thought everybody liked pianos — they are so convenient, and add so much to the look of a room."

"That is true; I never thought of it in that light."

"As for Jane," continued the visitor, once more relieved, "she is the painter. My girls don't interfere with each other's line — it is much the best way. We are quite an artistic family — that is, on my side, for Sir William knows very little about art — he is in the House, you know. Perhaps you paint, Miss Brandt? What is your style — pencil or water-color? Jane's is water-color."

"I used to spoil a good deal of canvas once," Claudia answered. "But it was a great waste of time." She bent over her work again, as if at all events determined to waste no more.

"Claudia paints beautifully!" broke in Miss Perrot. "How can you show such a want of proper pride? I wish you would let Lady Penrose see some of your things."

"I did not bring any, cousin."

"Isn't it provoking, Lady Penrose? For my part, I think a girl should no more travel without her accomplishments than her clothes."

"Jane did not come with me," went

on the visitor, "because she has a slight attack of influenza. We have to be particularly careful of Jane, of course. Do you know, she was wonderfully admired at Farleigh House on Wednesday — never at my side five minutes together. She danced with young Lord La Poule three times — I had quite to interfere. By the way, you and your niece must not be surprised to have a card in a day or two. We are going to have a quiet dance on the 10th, when Sir William comes home."

"Oh, we shall be delighted, of course," said Miss Perrot. "No — we have no engagement for the 10th, have we, Claudia?"

"A dance?" asked Claudia. "You forget?"

"Well, what is it now? We have no engagement, surely?"

"I only meant perhaps Lady Penrose might not want to ask another wall-flower."

Lady Penrose looked at this unusual specimen of the country girl with unaffected surprise.

"Stuff!" said Miss Perrot.

"I meant, Lady Penrose, not that I am quite too old to dance, but that I must plead the privilege of a broken egg — that's all."

"A broken leg? Dear me, how sad! Of course, you can't dance if your leg has been broken. But you surely are not lame?"

"Not a bit," said Miss Perrot. "It's laziness — sheer laziness: that's all. I will bring her — never fear. I am so sorry to hear of dear Jane's influenza."

"Yes, and what makes it the more provoking is — By the way," she said, seized with a happy plan for being especially attentive to the laughter of a rich St. Bavons merchant without trouble, "we — that is, and the girls — have a box to-night at the Oberon. We particularly wanted to go, and now Jane has to stay at home. Why shouldn't we take up a party — you, Miss Brandt, Laura, and me? And then we wouldn't be throwing places away. We can pick you up on our way."

Now Claudia would really have stayed at home. She had fallen into that not uncommon condition in which *ennui*, disagreeable as it may be, is nevertheless more tolerable than its allies. But Miss Perrot gave her no time to seem ungracious.

"That will be delightful!" she said. Claudia, you will hear some other music than your organ now — it will be some education for you. So we will dine in good time and be ready. Tell me see — what are they going to do?"

"I don't exactly remember — Laura says: it's all in the papers. There's Mademoiselle something — quite unpronounceable and new — who's to be very good, I believe — I know it's to be a common play, but something with songs in it — any way there's been a great fuss made about

it." She gave a glance at the clock, and seeing that her twenty minutes were already over, rose to go. "So that's settled then — we shall call for you punctually."

When she got home, she was gratified by finding Lord Lisburn's card.

"He also must have a card for the 10th," she told Laura, and then went on to describe Miss Brandt as a particularly unpleasant girl, who could neither play, nor dance, nor draw, nor make herself amiable — as one, in short, admirably fitted to be asked to parties where her own girls might expect to meet Lord Lisburn or Lord La Poule.

As for the disagreeable girl herself, she was, like most people who are found fault with, rather to be pitied than blamed. It is all very well to say that faith ought to be steel, which only grows harder and stronger under the force of blows: but then the words of slander are not blows — they are the acid which eats in and corrodes. Why should a sensible girl like Claudia believe in a lover whom she had only known for months, and disbelieve in her own father, who had been her truest lover for years? So she proved her constancy by keeping up her faith in her oldest friend, who, to do him justice, was but following the evidence of his senses in laying the case of Harold Vaughan before her. It is true that he was willing enough to discover evil in the slightest actions of the unlucky doctor: but then it is equally true that facts themselves had supported his preconceived interpretation of them. Claudia learned therefore that her lover had left her to go straight to a haunt of the vulgarst dissipation: that he had there celebrated his engagement by picking up some girl from the road to kill time with until he was to come back to her — a presage for the future which, instead of jealousy, called up wondering and indignant shame: and that he bore about him the marks of having taken an active part in scenes of brawling and disorder. He had justified what all the world had said of him: and she felt herself disgraced, not only by his conduct, but by the world, whose opinion he had compelled her to believe in against her will. If she had heard that Harold Vaughan had been guilty of any number of social sins, whatever their magnitude even in her own eyes, during the years before their acquaintance, she would have forgiven them all — she would have felt proud and happy that her love had been able to purify him from his stains. The character of the Dr. Vaughan, whom she had not known, would have been a striking foil to that of the Harold who was hers. But the man who, by openly insulting her, proved that she was to him nothing more than a good speculation, and who, with the atmosphere of her confessed love still clinging to him, could carry her kiss straight among thieves

and vagabonds, to be tossed about and made a common plaything of, was one to forget and not to forgive.

So, like a brave girl, she of her own accord set to work to forget deliberately, with the success that commonly crowns all such resolves. She would not take any interest when the postman came to the door, though her heart grew cold whenever he did so, quite as much as if he any longer concerned her. No letter came: and though she expected none, she felt what was a very good imitation of angry disappointment. She forced herself back into her old routine, and as much came of it as if she had spent her whole time in sleeping. Finally, she made up her mind that her folly was dead and forgotten — and then she fell so much out of health that her father became anxious, and made up his mind that she was neither forgiving nor forgetting as rapidly as she ought. He was more than satisfied with her good conduct, but he had read or heard somewhere, that according to the rules of social homeopathy, a new flirtation is a certain remedy for the evil results of an old one, and that a first affair of the heart acts like the bitters which some people take to give themselves an appetite for solid fare. So he wrote to Miss Perrot, of whom he knew enough to know that she would make an admirable duenna — sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued, fond of pleasure, and sufficiently dependent upon himself to be trusted, for the sake of her wages and expectations.

Claudia made no objection to being sent on a visit to London. Indeed, she never now objected to anything — she took whatever came, and as it came, apparently because it came, independently of liking. Only, finding that Miss Perrot, who liked to mix herself up with all the little ways and habits of everybody, was a subscriber — in arrear — to a charity of which the object was to make clothes for the poor, she herself gave a double subscription, obtained material, and set to work hard, pricking and disfiguring her fingers, and fancying she was making some appreciable difference in the eternal duel between large demands and small supplies. But she was right in one thing — she might do but little good, but still, what she did was better than to sit down and tell the rosary of her own thoughts. Miss Perrot did not like it, and no doubt plain work is wearisome to unsympathetic eyes and ears. She was not working in the sight of a curate, and the elder lady held that no woman is justified in thinking of taking orders till she has herself reached the canonical age for a bishopric. Peers were still, she held, in Claudia's market; and if she herself were a warning against waiting too long, that only made her experience the more valuable guide to children under twenty-five.

The two ladies dined early, and then got ready for the play. Miss

Perrot dressed herself in green satin — unpaid for — ornamented with festoons of pink roses, to match those on her cheeks and in her hair. Claudia put on a gray silk, without any roses. The effect was rather Quakerish for a box in the theatre, and Miss Perrot told her so: but Claudia had known Quakers in St. Bavons, where they were strong, and had discovered in herself a new curiosity about them and their ways.

CHAPTER III. A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

THE Oberon Theatre, if anywhere looked for, will not be found. Some play-goers remember it well, and regret it, like everything else that belongs to the days when they were young enough to enjoy. It was not one of the great houses, where actors who have achieved the honors of biography helped to make the history of their time almost as much as those who fulfilled their seven ages off the stage. But it was, in spite of varying fortunes, a house with a name, tending rather to less worn grooves of the drama, in which song takes the place of speech: and, when English opera made an attempt at *renaissance*, the Oberon was a good deal talked about in some sanguine circles.

In the hands of the last manager it had run into insolvency and complicated litigation, which gave its fortunes an additional interest: and the courage of a new lessee, who suddenly dropped as it were from unknown foreign or provincial skies, was watched with a certain amount of admiration by those who liked the taste of stage gossip, and assumed that a speculator must necessarily have something to lose. The new lessee showed, moreover, some skill in generalship. He advertised freely. He bought a lot of old scaffolding, and had it built up all over the façade, as though he meant the complete restoration of everything at reckless expense. He assumed, personally, an air of diplomatic mystery, holding aloof from the common world behind the scenes, and not speaking unless he was spoken to, and then only in set form, as though he were playing the conventional rôle of a foreign ambassador. His peculiar squint stood him in good stead, for it stamped him at once as a remarkable man. Finally, he gave a very small dinner, to which he invited a few talking men, ready on every occasion to sing the praises and to brag of any *Amphitryon où l'on dîne*. It was on this occasion that he became acquainted with Mr. Carol, who came without an invitation, and then introduced to the host and to each other the various guests as they came in.

There were not many men of art or letters in those days who had not made the acquaintance of Mr. Carol in the earlier part of their career; and none of them could ever tell when or how.

His favorite boast was that he knew everybody, and it was true. He also used to boast that he was a dangerous enemy: and that also was true, for he made it his business to know everything about everybody. So he found but little difficulty in levying his modest dues of black-mail: the weak and credulous paid them eagerly and out of prudence; the strong, either from custom or because they were too small to be worth contesting. He was quite content with silver eggs paid in kind, and never tried to kill his geese, though always hanging his knife over them. In fine, he had the reputation of being a power in criticism, because he gave himself out to be such so constantly and so loudly that it was worth no man's while to spend a lifetime in contradicting him. It was only natural that the manager, who was a stranger as yet to the inner life of London, should take him at his word.

I have said that the *renaissance* of English opera was much talked of in those days, and there was of course, as there always has been, the native musician who was to beat the foreigners upon their own field. Late campaigns had been brilliant, but not decisive; and the patriotic army was eager for a new one. No time — so Mr. Carol informed the manager — was better adapted for opening the Oberon as a home for native song, freed from the dead weight of native musicians. The composer had gained many laurels recently, but they were purely Olympic, that is to say, ungilded; and he was more eager than he cared to admit to get a new work brought out on terms less advantageous to himself than to the manager. It was to be called "Sylvia's Bracelet," which all agreed was a sufficiently taking title, and of which the plot was to be as follows: —

The Count of Falkenstein was a powerful German noble of the good old times when counts could do, on the stage, very much as they pleased, and lived in an old feudal castle overlooking the Rhine — a favorite synonym in those days for the great romantic region of Nowhere. He was young, handsome, and in every way charming — the great catch, *par excellence*, of all Westphalia. Of course, however, though he might have had his choice among all the ladies in the world but one, it was upon this one that he threw the eyes of his heart. This was the daughter of his hereditary enemy, the Baron Von Waldeck, almost as powerful as himself, and a great deal prouder, whose only child, Gertrude, was among women what her forbidden lover, Falkenstein, was among men. She was worthy to be a queen, and her father would rather see her in her grave than married to the fascinating Falkenstein. Had the author of the *libretto* been contemporary with Queen Mary First, the author of "Romeo and Juliet" would have been accused of plagiarism, so bitter was hereditary hate, so triumphant was un-

hereditary love. Makeshifts for meetings between the lovers were managed in the form of serenades, and when the count went out hunting he contrived to get lost singularly often without bringing back any trophies of the chase to his alarmed retainers, while the young baroness was continually going out on charitable pretences, without, it must be feared, benefiting the old women of her parish in any great degree. Why, it may be asked, did not Falkenstein carry her off on one of these stolen occasions, take her to his castle, and set the baron at defiance? Filial obedience did not seem to be the young lady's foible; but then a drama would not be true to life unless it allowed a certain margin for the inexplicable. In any case there had as yet been no elopement, and, so far, nothing that even in romance is counted wrong.

Let the loud chorus of retainers be imagined, wherein they gather together and celebrate the death of the deer. It suddenly occurred to one of them that the count was missing, as usual, and so, with a remarkable want of tact under the circumstances, they dispersed in all directions to look for him through the forest. No sooner, however, were they fairly out of sight and hearing, than the count stepped from behind a tree, heaved a sigh of relief, and waited for Gertrude. It was their trysting-place which had just been so noisily disturbed. "Gertrude!" he first whispered softly. Then he looked about among the bushes which might conceal her, still repeating, "Gertrude — it is all safe — we are alone." At last, "Gertrude!" he called out, with all the power of a voice which called an echo from the distant hills.

But no Gertrude appeared: and, to tell himself how anxious he felt about her absence, he sang a ballad. It was charmingly written, and had the effect of a charm. Timidly from the mass of ferns and brambles emerged first the head and then the full figure of a beautiful girl, covered partly with her own long hair, partly with the skins of wild animals — a veritable Oread. With pricked ears and parted lips she crept nearer and nearer as the music continued, the Count of Falkenstein being too much occupied with his thoughts of the truant Gertrude, and of his own *cadenza*, to hear or look round. Suddenly the last few bars proved too much for her — she clasped her hands, and cried out, "Ah!"

The exclamation startled Falkenstein. He faced round, and saw a wood-nymph fixed as if she were a statue of marble. He stepped forward, as if impelled to discover whether he was dreaming. But no sooner had he grasped her arm than, with a cry of terror, she broke from him and plunged back into the bushes, leaving a gold bracelet, which had slipped from her wrist, in his hand.

(To be continued.)

A RAID AMONGST RECENT GOSSIPS.

THE latter part of the present century promises to be the golden age of the *chiffonniers* of literature; and the compilation of *mot*s, and anecdotes, and gossip, holds forth to the industrious collector as brilliant an immortality in the republic of letters generally, as the spontaneous and first-hand utterance of an epigram at a dinner-table. If genius to originate be denied, it is proper that a man should be thankful to the gods for the talent to appreciate and the taste to discriminate.

We propose, in the course of a few desultory pages, to avail ourselves of the usually pleasant company of such irrepressible caterers of *memorabilia* as Captain Gronow, Lord William Lennox, Mr. Timbs, the Honorable Grantley Berkeley, and, most recent of all, the Lady Clementina Davies.

Appropos of the social works of such authors as these, it has been profoundly observed that if the present generation remain in a state of blissful ignorance of the early life of their not always grave and reverend seniors, it is not by any means owing to any modest reticence on the part of the latter. Not even in the days of Suetonius, Valerius Maximus, or Athenæus, has so much been done as now to put together the trifles which in the aggregate made up the engrossing pursuits of men of former fashion and frivolous preëminence. The dress of the dandies, their small affectations and uncomfortable elegancies; the repartees of the wits; the extravagances of the gamblers; the gossip and amenities, the persiflage and quarrels of the clubs,—all these and more are at full length written out with a minuteness which is scarcely less than astonishing for the desire it manifests to preserve in the memory of a busy generation the traditions of the “infinitely little.” One is apt at first sight to wonder, whilst turning over the pages of such books as Lord William Lennox’s “*Drafts on my Memory*,” how in the world the noble author could have thought it important to preserve such tattle as comprises one half of it; and is tempted to wonder, further, scarcely less at its relative success and acceptancy. Yet the very pages which excite this placid kind of surprise in the much-revolving mind of the reader are, in fact, frequently pages of eminent readability; whilst here and there an anecdote, sparkling with more than common lustre, suffices to keep up a gentle stream of complacency and expectation. It is, perhaps, good on the whole, apart from higher or broader considerations, that we should be supplied with a department of literature which may pleasantly turn an odd five minutes to account, and may come in as an ally to the process of digestion.

So far we are inclined to be thankful for what we get in this kind. The microscope has its pleasures; and is indeed as necessary to a philosophic conception of the sum of all things as the telescope itself. Triflers and dealers in small literary wares have their value. Side lights may usefully and effectively be introduced in supplement of full ones. The quip and the anecdote may often serve to illustrate the social question which a treatise could scarcely solve with a ponderous difficulty. Social veterans on the verge — on this side or that — of the grand climacteric, look back upon their course with all the conscious rectitude of men who in their own way have fought a good fight; and with all the repose and dignity of persons who have occupied themselves with weightier matters. It is not given to us to penetrate the secret of this complacency and satisfaction with the issue of lives remarkable for rather unimportant results, checkered although they may have been with piquant adventures and experiences. It is sufficient if we gather from the labors of love of such veterans as we have mentioned, some information about the world in which they lived and had their being. Acquaintance, such as they can give us, with the moulding influences of a score or two of years ago, may be very useful in pointing the moral of chance, and adorning the tale of fluctuating experience.

Captain Gronow is probably the least versatile of all

the literary heroes around whose gorgeous temples we are about to twine the bays of immortality. His works have been almost exclusively confined to the anecdotic, miscellaneous kind of “*Recollections*,” of which a few years ago the world saw the last, that is, final instalment. It was whilst the proof sheets of “*Captain Gronow’s Last Recollections*” were in the hands of the gallant author for revision, that he was called upon to meet the fate from which no mortal man can in the long-run escape. When he died,—in Paris, November 20th, 1865,—Captain Gronow had nearly completed his seventy-second year. Throughout his life he had the opportunity, by birth and circumstances generally, of mixing personally in those scenes which it was the pleasant labor of his declining years to record for the benefit of posterity. With the advantages of education at Eton, and of a commission in the Guards from his eighteenth year—not to lay undue stress upon the fact that he was a combatant in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and, later, a member for Stafford in the first Reformed Parliament—Captain Gronow would naturally have much that he would take pleasure in telling of himself and of his compeers, and much that his auditors of a more recent date would take pleasure in hearing. He was descended of a good and ancient Welsh family, in Glamorganshire; and his experiences of fashionable life and society, both in Paris and London, were great and varied. It was in 1862 that he began to unfold those *Reminiscences* which, complete in a series of four volumes, terminated under the circumstances, and at the date and place just mentioned.

“Referring to his last volume, Captain Gronow wrote, sadly, a few weeks before his death: ‘I have lived long enough to have lost all my dearest and best friends. The great laws of humanity have left me on a high and dry elevation, from which I am doomed to look over a sort of necropolis, whence it is my delight to call forth certain choice spirits of the past.’”

The method of Captain Gronow is not very *methodical*. His works have the easy, undress, fugitive aspect of a collection of *ana* and anecdote.

We cull three or four of his good things, presenting them in the same unpretentious form in which he let them loose to find their own place in the judgment of his readers. As he makes no pretence at connection,—each of his anecdotes having a separate heading, and standing alone,—our manner of dealing with his material may gracefully be nearly as desultory as his own. The shadows lie deep and heavy over an extract devoted to an epitome of a “short and merry life,” and exhibit repulsively what the advocates of temperance are in the habit of calling the “drinking usages” of a society now passed away forever. It is entitled,—

JACK TALBOT OF THE GUARDS.

“Poor Jack Talbot, after leaving Eton, entered the Coldstream Guards, and accompanied his regiment to Spain, where he evinced great courage, and was foremost in every fight. Though he possessed many imperfections, he was the manliest and kindest of human beings, and was the idol of the women; and their champion also, for he was one of the few men who would never hear improper epithets applied to them under any circumstances, or allow their failings to be criticised by those who were in all probability the cause of them. There was a charm in Talbot’s conversation that I never found in that of any other man; his brave, good heart, and love of punch, made him an agreeable companion, and many friends. When in his cups, or rather bowls, he would talk facetiously about his rich father in Ireland, Lord Malabide, spending that nobleman’s money all the time. He was foolishly generous. I have often seen him, at a club or in a coffee-house, pay for the whole of his friends present; and his liberality to women of all classes was profuse. He used to say, ‘I would rather disoblige my father or my best friend than a pretty woman.’

“Whether in the Guards’ club or at private assemblies,

you were always sure to find Jack surrounded by a circle of friends, amused with his witty conversation and charmed with his good humor. He had always a smile on his face; in fact, everybody acknowledged him as their friend, from Beau Brummel to Theodore Hook.

"During his last illness, Alvanley asked the doctor of the regiment what he thought of it. The doctor replied, 'My Lord, he is in a bad way, for I was obliged to make use of the lancet this morning.' 'You should have tapped him, doctor,' said Alvanley, 'for I am sure he has more claret than blood in his veins.' The late Duke of Beaufort one day called upon him at his lodgings in Mount Street, and found him drinking sherry at breakfast. The duke remonstrated with him, saying, 'It will be the death of you.' Talbot replied, 'I get drunk every night, and find myself the better for it next morning.' Talbot was a great favorite of the late Duke of Cambridge, who frequently called to inquire after his health. Upon one occasion, the captain's servant, in answer to the duke's interrogations, told his Royal Highness that his master did not want to see either doctor or parson, but only wished to be left to die in peace. The duke, with sad forebodings, sent Dr. Keate to see him. The doctor, on his arrival, found Talbot seated in his arm-chair, dead, with a bottle of sherry half-empty on the table beside him. He was only twenty-seven."

We give next what may to many readers appear a new or more complete version of a story the main features of which are by no means out of the range of ordinary knowledge:—

ONE WAY OUT OF A DILEMMA.

"I recollect when a boy seeing a strange couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Tuberville, who were famed for their eccentricities. Mr. Tuberville was related to Sir Thomas Picton, but did not possess the talent or discretion of the gallant general. Upon one occasion, at a dinner at Dunraven Castle, after the ladies had retired, Mr. Tuberville observed to a gentleman present, that the woman who had sat at his right hand was the ugliest he had ever seen; upon which the gentleman said, 'I am sorry to hear that you think my wife so ill-looking.' 'Oh, no, sir, I have made a mistake; I meant the lady who sat on my left.' 'Well, sir, she is my sister.' 'It can't be helped, sir, then; for if what you have said is true, I must confess I never saw such an ugly family during the course of my life.'"

A few sayings of the witty Prince Talleyrand are worthily preserved:—

MOTS OF TALLEYRAND.

"General Count de Girardin had a most ugly squint, and was extremely inquisitive. Upon one occasion he asked Talleyrand, 'Comment vont les affaires, Prince?' 'Comme vous voyez, Général; tout de travers.'"

"Fontaine, the architect, who built the triumphal arch in the Carrousel, placed upon it an empty car, drawn by the famous bronze Venetian horses. Talleyrand asked him, 'Qui avez vous l'intention de mettre dans le char?' The answer was, 'L'Empereur Napoléon, comme de raison;' upon which Talleyrand said, 'Le char l'attend.'"

"General Flahault, who when young was bald, had received an invitation to dine with the Prince de Talleyrand. In the course of conversation, he expressed to the prince a desire to present something rare to a great lady as a mark of his esteem. Talleyrand replied, 'Then present her with a lock of your hair.'"

Lord William Lennox is a more voluminous writer than Captain Gronow; and in the course of his "Drafts on my Memory," we have occasion to observe the pride with which he writes himself down a literary man. He is not unknown as a novelist; he has contributed "Pictures of Sporting Life and Character;" has carried off a prize for an "Essay on Physical Education;" and has published in various volumes those autobiographic *mémoires pour servir* for the more elaborate work which is to hand down his own sayings

and doings to an admiring posterity. His "Drafts on my Memory," from which we purpose now to transcribe a specimen or two, although discursive enough in reality, has more of the form of continuous narrative than the "Recollections" of Captain Gronow. Yet it comes short of the latter in the qualities of concise finish, point, and interest.

The vacations of Lord William's school life were passed, to a great extent, at the Phoenix Park, where his father resided as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It was at one of the two Dublin theatres (the Royal Hibernian) that he first made the acquaintance of the late T. P. Cooke. Of this departed worthy we have the following capital story, which may be fairly enjoyed with only the prefatory note that Lady Harrington, as Miss Foote, had in earlier life adorned the stage:—

"A story was told me of T. P. Cooke, which reflects greatly to the credit of his friend and patron, the fourth Earl of Harrington, — then Lord Petersham, — and to that of the distinguished statesman, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Harrington was ever attentive to those theatrical persons who had been on friendly terms with the countess when on the stage, and among them Cooke ranked high. He had been invited to dine at Harrington House, on an evening when his attendance at the theatre was not required, and upon taking leave of his host and hostess, the former said, 'We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you this day fortnight.' Nothing more occurred until the date named for the dinner, when, punctually at half-past seven, Cooke was at the door of his noble friend's house. He was ushered in, and found that two or three persons, with whom he was unacquainted, had already arrived. Lord and Lady Harrington had both been startled by the announcement of 'Mr. Cooke,' for the truth flashed across them both, that the day they had named for a small, snug coterie, was the one upon which they had previously invited a large political party to meet the Earl of Aberdeen. But they were too highly bred to show the slightest difference in their manner, and few in the room, if any, recognized Mr. Cooke (who wore his naval medal) as the talented representative of Long Tom Coffin, and other nautical characters. The dinner passed off well, and when the gentlemen were left to themselves, Cooke found himself next to the Premier.

"Lord Aberdeen, who was a high-bred, dignified nobleman, commenced a conversation with his neighbor, who, as we have already said, was decorated. The talk turned upon the navy. T. P. (or Tippy, as he was called by his brethren of the sock and buskin) became very energetic on the subject, and gave his lordship so vivid a description of the engagement he had taken part in, of the ships in which he had served, and of their captains, that Lord Aberdeen became deeply interested in the subject, and curious to know with whom he was speaking.

"After sundry fruitless diplomatic attempts to find this out, a casual remark proved more successful. 'There is a wonderful change in the tar of the present day from that of Fielding's and Dibdin's times,' said Lord Aberdeen. 'I believe you,' answered Cooke, and was about to rival the rotundity of the late Paul Bedford's sentence. 'I bele—e — eve you, my bo — oy,' when the sedate look of his companion checked him. Lord Aberdeen proceeded, 'The use, or rather abuse of tobacco and grog has greatly diminished.' 'And the dreadful oaths,' chimed in the actor, 'no longer disgrace the ship from the quarter-deck to the cockpit.' 'The punishment of the lash is less frequent,' remarked my lord. 'And midshipmen are not subjected to the degradation of a flogging in the captain's cabin,' interrupted Cooke, 'or mast-headed for hours for the most trivial offences.' 'The system is greatly improved,' said the Premier, evidently deliberating on the subject; when he was startled from his momentary reverie by T. P. Cooke, who had been excited by the discussion, exclaiming in a louder tone than before, 'But if your lordship would like to see what a real tar was, and what a real tar ought to be, come across the water some night, and' — as Lord Aberdeen looked up with surprise, and wondered what was coming — 'see me as William in Black-Eyed Susan.'"

The following sweet little cabinet picture is consecrated primarily to a delineation of the late Lord Worcester, but it is also representative of the *comme-il-faut* gentleman of the beginning of the present century.

"Though one of the neatest dressed 'men about town,' he had not a particle of dandyism in his appearance; and to how what the costume of that day was — as different to the tweed suits, wide-awake hats, boots, and trousers of the present time as light is to darkness — I will briefly describe the dress of 1816 among the upper ten thousand. In the morning, Cossack trousers, very full of pleats, well strapped down under the boots, a buff waistcoat, an elaborately embroidered blue frock-coat, and an extensive tie of white ambric. These were replaced in the evening by tight-fitting pantaloons made of silk stone-colored web, silk stockings, tiled shirt, white 'choker,' white waistcoat, blue evening coat, velvet collar, and brass buttons, with a cocked hat. Worcester, who had served in the 7th Hussars, turned his light-blue military pantaloons to good account, by having the gold lace removed, and startled us not a little by appearing in them one evening in plain costume. Such a dress would, in modern parlance, have appeared 'loud' upon almost any other man; but he blended the other colors so well, that there was nothing inharmonious, and his good figure and noble bearing carried him triumphantly through."

Lord William Lennox had the singular happiness of being admitted to the privacy of Henry Fauntleroy, the brilliant and fraudulent banker, then lying under sentence of death at Newgate, and on the eve of suffering. He favors us with the particulars of a call made just after by one of 'Fauntleroy's friends, from which it appears that the convict carried a dread culinary secret with him down to his unnumbered grave. The reader will join in the hearty denunciation which Lord William expends on the villanous taste, to say nothing of feeling, which could pursue the trivialities of kitchen science under such circumstances.

"A story is told of Fauntleroy's last moments which does not redound to the credit of all his friends. Among the delicacies he was in the habit of giving at his table was one remarkably fine Lunel, imported by himself, and kept to himself so far that he never put any of his friends on the scent of it. The day before his execution some of his oldest friends came to take leave of him, and one outstayed the rest. 'Fauntleroy,' said this last visitor with due solemnity, 'we have done everything in our power, but all in vain, and we have only to take leave of you forever. Consider the position in which you stand: the dread veil of life is about to be withdrawn. You are on the brink of that chasm which separates time from eternity. If there is anything you leave unsaid in this world, you will have no chance of saying it then. Is there nothing more you have to say to us?' Do you not think you owe us some returns for our exertions? It will soon be too late. Tell us where you get that Lunel.' But Fauntleroy was resolute. He lied and made no sign!"

The noble author of "Drafts on my Memory" is fond at all convenient seasons of giving prominence to his proclivities for the stage and stage-people. Amongst other lesser lories he claims the proud distinction of having introduced the celebrated Madame Vestris to the manager and to the public of Drury Lane. The details of this introduction we pass over; and content ourselves with recording the following graceful tribute to the brotherhood and sisterhood of the sock and buskin, which is put forward as the result of a more than ordinary extended intimacy with the generation of actors:—

"My experience of the theatre has been unusually large. I have seen every actor and actress of the day since the evening I first visited the Chichester theatre down to the present time. With all I have been personally acquainted, with many on terms of friendship; and never did I witness an ungentlemanlike or unladylike action on their parts."

Having, considering our space and the demands on it, efficiently honored Lord William Lennox's "Drafts," we take up for a few moments the "English Eccentrics and Eccentricities" of Mr. John Timbs, whose name is that of

a literary veteran, who has achieved a modest reputation for honest, conscientious, and diligent research. The two volumes dedicated to "English Eccentrics" present less of original matter than it is the wont of even this author's books to furnish. But this has been done of set purpose, and not without reason and calculation. Amongst other merits of Mr. Timbs must figure the virtue of self-abnegation. And in apology for his method, which resembles that of Captain Gronow, it may be said that it is very unsatisfactory to make and remake, *ad infinitum*, the acquaintance of the same anecdote or narrative slightly disguised or retouched. It has been sensibly said that where truth and truthfulness to character are in question, the material of an anecdote cannot too soon be crystallized. When once an anecdote has arrived at the perfection of form — when, that is, the *maximum* of authenticity and precision combines with the *maximum* of grace, point, and pertinence — that form ought forever to be reckoned classical, and a sacred constituent part of the anecdote itself. Mr. Timbs, as may be gathered from our former remarks, has deferred to this principle. He has magnanimously forborne to exercise originality at the risk of impairing qualities which are more important than originality. He has been self-denying enough to think that it is of more consequence that a trait should be delineated vividly, than that it should be delineated by his pencil — more important that a thing should be said well, than that he should say it. In his readers' interest he will condescend to copy and to retail; to transcribe *literatim* where alteration would be weakness. This is true heroism, true grandeur, even though it be on a small scale. Mr. Timbs has worked in the spirit of the collector of *ana* and anecdote indicated in a passage of Lord Bacon. "It would conduce," says that much be-moralized genius, "to the magnanimity and honor of men if a collection were made of the ultimities (as the schools speak) or summities (as Pindar) of human nature, principally out of the faithful reports of history; that is, what is the last and highest pitch to which man's nature, of itself, hath ever reached in all the perfections both of body and mind." It is needless to say that in mentioning Mr. Timbs as having worked somewhat in this spirit, we are to be understood as speaking *departmentally*, and not exhaustively. His "ultimities" or "summities" are those of strong individuality and of exaggerated personal character. But the philosopher delights to recognize in the eccentricities of some members of the human race the undeveloped and elementary tendencies or possibilities of all. The indication of the extreme points to which dissimilarity and divergence may be carried, is in fact the indication of the same characteristics which, in a less degree, are possessed by the average of mankind.

It is not everybody who has the bliss to be correctly informed as to the particulars of the "fat friend" story of Beau Brummel and the Prince of Wales; for the anecdote enjoys considerable variety of narrative. The following form of it, which Mr. Timbs presents, may be new to a considerable proportion of our readers; and much may be said in favor of its claims, if not to actual truth, at least to vraisemblance. The ultimate authority for this version of the *cutting* quarrel, it may be remarked, is stated to be Captain Jesse.

"Lord Alvanley, Brummel, Henry Pierrepont, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York; Harry Mildmay, young, and had never been introduced to the Prince Regent. Pierrepont knew him slightly, and Brummel was at daggers drawn with his Royal Highness. No invitation was, however, sent to the prince, but the ball excited much interest and expectation, and to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness, intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the name of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was how they were to receive the guest, and which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: When the approach of the prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took in due form a candle in his

hand. Pierrepont, as knowing the prince, stood nearest the door with his wax-light; and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, stood opposite. Alvanley, with Brummel opposite, stood immediately behind the other two. The prince at length arrived, and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepont, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley; and then turned towards Brummel, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was, or why he was there, and without bestowing on him the slightest recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummel, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said loud, for the purpose of being heard, 'Alvanley, who's your fat friend?' Those who were in front, and saw the prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the remark."

A few of the other sayings of the unhappy-fated Beau are transcribed. "Brummel's sayings are not brilliant in point. They doubtless owed their success to the inimitable impudence with which they were uttered."

"'Brummel, you were not here yesterday,' said one of his club friends; 'where did you dine?' 'Dine! why with a person of the name of R——. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and a few others; and I assure you the affair turned out quite unique. There was every delicacy in or out of season; the celery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, what was my astonishment, when I tell you that Mr. R—— had the assurance to sit down and dine with us.'

"An acquaintance, having in a morning call bored him dreadfully about some tour he made in the north of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? When Brummel, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, 'Robinson?' 'Sir.' Which of the lakes do I admire?' 'Windermere, sir,' replied that distinguished individual. 'Ah, yes; Windermere,' repeated Brummel; 'so it is — Windermere.'

"Having been asked by a sympathizing friend how he happened to get such a severe cold, his reply was, 'Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger.'"

We pass over the anecdotes which Mr. Timbs admits to the honors of classification, in order that we may quote one or two of the more piquant of the ungrouped stories which huddle together in the desultory chapter entitled "Miscellanea." Here is a pleasant little morsel about

AN ECCENTRIC HOST.

"Lady Blessington used to describe Lord Abercorn's conduct at the Priory at Stanmore as very strange. She said it was the most singular place on earth. The moment any persons became celebrated, they were invited. He had a great delight in seeing handsome women. Everybody handsome he made Lady Abercorn invite; and all the guests hunted, shot, rode, or did what they liked, provided they never spoke to Lord Abercorn except at table. If they met him, they were to take no notice. At this time 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' was making a noise. 'Gad!' said Lord Abercorn, 'we must have these Porters. Write, my dear Lady Abercorn.' She wrote. An answer came from Jane Porter, that they could not afford the expense of travelling. A check was sent. They arrived. Lord Abercorn peeped at them as they passed through the hall, and, running by the private staircase to Lady Abercorn, exclaimed, 'Witches, my lady! I must be off;' and immediately started post, and remained away till they were gone."

RATHER THAN OTHERWISE.

"Theodore Hook gives somewhere a finished trait of one of those characters who are so dreadfully tenacious of truth,

that they will not risk losing their hold of it by a direct answer to the simplest question. A gentleman who was very much in debt had a servant with this sort of scrupulous conscientiousness. He was horribly dunned, and in such daily danger of arrest, that the sight of a red waistcoat (which the myrmidons of the sheriff wore in the last century) threw him into a sort of scarlet fever. One day he had reason to believe that during his absence an unpleasant visitor of that description had called, and on returning, he was very particular in his inquiries respecting the persons who had been at the house. 'What kind of man was he?' The girl could not say. 'Had he any papers in his hand?' She did not observe. 'Did he wear top-boots?' The cautious housemaid could not charge her memory. At last, as a final effort to satisfy his curiosity, the tantalized debtor gasped out a final question, 'Had he,' he asked, almost dreading the answer, 'a red waistcoat?' The girl stood for a moment in an attitude of profound cogitation, and after she had worked up her master to the highest pitch of impatience by delay, drew out, 'Well, sir, I think he had — rather than otherwise.'"

Mr. Timbs quotes from an Irish paper an application for a situation, which, as it deserved better things, we are concerned to be told was unsuccessful. He calls the anecdote

CLASSIC SOUP DISTRIBUTION.

"While the Relief Act was in operation in Ireland, in time of famine, one of the committees received the following answer to an advertisement for the post of clerk:—

'Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua Carmina, Mævi.' — *Virg. Eccl. iii. 90.*

Ego sum — I am
Favus homo — A little man,
Aptus vivere — Fit to live
In quod dabis — On what you'll give;
Per totam diem — And, the whole day,
Familiariter — In the family way.
Distribuere — Out to deal
Farinam Indicam — Indian meal,
Aut jus Soyerum — Or Soyer's soup,
Multo agmini — To many a troop
Mulierum et hominum — Of woman and man
Stanneo vase — With a tin can.
Hoc tibi mitto — I send this in,
(Ne peccatum — No murderin' sin),
Nam locum quæro — For a place I seek,
Ut quæqua hebdomada — That every week,
Fruar et potiar — We may *hob and nob*
Quindecim Robertullis — On fifteen *Bob*.

CAIUS JULIUS BATTUS, Philomath.

BALLINAHOWN, v. Prid. 1 d. Maii.
MDCCCLVII."

From the miseries of Irish famine, and the attempts at its alleviation by tickets for soup, we turn with a sense of relief and thankfulness to find ourselves once more in the odor of social sanctity, and breathing the scented air that plays about the "upper ten thousand." Our *deus ex machina* is the Honorable Grantley Berkeley, who lately favored an impatient public with two goodly volumes in scarlet and gold, of "Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand." Mr. Berkeley, in "presuming once more to seek the public approbation," declares himself "unharmful and unannoyed by the bitter criticism of some self-appointed reviewers, and very well able to laugh at those vipers who grinned a bag of venom, but who lacked the tooth to give it pointed pain." The two critics singled out for Mr. Berkeley's attacks are a gentleman whom he calls Pecksniff, and a certain writer of critiques in the *Saturday Review*.

It is sad to find from Mr. Berkeley's Preface, from which we have quoted the stinging sentence given above, that, with many fervent admirers, he has also a few detractors. His merits and his genius, although widely, are not universally or unanimously appreciated. Let him comfort himself with the notion that this is the common lot of pre-eminent greatness, and of a goodness in salience of the time. His triumphant appeal from the intoxicated verdict

of an age too apt to be envious, must lie to the sober judgment of the members of an inexpressibly remote posterity. Mr. Spurgeon has ere now gloried in the hostility of the *Saturday Review*, falling back, if we mistake not, on the comfort of the "grace of God." Can, or cannot, the Honorable Grantley Berkeley do likewise?

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

But there is hope in the good time which takes so long in coming. The lustrous memory of apostles and martyrs, and of all the world now counts as purest and best, had to struggle painfully through the mists of contemporaneous littleness and misinterpretation.

From the fact that Mr. Berkeley's first chapter — not to speak of large portions of other chapters — is autobiographic, in the sense of being devoted to "anecdotes" of himself, it is fair to infer that he considers himself at the head of that illustrious myriad whose archives he adorns. Without a painful investigation of this distinguished, yet modestly assumed position, we are fain to trust that for his own sake he has the satisfaction of feeling that he is not alone in this opinion. The second man, according to Novalis, who adopts an opinion, adds quite infinitely to the tenacity with which it is proper to be held by its first convert. On the other hand, if he claims this position, let Mr. Berkeley make sure that he deserves it; for self-love, *without a rival*, is a weighty, if a ridiculous, calamity. From this first, or autobiographic chapter, we arrive at the cherished pursuits of the prime, the finest, and most complete and exquisite representative of the English aristocracy.

As our author looks back with a humble yet dignified thankfulness upon a well-spent life, devoted to science in sport, and, in a small way, in earnest, we find that, of all his achievements and discoveries, the one which he regards as approximating most nearly in value to the philosopher's stone, is the following: —

"My study for years has been an attempt to discover where nature draws the line between particular crosses as to barrenness and fecundity, and, though I know some that are barren, and many that will breed, I am just as much at a loss as ever to discover the exact cause that induces nature to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further,' or to induce her unalterable determination." Such a confession is the first great step in the noble science which the late Professor Ferrier entitled, "Agnoiology." To know that nothing can be known, was the comforting result of Socratic research and patience. Yet we are of Goethe's mind, that it is well that the unknowable should be attempted, if only for the sake of determining the limits of our knowledge, or of defining our ignorance. All honor to the name of Berkeley — in the last century for its idealism and its dissertation on tar-water, and now for its touching inductions from the observed phenomena of "mules" and "hybrids."

A little further on, we come to a somewhat more cheerful statement of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's former proposition. "Eureka," he says, for he has found something. "The list of irretrievable mules, or barren crosses, that I have completely ascertained, are as follows: The pheasant and the barn-door hen; the Muscovy drake, and the common duck; the widg-on and common duck; the American wood-duck and the pintail." And *per contra*: "The hybrids that are fecundite, and will breed on and on, are the pintail and common duck; the beautiful little Bahama drake and the common duck; the dusky duck of America and the common duck; and with these my experience in fowl at present ends." Poetry follows science, where, at least, it does not anticipate it. Who will wed these conclusions, negative and positive, of "miscegenation" to immortal verse? Where, oh! where is the laureate of cross-breeding? Nature, in her exhaustless beneficence, may even now be ready with the answer, for has she not endowed the age with the wondrous Swinburne?

But we cannot regard birds, unless when aloft at the gate of heaven, as, in any special sense, members of the upper ten thousand; and Mr. Berkeley's many disserta-

tions upon fowl and fish and beast must be taken as so many breaches of propriety, regard being had to the title of his book. When he breaks away into anecdotes of human interest, we find him slightly jumbled, if it be not irreverent to use so ordinary-looking a word in reference to what is manifestly an effort of high art. He betakes himself, too often for our purpose of exhibiting him by extract, into the regions of the sentimental and mooning antiquarian. To enable the reader to understand the fun of the subjoined quotation, we must ask him to receive the information that Mr. Berkeley is supposed to be enjoying the reminiscences of an old waiter at an inn in what was formerly a good hunting country. The waiter's name was Timothy; and this Timothy *loquitur*: —

"Poor dear Mr. Henry Wombell, what a one he was, to be sure! 'Timotheus,' he used to cry, 'what a d——d fool you are!'"

"If you please, sir," I answered.

"What the dickens," or, as *he* said, 'devil,' 'do you bring me a teaspoonful of brandy drowned in a bucket of water for? Take it back and make it t'other way.'

"If you please, sir." And then, while you" — Timotheus is refreshing the memory of the Honorable G. B., it is to be borne in mind — "was out at some ball or party, lawk, how he *would* just about mend his hand! I think, yer honor, if he had always been with you, he'd have lived a many years longer. He did not like you, and your brother, Mr. Moreton, a-calling of him 'Floodgates,' because Mr. Moreton always joked him for bolting off his liquor. You was out one night, and says he to me, 'Timotheus,' says he, 'Master Grantley won't be home till morning: so I means to make myself comfortable while he's a-capering about and dancing at them foolish balls. Some hot water, you know, and a bottle of brandy and be d——d to you!'"

"If you please, sir;" and I fetches the brandy in, sets him a little round table by the fire, and leaves him for about an hour. At the end of that time I looks in again. He sees me. 'Timotheus,' says he, in rather a disguised-like voice, 'meet me, meet me, in the Willow Glen.'

"If you please, sir," and I stirs the fire.

"'Timotheus,' repeats he, in a louder key, 'd'y'e hear? Meet me in the Willow Glen.'

"If you please, sir;" then, seeing as he didn't look quite capable of taking care of hisself, he was so jolly, 'Mr. Wombell,' says I, 'wouldn't you like to go to bed?'"

Hup he rises out of his chair, as perpendicular as a dart: 'Mister Waiter,' says he, 'do you see that door?'"

"Door, sir! yes, sir," I replies.

"Then just you get out of it, and go to h——."

"If you please, sir," I says, and out I goes. Lows bless your honor, 'twas only his ways! A nicer, better, more generous little gentleman never drank a glass of wine nor him. 'Twas a pleasure to wait on him when you know'd his ways; and the only time I ever see him real put out, was when he left his duty as whipper-in to you, and, as you called it, was absent without leave for six weeks."

The subjoined narrative of a mad adventure of the eccentric Lord Camelford, who was afterwards killed at the age of twenty-nine, in a duel of his own seeking and forcing with Mr. Best, is new to us, not having appeared in any sketch of that impulsive nobleman with which we are acquainted. It forms in Mr. Berkeley's volumes, the nineteenth chapter, and is rather lengthily entitled, "A Comfortable Dinner in the Ranks of the 'Upper Ten Thousand' on a Friday in the Year 1800 — Conversation, Wine, and Weapons."

"At that period there was about town one 'Mr. Peter Abbott,' who was frequently a companion of all those that in those days would be called 'fast men,' and often invited out to dinner. Now a dinner dressed by a good cook, and flanked by old wine, with an agreeable friend, in a handsome house, is a very comfortable thing, and when our bosom's lord is not apprehensive of danger, nor depressed with any fear of consequences from indigestion or violence, over-eating, over-drinking, or over-lovemaking and rash promises, I do not know under what circumstances a man can feel himself more jolly.

"On this occasion Mr. Peter Abbott had been asked to dine *tête-à-tête* with Lord Camelford, and, as is very unfortunately too often the case, the conversation turned on acts of gallantry. What it was, and to whom, I have never had it explained; but Mr. Peter Abbott, who, I believe, was generally a very quiet, unwarlike little man, as much free of the passion of the age for duelling as any peaceful citizen could be, said something, of the purport of which I believe he himself was not fully aware, that gave his noble entertainer the most dire offence.

"Lord Camelford at once was what is called 'shut up,' but though he was silent, he said not a word in regard to having taken any offence; but after coffee and liquor had been served, with great apparent affability he offered to take Mr. Peter Abbott to his home in his carriage. Mr. Abbott gladly accepted this offer, and on the announcement of his lordship's carriage being at the door, the host waved him in and followed. The coachman, when they were in, drove off as if by instinct, no orders to him having been heard; and after a time Mr. Peter Abbott began to think that his house was farther from Baker Street than it used to be, and to settle the point he frequently asked his lordship 'where he was going to first before setting him down at his own door?' A short as well as an evasive answer was all he received in reply; but when they had lost sight of the row of lamps, and had driven well out into suburban or rural districts, he again repeated, and with more emphasis, the question of 'where they were driving to?'

"'Why, I'll tell you the fact, sir,' answered his lordship; 'some expressions you made use of at dinner-time conveyed so much reflection on my character, that I could not let them pass without notice—I have therefore here' (producing them as he spoke) 'a couple of swords, and a brace of pistols—you can select your own weapons;' when at that moment the carriage stopped, and they were on Acton Green.

"'Now then, sir, come out,' said his lordship, taking him by the arm as they descended.

"This not being in the least agreeable to the astonished guest of the dinner-party, on seeing a light in a neighboring farmhouse window, after a slight struggle, in which he freed himself from the unprepared grasp of his companion, who had no idea that his friend could have any objection to such a mode of finishing a pleasant evening, he made a bolt, and ran like a deer for the light in the house previously referred to; his lordship chasing him and calling him to come back, for all the cowards that ever disgraced the name of gentleman. Bump against the door, to the inordinate astonishment of the rustics, went Peter Abbott; and as the door flew open, in on his nose after him fell Lord Camelford, two swords under an arm, and a pistol-case in hand. Up jumped his lordship, and with the unoccupied hand he seized Mr. Peter Abbott. But Abbott clung to the chimney-piece, tables, and chairs, and resisted with every tenacity of purpose, till the farmer and his sons interfered, and saved the victim, while they—no easy task!—induced Lord Camelford to retire.

"The next day the transaction got bruited abroad, and Mr. Peter Abbott having consulted with his friends, the necessary information was laid, and they sent Townsend, the Bow Street runner, off with a warrant for Lord Camelford's immediate apprehension; and he was brought from his house in Baker Street before the 'Justice,' Mr. Ford, for a private examination. Lord Camelford had some difficulty in procuring bail; but at last Lord Valentia, and a captain of the navy, whose name I do not remember, became his securities: these two sureties were bound over in £2,000 each, and Lord Camelford himself in £4,000, to answer for the assault.

"Now, as Lord Camelford had shot a Lieutenant Peterson in the West Indies for mutiny, in which act a court-martial at Martinique, which he had demanded of Captain Mitford, had justified him, and as Mitford had at the time of the court-martial written to the admiral of the station, stating that in his opinion the misunderstanding between Lord Camelford and this Mr. Peterson originated in a

good deal of ill-blood between them, Lord Camelford treasured up a *casus belli* against the captain; and on his return to England, Lord Camelford sent him a challenge. Captain Mitford declined to accept the challenge, on the score of duty; so when Lord Camelford met him in Bond Street he hissed him, and called him a coward; and then Captain Mitford applied for a criminal information against him in the Court of King's Bench, which was granted. By this it will be seen that Lord Camelford's death in a duel, sooner or later, might reasonably be expected."

From a chapter entitled "Governor Wall (Governor and Commandant), Lord Camelford, and Governor Eyre contrasted," we transcribe our final extract from a book which, on the whole, we do not wish to live long enough to consider "sublime." We do not wish to take our readers at a disadvantage, and force them meanly into the adoption of the alternative epithet; and we are candid enough to await their decision upon the merits of the "Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand" until they have become acquainted, or have renewed their acquaintance, with it at first hand.

"A governor must, from his position, be considered as one of the 'Upper Ten Thousand;' and therefore as fair game for every man of lower grade, every demagogue like Mr. Bright, no matter how, to run at and to endeavor to destroy. In the course of conversation in the Committee room, on the Game Laws, after we had dissolved for the day, and Mr. Bright and myself were left alone; in answer to some remark of mine he said, that in his composition he did not know what animal courage was; that he had no personal courage of that kind; and didn't wish to have. My reply to this was, that then he must be singularly deficient in two things, of which most men were proud. If, according to his own assertion, he had no animal courage, I knew very well that he had none that was moral; and wished him joy of his situation. This was on the same day that he told me, 'that when I became a legislator there was a good gamekeeper spoilt.'"

Our task has been to speak not of the Honorable Grantley Berkeley's character, but of his book; and of Mr. Bright's opinion of him personally, we have no remark to make further than that recent and passing events have demonstrated the expediency of being on that gentleman's side. We leave his *dixit* an open and debatable question.

"Recollections of Society in France and England," 2 vols. 4to, 1872, by Lady Clementina Davies, sister of the Earl of Perth and Melfort, may be taken in evidence that the old Jacobite sentiment has not died out of the more venerable of the present representatives of the house of Drummond. The "Recollections" are of the most gossip and desultory description; and a profane critical contemporary has even gone the length of saying that "It does not much matter at which end you begin. The chapters may be taken, as Lord Duberly said, 'promiscuously,' or even read in backward rotation, and the reader will be none the worse for it. Some of the stories are, indeed, of the most venerable antiquity, and might be well spared. Lady Clementina is best where she narrates her own experiences; least interesting when she repeats tales upon hearsay. Altogether, however, we are treated to a liberal measure of anecdote referring to the French court before and after the birth of the French Revolution, which dates from the last century, and is still in progress. Courts, individuals, nobles and snobs, are mingled together; and we shall, perhaps, be rendering much service to these volumes if we remark that they are now and anon flavored by some very pretty scandal." Two or three extracts from the volumes thus characterized may serve to amuse our readers, and to bring to a termination this "Raid amongst Recent Gossips." The first passage we quote is autobiographical, and refers to the passion which the youthful Lady Clementina—who was married, fifty years ago, to Mr. Davies, a Registrar of the Court of Chancery—cherished for the object of an earlier engagement, in 1814, with Count Maurice de la Fare: "At one time I

was almost daily in his company, and yet our love-making, if so it could be called, was of the most restricted character possible; for my mother, being a Frenchwoman, and still clinging to her *ancien régime* notions of etiquette, would have been shocked at any young lady speaking to, or seeing, her betrothed husband except in the presence of a third party. Impediments respecting matters of property caused the marriage to be postponed from time to time, so that my engagement lasted for years (until the year 1819), and yet all this time, as before said, we might have been perfect strangers to each other, had it not been for an ingenious device of Count Maurice. Though not allowed to converse, we were permitted to sing; and sometimes he would bring a new song for me to try, the printed lines of which were interlined in pencil with what he had to say. This song he would afterwards take away, but not until I had read the words he had written. My father was, I think, inclined to be more indulgent than my mother in this affair; he would frequently take me to the theatre at Versailles with him, and there Count Maurice used to join us, until at last the fact of his doing so became so much a matter of course that almost every evening he occupied a place in our box. This practice, however, by no means tended to his military advancement, for it was during this period that his captain in the Garde du Corps, to whom I had never spoken, but whom I saw frequently at the theatre in a box that commanded a view of our own, sent the Abbé de Barjenton to my father with a proposal for my hand. This proposal was of course declined on the plea of my previous engagement. The captain at once arrived at the conclusion that the count was my *fiancé*, and from that time forth the latter was placed under arrest for every trifle, especially when it was suspected by his superior officer that there was any chance of his meeting us at the theatre. Count Maurice de la Fare was very handsome, and I believe that he was as sincerely attached to me as it was possible for him to be to one of whom, in truth, though he sometimes saw so much, he knew so little. Be this as it may, circumstances, involving family considerations of property, over which we neither of us had any control, prevented our marriage. It was, therefore, perhaps fortunate for both of us that the strictness of the conventions which so encompassed us that neither of us thought of breaking away from them, had precluded the possibility of our discovering a fund of sympathy and sentiment for ourselves, and being made wretched by the fact of our long and ultimately frustrated engagement."

In making the foregoing quotation, we have given place to the love affairs of the author of "Recollections." We go back in the order of time to mention a last century joke in a city of which the world has lately heard something.

"The regiment of Bassigny was at that time (about 1774) quartered at Metz. Many practical jokes were played by the officers there, not only on the inhabitants, but on each other. For example: All the young officers on their arrival there determined to astonish the people of the town, by pretending to bring the last Paris fashion, and wore large scarlet plumes in their hats when they were not in uniform. To their great amusement, they found that all the young men of the place mounted scarlet plumes as like theirs as possible; of course, after that, the officers never wore them again, and the young men soon perceived that it was only a deception which had been practised upon them."

Lady Clementina accompanied her family in a visit which they paid to this country, and from the sketches and anecdotes which she retails as illustrative of the state of society in Edinburgh and London in the early years of the present century, we cull the following racy yet pathetic example:—

"Anything rather than ideal was the mode of English ladies' dress in those days (1814), especially when it was surmounted, as usual then on grand occasions at court, by three large white feathers—a 'Prince of Wales's plume,'—which rose above the head of the fair wearer to the height of at least half a yard. No wonder that George

III., beholding these plumes waving before him when he opened parliament just at the time when his reason began to totter, addressed himself to 'My Lords and Peacocks!'"

"The following is a portrait of a lady," to adopt the words of the *Athenæum*, "of whom it was no scandal to say that she was better known than trusted, but, nevertheless, very much regarded by her friends. She was the lady who, at a charity sermon, borrowed a sovereign of Sydney Smith, which she did not put into the plate, but into her pocket; and she never paid it back to the lender." Of this charitable personage, Lady Clementina Davies writes: "Lady Cork was a most remarkable person, very little, and at the time I now mention nearly ninety years old. She used to dress entirely in white, and always wore a white crape cottage bonnet, and a white satin shawl, trimmed with the finest point lace. She was never seen with a cap; and although so old, her complexion, which was really white and pink, not put on, but her own natural color, was most beautiful. At dinner she never drank anything but barley-water. She had often been at the court of France during the reign of Marie Antoinette, and had frequently met my father there. She said she had never forgotten what the old Princesse de Joinville told her, that *la propriété* was the beauty of old age, and therefore always wore white. She used to give great routs; and as people met everybody there, her rooms were always well filled. This little old lady either had a dinner-party, a rout, or else went out, every night of her life. On one occasion, when we went to a large dinner-party at her house, she said to my husband, 'Don't be jealous, I have invited a very old friend of your wife; and when I told him I should invite her, he was perfectly delighted at the prospect of meeting her again after so many years. Now,' she said, turning to me, 'do you know who it is?' And to my husband she added, 'He was a great admirer of hers when very young.' I was trying to guess who it could be, when dinner was announced, and Lady Cork seemed very much annoyed and surprised that some person she expected had not come. We all sat down to dinner, and in a short time a note was brought to her. After reading it, she laughed, and sent it round to me. It was as follows: 'My dear Lady Cork,—I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A blackguard creditor has had everything I possess taken from me. The only thing he has left me is a cast of one of Vestris's legs. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you.' We laughed very much, and as everybody wished to know the joke, Lady Cork told them, and the explanation of the cause of Lord Fife's failure to keep his appointment made the dinner much more lively than if he had come."

A FEW PET FERNS.

FOR one great garden, there are a good many little ones; and for one garden with numerous greenhouses, there are numbers of gardens with none at all. Having no greenhouse, must an amateur therefore altogether renounce the culture of plants which require more or less of shelter and peculiar treatment? By no means, if I may venture to say so. Even if compelled to live in a stall which served us for garden, and greenhouse, and all, we may cut our garment according to our cloth, that is, may suit our plants to our available accommodation. Is not the *Solanum Pseudo-Capsicum* also called *Oranger des Savetiers*, or the Cobblers' Orange-tree? Certainly, I should like to have orchids, palms, and tree-ferns—just as I should like ten thousand a year. Not having that, and consequently not being called upon to choose between conflicting systems of flues and boilers, I contrive somehow to raise without them a few choice things, both green and gay.

One day, the postman delivers a small parcel from Britany, which contains a little square green turf cut out of

the living sod on that weather-beaten coast. Inspecting the turf, I find its surface mainly composed of miniature laurel-leaves, less than an inch in length. Great jubilation. The very thing I want! I have here the smallest fern that has hitherto turned up, *Ophioglossum lusitanicum*, the Dwarf or Portuguese Adder's Tongue; which is no more confined to Portugal than the Tunbridge Film Fern, *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*, is to Tunbridge Wells. A smaller, *O. minimum*, is reported from New Zealand; but we may safely consider it as merely a dwarf race of a species naturally diminutive—as the Shetland pony of the Adder's Tongues.

An earthen pan, made of flower-pot clay, two and a half inches deep and eight inches in diameter, is the parterre in which my specimen is planted, surrounding it with congenial earth, and leaving the turf intact and entire. The friend who found and sends it, writes, "February 20, I dug the *Ophioglossum* with my knife out of a turfy heath, as you may see, and send it in the state I found it. You must take good care not to disturb it, but to leave it exactly as it is, giving the usual cultural attentions and planting it in heath-mould if you can get it. In a fortnight or a month it will disappear. But don't be alarmed; in October it will come up again, and produce its fruit—the little mock adder's tongues which give the plant its name—in November or December. You will doubtless be able to keep it alive for two or three years. When you lose it I will send you more. During summer, the *Ophioglossum* will be replaced by a darling little plant, *Trichonema columna*, whose linear leaves have already sprouted from the turf."

The Dwarf Adder's Tongue is a British subject, solely through its certificate of birth in Guernsey. It probably might be found in the west of England, and in Ireland, if botanists would but time their trips between the months of October and March. This and the Common Adder's Tongue display the peculiarity of having their young frond folded straight, or doubled in two, instead of being rolled round like a bishop's crozier, as in other ferns.

In Brittany, this pigmy grows sometimes on the stony seaside hillocks which are formed at the base of schistous cliffs, mixed up with grasses, the vernal squill, and *Ixia bulbicodium*; sometimes on sandy heaths, where it often attains the enormous dimensions of four inches high. These hillocks are dry in summer (when the plant disappears to take its repose); but in winter, incessant rain, or nearly so, must render those slopes exceedingly wet. We may therefore presume that abundant moisture will help it to prosper in captivity. But some of these little fellows are better tempered than we expect, and put up with occasional neglect without resenting it by committing suicide.

Nevertheless, it cannot stand frost, which infallibly kills it. This year, from some unknown cause, it has not been liberal with its fructification; but being a perennial, we hope it will make up for it this time twelvemonth. Its Breton associate, a charming little Irid, the aforesaid *Trichonema columna*, is one of the daintiest spring plants possible—not a slow thing; never forcing itself upon your notice, either by its own pretentiousness or through the intervention of an exhibiting gardener. Like Eve, it is one of those modest beauties

That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,
The more desirable.

Nor does it gratify the eyesight only. The Breton children seek it out through a less ideal and more childish motive. They eat its bulbs, which are by no means bad.

Amongst these wild gatherings from the cliff and the rock, there will often spring up plants with a historical, almost a romantic interest. What boy who has revelled in the perusal of Cook's voyages does not remember Scurvy-grass? Amidst collected ferns a true scurvy-grass, *Cochlearia*, has sprouted with me from unsuspected seed, and I fondly watch the development of its peltate leaves, "round as my shield." The substitute for scurvy-grass which Cook employed, at Forster's recommendation, to cure his scorbu-

tic sailors, was probably *Lepidium piscidium*, a native of madreporic islands. Another *Lepidium*, *L. oleraceum*, grows on the sands of New Zealand, where it replaces the water-cress. Cook's plant, with little doubt, may be referred to this same genus. Our common garden-cress is also a *Lepidium*, and we may remember that Sir Edward Parry, during his Arctic explorations, grew it on the flues of his cabin, as one of the best specifics for his invalid sailors—probably the most northerly point at which horticulture has ever been practised.

If any apology were needed for the mention of these homely and unpretending herbs, I would simply quote Sir Thomas Moore: "For me, there is manie a plant I enter-tayn in my garden and paddock which the fastidious would cast forth. I like to teache my children the uses of common things—to know, for instance, the uses of the flowers and weeds that grow in our fields and hedges. Manie a poor knave's pottage woude be improved, if he were skilled in the properties of the Burdock and Purple Orchis. The roots of wild Succory and Water Arrow-head mighte agreeable change his Lenten diet, and Glass-wort afford him a pickle for his mouthful of salt-meat. Then, there are Cresses and Wood-sorrel to his breakfast, and Salep for his hot evening mess. Howbeit, I am a school-boy prating in presence of his master, for here is John Clement at my elbow, who is the best botanist and herbalist of us all."

One desideratum, namely *Eriscaulon septangulare*, has not in this way played jack-in-the-box, starting up when least expected, and I begin to fear never will. It is some consolation to know that I am no poorer than not a few grand Botanic Gardens. Once upon a time it grew at Killarney, but the assiduities of collectors may have exterminated it. Why they should so ruthlessly have hunted it down is incomprehensible, unless for its rarity. It is a poor, puny, paltry-looking plant, to which few amateurs would give garden or house room. Its interest is purely botanical; because it represents, all by itself, without a single near relation, a family which is numerous and abundant in America, and especially in Australia. One would like to see, in a living state, a little bit of a plant, which, even in a dried and mummified condition, has its value as an aid to reflection. Why should it linger here, like the last rose of summer, quite alone, while all the rest of its botanical companions are long since emigrated and gone?

Who does not admire the forced Moss-rose, potted in autumn, kept snug all winter, and warmed into flowering in April or May? How delicately tender the green of its leaves! How sweet the odor, how perfect the form of its expanding bloom! There has been no worm in the bud (unless with the gardener's connivance and complicity) to feed on its damask cheek. Its very thorns tempt you to be pricked by them.

There are ferns, as hardy out-doors as the moss-rose, which will repay a similar sheltered and stimulant treatment. Take one, a North American stranger, *Onoclea sensibilis*, arrived in 1699,—long enough to make itself at home,—and its beauty will induce you to experiment with more. Naturally forward and precocious, it willingly yields to your kind persuasion. The form of its fronds is strange and original; their hue is at the same time bright and tender, and the veins are traced by a shining satin thread, which is sadly dimmed by exposure to weather. These charming fronds are deciduous; and, like the wise and wealthy man, rising early, they retire early to rest. But when the plant has completed its decorative duties indoors, you can turn it out (in the shade) in the open ground, and it will be the better rather than the worse for the change. What may sound strange, it is a roving plant, not making a perennial, stationary crown (like the Male Fern and so many others), but constantly creeping about and shifting its place, sometimes appearing where you least expect it.

Supposing it to advance three inches a year, how many years would it take to get from America to Europe, if it could find a Northeast passage?"

There was a capital leader in the *Gardener's Chronicle* of January the 25th, about the roots of plants liking "to feel the pot." The horticulturist is generally satisfied as to the future of a plant — or at least for some time to come — when assured that the roots have reached the sides of the pot. If this should be the case with any "miffy" or troublesome grower, the countenance of the cultivator gives unmistakable proof of the value he attaches to such a condition. The *Onoclea's* propensity to feeling the pot amounts to a passion; it lays hold of it, hugs it, overlaps it, as if it feared the pot should escape from its embrace. Nor is it alone in this curious habit; the Haresfoot and Maidenhair ferns do the same. Why the *Onoclea* should be called sensibilis, I have yet to learn. Inquiring once of a high authority, the high authority not daring to confess, "We do not know," replied that its fronds, when cut, withered with sensitive rapidity. I am unable, however, after growing it several years, to discover that it is at all more sensitive, in that or any other respect, than other members of its order.

Struthiopteris Germanica makes quite a grand plant, either for the pot or the open ground. Its title means the German Ostrich-plume Fern, because its fronds, in their development, take the form of such plumes in different degrees of drooping and erectness; only, instead of composing a flat bunch or bouquet, like the Prince of Wales's traditional feathers, they make, when completely opened, an elegant green vase, of imposing dimensions in old-established plants, and exceedingly pretty in even quite young ones. These are the sterile fronds; that is, those which bear no spores. Later in the season, the fertile or spore-bearing, stiff, staily fronds start up from the middle of the vase, soon after which the others lose their freshness and begin to decay, the plant being strictly deciduous.

The *Struthiopteris* may be highly recommended to all who have not yet made its acquaintance. It is a perennial of the easiest culture, requiring only sufficient pot-room, regular watering, and shade. It does not itself wander about, like the *Onoclea*; but it sends forth its progeny to seek their fortunes, at the extremities of tough underground roots or suckers, in the most extraordinary manner, regardless, in pure wantonness and defiance, of whatever it may meet in its way. Sometimes it will direct its course right through a tuft of another species of fern. In a pot, in its struggles to get away, it will throw out the earth, like a mole, in early spring. The less the mother plant wastes her strength in this curious production of runners year after year, the more stately and magnificent she becomes. But it is not easy to prevent her doing so, if she has taken to the habit. Advance two feet per annum, in how many centuries, or geological epochs, will the German Ostrich-plume Fern, starting from Berlin, accomplish its invasion of the Bois de Boulogne?

Struthiopteris Germanica! Lovers of graceful form, please copy. Hard names are to be avoided when it is possible; when it is not, we must make a virtue of necessity, and train our mouths to pronounce the polysyllables as smoothly as teeth and tongue will permit. But is *struthiopteris* more difficult than *chrysanthemum*, which has long since been a household word? For those who know Greek, the latter is a golden flower; for those who do not, also a white, crimson, or pink one; but no one forgets *chrysanthemum*, even if he curtails it into *zanthum*. Besides, allowance may be claimed for domestic Latin and Greek, when we see advertised, in staring capitals, such things as a new *Campanula Medium* — not the only *campanula* assailed by bad language. Invited by a lady to go and see her Piramy Doll (although still young, she was past her doll-hood), I obeyed, to have my curiosity satisfied by a well-grown plant of *Campanula pyramidalis*. Others will talk of their Japonicas, as if the only japonicas were camellias. But sour critics will only carp at this. Let him who ever wrote dog-latin, or uttered a false quantity, find the first fault. With the ever-increasing hosts of plants, it is impossible to stick to the vernacular. Crack-jaw names must not complain if they suffer in return an occasional fracture.

More fashionable, and better known in Wardian cases on drawing-room tables, is the Tunbridge Film Fern, *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*. I keep it under a bell-glass (sold for covering cheese), looking like a patch of green sea-weed growing in air. It is, in reality, an amphibious plant; and an extra-moist atmosphere being indispensable to its health, that of living-rooms is, of course, too dry. We can hence understand that the Tunbridge Film Fern is certainly a difficult plant to retain; but the difficulty, perhaps, is exaggerated. When it is apparently dead, we should not be in too great a hurry to complete its interment. Months after its supposed decease, if kept in favorable conditions (in a warm, moist atmosphere, under a bell-glass), it will slyly renew its filmy fronds. This proves a certain tenacity of life; for in Brittany, where it luxuriates, it is accustomed to soils and sites constantly saturated with ever-renewed, not stagnant, moisture. Its fronds frequently even serve as conduits to the water which drips down the face of rocks.

The above-mentioned are ferns in their normal and natural state; but many of them put on whimsical disguises under which their best friends would hardly recognize them. The change is often magical. Thus, the Lady Fern transforms herself into a tuft of curled parsley (*Athyrium Filix fœmina*, var. *crispum*), or a bunch of green feathers (*plumosum*), or a knotted cat-o'-nine-tails (*Frizelliæ*). I have one of the last, which now and then throws off the mask by producing true Lady Fern fronds, partially or wholly. All these merit a hearty welcome as pets.

Under kind and judicious treatment, the older they grow the more beautiful and attractive they become. They are ably catalogued by Mr. Robert Sim, of Foot's Cray, Kent, a skilful cultivator of their tribe, and the portraits of the most remarkable are given in Moore's "Nature-printed British Ferns."

But note: the varieties described in such catalogues are not, as some may suppose, proofs of the power of what art can do, even in so natural a family as Ferns. Art, I believe, has done nothing in originating, or, as the French would say, creating, those varieties. Their pretended origin from hybridization may be regarded at least as questionable. They have been found wild (many of them have been named after their finder — *Polystichum angulare* var. *Kitsoniæ* was found at Torquay by Miss Kitson, in 1856), or have accidentally and unaccountably appeared in cultivated ferneries. All that art, that is, horticultural skill, has done, is to search for, nurse, and propagate them, mostly by division of the crown or the rhizoma; but it is curious that not a few of them come true to their variety (not their species) from spores, proving the tendency of organic peculiarities to be hereditarily transmitted. There are nurserymen, both at home and abroad, who are especially successful in multiplying fern varieties in this way.

And they are an important item in horticultural commerce. Striking forms are so much the fashion and so much sought after, that the discovery of any new and original variation from the specific type will obtain an offer of money for it, or — which is the same — of plants in exchange. About a thousand species of foreign ferns are grown in the various gardens of this country. These may be regarded as about one third of all the species known to botanists. Now, in all these three thousand species, and throughout the wide world, only three truly annual ferns are known; and I have the one of them which claims to be British, by territorial rather than geographical right. It might easily however become naturalized and obtain a settlement in the course of time. All three are curious in their ways.

One, *Ceratopteris thalictroides*, besides being annual, is also the only individual of its order really entitled to be called a water fern. Several species, as *Lastrea thelypteris*, the Female Buckler Fern, and *Osmunda regalis*, the Royal or Flowering Fern, though natives of the marsh, will grow and even flourish in places that may be called dry. But the *Ceratopteris*, widely dispersed throughout the

tropics, always grows in wet, often flooded, spots. Its sterile, viviparous fronds float on or below the surface of the water, as may be seen in the Victoria tanks at Kew. But, being annual, to keep it, care must be taken to preserve its spores. In spring, they should be sown in a shallow pan of loamy soil made wet like mud, and kept in that state. When the plants are of sufficient size, the pan may either be filled with water, or be plunged in a tank to the depth of an inch. But in spite of its attractive singularity, the hot-house culture required to make it prosper prevents its becoming everybody's fern.

The other two annuals are *Gymnogrammas*. One of them, *G. chærophylla*, also a hot-house plant, with delicate fronds from two to six inches long, grows freely enough. Its spores vegetate abundantly, often as a hot-house weed. The other, *G. leptophylla*, the Small-leaved *Gymnogram*, of the same diminutive stature which I possess, or ought to, — for at this moment it is still in its invisible state, — is more chary of its presence. Nevertheless, it can be coaxed into showing itself, when the proper time arrives for it to appear.

Had Sir Thomas Browne cultivated this pretty little plant, it would have removed some of his botanical doubts: "Whether all plants have seed, were more easily determinable, if we could conclude concerning hartstongue, fern, the capillaries, lunaria, and some others. But whether those little dusty particles, upon the lower side of the leaves, be seeds and seminal parts; or rather, as it is commonly conceived, excremental separations; we have not as yet been able to determine by any germination or univocal production from them when they have been sowed on purpose; but having set the roots of hartstongue in a garden, a year or two after, there came up three or four of the same plants, about two yards distance from the first. Thus much we observe, that they seem to renew yearly, and come not fully out till the plant be in its vigor; and by the help of magnifying glasses, we find these dusty atoms to be round at first, and fully representing seeds, out of which at last proceed little mites almost invisible; so that such as are old stand open, as being emptied of some bodies formerly included; which, though discernible in hartstongue, is more notoriously discoverable in some differences of brake or fern."

There is no way to propagate this fern except by seed. Mr. John Smith, excurator of the Kew Botanic Gardens, advises that when its fronds decay in autumn, the pot should be covered with a piece of glass, and put in a dry place until the proper season arrives in spring, when the application of moisture will cause the latent spores to vegetate. The annual *Gymnogramma* (sometimes called *Grammitis*) ordinarily makes its appearance in early spring. It likes a shady spot, but, at the same time, a warm aspect, then succeeding with very little care and becoming almost a weed in congenial situations. It is admitted as British, because it thrives in Jersey, where any light sandy soil seems to suit it. Mr. Ward presented Mr. Moore with a portion richly furnished with spores. Scattered on the surface of a flower-pot filled with sandy loam, this earth yielded an abundant crop of plants.

But the earth in which any favorite ferns have grown, or which has accompanied them when received, should always be scrupulously preserved; because there are always hopes that it will produce fresh plants. The spores of ferns often take several years to germinate, and we should never despair of their showing themselves, if we only give them a fair chance of doing so.

The fact is a valuable hint for Mr. Cook's next party round the world. Set foot on any little-trodden land, grasp a single handful of earth, and you know not what you may bring away with you — a rough diamond, a fossil bone of an early progenitor, proofs of inexhaustible alluvial fertility, specks of gold suggestive of nuggets close by, traces of coal-fields to enrich future colonies, or unseen spores of some beautiful fern which, after lining the pocket of the lucky nurseryman in whose establishment it "originates," descends in price till it is obtainable by humble admirers like the present writer.

TROUBLED TIMES IN SPAIN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART I.

"THORP! I say — Don Robert — you are wanted. I've had a scamper to catch you!" and the speaker, a fair-haired English boy, flushed and breathless with running, stood gasping in the midst of the shady Alameda, while grave Spaniards, and dark-eyed doñas in the national veil and mantilla, glanced at us with a lazy wonder as they slowly promenaded past us. Young Vaughan, a newly-arrived junior in our counting-house, — from habit, I make use of the possessive pronoun, although at that time I was but a clerk in the employment of Stanbury and King, of Madrid and Crutched Friars, as Vaughan himself was, — told me in broken words how "the house" desired my immediate attendance in the partners' office; how the delayed French mail, which every one had for that day given up, had brought with it a letter marked with so urgent an appeal for extra haste in delivery, that the porter had conveyed it straight to the private residence of our principal, and hence this unexpected summons to myself.

Such a call as this, out of business hours, was very unusual, and, as I walked briskly beside the messenger down the long stretch of the white Alameda, where the leafy plane-trees screened the saunterers from the slanting beams of the summer sun, and where the fountains prattled pleasantly as their spray rose glistening above the flower-girdled marble of the basins where shoals of gold-fish led their tranquil life, I puzzled my brains to guess what it might portend. We were an old-fashioned, steady-going house of business, long established, and as methodical, generally speaking, as the tides. We had plenty to do, but it was done without unseemly hurry or feverish anxiety. Stanbury and King were good paymasters, considerate employers, but martinet in discipline. To have occupied a stool in their office, and to have left it with the good word and good-will of the heads of the house, was a strong recommendation to any young fellow seeking a snug clerkship in the city. I, Robert Thorp, was then twenty-seven years old, and I had been for nine years in the service of the firm, and was, with the exception of the aged cashier, their chief clerk, and in the enjoyment of a liberal salary.

It speaks well for the good-nature of my companions, some of whom were my seniors in point of standing, that they should have acquiesced so cheerfully in the promotion that I had been so lucky as to obtain. There are few things which, ordinarily speaking, are so much resented by soldiers or civilians as having those younger than themselves "put over their heads," as the phrase is. But it had ever been a maxim in the traditions of the Anglo-Spanish house, that mere length of service conferred no claim to a vacancy. Stanbury and King never forsook, in age or sickness, those who had done their duty faithfully. But I have heard old Mr. Stanbury himself observe, more than once, that it was "one thing to give a pension, and another to fossilize a counting-house by giving a vested interest to the oldest book-keeper." My own particular claims to the quick rise in station which had befallen me, were not, to my own mind, quite clear. I had, however, been twice despatched to South America to transact affairs of importance, and had been fortunate in gaining the approval of my employers. Perhaps, too, my natural aptitude for languages stood me in good stead. In Spanish I was indeed exceptionally fluent, and hence my office nickname of "Don Robert," for we all, Spaniards and English alike, were on terms of friendly and familiar equality when off duty.

I found the partners impatiently awaiting me, — both of them were in evening dress, and, indeed, as I presently learned, they had been called away from a great dinner-party at Mr. Stanbury's own mansion in the Calle del Rey, by the arrival of the French letter, — and the hand which the principal, usually the calmest of men, mechanically held out to me as I entered, was dry and hot, and shook perceptibly. Mr. King was also much excited. I had

never seen my chiefs so strongly moved before in all the years of our intercourse.

"You tell him, John; I cannot," said Mr. Stanbury, hoarsely, and shading his eyes with his hand. "Make it clear to him, and let him come to a decision at once."

The partners—excellent men of business both, and estimable in all relations of life—were not in the least alike. Mr. Stanbury was an elderly man, of a fine presence and dignified address, still handsome and erect, like some grand old tree that appears to defy the tooth of time. But I have often noticed that these imposing veterans, who bear prosperity well, are apt to be pitifully prostrated by the first storm-blast of ill fortune, and this seemed now to be the case. Mr. King, a mild valetudinarian, whose flute, and cabinet of antique coins and medals, and garden stocked with rare exotics, took up most of his spare time, bore the shock, whatever it was, much the better of the two, and he it was who undertook to be spokesman.

The prudent, long-established firm, it was now explained to me, had for once deviated from its usual policy, and the exception threatened to prove ruinous. To be sure, it was less the hope of profit than a sentiment of a more generous character, that had brought the respected old house into the mire of difficulty; but the fact remained, and it was an ugly one. When Stanbury and King—then called Stanbury Brothers—was but newly planted on Spanish soil, a Spanish noble of high rank and vast possessions had rendered a great service to the grandfather of our principal. It was a long story, dating, as it did, from the days when the wealth-bearing galleons of the Spanish Plate Fleet used to lie for weeks and months at anchor off Ferrol or Cadiz, waiting for the royal "indulta," without which their commanders dared not unload a single bar of the precious freight of silver, for which all Europe was hungering. I had often heard old residents at Madrid relate the anxiety, the distress, and sometimes the ruin, of merchants unable to complete their engagements, because caprice or ill-humor delayed the signature of the king of Spain. Such was the dilemma which had nearly blighted the nascent fortunes of the house of Stanbury Brothers; and it had always been, since that time, a point of honor with the firm to be grateful to the descendants of the Duke of Medina-Alcantara, who had saved it from bankruptcy by his timely intercession with the royal hermit of the Escorial.

"Now, Thorp, it is no secret to you," pursued Mr. King, "that the duke is one of those few great nobles who, in this country, take a keen interest in politics, and that he is more than suspected to have been the instigator of the late Carlist rising. He is at present under a species of honorable arrest at one of his Andalusian country seats, and will, I do not doubt, eventually receive a pardon. These hereditary grandees of Spain, with the Golden Fleece as a matter of right, from father to son, and a province for an estate, are never harshly dealt with when they conspire unsuccessfully. Were the duke to be imprisoned, or his property sequestered, all the blue blood of Castile would make common cause with him, without distinction of party. But in our case, unhappily, there is no such certainty of a harmless termination to the affair. We have advanced the duke large sums on mortgage, and these will, no doubt, one day be repaid us. His estates are, as you know, a princely patrimony, but his rents are irregular in coming in; and commercial pledges, I need hardly say, cannot afford to wait unredeemed until the wool of the Medina merino-flocks, and the wine and oil of Alcantara, can be converted into cash."

I listened with due attention, but with increasing perplexity, to this somewhat lengthy exordium. That the duke's involuntary defalcation might have placed the firm in some temporary embarrassment was credible enough, though, from what I knew of their resources, I could not believe the difficulty to be insuperable. But what, in the name of common sense, was the object of my being taken into counsel on such a matter, and what imaginable help could I be expected to render! Mr. Stanbury, who had been sitting all this time with his head half-averted, and

who had only corroborated his partner's fluent statement by an occasional groan, or an impatient gesture, of course could not guess what was passing in my mind. But Mr. King, in the midst of his own eagerness and agitation, found time to note my puzzled look, and smiled good-naturedly. "This is a riddle to you, my young friend, I see. Wait a moment, and you will understand it better," said he, and then resumed his narrative, which I will render in a condensed form.

It appeared that, as if to confirm the proverb that misfortunes never come alone, exactly at the period when the failure of the Carlist rising had put it out of the duke's power to keep his engagements with our firm, the Buenos Ayres house with which we had the largest commercial transactions had suspended payment. These combined losses, following blow on blow at a moment when most of the available capital of the firm was locked up in investments not immediately remunerative, threatened ruin. There was much paper afloat on 'Change bearing the well-known names of Stanbury and King, and unless these bills could be punctually met, the good old firm must go down like a foundering ship. Under these circumstances, the ducal debtor of the house had been appealed to, and not without effect. The Duke of Medina, like most heads of great Spanish families, possessed some extremely valuable jewels, heir-looms worthy even of royalty, but which, save at a coronation or a state-wedding, seldom saw the light. These jewels he had, some weeks earlier, confided to the Anglo-Spanish firm, with permission to pledge them in any foreign country for whatever sum could be procured, and with the understanding that they were to be redeemed when his Excellency's debt to the house should be discharged. The diamonds had been sent to France, and a heavy advance made on their security, but much delay had occurred in the transmission of the amount, which had not yet reached Madrid.

"And," continued Mr. King, "as ill-luck would have it, the French fellow from the Paris diamond-dealer's has taken fright at the dreadful stories that are flying about the frontier, and won't stir a step beyond Perpignan. To send the money by post is not so simple as it seems. Five mails, in the course of the last thirteen days, as you are aware, have been cut off by the guerrillas; while even should the remittance come safely to hand, no local banker is now in a position—thanks to the financial disturbance and disorganization that civil war creates—to honor so large a check at sight. What we want, Thorp, my dear fellow, is to send some one, on whose discretion and fidelity we can fully rely, to fetch this money, and you are the man on whom our choice has fallen."

I dare say that, on the first receipt of this unexpected proposition, I looked rather blank. It was not a very pleasant one. Undue timidity is not, I hope, a part of my character, but I frankly admit that the prospect of the double journey between Spain and France, at such a time, by no means tempted me. I am writing of days in which railways were not, as they now are, numbered among the "cosas de España." That cosmopolitan mode of travel which levels national distinctions, and which causes the yawning pilgrim with his rug around his knees to ignore all boundary lines and demarcations of race, was as yet, as concerned the Peninsula, the mere dream of a few speculative engineers. The diligence, slow, dirty, and comfortless; the cramped limits and feverish speed of the mail-courier's carriage; the picturesque snail's pace of the arriero's caravan of pack-mules; or a rapid and expensive ride "à franc étrier," with a mounted guide and a relay at every post-house, were the alternatives that lay before the voyager. The accommodation provided for the wayfarer was of the scantiest; inns, such as Gil Blas and Don Quixote found them, being thinly scattered along the ill-kept roads, so that nothing save necessity was likely to induce any one, cognizant of the miseries that awaited him in these starveling and flea-haunted hostleries, to undertake a journey within the compass of Spain.

There were worse lions in the path, however, than the mere prospect of dust and mosquitoes, of a lean larder and

a squalid bed-chamber. Politically, the late rising of the Carlists had proved a hopeless failure, but socially, it was yet a pest and power in the land. The fiercer partisans of the exiled dynasty, unable to cope in the field with the disciplined forces of the crown, were yet buzzing and stinging like so many infuriated wasps, and strove to make their activity and knowledge of the country counterbalance the superior strength of the military. Among the mountains of the northern frontier, a harassing guerrilla warfare was perpetually kept up, stragglers being cut off, weakly-escorted convoys assailed, and frequent and sanguinary outrages committed against the "Christinoes," as those who favored the cause of the young queen were still designated. As usually occurs during civil strife, the enemies of all law and order, the very scum and sediment of the criminal classes, were astrid under the mask of patriotism, and many a dark deed which was credited to the zealots of legitimacy, was in effect perpetrated by the escaped galley-slaves and professional marauders who infested the disturbed districts. Very ugly stories, four fifths of which never found their way into the columns of French or English newspapers, were rife in Madrid, and each fresh act of arbitrary severity on the part of the troops appeared to be the signal for barbarous reprisals by the vindictive, though baffled faction of the Legitimist pretender. To traverse the scene of disorder, and in charge of valuable property, was by no means a pleasant errand.

"You have not told him," said the principal, hoarsely, after a moment of silence had ensued, "what are the prospects that lie before him, in the event of success. That may make a difference."

"That is true," said Mr. King, quickly. "You see, Thorp, Mr. Stanbury and I both feel that this is no routine duty which we are justified in asking you, merely as a trusted stipendiary of the firm, to undertake. You are a determined fellow, I believe, and a sensible one, I am aware, and have doubtless quite as clear a knowledge of the dangers to be run as either Mr. Stanbury or myself can have. We have no desire to hoodwink you, even were it in our power. The confidence which I have just reposed in you should be sufficient to prove that we regard you as something else than a clerk, and that we are quite willing to — In fact, you have only to discharge your mission as well and as faithfully as you have hitherto served us in matters of less account, and it rests with yourself to become a junior partner in the house."

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I tried to stammer out some words of acknowledgment, but broke down in them. That last speech of Mr. King's had swept away my hesitation at once, and the rough and perilous route, with all its snares and difficulties, suddenly appeared to lie smooth and smiling before me. "A partner!" a member of the grand old firm! Never yet, in the traditions which clung to the ancient counting-house, was mention made of such an honor being paid to even the oldest and most valued subordinate, not allied by blood to the founders of the house. Alfred King, Mr. King's nephew, was a partner, and on the occasion of his rare visits to Madrid, we outsiders had always been accustomed to regard the good-humored, pudding-faced young man with much admiration, dashed perhaps with a little envy, as one born in the purple of commerce. And such promotion as this, never yet dreamed of, was to fall to my lot, after but nine years spent in the country, and at twenty-seven years of age!

There was still much to be settled, and a considerable time was spent in the discussion of preliminaries, but at length I had received my credentials and full instructions, and no more remained to be said. I was to travel, as rapidly as possible, to Perpignan, and there to seek out M. Dubois, the agent of the Paris diamond-merchant, and receive from him the funds of which he was the depositary. I was to be careful to enter France by a different road from that which I should select for quitting it, since the frontier towns and villages on both sides of the border swarmed with spies, in the employment, not only of the

malcontents and the government, but of the robbers who had assumed the colors of Don Carlos as a mere excuse for carrying on their trade of plunder. The risk I ran on my outward route was of course comparatively small, for, plainly dressed, with light baggage, and just enough coin for the exigencies of the journey, I should not be deemed a prize worth capturing, should I encounter highwaymen, while my papers being strictly *en règle* would satisfy the jealous suspicions of the authorities. But the homeward flight was the really dangerous one, since not only were there dangers from brigands prowling for prey, and guerrillas maddened by hunger and defeat, but the queen's troops were nearly as much to be dreaded as their rebellious adversaries. Severe watch was kept up for Carlist emissaries entering Spain from France with the sums needed to buy arms, and to keep ablaze the embers of the fratricidal contest, and were I to be arrested with the money in my possession, it might prove impossible, without long and ruinous delay, to prove that it was not destined for the use of the beaten faction. "And we must have it on the nineteenth, when those bills fall due, or the shutters of Stanbury and King will be put up forever," said Mr. King, with sad emphasis.

I was to start as early as possible, although my preparations could scarcely be completed before the afternoon of the following day, it being necessary that my passport should receive all manner of visas and official stamps before I departed; and it was arranged that I should set out by diligence, and in a direction differing from that which was my true point, in order to throw off the scent any inquisitive persons, agents of the robber bands, or of broken guerrillas little better than robbers, who might have conjectured the object of my journey. Once clear of the capital, I could strike across country towards the French frontier; and when I returned, it was agreed that I should do so in the humblest and most unassuming fashion, in the character of a poor artist, taking portraits to pay his expenses, and carry home sketches of Pyrenean scenery; with plenty of which, as well as with drawing materials, I was provided, while my own skill as an amateur with brush and pencil was sufficient to enable me to sustain the part assumed with tolerable credit.

"I need not recommend you to be discreet. You understand, I am sure, too well how much depends on the concealment of the direction and object of your journey, to reveal anything which might excite curiosity on the subject. At the office, it would be best to say briefly that you should be absent for a week on business, and if you were to drop a hint as to your never having previously visited the Medina-Alcantara estates, all would conjecture your destination to be Andalusia. But to no one — to no one, Mr. Thorp — not even at the house of your friend, worthy Mr. Gray — must you be explicit as to the nature of the expedition, or as to the promotion that awaits you when we welcome you safe back again."

Such had been Mr. King's last words of injunction, and they rang in my ears, once and again, as I left the office and made the best of my way along the moonlit streets in the direction of a quiet suburb on the Guadalaxara road.

The part of the town which I was now traversing was one very familiar to me, although it lay remote from the more attractive and fashionable quarters of the Castilian capital. I knew every yard of the white and dusty road which succeeded to the formal pavement of the streets; every wine-shop, with its withered branch hanging over the door, and its score of purple-streaked casks, and bloated pigskins full of coarse grape-juice, dimly visible through the vine-leaves of its trellised verandah. There was the long range of stabling, gleaming white, and shaded by cork-trees and gnarled sycamores, where a hundred mules and horses rattled their chains, as they munched the straw and barley that filled the roomy manger before them. That garden was famous for tertulias, with French fireworks and rope-dancing to alternate with the expressive grace of the national bolero and fandango. Those many windows, the green jalousies of which seemed never to be unfastened, belonged to the ancestral home of one of those proud and

taciturn families peculiar to Spain, eking out their narrow means by eternal self-denial, and resignedly dining on beans and stock-fish, while glorious Murillos hung on the walls of their darkling rooms, and massive plate emblazoned with half-forgotten coronets and quarterings, grew mouldy in their oaken chests.

At last I stopped before the low garden-wall of a cottage, almost hidden by clustering jasmine and climbing roses, a cottage neater and trimmer than its neighbors, and around which clung, as by some unforgotten association of ideas, somewhat of the English charm of home. I was a frequent visitor there. The irate little dog that, as I laid my hand upon the latch, dashed noisily out to resent the intrusion, soon changed his shrill bark into a whimper of cordial recognition; the dark-visaged old servant, Dolores, who thrust her swarthy face and loose gray hair out of an upper casement when Wasp gave the alarm, grinned amicably as she returned my buenos noches; and somebody came with a light step and a bright look to meet me, as I entered the tiny hall — somebody, whose simple muslin, and the ribbon which she wore, or the flower that her own white fingers had just gathered in the garden, became her better, to my thinking, at any rate, than costly robes and gleaming jewels grace the favorites of Fortune. Pretty, dear, good little Ruth, dearer to me than all the world besides, and whom I now hoped to call my wife, thanks to the good news I had that day heard, far earlier than I had hitherto deemed would be the case. And then Ruth's father, awakened from his nap in the cool verandah, where the moonbeams played among the pure white blossoms of the jasmine boughs, came forward too, to bid me welcome.

Welcome, indeed, I had been for years past in the unpretentious, but not comfortless abode of old Mr. Gray, senior to all the many clerks who drew their pay from Stanbury and King. He was a mild, white-haired old gentleman, who justly prided himself on the length of his services, and on the high esteem in which the heads of the house held him. For five-and-fifty years had he been in the employment of the firm, and of these no less than forty had been spent in Spain. Yet his salary was lower than my own, and his office rank not so high. Why this was, it would be hard to say. Mr. Gray was, in some respects, a model to all possible clerks. He was a magnificent penman. His book-keeping was faultless. He corresponded accurately and elegantly in four languages. His industry was only to be paralleled by comparing it with that of clockwork; and his integrity and devotion to the firm were proverbial. But he was one of those gentle, easily-contented souls, devoid of a spark of ambition, who feel no pang of regret as others pass them in the race of life; and I doubt if it ever occurred to him to consider himself ill-used, because his juniors had so promptly outstripped him.

Mr. Gray was a widower; and, of four children born to him on the uncongenial Spanish soil, Ruth alone survived to be the hope and solace of his old age. Her sisters and her brother had died, one by one, as blossoms wither in the time of blight; and, indeed, Madrid; with its hot sun, and parching dust, alternating with heavy hail-storms and icy gusts from the bleak Castilian mountains, is but a murderous foster-mother to the young and delicate. To send Ruth away — far from the high table-land of limestone; far from the green-blue summer sky, the fierce, dry wind that blew almost unchecked all the weary leagues that divided us from scorching Africa, the sudden chill, following on sultry heat, which we owed to our proximity to the gaunt Sierra; far away to an English school, and to English playmates — such had been the old clerk's care, and perhaps no one but himself ever knew how much the sacrifice cost him. He was one of those men, essentially English, whose life is centred in home ties and household pleasures. Well as he did his work, he was always eager to return to the little dwelling, in which he had established his meek Lares and Penates long years ago. As for amusements and the racket of the city, no hermit could be more indifferent to theatre and bull-fight, to reviews and pageants; while, well as he spoke Spanish, Mr. Gray

declined the invitations which his well-known merit and rare accomplishments obtained for him.

For the quiet, retiring old clerk was a first-rate musician; and his flute, and his violin, and his voice, when he could be tempted before a select audience to sing some of those exquisite early English ballads, the cadences and spirit of which he so well appreciated, were renowned throughout the small British society of the metropolis. He was a scientific chess-player too, and a draughtsman and etcher of no mean merits, and the taste for landscape-painting which was common to both of us had just served to establish a friendship between Mr. Gray and myself. I remember that when I began to drop in at the cottage for a cup of coffee and a quiet chat over lights and shades and sky-lines, and the relative beauties of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, my host bored me a little by his affectionate garrulousness on the subject of his daughter, soon to return to him from England. Strangers to whose laudations we are compelled to listen seldom turn out very interesting when brought before us in the flesh, and I fully expected that when Miss Gray did arrive, I should find in that much-bepraised young lady a mere commonplace school-girl, tart or insipid, as the case might be. I was wrong. She came, and I fell in love with her, and my love was returned, but our marriage seemed a weary way off in the dim future.

Mr. Gray, himself the meekest and most placid of men, could yet be stubborn enough where Ruth was concerned. I am not sure that he had not been slightly ambitious for her sake, and that, well as he liked me personally, he would not have much preferred a richer son-in-law. It was not, however, in his nature to thwart his daughter's inclinations when once her innocent heart had been given. But on one point he was firm. There should be no early marriage, with its probabilities of struggling and anxiety, no pinched housekeeping and daily efforts to keep the wolf from the door. Perhaps it was the recollection of the first years of his own married life, with a sickly wife pining in the sultry summer weather of the Castilian table-land, and but scanty resources, that had made the widowed father almost nervously apprehensive of poverty for the one ewe-lamb that fate had spared to him. Now I was in receipt of a salary that was ample for my wants as a bachelor, but it was plain that if I married on my present income, the strictest economy would be necessary; while Mr. Gray, who had to keep up the life insurance that he had long ago effected for Ruth's future provision, could spare little or nothing to help us.

"We must wait," Ruth used to say, in her pretty, smiling fashion, when I grew petulant at what, with a young man's impatience, I deemed the unreasonable caution of her prudent father; "we are not very old, Robert, dear, and we must look forward hopefully."

And indeed I have observed that through the first stages of a long engagement, girls do wait very cheerfully indeed; but the masculine nature is, I am afraid, rougher and more apt to chafe at delay.

And now, without warning, the good fairy, Fortune, had waved her radiant wand to dispel the clouds that had hitherto hung over our heads. Robert Thorp, a clerk in the house of Stanbury and King, was a very different person, in a worldly sense, from the same Robert when advanced to be a partner in the firm. I was to "come in" with a minimum income of nine hundred, and my share of the profits would slowly but surely increase with seniority. There could be no imprudence, now, in such a marriage as that which had but lately seemed far, far remote, and I longed to communicate the happy tidings to Ruth and her father, but my pledge to Mr. King of course placed a padlock on my lips. I merely mentioned, then, that I should be absent from Madrid for a few days, on the house's business; and Mr. Gray expressed no curiosity as to my destination or its object, but simply advised me not to forget my sketch-book, as it was scarcely possible to travel anywhere in the Peninsula without seeing something — a rugged ravine, a quaint old inn, a mouldering tower, or some crumbling gem of Moorish architecture, worth the trouble of transferring it to paper.

But Ruth, at the first announcement of my intended departure, looked sad. A sort of shadow seemed to have fallen over my darling's sunny face, and there was something melancholy in the expression of her gentle blue eyes as she watched my movements. Yet my absence would, as she knew, be brief, and I was not precisely one of those stay-at-home persons whose projected journeyings never fail to inspire astonishment and apprehension in those who know them. It was often my duty to pass days and weeks in Cadiz or Barcelona, and when Ruth and I first met, I had but just returned from my second trip to South America. Why, then, should she look as sad as if she had some foreboding of evil that was to befall me on what might, for aught she knew, be the most commonplace and unadventurous of excursions? I was myself in high spirits, for was not our happiness assured to us by the promotion that was to reward success, while as for failure, I dismissed that contingency as unworthy of a thought. My only regret was that honor forbade me to share the welcome, intelligence with the inmates of the cottage; and when I took my leave, and, holding Ruth's hand in mine under the shadow of the porch, draped in clusters of the perfumed jasmine, pressed my lips to her fair cheek, I whispered to her that I should soon be back, and that I hoped — I did hope — the bright day to which we both looked forward might be hastened in its coming — who knew!

To my surprise, Ruth, instead of sharing my sanguine buoyancy of spirit, trembled perceptibly, and there was a sob in her sweet voice as she said: "O Robert, I dare say I am silly, but I wish you were not going to-morrow."

"And why not, you puss?" said I laughingly.

"Because — oh, I am sure you will think me very foolish; but I had, last night, such a singular dream. You and I were somewhere, where we had never been before, high up among the savage mountains, with rocks, and pine-trees, and snow around us, and a great fire was burning in the open air, and round it sat — ah, such a set of dreadful wretches — their hideous faces and the remembrance of their horrid laughter make me shudder, although it was only a dream — and, and — I forget much, for it was so confused, but I know that we were falling, falling through the air, from a terrible height, and next I was borne up as if on the wings of some immense bird, and I lost sight of you altogether, and then I cried out, and woke. Strange, was it not?"

The old servant now came slowly towards us to open the garden-gate for me, so I had but time to laugh and bid Ruth be of good cheer, and forget her dream, as I stooped and kissed her once more; and then I strode homewards through the bright moonlight. But next day, when the tedious formalities as to my passport had all been complied with, and, deep in the afternoon, I jolted out of Madrid in the slow and ill-horsed diligence bound for Toledo, the memory of Ruth's sad face and the tremor of Ruth's mournful voice recurred to me again and again. But I drove the recollection from me, sure as I felt of the success that lay before me.

SOME NEW POEMS.

Most people have had dreams which they wished to remember at waking; some have had the fortune to write down their dream before it was broken: unhappily, the result is seldom satisfactory. Mr. Marzials' volume¹ has so much of the charm which we expect from a remembered dream, that it seems as if it were unreasonable and ungracious to notice the abruptness and incoherence which sometimes make the book as disappointing as a dream recorded. It is easier to be sure that the book is brilliant — and it is in some ways very brilliant indeed — than that it is enjoyable; and yet it contains as clear evidence as a book can contain that its composition was a source of keen and legit-

imate enjoyment. The rush of fresh, sparkling fancies is too rapid, too sustained, too abundant not to be spontaneous; only to us who have not the fountain within us there may come a sense that a brook whose course we can trace, though it is neither very bright nor very deep nor very swift, is more refreshing than volumes of spray that are only thrown up to fall down again, though it may shine, as Mr. Marzials' verse does shine, with more colors than the rainbow. This of course is a question of taste, but the fact remains that the interest of the book before us lies apart from most of the ordinary interests of poetry; it does not depend upon thought or passion, still less upon character or incident; it does not depend even upon the attraction of some contagious mood: it depends simply and solely on the endless combinations of wonderfully vivid perceptions and the picturesque inventions of a joyous fancy. Picturesque and vivid are only words — they are not definite enough to give a clear conception of the peculiar quality or the peculiar limits of the pleasure to be found in it; if it is not irreverent to illustrate works of art from toys, we might perhaps venture to say that the picturesque of Mr. Marzials reminds us of a kaleidoscope, and a magic lantern reminds us of the picturesque of Mr. Morris.

Another contrast that suggests itself is between the nine sonnets entitled "Love's Masquerades," and the series of sonnets in Mr. Rossetti's "House of Life," and it suggests itself the more naturally because, though the younger poet is thoroughly independent, there is too much resemblance for the hypothesis of suggestion to be wholly impertinent. "Love the Ideal" is perhaps the best of them.

"At noon when every dame had sought her bed
High in an oriel, peacock-plume in hand,
And mapped beneath her all the varied land,
Dreaming from out her dainty book she read,
Till of a sudden, with a flame-girt head,
The one she dreamed of, on light pinions fanned
Over the sill, did gently swoop and stand
Beside her, quivering for her full mouth's red.

And in his warm god's arms her cheeks so glowed
She hardly marked how, writ in rose and gold,
Her own life's page was past, and hardly showed.
Then with a cry he vanished — shivering cold
The night wind swept the corridors; the bell
Boomed for one dead, down from the spired chapelle."

One cannot say that there is no thought or passion here; one certainly could not say that there is no color in "Willowood;" only in Mr. Rossetti's work the inward thought and passion are supreme, in Mr. Marzials' work the outward pictorial fancy is supreme instead. Not that he is incapable of conceiving a subject from within: the outrageously quaint little poem called "A Tragedy" is an audacious attempt to make the fancies of a girl who is drowning herself off a London bridge articulate; the attempt has been carried through with a curious truth of sympathetic insight into the scared sensations which must take the place of thought at such a crisis; yet the result is hardly a success, it makes the victim too ridiculous.

Some of the pleasantest things in the volume are to be found among the thirty-odd pages of short poems (mostly very short) which are placed after "Love's Masquerades" under the headings Bagatelles, Tragedies, Majolica, and Rococo, which have often, as in "A Court Minstrel," a graceful irony which serves to prevent the pretty conceits from cloying. Even though the author accepts it, "conceits" seems a harsh name for the exquisitely tender fancies about stars which begin, "There's one great bunch of stars in heaven," or for this which is the last of the "Tragedies" —

"In the warm wax-light one lounged at the spirit,
And high in the window came peeping the moon;
At his side was a bowl of blue china, and in it
Were large blush-roses, and cream and maroon.

"They crowded, and strained, and swooned to the music,
And some to the gilt board languored and lay;
They opened and breathed, and trembled with pleasure,
And all the sweet while they were fading away."

¹ The Gallery of Pigeons, and Other Poems. By Théophile Marzials. London. 1878.

Such a delicious little snatch of fanciful pathos appeals to everybody; it makes so little claim on the attention, and yet it is so sweet. "A Nocturne" would give every reader who cared for poetry a pleasure that would not be the less singular because he was reminded both of Keats and Mr. Browning. "A Pastoral" opens with a reminiscence of the song in Fra Lippo Lippi which ought to have been repressed, and in "Gabrielle" Mr. Swinburne's favorite motive of voluptuous cruelty is very skillfully transposed out of the key of passion into the key of fancy. When we come to the longer poems it is different; to enjoy them we need not only an appetite for beauty which can dispense with anything like intellectual interest, but a sustained buoyancy of temperament which is rarer still. It may be the author's fault or ours, but if the volume as a whole leaves something of the impression of a kaleidoscope, the "Gallery of Pigeons" leaves the impression that the kaleidoscope has been broken, and the bits of glass have fallen out; the bits of glass are very pretty, and they will do as well as ever if only we have a kaleidoscope of our own to turn them in. Seriously, thirty-nine pages is a great deal, of space to spend upon the conceit that a lady has a cage full of pigeons which are her "pretties," and lets them out in the morning and shuts them up at night, and that her poet has a heart full of fancies which are his "pretties," and as she warns him never come back when he lets them out to praise her. "Parsconete Dowsabella" is better; if we care to attend at all to a country girl who keeps a rendezvous in a lane, sees her lover with somebody else at a dance, and goes out to drown herself, we shall be rewarded for our pains by a profusion of admirable imagery. If the situation is poor and common so far as ethical or intellectual interest goes Mr. Marzials does nothing to enrich it; but for some reason or other it obviously interests him, and he has imagined the physical details of its every moment with an opulent intensity of sympathy which leaves nothing to desire. On the whole we are inclined to place "In the Temple of Love" first among the longer poems. A lover brings his offering to the temple, and has a dream there, and wakes and goes away. Both the introduction and the epilogue are very beautiful, especially the epilogue, and please us better than the dream itself, though they are quite in tune with it and enhance its value. The lover dreams he is among lovers who climb a strange mountain and come down over a strange plain to a strange shore, where they dream of being eaten by crocodiles and of being drowned, and wake and dream of dying. The whole thing has a sort of weird, irrational truth and charm about it, and it would be easy to pick out many fragments as picturesque and as musical as this:—

"White

Over the black sand hill
The large white moon rose into sight,
The gliding moon in ghastly light,
Till all the desert plain grew white,
And white the air, and yellow and white,
And shimmering gray, and glimmering white
That filmed along so soft and still."

What can be more soft and vivid? and yet it is not faultless; the writer caresses his own sensation in a way that might easily stiffen into affectation, and it is hardly a sign of mastery of language to turn substantives into verbs without limit, nor is this the only direction in which Mr. Marzials has attempted innovations which suggest a wish that he had been content to leave our language as he found it. But the real defect of most of the poem is that it is too dreamy to be quite worth reading when we are wide awake; it is full of hitches and repetitions and abruptnesses, just as dreams are, and these of course are intentional, but though they may be true to sleep they are hardly true to art; perhaps too, though these perilous graces have in some sense a right to be there, they presented themselves uncalled. "The Rose of the World" would have been a beautiful poem if its stanzas had grown together visibly out of an organic idea, instead of being linked together by unconscious celebration. However, it would be more than

unjust to imply that the author is content to let inorganic prettinesses flow in upon him at random. Though "The Angel of God in the Garden of Phantasy" is a mere swarm of brilliant pictures which crowd each other out, yet the Angel does preach the poet a lesson of concentration, and when the lesson has been learnt a writer of such keen and bright perceptions ought to be a delightful and admirable poet: at present, to speak frankly, both our pleasure and his power are washed away too often in a tepid gush of incoherent, ineffectual ecstasy.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

I.

ENGLAND to an Englishman, and its hearths and homes the perfect realization of domestic happiness and virtue; to a Frenchman, la belle France and Paris the queen of the world; his Vaterland to a German, unapproachable in political solidity, intellectual acumen, and moral purity; twenty points given all round and the United States beating the universe hollow, to an American; to the citizens of all but perhaps some of the very smallest states, their own country in the van of civilization, and every other nation in the rear in exact ratio to the amount of difference between them. There is no question but that this is the truth broadly stated, and that we are all satisfied of our own absolute superiority in the art and science of life—all sure that we are the most civilized of existing peoples. Also, the majority everywhere take things as they are to be pretty nearly as good as they can be, save in a few unimportant matters which might be the better for a little timely tinkering, and hold that the folks who make a fuss about reform and reconstruction are, for the most part, meddling busybodies, who are more likely to mar than to mend whatever they undertake.

There is a good side to this national self-complacency. If its excess makes men obstinate, contracted, intolerant, the want of it leaves them without patriotism because without pride in the national ideal. Modesty has a tendency to degenerate into self-abasement; facility to learn into inability to retain; and for every gain got by plasticity there is a corresponding loss in firmness of grip. But for all that, it may be as well every now and then to confess that we are only half educated, and to put ourselves to school again for another turn at the grammar of progress. If too much leaning to new ways prevents our standing upright in any, not to stir is never to advance, and without circulation and influx we should soon become fossilized. What, then, is this boasted civilization of ours? this English Hearth and Home of which we are so proud?—the life of this Land of Liberty—this Britannia which rules the waves, and which has such a generous contempt for every other land, bound or free, merely because it is not British? How real is it? How deep does it go? And is it civilization at all in any of the essentials of that condition?

At the very threshold we are met by material anomalies which perplex and humiliate us. Take an ordinary middle-class dwelling house, with its bad drainage and unscientific ventilation; its clumsy contrivances of all kinds; its underground caves, where the servants stifle through the day deprived of direct light and air, supplemented by the windy perches under the roof assigned them for the night; its cruel stairs, the weariness of which could be so easily obviated by a simple mechanical arrangement; its bells which only summon and do not explain why; its wasteful grates where the wealth and well-being of the world at large is dissipated to fry a slice of ham; its partial water supply and insufficient method of both heating and lighting; its want of protection against fire, and its absence of a sure way of escape should it break out: take the pipes which are always bursting, and cannot be got at without pulling the walls and floors to pieces; the cisterns into which the sewage gas escapes by means of the waste-pipe

that leads direct into the drains; those drains themselves, of which no one knows the direction or extent, which are always "going wrong," and which often end in a cesspool right under the house: take the wall-papers lined with putrid paste; the heavy woollen hangings, which hold dirt and dust, and the germs of scarlet fever for months after cure, like eggs hidden carefully in a nest: take the insane, or rather criminal, ignoring on the part of the architect of all the laws of health as influenced by domestic conditions: take our houses as the shell in which we express and enclose our civilization, and we are forced to confess that we have not yet mastered the initial figure.

And, if this is true of well-found houses, what shall we say of the poorer sort?—those disgraceful hovels where the bone and sinew of our country herd like beasts and die like vermin? The very cattle on a gentleman's estate are better lodged than the men and women of his own race, and the horse he keeps for show and personal pleasure claims a regard and consideration not accorded to the peasant by whom he gains his wealth. All sorts of strange diseases break out in these impure dwellings, and idiocy and scrofula are Nature's comments on man's sloth. Dirt, overcrowding, the conditions of a savage's wigwam, a life in which modesty and decency are words without meaning and virtue is rendered impossible, a life which kills both body and soul, which engenders vice and necessitates disease—all this lies at the very doors of our grand palaces and first-class mansions—those whited sepulchres of luxurious death; and then we say that we are civilized. We hire the best architects of the day to design the façade and devise the graceful ornamentation of our palaces—but down there in the basement, up in the cisterns fouling the water we drink, stealing through pipe and drain poisoning the air we breathe, typhus and diphtheria hold their own unchecked; and when we have done our best, we have only built a more pleasant-looking trap than usual—and the thing we have got inside is death. And while we build these whited sepulchres with so much care at least for decency and beauty, the peasants on our estates—the workmen in our towns and villages—the men and women by whom we live, whose labor makes our leisure possible, and whose poverty gives us wealth—die, or do worse than die, for want of the first requisites of wholesome human living. This condition of things may be necessary from the point of view of bricks and mortar, their cost and the percentage to be had out of house property; but it is not civilization.

Are we more civilized in our dress than in our dwellings? Not a whit. Our guide and ruler here is that irresponsible tyrant we call fashion, and neither comfort nor beauty has a word to say. To be sure men have discarded many absurdities, though they have retained more. They hold to their stiff shirt-collars which rasp their necks, their wide expanse of linen front, which the very act of fastening rumples, their meaningless swallow-tails; their hideous hats, their tight-fitting military uniform, and all the mysteries of seam and gusset and band, which are mere symbols of the art of cutting out and not necessary to the comfort of shape. But even with the follies they retain they can move about with ease and unhampered. Women, on the contrary, torture themselves in the name of fashion with touching fidelity. They would as soon forego their nationality as their stays; and the Thirty-nine Articles are less sacred to them than their multiplicity of garments all hanging from the waist. It is to keep these up, and lessen their heavy weight, that they put themselves into steel cages which destroy all grace of line and all comfort of movement, save in walking. The beauty of simplicity is a thing dead and done with in their code. Heads are loaded with false hair stuck about with lace, feathers, flowers, and colored glass; ears are pierced that bits of crystallized earth, or imitations thereof, may be hung into the holes; health is destroyed, and the tender vital organs which Nature has so sedulously protected by the outer casing of ribs are compressed and crushed that the waist-band may be reduced to seventeen inches; and the highest efforts of millinery genius are directed to the most elaborate

method of sewing one bit of stuff on to another bit of stuff, to the confusion of anything like a leading line or an intelligible idea. We laugh at the Chinese "golden water-lilies," the Papuan head-dress, the Hindu nose-ring, the African lip-distender; we laugh while we look in the glass and complacently brush out our frills, and congratulate ourselves on looking "stylish" and "well got up." But our highest efforts culminate in partial nakedness in the middle of winter if we are women, in black broadcloth in the dog days if we are men—in absurd lengths of silk trailing after us as we walk in the one case, in a ridiculous pennon meandering at our backs in the other; they culminate in fashion, not in use or beauty or simplicity; but while we do thus dress without personal convenience or artistic meaning, we have no true civilization in the matter of our clothes. Modern millinery is neither art nor nature. It is our translation of the primitive man's delight in rags and gaudy colors; and there is no essential difference between the two. What difference there is consists simply in conventional acceptance; but the æsthetic base of each is the same.

We are supposed to have civilized the forms and perfected the art of society. We look back on the rude feasts of our forefathers with disdain, and wonder at their gross gluttony and coarse lavishness. But, at least, they fed the poor in those day of ruder living; and a feast, if wanting in gastronomic art, was bountiful in hospitality. As it is, hospitality is a name; no more. There is none of it in the sense of sharing your goods with others, in our modern entertainments. A dinner or a soirée is a social obligation discharged perforce; or an occasion for display; or both combined. To prefer those who need is as far removed from the calculations of the host as the "fire party" imagined by Punch. No one who gives a party, as it is called, thinks of the real pleasure or good which it will be to the guests: only whether it is "well done" according to the conventional standard—that is, reflecting honor on the giver.

The arrangements of society are in themselves utterly barbarous, while affecting to be specially civilized. One could imagine a simple, generous, and most delightful banquet, with music and flowers, and plenty of space and freedom of action—a banquet that did not include three long hours of cramp and surfeit with an indigestion to follow, or a crowded crush in a stifling room where conversation is impossible, and the music not worth listening to. One could imagine arrangements more artistically lovely than now, yet not more costly; a welcome more hearty, and with less parade. But our civilization dooms us to a table where one side freezes and the other burns; where draughts chill the naked shoulders at one end, and the heated air, loaded with unwholesome vapors, threatens apoplexy at the other; to rooms wherein delicate women turn sick and faint for want of oxygen in a fetid atmosphere used up by two or three hundred pair of lungs; it dooms us to accept invitations given by people we dislike, and to eat things that will disagree with us, just as it dooms us to an artificial manner, an insincere smile, a false speech; it dooms us to open our own house to hundreds of our fellow-creatures, not half a dozen of whom we care ever to see again, just as it dooms us to the suppression of all emotion, of all earnest thought, of all honest words; and when we have made ourselves the most like animated dolls in manner, and put ourselves to most inconvenience for things we detest and people we despise in fact, then we are considered of the best breeding and the most perfected civilization. Half the entertainments too, given by the middle classes, are only possible through screwing and pinching in things more essential to the true dignity of life than the giving of a dinner badly cooked and worse arranged, which no one who eats really enjoys. Yet, if the food is questionable, kid gloves are *de rigueur*; and you cut your stale fish with electro-plated knives and forks of the covenanted pattern. Honor to those who dare to offer simple pleasures within their means of money and service, and who invite to their house those whom it will both delight and benefit, not only those whom they say

they "must" by the queer law of social reciprocity in boredom and pretence!

If we were really civilized we should have fewer servants than we have now, and give them less unpleasant work to do. Machinery can be made to do much of the roughest labor to which we now dedicate living hands; and coöperation would help us to keep each other more sacredly than now. Are "housemaids' knees" the product of civilization?—yet we do little to stamp out this disease by better methods. We hold convulsively by those which were in use when human labor ranked pretty nearly as low as brute labor of the present day, and was more prodigally employed in times when the dignity of humanity, as applied to the workers of the world, was a creed as foreign as the rights of slaves. The consequence is that many things are ill done because the labor needed to keep them in conventional perfection is distasteful, and the result inadequate to the pains bestowed. With more scientific simplicity we should have better service and more contented servants. But when we shall have come to scientific simplicity on the one hand, and loving human care for those we employ on the other, we shall have come to true civilization—a state of things which grants the power of beauty, refinement, intellectual development, and social because human dignity all round. This is not a very frightful prospect; yet it must not be forgotten that we have to be educated up even to the general wish for such development.

Funeral pomp and bridal finery are things again which hold on to the very soul of society. The duty imposed on us to impoverish the living that the dead may be put into the ground with a certain *étalage* of nodding plumes, sleek Flemish horses, and strange men draped in floating black, seems to some of us inalienable to the decency of civilization; to others remnants of the barbaric emphasis with which savage chiefs and braves conclude their lives. If we held the theory that the ghosts of the dead were soothed by our display, we should then have some kind of reason why, more or less sound. But we have not even this to impel us; only the tyranny of custom. So we go on putting the poor pale dead into coffins of oak bossed with silver and lined with satin, dissipating the bread of the widow and children because we are civilized, and show is a greater thing than substance. In our marriages too, we beat our tomtoms, and summon a crowd to see a girl dressed in white, with orange blossoms made of kid and cambric in her hair, assigned to the keeping of a man whom perhaps she does not love, and who, on his part, may have repented of his contract before the honeymoon is over. Marriage being at the best but a lottery with more blanks than prizes, it seems a little unnecessary to call the world to take note how the drawing is begun. Our bridal finery of dress and feast too often proves to be no better than the Hindu widow's "bravery" when she comes to perform suttee; and say what we will there is a certain sacrificial look about it, a decking and tressing as of a victim, which is one of the sharpest satires against the institution we profess to honor. If we consider, too, the character of many of our marriages, we do not find anything in them so admirable that we need ask heaven and earth to witness their fulfilment. Women sold for a settlement, and men selling themselves for a fortune; the scrofulous mated with the insane, and neither the mental nor the moral development of the family taken into account as a basis of calculation for the future; disease and miserable skulls perpetuated for private gain, as if the nobler peopling of the world was nobody's care, and its ignoble nobody's sin: frankly, is this civilization? We hang a man who has killed another, but we suffer men and women to murder the future of society at their pleasure. We object to the reckless dissemination of small-pox say, by selfishness and want of consideration for others, but when it comes to the perpetuation of hereditary disease by marriage, then we are powerless, and have not even a public opinion as a restraining agent.

Turn to the base of the pyramid, the root of the flower, the class on which the whole social fabric rests, and what is

our civilization there? Adulterated food, short weights, filched pay, high charges, and the general oppression of the weaker—the war of work and trade and class carried on at all points, and as deadly in its way as the war of nations; is this the civilization of which we boast when we scoff at the injustice of bygone times, and hold ourselves so far above the past? Or is it not rather a mirage which seems and is not? But no man can find the remedy, and few care to seek it. We talk of heaven glibly enough, and profess to look forward to the better world with enthusiastic hope and faith; but we strongly object to work for its realization whilst we are on earth, and a political millennium is a dream that offends many a good Christian who pays his Easter dues without wincing.

The fact is, most of us want slaves that we ourselves may be free: contented, fat, and sleek if it pleases Providence, but always slaves bound to work that we may play, and accepting our well-being as the full reward for their self-sacrifice. Men of courageous candor admit this, some sorrowfully, others with justifying reasoning. The hard-worked laborer with bended back and clouded brain; the naked pitman with his women and children grimy, brutalized, unsexed; the pallid mill-hand, spinning his own shroud as he draws out the silken threads that are to make a royal robe; the toiling millions whose toil can scarcely get them bread—they are all parts of our civilization; integral parts; and we see no way of doing without them. If one of the "upper classes," touched by their sorrows, proposes measures that shall raise them *au fond*, not only ameliorate the worst results of a radical evil, he is met by the terrified taunt that he seeks to ruin society. And to seek to ruin society is a shibboleth of illimitable power. He who desires to save man is always accused of this hostility to society; and the maintenance of unrighteous conditions has somehow got to be considered as part of our social religion.

Down low, at the root of this flower of civilization, lies the wire-worm of crime. After we have necessitated the criminal class, we punish it for being. We know why it is as clearly as we know why fever breaks out by uncleansed drains and round the borders of marsh-lands; but we do nothing to hinder or to mend. We send the thief to prison, surely enough, but we do not care to offer him the chance of honesty; holding punishment godlike, but prevention impolitic. Of late, a certain fear of this seething mass of crime, boiling and bubbling in the depths, has set our legislators to work, and we have begun to appoint Board, and build schools, like men in a fright, and hurried. But at the present moment things are standing still, that a free fight may go on over dogma. The patient is in *extremis*, but the doctors are quarrelling over the pattern of the cup in which the elixir of life is to be administered. This is one outcome of our civilization; and we are proud of it. We hold it to be far more vital to the good of humanity that our roughs and gutter-children should have correct ideas about baptismal regeneration and the doctrine of election, than be taught honesty, sobriety, and decency of living. To our minds, true religion consists in formulas, not in state of life and morals; and we would rather our thieves and murderers continued and multiplied than see them abolished at the expense of correct doctrinal mysteries.

Our civilization may have done much; but one thing it has not done, it has not destroyed cruelty. We are cruel to each other, cruel to animals, and cruel to all the weak. Strength claims its victims by its own righteousness, and our civilization is built up on sacrifice. No one can see a child beaten for a fault it does not know to be a fault, hear a servant rated for an oversight, see a horse between the shafts, or a dog broken in, without a burning at his heart, and a passionate desire for the reality of the state in which we say we live. If we cannot alter the law of nature in its incessant destruction, its death that there may be life, at least we need not inflict pain out of season. There is no absolute necessity for the costermonger to work a raw on his donkey, for a coachman to lash his team till every nerve quivers with pain and terror, for a bound

to be whipped out of all courage and consciousness that a horde of men in pink may hunt a miserable little hare to death, for horses to be spurred and strained and maybe break their backs or their hearts in what men call a steeplechase, and the gods a selfish cruelty. Children can be taught wisdom and goodness otherwise than by the cane, and if we really respected ourselves, we should respect our so-called social inferiors. Were we civilized, the sights and sounds which meet us twenty times in an hour in the street would be impossible. It is all savagery from first to last; and the brute assertion of strength is not civilization.

Pass on to war, which is the culmination of this cruelty; pass on to the prayers for victory put up by nations, irrespective of the justice of their cause — to the thanksgiving offered after they have seized their enemy's lands, burned towns and villages, destroyed harvests and machinery, massacred women and children, peasants and peaceable craftsmen, and slain in fairer fight whole armies of brave and bountiful men. Then the victors march back to their jubilant homes, carrying their bloody flags into the cathedrals, where they shout out anthems of praise to the God of Love and the great Father of us all, for his grace in giving them strength to kill, ravage, and destroy their brothers and his sons. This is civilization; and a victorious army would be scandalized in its deepest feelings if a public thanksgiving was not offered to God for what is perhaps the gain of a bad cause, and the triumph of tyranny and injustice.

There can be no true civilization while strife and selfishness continue. Yet what is it with us? We grudge all men's success, and fear it, because we want to secure our own only. We prefer competition to cooperation, save as an act of defence against a stronger enemy outside. But the cooperation which means mutual support and mutual self-sacrifice, — the cooperation which is Christianity put into action — that we despise as a dream, and the preachers thereof as mischievous agitators. For we like high-sounding words; they are comforting to the mouth, and they obscure the sense. "To do justice, and to love mercy." We have scarcely mastered that lesson yet! But until we have, we know nothing of true civilization. We are only lacquered, not welded; hunchbacks beneath our coronation robes; barbarians posed for sages; pithecoids under the guise of men; and the devil's journey-men, calling God their master.

E. L. L.

II. ANOTHER VIEW.

OPTIMISTS and pessimists will probably divide this world between them as long as it lasts. We set the music of the spheres to our own words. The church bells in the old story chimed out to the inquiring bride the advice to marry her lover; and when experience had taught her better, the same chimes proclaimed with equal emphasis the more commonplace advice, Don't. "Once I was hap-hap-happy; now I'm mis-s-e-er-able," was the doleful burden which, as Mr. Carlyle somewhere tells us, rung in the ears of a listener to a supposed ghost, and when he came to know better, he found that it was nothing but a respectable smoke-jack, calmly rapping out its promise of a good dinner to its proprietor. Are not these things an allegory? Does a firm conviction that all things are going well mean much more than a conviction that we have a balance at our bankers; or a lamentation over the sad fate of humanity imply any wider truth than this, that our liver is out of order? Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge; eight hundred millions of featherless bipeds, more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this petty planet of ours; of what infinitesimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happiness? How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether their lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kingdom to every other. We make short excursions into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we may

say glibly that we know them intimately. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels. Our reports are for the most part as trustworthy as those summary judgments which a tourist passes upon France, Italy, and Germany, when he has taken a three months' trip under Mr. Cook's protection. That amiable philosopher, Abraham Tucker, describes an imaginary visit to the next world, where he converses with Plato, Locke, and the great men of old days. In that region every soul is confined in a small bag, or "vehicle," and, by applying your own bag to your neighbor's, you become conscious of all the thoughts and emotions passing within him. Our bags are luckily not so sensitive. A man must be penetrating or presumptuous indeed, who can say of eight of his fellow-creatures that he has accurately calculated their value; and, even so, he would have gauged the lives of but one hundred-millionth part of his contemporaries. Nay, who can speak for himself? What arithmetic will enable us to sum up all our pains and our pleasures, to balance the account, and to say which preponderate? How much of our lives has already sunk into utter oblivion, from the days of our infancy to yesterday's forgotten hours? That we are not ready to commit suicide, even apart from religious motives, we generally know; but does the implicit judgment which seems to be involved really imply more than that an instinct of self-preservation is part of our inheritance from the past? If asked distinctly, Have you, on the whole, had more happiness or misery in this life? could you, remembering the narrow limits of your knowledge, give a confident reply? The answer is generally given from a rapid glance over a few memories, and is about as satisfactory as if a man should pronounce on the geological composition of a continent from examining the dust which has gathered on his clothes in a railway journey across it.

But go a step farther. Pronounce on your own merits; on the merits of your friends; on the merits of millions of your contemporaries; then decide upon the merits of the millions who have long since passed out of our sphere of communication, and say whether the race is on the whole better now than in former days. What will be the value of your judgment? It is, for example, but an infinitesimal proportion of the lives which passed in the classical times of which we have any record whatever. There are but a few who have studied those records, and but a small minority again who have the learning, the impartiality, and the powers of reason and imagination necessary to pass any verdict upon them. And yet nothing is more common than to hear the first half-taught smatterer in second-hand knowledge pronounce off-hand upon the comparative merits of ancient and modern society. Can one listen without a contemptuous smile, remembering how vast a superstructure of supposed knowledge is reared on how miserably inadequate a foundation?

What, then, follows? Are we to be utterly sceptical as to all such statements — to deny that any one can speak confidently as to the happiness of the existence, and to deny still more emphatically that any one can say whether the race is progressing or deteriorating? Such a conclusion would be illogical; for, little as we know, some broad facts stand out upon which certain general propositions may be fairly based. It may, however, be fairly inferred that all such sweeping statements should be made with modesty, and carefully tested before their truth is admitted. It is impossible to take up a newspaper without recognizing the necessity of caution. Take a specimen or two at random: An "Englishwoman," we may suppose, writes to say that a miner has been kicking his wife to death with iron-clad boots. She infers that our present marriage law is merely a shield for the grossest brutality. A murder is undetected. "What," shrieks a correspondent, "has become of the police?" A detected murderer is reprieved. "What throats are safe," cries another, "if this tenderness to criminals be continued?" The Divorce Court is full of cases. Is not British morality a mere superficial varnish? Such cases prove undeniably that all men are not gentle,

that the police is not omniscient, that Home Secretaries are not infallible, and that marriages are not invariably happy. They prove, that is, that the millennium has not arrived; which, indeed, may be taken as on the whole a generally recognized truth. But what more do they prove? The real process of thought in those indignant correspondents is sufficiently obvious. Because some hideous fact has been suddenly forced upon their attention, they assume that it has suddenly sprung into existence. The abstract proposition that so many murders take place every year never troubled them; the occurrence of a single concrete murder, put vividly before their eyes, has sent a shudder through their frames, and they fancy that the whole world must be reeling. When my house takes fire, I naturally assume that the general conflagration is beginning. This mode of reasoning, however, is not strictly logical. Before a general inference can be drawn from a single fact, we must plunge into those arid regions of statistics from which most people recoil in horror. A murder has been committed. There never was a time, since the days of Cain, when that statement might not have been made with accuracy, —

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born;

and could we but look through the world, there is never a moment when some murderer is not approaching his victim or consummating his crime. A murder has not been detected; but in the long catalogue of crime, if it were fairly set out, the cases in which murder has falsified the old proverb would be lamentably numerous in proportion to the number of verifications. In short, the one vital question is that which people obstinately refuse to examine. We should not ask whether the recording angel has still some work on his hands, but whether his work is accumulating; whether that dismal cry of agony which is always steaming up from the earth swells in volume and in intensity; and swells more rapidly than the cry of thanksgiving for the many happy lives which are being led beneath the sun. Our civilization a hollow sham because it has not extirpated crime and misery! Are we, or are any of us, already angels that we shall measure ourselves by such a standard? Are the waters of the deluge still deep? To that question there can be but one answer; but the real question, and the only one which much concerns us, is whether they are subsiding. Our lives are poor and mean indeed as tested by any severe measure. The old savage instincts are at most cowed into comparative submission; rough, brutal passions hide themselves under a thin veneering of decorum; vice, in losing its grossness, does not lose half its evil; freedom from direct violence does not imply a genuine freedom of the soul. Men and women may be bought and sold, though no slave-markets are open, and material fetters are unknown. To these, and to many other counts of the ordinary indictment against modern civilization, we must plead guilty; and in some respects we must even confess that our gains have been balanced by undeniable losses. The childhood of the race, like the childhood of the individual, has its charms; and we can no more reproduce Homeric poetry than a middle-aged man can prattle as gracefully as an infant. Whether the power of making steam-engines is a good exchange for the power of writing epic poems is a question not to be settled off-hand; but clearly progress is not all clear gain.

Can we, however, take comfort even whilst admitting our errors? We freely admit, nay, we emphatically assert, that we cannot join that noisy chorus which deafens all ears with its complacent pæans over modern progress — it is blatant and silly enough. But yet we can't quite join in the sneers at material advances which are now the fashion. We have a weakness for railways and telegraphs. And, to quit that doubtful ground, we see something hopeful even in the lamentations which take their place. What is the meaning of these complaints of the hollowness and emptiness of our civilization? Must we assume that they are in any sense well founded? Nothing would be easier, were it worth while, than to put together a whole catena of such mournful judgments. Since the first dawn of lit-

erature men have been complaining that the world was growing worse. In every age, patriots and poets have pathetically declared that their fathers, worse than their grandfathers, have borne children worse than themselves, to produce a still more vicious progeny. Take those patriots and poets at their word, and there never was a time when luxury was not sapping the old masculine virtues and corrupting the ancient simplicity. The queen's old courtier, as the song tells us, was more hospitable, simple, and vigorous than the fop who stood in his shoes. Each succeeding generation has translated the sentiment into its own dialect. If only their sayings had been preserved, one cannot doubt that the men of the bronze age looked back with fond regret to the days when their simpler ancestors had been content with stone implements; and it was felt to be a proof of effeminate degradation when clothes superseded paint. And, yet — here we are. Not a very glorious spectacle, it may be, to the angels; but still with a possession or two which we should be sorry to lose.

Such complaints, in fact, prove one thing, and only one thing conclusively. They prove that the better men of any given time can conceive of a state of things far better than that which has been realized. In all ages voyages have been made to Utopia; and the returning travellers have compared that country with their own, much, as is only natural, to the disadvantage of the latter. Whenever that process becomes impossible, complaints will cease, and progress will cease also, for the actual will have overtaken the ideal, and men be unable to suggest any improvement in the existing state of things. Our cattle, so far as we know, never complain that the world is not as it should be; and for that reason they do not make any perceptible advances. A complaint may therefore be one of two things; it may be produced equally by the pains of growth or by the pains of decay. Progress has not been continuous, and there have been periods at which whole nations were gradually sinking back into barbarism instead of advancing. But there have also been times when indignant protests against existing evils were the symptoms of an awakened conscience and a nobler spirit stirring in society, or the proofs that a society, overbalanced by some sudden accession of wealth or power, had not yet adapted itself to the new conditions. If progress were always uniform and equally diffused, we should never be jolted; unluckily, society moves by jerks and starts. The race outgrows its strength and feels its burdens too heavy for a time; or it waxes fat and snaps its ancient fetters too suddenly; and, in either case, it suffers accordingly and declares that the whole world is out of joint. To determine what is the meaning of such complaints at the present day would be to expound a complete philosophy of history. Perhaps we had better not attempt that task within half a dozen paragraphs. One or two examples, however, may suggest that mere shrieking is as much out of place as unqualified exultation.

Some twenty years ago we were all proclaiming that peace and good will were finally triumphant on earth. True, we were still surrounded by the wrecks of recent wars and revolutions, but then had we not built the biggest of all recorded glass sheds, and opened it to the shopkeepers of all nations? War, the prophets told us, was to disappear forthwith. The prophets were wrong, as we all know. The Great Exhibition produced South Kensington, but it did not bring in the millennium. A disappointment so impossible to foresee gave a corresponding shock. A cold fit has succeeded the hot fit. Our civilization, we exclaim, must be a mere sham; we are still barbarians capable of cutting each other's throats; the bad passions are not mere things of the past; we have set it down in our tablets that men may smile, and smile, and be villains. Nay, they may write Sanskrit and not be above a little looting. German professors are not angels with pipes and spectacles, and the French emperor was not an incarnation of all the virtues.

Whatever may be said of our civilization, the brag which was common in 1851 was clearly empty enough. But is not the disappointment rather infantile? Do we not rather

resemble children who have put on paper wings, and who weep when they find that they can't fly like the birds? Could any sane people really expect that the demon of war was to be exorcised so speedily and so quietly? Only by long and severe discipline can the patient be freed from such possession. The education of the race is a slow, if a sure process; and the lifetime of a generation is but a day in the history of humanity. You can't flog a boy into good manners in twenty-four hours, nor the world into peacefulness in thirty years. War will cease when one of two things happens — when there are no quarrels in which men care enough to fight; or when some power has moral weight enough to impose its judgment upon the world. That we should become too indifferent to fight is scarcely desirable; and to construct an international tribunal requires, not the passing of an Act of Parliament, but the development of a new set of instincts. Meanwhile, setting aside idle dreams and idle complaints that bubbles will burst, have we not on the whole made some definite progress? War is, and always must be, horrible, even if war has been an essential element of civilization. But at least wars are speedier than of old. One short, tremendous death-grapple replaces the long, smouldering struggles which demoralized whole races, and whose material effects might be traced for generations. The shock to the nervous system is less as the operation is quicker. The late continental wars have startled us from our dreams, and we have shrieked distractedly. But compare them calmly with previous wars, with the Revolutionary Wars, or the Seven Years' War; go back to the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, or to the fearful desolation caused by the English invasions of France; to say nothing of earlier days when wholesale massacres or the enslavement of whole populations were regular incidents of war, and it is simply absurd to deny the vastness of the change. Non-combatants suffer still, but their sufferings are not deliberately intended and conceived. Atrocities are incidentally committed; the novelty is that they give scandal. If there had been newspaper correspondents even with the English armies in the Peninsula, to say nothing of more distant days, they could have told a story or two which Napier has been content to leave to our imaginations. Passing over disputable details, the broad fact is undeniable that though war has not been suppressed, and though people can never be blown to fragments with much comfort to themselves, the evils have been gradually localized and limited, and wanton injury restricted by a greater respect for that vague entity which we call public opinion. If a village is burnt, the burners are at least forced to exculpate themselves; in good old times the incident would have been too trifling to be noticed. Our civilization is not a sham, for it implies a weakening as certainly as it does not imply an extirpation of the old brutal passions. Something is gained when evil-doers begin to be put on their defence, though they may still be triumphant. The outcry which they ridicule as mere sentimental nonsense, is in truth but the rudimentary stage of a sentiment which will one day be powerful enough to enforce obedience.

Or take another favorite topic. Society, we are told, is tyrannical and conventional. Our system of education is preposterous; women are still condemned to be frivolous, and marriage is a process of buying and selling, instead of a union of harmonious souls; even our dress, the arrangement of our houses, and our modes of eating and drinking, offend against all sanitary laws. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the complaints are well founded, what do they prove? That we are all hypocrites, and our institutions mere shams; or, rather, that the process of embodying new ideas in corresponding social arrangements is at best a slow one? Conventionality is a term for a set of rules surviving as a provisional arrangement when the reason for them has disappeared. We must stick to our old awkward clothes till somebody has devised and made popular a convenient and harmonious dress. We still break sanitary laws, but it is a novelty to believe that there are such laws. Our ancestors would have shrieked at a tub, and sat contentedly over cesspools and amidst filth that would have turned our stomachs. Cleanliness and

good drainage cannot be introduced at a bound, and yet we have done something; for, as we are generally told, we now preserve many lives which had better be allowed to disappear. Indeed, half our grievances result less from absence of the reforming spirit than from a hasty application of half understood principles.

Women, again, are ill taught, as even the most conservative will admit, but it is no longer an accepted axiom, as in the days of *Clarissa Harlowe*, that needlework should be their sole artistic employment. Marriage, it may be, is often a mercenary arrangement; though some of us fancy that the young men and maidens of the present generation err much more frequently on the side of imprudence than on the side of cold calculation, and that, throughout the largest classes of society, motives of mere rank and money are rather the exception than the rule. But here, again, the novelty consists in the notion that romantic motives should be seriously taken into account. Poor *Clarissa* reproached herself with filial impiety in daring to dispute the most tyrannical decision of her parents; and a marriage treaty, in her days, was avowedly negotiated exclusively on business principles, though benevolent domestic rulers might make some gracious condescension to the feelings of their subjects. According to some people, we are blundering out of one excess into another, and making third-rate men out of second-rate women. Be that as it may, the complaints indicate fresh development and not decay. They mean that women are waking to loftier thoughts and cherishing nobler aspirations than of old. Their efforts may be ill-advised; they may be walking unsteadily when deprived of the old supports; but at least the discontent is the best guarantee for their improvement. The abstract woman, as she appears in the perorations of stump-orators, may be not a very edifying personage, but she should not be allowed to hide from our sight the real flesh and blood woman whose efforts, even when feeble and blundering, should surely be rather pathetic than ludicrous.

It is grotesque enough to make flying shots at subjects so vast and so complicated; yet a word or two may possibly indicate that discontent may be in all these cases a hopeful symptom. It indicates hopes outrunning the rate of actual progress; and, at worst, a pardonable impatience at their tardy realization. A society moving rapidly, increasing in wealth and in knowledge, finding at every step that the old formulæ are no longer exhaustive, and the old bonds no longer able to endure the new strain, must of necessity be discontented. We may imagine a state of things in which custom will be merely an expression of reason; in which the application of brute force to men or to nations will be superseded by the spontaneous deference to the judgment of the wisest; in which social arrangements being perfect, there will be no longer room for class jealousies and idle pretensions; in which all men will agree in first principles of religion and art, and harmonious variety replace more jarring discords; in which selfish luxury will go out of fashion, because public spirit will lead all men to dedicate their superfluous means and energy to the public service; and in which our lives will be regulated on the soundest theories of moral and physical hygienics. To construct such Utopias is not altogether a fruitless practice, for it encourages aspirations towards something better than the clumsy set of makeshift arrangements by which we somehow or other contrive to scramble through life without cutting our own or our neighbors' throats. Yet to dwell upon such dreams — for dreams they must be for long generations to come — implies a lively discontent with the present; and if the discontent is not to degenerate into mere peevishness, instead of active desire for improvement, we can derive the best hopes for the future by dwelling upon the conquests of the past. Those conquests are real enough, much as they have been obscured by the blatant rhetoric which a certain school has chosen to pour out for the self-glorification of Philistines. To recognize them calmly and sensibly is probably healthier in the long run than to meet optimist extravagance by equal extravagance of the pessimist variety. We may be quietly hopeful without being offen-

sively jubilant over our own inconceivable merits. The error intrudes only when our belief in the improvement of the species leads us to turn away our eyes from the vast mass of evil against which we have still to struggle.

Beyond any of the topics we have noticed lies a far more ominous and less soluble question. The most determined optimist cannot deny that society is going through a long and perilous transformation. The vast multitudes in whom poverty crushes out all independence and all hopefulness, the wide alienation between classes, the inability of old faith and old social arrangements to cope with the ominous difficulties that seem to thicken around us, the partial distribution of the benefits arising from modern civilization, constitute so many dangers which can neither be overlooked nor extenuated. The prospect before us is veiled in clouds and darkness. It would be easy, as it would be superfluous, to make lists of hopeful or of discouraging symptoms, and to point triumphantly to the result as a justification of almost any forecast. The pessimist may assert that we are being whirled helplessly into the abysses, and that to be cheerful is simply to be hysterical. Pointing to the ruins of Paris, he may ask what kind of volcanic elements are surging beneath the crust of society; and we may find it difficult to give a conclusive answer. Statistics, indeed, are not wanting on the other side. We may repeat for the thousandth time the story of the Rochdale pioneers, or prove, in a thousand ways, that the lower classes are showing symptoms of increased intelligence and fitness to be trusted with power. The question is too vast even to hint an opinion as to its most probable solution. We cannot ask whether here, too, a more favorable interpretation may be placed upon the ordinary lamentations. The complaints to which we listen are too serious to be easily dismissed, and through them runs at times an ominous tone as of solemn forewarning. This much, however, may be said; all passionate generalizations are apt to be mistaken. Miracles are worked by faith, and we shall meet our troubles best, whatever they may be, by having a certain amount of confidence in our neighbors. Look at the black side of things, and nothing is easier than to prove that the world is rotten to the core, and can only be cured by a thorough-going social, political, religious, artistic, and scientific revolution. Such predictions, however, help to verify themselves, and, on the whole, it is best to keep our heads cool and to refrain from a summary judgment either way. The chances are that it will be as hopelessly wrong as every uninspired prophecy. Nobody's views of his own generation are worth much, and his views of generations to come are worth less. Let us, within the little sphere accessible to us, judge as fairly as we can, and give people credit for a few good qualities. They have them sometimes; at any rate, it is not only pleasanter, but more conducive to successful action, to go forward without trembling at every step, lest the ground should be undermined, and the explosion just coming. W. B.

FRENCH THRIFT.

As we have heard a great deal about French thrift lately, this is the time for going to breakfast with our good friend Grippesou, who cultivates happiness and parsimony on \$2,000, a year, which he calls "dix mille livres de rente." Up three pairs of stairs on a boulevard not too central, a pull at the blue silk bell-rope, and so into an ante-room with a floor slippery as that of a skating-rink. Grippesou's *bonne* is not so smart or pretty as an English bachelor's housemaid would be; but she has plenty of talk, and invites you to breakfast before the hospitable notion has yet shaped itself in the mind of her master. Of course she is cook as well as housemaid, and rules the five rooms comprised in Grippesou's apartment with a wise but despotic hand. Grippesou gives her 80 francs a month, on which she is supposed to keep herself, and does so pretty well at his expense, and it is an understood thing that she shall manage all the marketing; for, indeed, if Grippesou brought home

so much as a bunch of watercress of his own purchasing, this would be construed into a want of confidence, and lead to a scene much too painful to insist on. But Grippesou is shrewd enough to abstain from meddling, and to know when he is well off. At six every morning, wet or dry, summer or winter, he hears Mlle. Jeanne clatter down the staircase on her way, not to the parish market, but to the Halles Centrales, where the pick of everything is to be had till eight o'clock at about one third, and sometimes at one half, less than the shop prices. Mlle. Jeanne is known and respected by all the market women, and if Grippesou were to take it into his head to follow her, he would see her going her rounds and surveying every stall with an observant eye, before investing a centime. She soon perceives what things are in abundance and consequently cheap. There are mornings when certain kinds of fish—generally soles and mackerel—have arrived in such quantities that they can be had in the Central Market for next to nothing, though later in the day the fishmongers in town will let their whole stock get spoiled sooner than sell at a reduction. The same thing as regards the more delicate sorts of fruits, butter, poultry, and all things that cannot keep long. Mlle. Jeanne makes her selections, haggles in a shrill voice, gets the best of her bargains, and triumphantly fills her basket. Then, when everything has been bought, she is too much of a Frenchwoman not to find a bunch of roses or violets to grace Grippesou's dining-room and make it fragrant. If Grippesou were to try and match these flowers by and by at a florist's, he would have cause to remember the price; his *bonne* gives a few sous, or sometimes stipulates that the flowers shall be thrown in gratis to settle a difficult vegetable transaction.

So there is balminess in the air as one steps over Grippesou's polished floor into the sitting-room where this good Frenchman is reading his morning paper with the ease of a rentier who has not a thing in the world to do. He has had a cup of chocolate in his room at eight, breakfast will be ready at half-past eleven, and as his *bonne* has assumed the responsibility of inviting him a guest he feels no financial qualms, but only pleasure at having some one to enliven his leisure for the better part of the day. Soon Mlle. Jeanne arrives with that smile, half patronizing, half submissive, which is the livery of French women-servants, and announces, "*Monsieur est servi.*" Then Grippesou shows the way into his dining-room, knowing full well that the bill of fare will do him honor, though he has not breathed a word of counsel; nor is he mistaken. The cloth is snowy white; two china boats, the one with pink radishes, the other with coquettish pats of butter swimming in water, flank two larger boats filled with sardines and sliced Lyons sausage, and the roses, drawing their pretty heads over the vase in the centre, gaze down with approval at these *hors d'œuvre*. Then well-broiled cutlets appear, with fried potatoes, after which a ham omelette, then Roquefort cheese and fruit, and this banquet is washed down with two bottles of St. Thorins or St. Esteffe, bought direct from the docks of Bercy at 180f. the twelve dozen. From first to last, including the coffee and yellow chartreuse which crown the edifice, this feast would have cost at a restaurant from 15f. to 20f. In Grippesou's case the expense is 5f., two of which are the extra sum entailed by the guest, so that Grippesou has virtually fed and jollified a friend for thirty-seven and a half cents. But this is no unwonted repast. Grippesou breakfasts like this every morning, and when dinner-time comes he will expect soup, fish, a roast or stew, vegetables, cheese dessert, and some more coffee, without being prepared to hear at the end of the week that he has been living at above 6f. a day. And, as a fact, by the good management of Mlle. Jeanne, Grippesou's kitchen bill is kept within \$10 a week, without this worthy being ever troubled with a bad dinner, or so much as an egg not fresh-laid. He is even critical as to the aroma of his coffee, and will tell you with a grandiose nonchalance which the Prince of Soubise might have envied, that of course his cook robs him, but that it is better to wink at this and be well served. While you are enjoying the coffee and the talk of Grippesou, he gives you a cigar which has cost 3 cents,

but which, selected with care from those which the Régie manufactures, is of genuine tobacco and as good as anything you can get in London for 4d. Naturally Grippesou will recommend it you as a "Londrès," just as he passed his Thorins off for Nuits, but this is merely an amiable propensity common to all Frenchmen, and should not be viewed in a censorious spirit. The only thing that may astonish you if you have insular notions is how Grippesou contrives to do all this, live in rooms well warmed and free from all appearance of shabbiness, array himself in fine linen, and taste of all the pleasures of life, on no more than \$2,000 a year. For the man's footprints lie on the paths of merrymaking. He has been to the play that week, and means to go again before Sunday. He has all the new novels. Every afternoon from five to six you may find him at the café with a glass of absinthe before him; if a horse-race takes place at Longchamps or a fair at St. Cloud, there shines Grippesou, as if his only mission were to disport himself; and could you peep into the diary where he registers his gallantries, you would find he had been chary neither of nosegays nor of ribbons towards the sex worshipped by every true Frenchman. But after all, as money is not elastic, the whole of this is a puzzle, and worth going into with figures. Let us see, then, how Grippesou, after paying \$500 a year for his food, \$160 for lodgings, \$200 to his servant, \$100 for firing and lighting, \$50 taxes, \$50 wine bill, and \$50 to the washerwoman, manages to meet the exigencies of a rentier's existence, go to the theatre and café, dress himself, be gallant, have books and newspapers, cover the odd items of household expenditure, disburse to the parish priest and to various charitable corporations that dun him, and, in addition to all this, lay by a 1,000 franc note every year out of the remaining \$860 of his \$2,000.

In the first place, then, there are three things you will never see Grippesou do: that is, take a cab where an omnibus will serve, wear gloves, or pay for the pleasures which by coaxing or finessing can be obtained gratis. Grippesou rides from one end of Paris to the other on the knifeboard of a 'bus for three cents, and is not ashamed to be seen by anybody availing himself of this mode of locomotion. As to gloves, they are a vain adornment, only needful when visiting, and in all cases to be bought of a dark color, so as to stand good service. With respect to pleasures—which, however, are rather necessities than diversions in Grippesou's case—our good friend, once he has passed the age of thirty, will probably never pay for a play-ticket, a newspaper, or a novel in his life. By that time, after ten years' careful practice, he has raised his practice of economy to the height of a science. He is everywhere on the free-list. Editors know him, and send him papers for nothing; novelists give him presentation copies of their 3f. books; managers are happy to see him in the stalls when a piece has been running fifty nights and fails to draw full houses; and as regards races, Grippesou may be descried bowling along any Sunday towards Chantilly or the Bois in a trap which may be his best friend's, but is never his. Furthermore, Grippesou is careful in his attire, and his clothes generally look new. The fact is, he knows of a cloth merchant who sells him once a year enough to make a suit, at the wholesale price, and he takes this cloth to a journeyman tailor who cuts the same for a small wage. This is Grippesou's gala costume, which he wears when he wants to create a good impression, and when the weather is fine. His past year's suits dyed, re-dyed, cleaned, altered, turned inside out, and occasionally recut so as to make out of old coats new waistcoats, from shabby pantaloon good travelling-caps, etc., serve for ordinary occasions. If Grippesou is forced to buy white gloves for wedding, feast, or party, he is prudent enough to select them of the best kind, so that they may be thrice cleaned without danger, and finally dyed black for day wear; and as to his hats, let no one suppose that Grippesou's head-covering has been put on before going out without a due regard to the state of the heavens. Grippesou has one hat for sunshine, another for rain, a third for evening walks, a fourth for ceremonials, and so on. Inadvertently to sit

down on one of these hats would be to throw into the whole department a confusion only comparable to the suppression of an important official in a well-organized public office. We need not follow Grippesou to the auctions of the Rue Drouot, which he regularly frequents every day to see if he cannot pick up some good bargain in furniture or works of art; nor is it necessary to mention that no lottery is ever started without Grippesou purchasing a ticket and generally winning some prize which repays him a hundredfold. But perhaps Grippesou's science of life is even better displayed in what he saves than in what he spends. Having nothing to do but to busy himself about making a little money go a long way, he profits by all the fluctuations in the money market, as only a rentier Frenchman can do. The 1,000f. a year he makes a point of laying by are converted into shares, and sold, bought again, and resold, with a cunning most laudable, and results akin to those exemplified in the gradual formation of a snowball. It is true that by way of compensating grace this money so snowlike to roll up is equally snowlike in melting; and the periodical revolutions which shower blessings on the French people punctually once every twenty years generally reduce poor Grippesou's savings to the cipher of zero. But this does not make him a Conservative, and those who picture Grippesou as a resolute friend of order have never studied the man. It is Grippesou who whines about official incapacity, Grippesou who thinks that the government needs a lesson, Grippesou who goes and votes for the candidate whose election means trouble at an early date. Then when the trouble comes Grippesou had foreseen it all along, and is certain that France can never have a good government. The fact is, the worthy fellow's *frondeur* spirit is the relaxation without which his constant thrift would render life insipid and unbearable. And perhaps this must be accounted as the Nemesis attending all things human, that while France has so large a class of citizens who are models of economical prosperity, it is these same prosperous economizers who set the most steady example of that political discontent which results in public extravagance, waste, and often ruin.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE AND THE PERCYS.

I.

WHEN Hotspur treads the stage with passionate grace, the spectator hardly dreams of the fact that the princely original lived, paid taxes, and was an active man of his parish in Aldersgate Street. *There*, however, stood the first Northumberland House. By the ill-fortune of Percy it fell to the conquering side in the serious conflict in which Hotspur was engaged; and Henry the Fourth made a present of it to his queen, Jane. Thence it got the name of the Queen's Wardrobe. Subsequently it was converted into a printing-office; and, in the course of time, the first Northumberland House disappeared altogether.

In Fenchurch Street, not now a place wherein to look for nobles, the great Earls of Northumberland were grandly housed in the time of Henry the Sixth; but vulgar citizenship elbowed the earls too closely, and they ultimately withdrew from the City. The deserted mansion and grounds were taken possession of by the roysterers. Dice were forever rattling in the stately saloons. Winners shouted for joy, and blasphemy was considered a virtue by the losers. As for the once exquisite gardens, they were converted into bowling-greens, titanic billiards, at which sport the gayer City sparks breathed themselves for hours in the summer time. There was no place of entertainment so fashionably frequented as this second Northumberland House; but dice and bowls were at length to be enjoyed in more vulgar places, and "the old seat of the Percys was deserted by fashion." On the site of mansion and gardens, houses and cottages were erected, and the place knew its old glory no more. So ended the second Northumberland House.

While the above mansions or palaces were the pride of all Londoners and the envy of many, there stood on the strand of the Thames, at the bend of the river, near Charing Cross, a hospital and chapel, whose founder, William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, had dedicated it to St. Mary, and made it an appendage to the Priory of Roncesvalle, in Navarre. Hence the hospital on our river strand was known by the name of "St. Mary Rouncivall." The estate went the way of such property at the dissolution of the monasteries; and the first lay proprietor of the forfeited property was a Sir Thomas Cawarden. It was soon after acquired by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the first Earl of Surrey. Howard, early in the reign of James the First, erected on the site of St. Mary's Hospital a brick mansion which, under various names, has developed into that third and present Northumberland House which is about to fall under pressure of circumstances, the great need of London, and the argument of half a million of money.

Thus the last nobleman who has clung to the Strand, which, on its south side, was once a line of palaces, is about to leave it forever. The bishops were the first to reside on that river-bank outside the City walls. Nine episcopal palaces were once mirrored in the then clear waters of the Thames. The lay nobles followed, when they felt themselves as safe in that fresh and healthy air as the prelates. The chapel of the Savoy is still a royal chapel, and the memories of time-honored Lancaster and of John, the honest King of France, still dignify the place. But the last nobleman who resided so far from the now recognized quarters of fashion is about to leave what has been the seat of the Howards and Percys for nearly three centuries, and the Strand will be able no longer to boast of a duke. It will still, however, possess an English earl; but he is only a modest lodger in Norfolk Street.

When the Duke of Northumberland goes from the Strand, there goes with him a shield with very nearly nine hundred quarterings; and among them are the arms of Henry the Seventh, of the sovereign houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the ducal houses of Normandy and Brittany! *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, might be a fitting motto for a nobleman who, when he stands before a glass, may see therein, not only the Duke, but also the Earl of Northumberland, Earl Percy, Earl of Beverley, Baron Lovaine of Alnwick, Sir Algernon Percy, Bart., two doctors (LL. D. and D. C. L.) a colonel, several presidents, and the patron of two-and-twenty livings.

As a man who deals with the merits of a book is little or nothing concerned with the binding thereof, with the water-marks, or with the printing, but is altogether concerned with the life that is within, that is, with the author, his thoughts, and his expression of them, so, in treating of Northumberland House, we care much less for notices of the building than of its inhabitants—less for the outward aspect than for what has been said or done beneath its roof. If we look with interest at a mere wall which screens from sight the stage of some glorious or some terrible act, it is not for the sake of the wall or its builders: our interest is in the drama and its actors. Who cares, in speaking of Shakespeare and Hamlet, to know the name of the stage carpenter at the Globe or the Blackfriars? Suffice it to say, that Lord Howard, who was an amateur architect of some merit, is supposed to have had a hand in designing the old house in the Strand, and that Gerard Christmas and Bernard Jansen are said to have been his "builders." Between that brick house and the present there is as much sameness as in the legendary knife which, after having had a new handle, subsequently received in addition a new blade. The old house occupied three sides of a square. The fourth side, towards the river, was completed in the middle of the seventeenth century. The portal retains something of the old work, but so little as to be scarcely recognizable, except to professional eyes.

From the date of its erection till 1614 it bore the name of Northampton House. In that year it passed by will from Henry Howard, Lord Northampton, to his nephew, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, from whom it was called

Suffolk House. In 1642, Elizabeth, daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, and the new master gave his name to the old mansion. The above-named Lord Northampton was the man who has been described as foolish when young, infamous when old, an encourager, at threescore years and ten, of his niece, the infamous Countess of Essex; and who, had he lived a few months longer, would probably have been hanged for his share, with that niece and others, in the mysterious murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Thus, the founder of the house was noble only in name; his successor and nephew has not left a much more brilliant reputation. He was connected with his wife, in frauds upon the King, and was fined heavily. The heiress of Northumberland, who married his son, came of a noble but ill-fated race, especially after the thirteenth Baron Percy was created Earl of Northumberland in 1377. Indeed, the latter title had been borne by eleven persons before it was given to a Percy, and by far the greater proportion of the whole of them came to grief. Of one of them it is stated that he (Alberic) was appointed Earl in 1080, but that, *proving unfit for the dignity*, he was displaced, and a Norman bishop named in his stead! The idea of turning out from high estate those who were unworthy or incapable is one that might suggest many reflections, if it were not *scandalum magnatum* to make them.

In the chapel at Alnwick Castle there is displayed a genealogical tree. At the root of the Percy branches is "Charlemagne"; and there is a sermon in the whole, much more likely to scourge pride than to stimulate it, if the thing be rightly considered. However this may be, the Percys find their root in Karloman, the Emperor, through Joscelyn of Louvain, in this way: Agnes de Percy was, in the twelfth century, the sole heiress of her house. Immensely rich, she had many suitors. Among these was Joscelyn, brother of Godfrey, sovereign Duke of Brabant, and of Adelia, Queen Consort of Henry the First of England. Joscelyn held that estate at Petworth which has not since gone out of the hands of his descendants. This princely suitor of the heiress Agnes was only accepted by her as husband on condition of his assuming the Percy name. Joscelyn consented: but he added the arms of Brabant and Louvain to the Percy shield, in order that, if succession to those titles and possessions should ever be stopped for want of an heir, his claim might be kept in remembrance. Now, this Joscelyn was lineally descended from "Charlemagne," and, *therefore*, that greater name lies at the root of the Percy pedigree, which glitters in gold on the walls of the ducal chapel in the castle at Alnwick.

Very rarely indeed did the Percys, who were the earlier Earls of Northumberland, die in their beds. The first of them, Henry, was slain (1407) in the fight on Bramham Moor. The second, another Henry (whose father, Hotspur, was killed in the hot affair near Shrewsbury), lies within St. Alban's Abbey Church, having poured out his life blood in another Battle of the Roses, fought near that town named after the saint. The blood of the third Earl helped to color the roses, which are said to have grown redder from the gore of the slain on Towton's hard-fought field. The forfeited title was transferred, in 1465, to Lord John Nevill Montagu, great Warwick's brother; but Montagu soon lay among the dead in the battle near Barnet. The title was restored to another Henry Percy, and that unhappy Earl was murdered, in 1489, at his house, Cocklodge, near Thirsk. In that fifteenth century there was not a single Earl of Northumberland who died a peaceful and natural death.

In the succeeding century the first line of Earls, consisting of six Henry Percys, came to an end in that childless noble whom Anne Boleyn called "the Thriftless Lord." He died childless in 1537. He had, indeed, two brothers, the elder of whom might have succeeded to the title and estates; but both brothers, Sir Thomas and Sir Ingram, had taken up arms in the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Attainder and forfeiture were the consequences; and in 1551

Northumberland was the title of the dukedom conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who lost the dignity when his head was struck off at the block, two years later.

Then the old title, Earl of Northumberland, was restored in 1557, to Thomas, son of that attainted Thomas who had joined the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Ill-luck still followed these Percys. Thomas was beheaded—the last of his house who fell by the hands of the executioner—in 1572. His brother and heir died in the Tower in 1585.

None of these Percys had yet come into the Strand. The brick house there, which was to be their own through marriage with an heiress, was built in the lifetime of the Earl, whose father, as just mentioned, died in the Tower in 1585. The son, too, was long a prisoner in that gloomy palace and prison. While Lord Northampton was laying the foundations of the future London house of the Percys in 1605, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was being carried into durance. There was a Percy, kinsman to the Earl, who was mixed up in the Gunpowder Plot. For no other reason than relationship with the conspiring Percy the Earl was shut up in the Tower for life, as his sentence ran, and he was condemned to pay a fine of thirty thousand pounds. The Earl ultimately got off with fifteen years' imprisonment and a fine of twenty thousand pounds. He was popularly known as the Wizard Earl, because he was a studious recluse, companying only with grave scholars (of whom there were three, known as "Percy's Magi"), and finding relaxation in writing rhymed satires against the Scots.

There was a stone walk in the Tower which, having been paved by the Earl, was known during many years as "My Lord of Northumberland's Walk." At one end was an iron shield of his arms; and holes in which he put a peg at every turn he made in his dreary exercise.

One would suppose that the Wizard Earl would have been very grateful to the man who restored him to liberty. Lord Hayes (Viscount Doncaster) was the man. He had married Northumberland's daughter, Lucy. The marriage had excited the Earl's anger, as a *low match*, and the proud captive could not "stomach" a benefit for which he was indebted to a son-in-law on whom he looked down. This proud Earl died in 1632. Just ten years after, his son, Algernon Percy, went a-wooing at Suffolk House, in the Strand. It was then inhabited by Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk, who had died two years previously, in 1640. Algernon Percy and Elizabeth Howard made a merry and magnificent wedding of it, and from the time they were joined together the house of the bride has been known by the bridegroom's territorial title of Northumberland.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

PROFESSOR LOWELL, at last accounts, was in London.

BAYARD TAYLOR is to spend the summer in Germany, at work on his *Life of Goethe*, for which he has a great deal of new and rich material.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says very bitterly that "those who are foolhardy enough to venture into a railway train have, of course, only their own rashness to thank for the death or injury which is but too likely to follow."

THE Dutch correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* writes that the Sultan of Atchin studied in Holland, and that his army is commanded by a Dutchman, formerly an officer in the Dutch service. The Irish papers will shortly discover that his Majesty's right-hand man is a graduate of Dublin University.

AMONG the novelties at the late Lyons Exhibition were certain products obtained from the reed mace or cat's tail, a plant which is very abundant in marshy districts, but which has been utilized only to a small extent, for mats, chair bottoms, baskets, etc., It is said that France is capable of producing at least 100,000 tons of reed mace annually.

A MAJOR COLBORNE backs himself for £100 to walk fifteen miles in three hours on the Maidstone road, in England. He is

to carry a brick weighing six and a half pounds in each hand, so as not to touch his sides. After the gallant Major has walked a few miles, these bricks will have the same influence on his gait as if he carried them in his hat.

THE *Dundee Advertiser* the other day appeared printed on jute, being, so far as it is aware, the first newspaper ever thus printed. It seems that the *Dundee Advertiser* has long been anxious to appear on jute, and is indebted to its principal paper-maker, Mr. Watson, for gratifying its wishes. It makes a modest apology for its appearance in this state, which is wholly unnecessary, for it looks very nice. "Although the appearance of the present sheet," it says, "may not be quite satisfactory—as it is too thin and transparent—the remarkable fact is that it is the product of Mr. Watson's second experiment, and if we can attain to such a result on only a second trial, there need be no fear with respect to further experiments. The thinness and transparency will easily be remedied, as there is nothing to prevent paper made from jute being of any degree of thickness and opaqueness."

CONSUL MARTIN, in his Commercial Report on the Piræus, just printed, states that the earliest record he has been able to obtain of the existence of a British consular establishment at Athens for the protection of English commercial interests in Greece is the following quaint inscription on a tombstone, which formerly stood in the interior of a small Greek church in that city, near the classical fountain of Callirhoe. The epitaphs read thus: "Here rests in hope of blessed Resurrection, the body of George Stoakes, born at Limehove, in London, who after nine seaven years apprenticeship in Athens unto Consail Lancelot Hobson and learning the Italian, Greeke and Turkish langvages dyed the sixth of Avgvat, 1681, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, unto the inexpressible grief of his said Patron, who hath erected this monvment ovt of true respect unto the deceased's memory." "Here lye the bodys of Captain Thomas Roberts Commander of the ship 'Recompence,' of Yarmouth, who dyed at Port Leone on the twelfth of May, 1685. Also Captain William Fearn Commander of the 'White Pink' of London, who dyed at said port the twenty-sixth day of July, 1685." This monument was removed, on the destruction of the Greek church by the floods in the winter of 1871, to the enclosure of the English church of St. Paul's, Athens, where it now lies.

FOLLOWING closely upon the recent auctions of picture-galleries at the Hotel des Ventes in Paris, collectors of ancient moneys will be attracted in large numbers to the coming sale of the valuable Gallo-Roman treasure discovered beneath one of the courtyards of the Lycée Napoleon in 1867. This sale is rendered necessary by a judicial decision as to the quotient distribution of the treasure-trove between the city of Paris and the workmen who lighted upon it. The collection comprises 800 coins known as *aurei*, each worth something more than a twenty-franc piece, and forming a complete series of the numismatic history of Lutetia during the reign of the Roman Emperors, from Claudius to Septimius Severus. These *aurei* are all in an excellent state of preservation, and those found nearest to the surface, dating from Commodus, Pertinax, and Septimius Severus, look as fresh as if they had just come from the mint. Coins of the Antonine epoch are largely represented in this collection; the "Faustinas," young and old; the "Vespasians," and the "Titus," one with the inscription "Divus Titus," and, on the reverse, the curule chair, surmounted by a thunder-flash, among the number. There is also a "Julia Domna," the wife of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, a "Restitutio Augusti per Trajanum," an "Ælius Cæsar," five or six of the time of Pertinax, and three "Plautinas." Upon the reverse of a coin dating from the reign of Commodus, the Emperor of the Circus is represented in the act of making his horse leap over a lion. Rarer still is an *aureus* of the time of Antoninus Pius, with two figures on the reverse, and the inscription "Concordiæ Eternæ." These are some of the gems of the treasure, and there can be little doubt that the French Department of the Fine Arts will be ready to bid very high for every item in the collection rather than let it be dispersed throughout Europe.

ASTHMA!—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER I. (continued.)

HE looked after her in vain, then at the bracelet in bewilderment; and then, looking up, saw Gertrude, who had arrived too late to hear his song of love for her, but not too late to see him receive, as she thought, a *gaze d'amour* from a peasant girl, who had run off as soon as she appeared.

Then ensued a passionate duet, full of violent protestations on his side, full of despair and reproaches on hers. She would not see the improbability of his making a tryst with one girl at the very place and hour at which he had appointed to meet another. She could only see that she had been insulted and deceived. In a passion of sobs she broke from him, vowing never to see him again, but to go home and take the veil. So he was left once more alone, staring into the brambles, while the blundering retainers came back in a body, surrounded him, and sang "The Hunter's Life" all over again, as if, with their usual want of tact, they could not see that their master was out of temper. These were the old feudal times, and it probably went rather hard with some of those retainers when they all got home.

The unfortunate count, on whom fairy-land had played so cross a trick, had serious thoughts of going to the Crusades. Meanwhile, however, while the castle was ringing with armorers' anvils, and all was bustle and excitement at the prospect of letting loose another wavelet of Western barbarism against the growth of Eastern civilization, the retainers, both serious and comic, agreed that a new ghost was troubling the ever-haunted walls of Schloss Falkenstein. The sentinels had caught glimpses of her when making their nightly rounds; the oldest servants had been scared by her at evening, when drawing water from the well. These rumors reached even the count's ears: but he, with an incredulity beyond his age, laughed them to scorn, as well as he was able now to laugh at anything.

Gertrude, also, was very miserable. She still loved the false knight in her heart, and her father was by no means

satisfied with her sudden vocation for a religious life. He had, moreover, come to learn of the stolen forest meetings, and was determined to chastise the presumption of his enemy Von Falkenstein. His castle also began to ring with the clash of arms, in preparation for private use.

One dark evening, Falkenstein was sitting alone in his baronial hall, hung round with shields and stags' antlers, when he heard a noise at the window, not like the wind and not like the flapping of the leaves. Filled with suspicions of treachery on the part of the Baron von Waldeck, he drew back into the shadow and half unsheathed his sword. Gradually the window opened, and the ghost, fairy, or nymph of the woods, fluttered down like a feather into the room. The count did not, this time, lose his presence of mind. He ran behind her and closed the window, so that the bird was caged.

She started, trembled like a trapped bullfinch, and clasped her hands as a sign either of terror or entreaty. He spoke to her, at first fiercely, and then gently — she responded only by dumb signs, like Fenella in Masaniello. She constantly touched and held up her left arm, and then ran about everywhere, as if searching for something that she could not find. At last she came and stood once more right in front of Falkenstein, imploring with all the eloquence of hands and eyes. But not a word did she say, though "My Bracelet" was written all over her in language which any one less stupid than the count could not fail to read.

He still spoke to her, but in vain. That she was human he was assured; and yet the human privilege of speech seemed denied her. She was still a wild creature of the woods, conversant doubtless with the language of other wild creatures, but with that alone. At last, however, a thought seemed to strike her — his memory needed rousing. She came forward, and, without words, vocalized, note for note, the melody he had sung while waiting for Gertrude. But instead of its proper cadenza, she broke off into wild variations, filling up the intervals between notes and bars with all the capricious runs and trills of the nightingale: and when all was over, cast herself down at his feet, as though she had found in song a way of speaking more eloquent than words.

Falkenstein felt a queer feeling stir at his heart, raised her up, summoned the most comic and most confidential of his retainers, scolded him for looking surprised, and bade him bring food and wine to set before his mysterious guest, threatening him with all manner of tortures in case of his chattering. The wild girl considerably discomposed the old fellow by hovering round him as if he might possibly have the object of her search in one of his pockets, and he went off grumbling to fetch the supper, thinking that his master had fallen into the toils of the evil one.

The strange visitor would neither eat nor drink: but she became more docile and pacified, and every now and then, when her eyes met those of Falkenstein, she heaved a sigh. She was very mysterious and very beautiful — what wonder if the count drew a deep breath or two in return? If she did not drink, he did, and her presence seemed to add additional intoxication to the strong draughts of Rhenish wine. He could not help seeing her glossy raven locks, the healthy bloom of her cheeks and lips, her lithe, graceful form hidden by sylvan drapery, and the untamed brightness of her eyes. For her part, she was wondering at this new kind of biped which she had added to her zoological catalogue. Was this the true Juliet, and had poor Gertrude only been Rosalind?

How all this might have ended it is hard, or easy, to say. Presently, however, the comic but now terrified retainer put his head in at the door to announce a herald from the part of the Baron von Waldeck, with a message that brooked no delay.

"Let him enter," said the count proudly.

The retainer pointed to the wood-maiden; Falkenstein hastily led her behind the tapestry, and composed himself to receive the messenger of Gertrude's father, whether it might prove peace or war.

The herald entered, in an emblazoned tabard, and with a white plume that fell from his cap over his eyes. He was a young man, with a step graceful and light as a girl's, yet proud and assured.

"*Rouge Renard*," asked Falkenstein, addressing him by his title in the College of Arms, "to what do I owe a message from thy master at this hour?"

The herald threw off his hat with the waving plume. It was Gertrude von Waldeck.

She had assumed the disguise of Rouge Renard, and ridden post haste through the forest to warn her lover that his castle was to be surprised at midnight. She could not find it in her heart to let her lover be slain without a word of warning; and slain he must be, if unprepared, for her father was marching upon Schloss Falkenstein not alone, but with all who envied the count, and they were legion.

In a moment her lover forgot all things but her. The wild girl flashed out of his mind, and he was at Gertrude's feet, protesting — almost with truth — that not for one instant had his heart been false to her. He would not ask her to remain with him; and share the chances of a too doubtful victory; she must return to her father, and wait for better times. But they were reconciled, and she herself insisted upon remaining with him; she might save, and she could certainly die with him.

It was time for her to make her resolve. Already her expectant ears had caught the distant sounds of her father's horn in the far distance, telling of his approach. But as she, now in her lover's arms, and in the very midst of a duet of undying constancy, looked up at the sound, her eyes caught a gap in the tapestry, from which looked a sad, unhappy face, drinking in her joy as though it were poison.

It was all true then — Falkenstein was the falsest knight in Christendom. She threw herself from him with a cry, and pointed to the wild girl. Then recovering herself, she drew herself up and said:—

"Count von Falkenstein! I, *Rouge Renard*, on the part of my noble master, the Baron von Waldeck, though against his will, have warned thee, of thy danger. False knight as thou art, he, like a true one, challenges thee and thine to fair and mortal combat — there lies his glove."

She had no glove, but she drew a bracelet from her arm and dashed it on the ground at his feet. With a bound the wild girl sprang into the room, raised the bracelet, and pressed it to her lips. She it was who raised the woman's gauntlet; it was to be a battle of woman against woman rather than of man against man. Through all the final trio of that scene was to be heard the one song, with its infinite variations, that the wild girl had learned from the greatest of all music masters, whose name is Love.

Gertrude, it must be supposed, had taken horse and ridden away. But the wild girl, whom Falkenstein now called Sylvia, was obliged to remain. Schloss Falkenstein was surrounded. But, not having been surprised, it was stoutly defended; and it was astonishing to see what talent developed itself in Sylvia, not only for music and human speech, but for military en-

gineering. The count scarcely cared to defend himself, and his desperate despondency, characteristic of the contemptible race of stage tenors, would no doubt have taken all heart out of his soldiers, had it not been for her. She wore armor, like Joan of Arc, and the retainers obeyed her blindly, though they suspected her of sorcery. She was no sorceress, however — only one of Love's miracles. It was pitiable to see how she wasted her heroism on such poor stuff as the tenor-voiced Count of Falkenstein. But all this must be imagined — duet, war-song, chorus, and ballad, and there the tale is musically told. Suffice it to say that after one decisive battle, the baron and his daughter were brought prisoners into Schloss Falkenstein, unknown to the count, who had promised his good genius, in case of victory, any gift she might choose.

And now was come her time to choose. In the castle hall, no longer dark and empty, but filled with warriors fresh from un hoped-for triumph, stood the baron and his daughter in the presence of our heroine and her hero. Sylvia's rival was at her feet. She had fought for her love and conquered; she had transformed life into a battle for love's sake, and might claim her reward. She looked upon him for whom she had fought and lived and dared all things — upon him to whom she owed her living soul and for whose soul in return she longed with the whole of hers; and then she looked upon the girl who had cast him off for a word — and her whole life was burned up into venom, for that look told her that the heart of Falkenstein was true to Gertrude still. He would be faithful to his vow, and one word from her would condemn her rival to death — and then, she felt in her savage heart, that the power of her strong love would triumph over constancy. But then — what a triumph! She scarcely dared to think of it, but she whispered to Falkenstein, "Give me a life;" and he, though his whole heart froze within him, was obliged to answer, "It shall be yours."

I will pass over, as unessential to the situation, how the mysterious bracelet proved the wild girl to be the true heiress of the barony of Waldeck — how it came out that the evil-minded and treacherous baron had had the only daughter of his elder brother exposed in the woods as soon as she was born, to grow up among fawns and nightingales. It is only needful to know that she was lady of life and death, mistress by right and might of Waldeck and Falkenstein. She could have had Gertrude thrown into the moat from the topmost tower, and no one would have said her nay. Nor did such a sentence strike her as being unjust or cruel. She knew nothing of such refinements — not even the stock-doves, the gentlest of her companions, had taught her anything about such things as these. The three other

members of the final quartette stood trembling before her, the baron like a culprit about to receive sentence, Gertrude and Falkenstein absorbed in the last look of love that their hearts or eyes might ever know. All were silent. There is surely nothing so hideously awful in the world as perfect power of which the direction depends upon the cast of a die.

CHAPTER IV. LA PROVA D'UN' OPERA SERIA.

MEANWHILE, two gentlemen, one large, florid, dressed, shaved, and smiling as neatly as a new family doctor, the other pale, unshorn, and humble, arrived one forenoon at the door of a house in Golden Square. It was one of the square's representative houses, with many bells down the door-post, and outlandish names under the bell handles. These two, however, knocked, were admitted, and went upstairs together.

The smaller visitor entered the room first. It was littered all over, table, chairs, and floor being all alike used promiscuously for the same purposes; and among the confused miscellany was a young lady who at his entrance jumped up from the piano where she was picking out irregular melodies with one hand, and moved towards him briskly. Seeing a stranger, however, she stood still, and made an embarrassed courtesy.

The stranger looked round him, and then, with a critical eye, at the little figure before him. The sight seemed to please him, for he nodded to himself, as if to say, "She'll do."

"Good morning, Miss," said the younger man, deferentially, one might almost say reverently. "This is the gentleman who wants to hear you. She is very easily put out, sir," he whispered to his companion. "You had better not say who you are."

"Nonsense. She doesn't look very frightened. I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mademoiselle. I am Mr. Abner, and I am come at my friend Aaron's request, to hear you sing my 'Sylvia.' I suppose we must wait for him, though. I hope he won't be late. Time is money, as well as tune, and I am anxious about my 'Sylvia.' It is a part that must go well, that I am determined; and it is only pressure of circumstances that would have allowed me to give it to a *débutante*." He looked about for a place for his hat while speaking, and at last had to lay it down under a chair — the only unlittered spot that he could find.

The younger man looked black, and clenched one of his hands, but said nothing.

"Oh, you may listen, and welcome, if that's all," said the young lady. "I'm sure I don't know what there is in the songs to make so much about them — I'm sick of them myself; but you may hear them if you like. I

should have had to do them, any how."

"Mademoiselle!" whispered the young man, in an agony of dismay, "this is the composer himself—the great Mr. Abner."

"Well—I suppose he knows what's good and what's bad, then?" asked Zelda, aloud.

"I am sorry you don't like your part," said Mr. Abner, with dignity. "But I own it is not everybody who can sing my music. And, let me tell you, young lady, that the songs which don't suit you *are* good; what you've got to do is to sing them, not to criticise them. Why, one would think she was Catalani herself," he added, in an audible aside to the other man, "to give herself such airs."

A touch of gypsy-like cunning came into the young lady's eyes.

"You must not be angry, sir. Of course, you must know best—only it's not the singing I've been used to."

"What have you been used to, then?" Aaron told me he'd picked you up abroad. By the way, you speak uncommonly good English for a foreigner. Ah, here is Aaron. You're late, Mr. Aaron, or else I'm early. Never mind—I'm making acquaintance with this young lady here—I thought you said she couldn't talk English?"

"No more she can—not a word, except words of songs—what Lucas here has taught her like a parrot. Polish—nothing but Polish. I picked her up in Poland. Mademoiselle," he began, politely, "this fool here is"—he might be speaking Polish; he certainly did not use the English word for "fool."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the composer, recovering his good temper, "I see you're a good manager—up to the tricks of the trade! Never mind—I won't spoil your puffs; it's nothing to me, so long as she sings all right. And, Lucas—so you know Polish too? A regular conspiracy, I declare! Come, let's begin: unless Mademoiselle likes to give us a Polish song or two, to let us have a touch of her style."

"When I said Mademoiselle is a Pole," said Aaron, "I meant she is a Pole: and when I say she can't talk English, of course I don't mean she can't talk a word. Zelda," he said to her, frowning with one eye at Lucas and with the other at her, and speaking in the same unknown tongue as before, "can't I be a minute late without your playing the fool? You shall pay for letting the cat out of the bag, when this confounded Gorgio goes. Answer me at once, and in Romani, or I'll make it worse for your shoulders in half an hour. I was telling her that she must do her best—that she has a chance that doesn't come every day. She is to be my trump-card, you know."

"Very well, then, let us begin. Ah, here's Carol. Come, have you brought

that last scene yet? We go into rehearsal to-morrow, don't we Aaron?"

"Oh, never you fear. It's all written out—in my head. It only wants putting to paper, and I'll sit up all night, if need be. That's industry. Ah, there's the little girl. Ah, Lucas, my boy—isn't she looking charming? I'm going to learn Polish, just to make love to her. She's awfully sweet on me already. Come, Aaron, none of that squinting here. I can't stand it so early in the morning. By Jove, I must have a pipe. And, Aaron, send out for some beer, there's a good fellow. I must get my head. Do you smoke, Mademoiselle?"

"I must ask you not to smoke, Mr. Carol," said Lucas. "Mademoiselle is going to sing."

"Oh, she won't mind me. Girls never mind my smoking—they like it. Your smoking would be a different thing, I dare say. I smoke everywhere. I've done it in church before now, and by Jove, it only wanted me to begin: before the sermon pipes were out all over the place, clerk, churchwardens, and all. That's setting an example. Oh no, she won't cough; and, any way, I like it, and so she likes it. I know it, so don't you interfere. Now then, I'm ready."

The composer seated himself at the piano, and the new singer began, her instructor listening nervously. He was not happy, for he had had this girl all to himself for weeks, training her with all his heart for the part she was to play, and now at last he was to be rewarded by having her swept into public life, in which such a nobody as he would be forgotten. He understood music, but did not understand the world: Abner was to him an English Mozart, and Carol a Don Juan, for he took all men at their own valuation. As to the little fraud of passing off his pupil as a foreigner, he thought nothing of that: as the great composer had said, that was only one of the tricks of the trade.

"What an abominable piano," said the latter, striking a chord. "Full a quarter of a tone flat. Never mind for once. Now then: let's see your idea of 'Sylvia.' I can't speak Polish, Mademoiselle, but I dare say you'll understand me, as well as you did before Aaron came in."

Now the girl's heart was as hot within her as when she had taken up the table-knife to revenge herself on the militiaman. All these men seemed to be in a conspiracy to insult her. She hated the pompous composer, and the man Carol, whom she had seen before, seemed to be boasting of a familiarity with her, against which she instinctively rebelled. She could not comprehend why it seemed such a joke to everybody that she should be called a Pole: she supposed that it had something to do with the piece she was to play in, of which she knew nothing but the words and notes set down for her. Perhaps it was an allusion to the

stage business, to which she was to be introduced at the rehearsal. She therefore had a little tremulous anger in her voice when she began.

"Is that how you teach her, Lucas?" asked the composer. "That will never do. Come, try again. Like this, you know." And he sang the passage himself according to his own idea of how it ought to go. "Now let me see."

She did sing it again, imitating his affected manner so exactly and so conscientiously that he dashed his hands down on the keys in a rage.

"Are you mad, Mademoiselle? That will never do. It is like a sick kitten. My time is valuable."

"Brava!" cried Carol. "By Jove, there's some fun in that little girl. That'll bring the house down."

"If you will allow me, sir"—began Lucas.

"Well, sir?"

"I think if I were to accompany her at first—she is more used to me."

"You? Confound you, no. How do you know what I mean by my music? Come, Mademoiselle, I'll give you another chance—one more, mind, only one more."

But not one word did she sing or say. On the contrary, she took up a heavy music-book that lay conveniently near, and brought it with all her force down upon the great musician's bald crown. All sprang at once to their feet.

The composer looked wild for a moment. Then he sprang up, and, with a sudden impulse, hugged the girl to his ample waistcoat.

"Aaron!" he cried out, "she'll do! That's the sort of girl the public like. By God! only give her head and let her sing as she likes, and her fortune's made. Spirit and go—that's—that's"—

"That," said Mr. Carol, oracularly, "that's genius."

CHAPTER V. MADEMOISELLE LECZINSKA.

ZELDA'S appearance in London, Zelda's appearance anywhere, was the most natural thing in the world. Every road leads there, whether it sets out from Newington or New Zealand—from Bohemia in the empire of Austria or from Bohemia in the empire of Society. Aaron had his full share of the cunning that seeks to steal the rewards which talent only earns. As conjurer, quack doctor, horse couper, betting man, and field preacher, he must have been more than even humanly stupid if he had failed to acquire many of the qualities that go far to make up a theatrical manager. He only needed a very small capital, and that, by a singular piece of good luck, had fallen into his hands. It was what he had been waiting for all his days—it was what he had married for: it was what he might even have saved, had his gypsy blood been able to recog-

nize the self-breeding power of small sums, which only look fit to spend. Nor did he calculate more rashly than gamblers in general when he put a certain proportion of his stakes upon Zelda as a high card.

Her qualities had been proved in that rough school which honestly applauds what it likes and honestly hisses what it condemns. She had never yet performed, either at Lessmouth or elsewhere, without genuine approval. Her voice was strong enough to have been found absolutely weather proof, and Mr. Lucas would scarcely have objected to Carol's smoking a single pipe had he known in what an atmosphere of smoke it had generally been her fate to sing. Nor was it only strong, but of the quality which passes far beyond the drum of the ear, and seems to turn mere inarticulate sounds into magic words. Beyond this greatest of all natural gifts, she was able to learn with ease any straightforward melody by ear, and sang as little out of tune as it is possible for any one who has never heard of differences among keys and scales. When Lucas introduced her to the rudiments of her art, he only bewildered her hopelessly, as though he had tried to teach a piping bullfinch from notes instead of by constantly turning the hand-organ. The poor fellow was a sound musician according to rule and method, and so, in spite of the magnetic fascination that his strange pupil exercised over his plodding and uneventful life, he could not but admit that she was both obstinate and stupid. He did not know that music, which was a fixed, formal science to him, was the common air of life to her, and that people often come to breathe less freely and less strongly when they are turned into a laboratory to learn the chemical analysis of common air. Teaching her was like teaching a parrot, for she was in truth just as stupid and just as obstinate as a parrot — or as a nightingale.

His anticipations of her success did not equal those of Aaron. Indeed, in his heart of hearts, he hoped, in spite of himself, that she might gain little beyond a *succès d'estime*. It is a great error to suppose that any one can be ambitious by deputy, except possibly in the case of parent and child. He would have wished her to remain unsought and unknown, so that he might form the whole circle not only of her admirers, but of her friends. He looked forward to the rehearsals with a sinking of the heart, which he justified to himself as being a fear lest she should not succeed: and each new proof of her stupidity he welcomed with a sort of half-pleasure which he made no attempt to justify. He knew that if she failed he would be in a rage with all the world, and that if she did not fail he would hate all the world. Still, he did his duty and earned his wage: indeed, it never entered his head to do otherwise.

He despised her in his mind, and yet he was within an ace of being in love with her; he had at any rate arrived at the jealous stage which often exists without love, and often precedes it. Certainly, so far as accusations of stupidity were concerned, there was ample scope for recrimination.

Carol — that half cad, half coxcomb, as Lucas called him behind his back — who airily brought her to rehearsals and home again, chattered to her, asked her to light his cigar for him, and made her put leaves and flowers in his button-hole, he naturally made the special object of his detestation. It was a terrible blunder on his part, for the more worldly wise Bohemian had plenty of that small-change stamped with ill-nature which passes current for lively repartee, was quick to discover people's corns, and delighted to grind them under his heel — at least in cases where the patient was humble, or of no possible use to him. Mr. Carol had easily discovered the music master's tender place, and took every opportunity of amusing himself with rendering the poor fellow ridiculous in Zelda's eyes. Everybody knows at what disadvantage those who only love a woman stand towards those who are only in love with themselves.

At last the rehearsals drew to an end, in which it must be owned, the beggar girl known to Mr. Aaron as Zelda, and to the outside world as Mademoiselle Leczinska — Mr. Carol had ferreted out the name — did not shine like a star of the first order. She had never sung without an applauding audience in her life before, and she was conscious of little but the contagious nervousness of Lucas, the assiduous attentions of Carol, the coldness of her fellow-artists who talked or whispered while she sang, the continual corrections of the composer, and that threatening eye of Aaron which had been a scourge to her from her cradle. Yet, strange to say, he seldom actually bullied her in private beyond the necessities of habit. The tenor, who came to rehearsal once, scarcely condescended to hum over his part in the duet with her. At last the composer, in spite of his parenthetic enthusiasm, made serious representations as to putting the part into other hands.

"No," said Aaron. "I know what I'm about — you mayn't see it, but that little girl's my trump-card. You attend to your music, sir, if you please. The devil!" he muttered to himself, "as if I'd taken a theatre for the sake of that fellow's tunes. *Benguilango*, what fools these Gorgios are!"

So unpromising did the *débutante* seem that even the soprano quite took her into favor, and condescended to give her advice of the most bewildering and misleading description. She even praised her behind her back: and when it came to that, the composer felt that his "*Sylvia*" was condemned beforehand. If the prima donna did

not think it worth her while to make the worst of a sister artist — well, it was at all events clear she feared no rival.

It was only in respect of her behavior towards Carol, that Aaron watched her with both his eyes. If she failed in one of her attentions towards this self-styled lion of the press, he was down upon her like the Aaron Goldrick of old, whose hands were so familiar with her ears. She was to laugh at his jokes even when aimed at her faithful servant Lucas, she was to wait upon him whenever he dropped in to supper, she was to help him on with his coat, light his pipe, and be ever ready with a leaf and a flower. I think she came to hate her master's friend with a greater hatred than that of Lucas himself: but she was used to do as she was bid, and she did so now. It was rather hard upon Lucas, but it did little harm to Carol — and —

"*Benguilango*," Aaron thought two or three times again, "what fools these Gorgios are!"

While Lucas heaped unwilling coals of fire on the head of such a coquette, and Carol went about everywhere singing the praises of the new singer with that persistency which is sure to filter through a thousand little channels until the battle is more than half won by making the world familiar with a name.

In any case Aaron showed that he had that quality which is to a gambler what a powerful voice is to a singer — the coolness which never ficklely deserts a line of play once fairly determined on. He had laid his stakes on Zelda, and there they were to lie. But of course all these matters went on behind the scenes, and even behind the green-room. Future audiences only saw the bills, the scaffolding, and the puffs' direct, indirect, and preliminary, which kept the name Leczinska before their eyes. There was art even in the choice of the name, for people had to think about its pronunciation, so it nailed itself well into their minds.

There has probably never been a *débutante* who set her foot upon the stage under less personally pleasant conditions than Mademoiselle Leczinska. She was forced into her profession neither from choice, nor love of art, nor ambition. She would have been more content to sing to bores for her master's pay and to herself for holiday. In most cases there is at least a mother, sister, or chosen friend, who has watched the career of the future *prima donna* with the sympathetic interest, either of greed or of affection, and is at hand to dress her for the sacrifice or the triumph. In most cases there is some poetic bloom to be worn off, some ambition of the heart to be disappointed or satisfied. In Mademoiselle Leczinska's there was none. She was fairly content because she now had plenty to eat and drink, a roof to shelter her, freedom from tramping under burdens, and the

clothes of a fine lady. In short, she was content as the house-lamb is, and realized her situation scarcely more. In old times she had been trained to lie and steal, and so she had lied and stolen; now she was being trained to cheat the Gorgios on a larger scale, and that was all.

(To be continued.)

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE AND THE PERCYS.

II.

THE street close to the house of the Percys, which we now know as Northumberland Street, was then a road leading down to the Thames, and called Hartshorn Lane. Its earlier name was Christopher Alley. At the bottom of the lane the luckless Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey had a stately house, from which he walked many a time and off to his great wood wharf on the river. But the glory of Hartshorn Lane was and is Ben Jonson. No one can say where rare Ben was born, save that the posthumous child first saw the light in Westminster. "Though," says Fuller, "I cannot, with all my industrious inquiry find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband." Mr. Fowler was a master bricklayer, and did well with his clever stepson. We can in imagination see that sturdy boy crossing the Strand to go to his school within the old church of St. Martin (then still) in the Fields. It is as easy to picture him hastening of a morning early to Westminster, where Camden was second master, and had a keen sense of the stuff that was in the scholar from Hartshorn Lane. Of all the figures that flit about the locality, none attracts our sympathies so warmly as that of the boy who developed into the second dramatic poet of England.

Of the countesses and duchesses of this family, the most singular was the widow of Algernon, the tenth Earl. In her widowhood she removed from the house in the Strand (where she had given a home not only to her husband, but to a brother) to one which occupied the site on which White's Club now stands. It was called Suffolk House, and the proud lady thereof maintained a semi-regal state beneath the roof and when she went abroad. On such an occasion as paying a visit, her footmen walked bare-headed on either side of her coach, which was followed by a second, in which her women were seated, like so many ladies in waiting! Her state solemnity went so far that she never allowed her son Joscelyn's wife (daughter of an Earl) to be seated in her presence — at least till she had obtained permission to do so.

Joscelyn's wife was, according to Pepys, "a beautiful lady indeed." They had but one child, the famous heiress, Elizabeth Percy, who at four years of age was left to the guardianship of her proud and wicked old grandmother. Joscelyn was dead, and his widow married Ralph, afterwards Duke of Montague. The old Dowager Countess was a matchmaker, and she contracted her granddaughter, at the age of twelve, to Cavendish, Earl of Ogle. Before this couple were of age to live together Ogle died. In a year or two after, the old matchmaker engaged her victim to Mr. Thomas Thynne, of Longleat; but the young lady had no mind to him. In the Hatton collection of manuscripts there are three letters addressed by a lady of the Brunswick family to Lord and Lady Hatton. They are undated, but they contain a curious reference to part of the present subject, and are thus noticed in the first report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts: "Mr. Thinn has proved his marriage with Lady Ogle, but she will not live with him, for fear of being 'rotten before she is ripe.' Lord Suffolk, since he lost his wife and daughter, lives with his sister, Northumberland. They have here strange ambassadors — one from the King of Fez, the other from Muscovett. All the town has seen the last; he goes to the play, and stuks so that the ladies are not able

to take their muffs from their noses all the play-time. The lampoons that are made of most of the town ladies are so nasty, that no woman would read them, else she would have got them for her."

"Tom of Ten Thousand," as Thynne was called, was murdered (shot dead in his carriage) in Pall Mall (1682) by Königsmark and accomplices, two or three of whom suffered death on the scaffold. Immediately afterwards the maiden wife of two husbands *really* married Charles, the proud Duke of Somerset. In the same year Banks dedicated to her (*Illustrious Princess*, he calls her) his "Anna Bullen," a tragedy. He says: "You have submitted to take a noble partner, as angels have delighted to converse with men;" and "there is so much of divinity and wisdom in your choice, that none but the Almighty ever did the like" (giving Eve to Adam) "with the world and Eden for a dower." Then, after more blasphemy, and very free allusions to her condition as a bride, and fulsomeness beyond conception, he scouts the idea of supposing that she ever should die. "You look," he says, "as if you had nothing mortal in you. Your guardian angel scarcely is more a deity than you;" and so on, in increase of bombast, crowned by the mock humility of "my muse still has no other ornament than truth."

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset lived in the house in the Strand, which continued to be called Northumberland House, as there had long been a *Somerset House* a little more to the east. Anthony Henley once annoyed the above Duke and showed his own ill-manners by addressing a letter "To the Duke of Somerset, over against the trunk-shop at Charing Cross." The Duchess was hardly more respectful when speaking of her suburban mansion, Sion House, Brentford. "It's a hobbledehoy place," she said; "neither town nor country." Of this union came a son, Algernon Seymour, who in 1748 succeeded his father as Duke of Somerset, and in 1749 was created Earl of Northumberland, for a particular reason. He had no sons. His daughter Elizabeth had encouraged the homage of a handsome young fellow of that day, named Smithson. She was told that Hugh Smithson had spoken in terms of admiration of her beauty, and she laughingly asked why he did not say as much to herself. Smithson was the son of "an apothecary," according to the envious, but, in truth, the father had been a physician, had earned a baronetcy, and was of the good old nobility, the land-owners, with an estate, still possessed by the family, at Stanwick, in Yorkshire. Hugh Smithson married this Elizabeth Percy, and the earldom of Northumberland, conferred on her father, was to go to her husband, and afterwards to the eldest male heir of this marriage, failing which the dignity was to remain with Elizabeth and her heirs male by any other marriage.

It is at this point that the present line of Smithson-Percys begins. Of the couple who may be called its founders so many severe things have been said, that we may infer that their exalted fortunes and best qualities gave umbrage to persons of small minds or strong prejudices. Walpole's remark, that in the Earl's lord-lieutenancy in Ireland "their vice-majesties scattered pearls and diamonds about the streets," is good testimony to their royal liberality. Their taste may not have been unexceptionable, but there was no touch of meanness in it. In 1758 they gave a supper at Northumberland House to Lady Yarmouth, George the Second's old mistress. The chief ornamental piece on the supper table represented a grand *chasse* at Herrenhausen, at which there was a carriage drawn by six horses, in which was seated an august person wearing a blue ribbon, with a lady at his side. This was not unaptly called "the apotheosis of concubinage." Of the celebrated Countess notices vary. Her delicacy, elegance, and refinement are vouched for by some; her coarseness and vulgarity are asserted by others. When Queen Charlotte came to England, Lady Northumberland was made one of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber. Lady Townshend justified it to people who felt or feigned surprise, by remarking, "Surely nothing could be more proper. The Queen does not understand English, and can anything be more nec-

essary than that she should learn the vulgar tongue?" One of the Countess's familiar terms for conviviality was "junkitaceous," but ladies of equal rank had also little slang words of their own, called things by the very plainest names, and spelt *physician* with an "f."

There is ample testimony on record that the great Countess never hesitated at a jest on the score of its coarseness. The Earl was distinguished rather for his pomposity than vulgarity, though a vulgar sentiment marked some of both his sayings and doings. For example, when Lord March visited him at Alnwick Castle, the Earl of Northumberland received him at the gates with this queer sort of welcome: "I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship." The censor who said, "Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas!" had ample ground for the exclamation. George the Third raised the Earl and Countess to the rank of Duke and Duchess in 1766. All the earls of older creation were ruffled and angry at the advancement; but the honor had its drawback. The King would not allow the title to descend to an heir by any other wife but the one then alive, who was the true representative of the Percy line.

The old Northumberland House festivals were right royal things in their way. There was, on the other hand, many a snug, or unceremonious, or eccentric party given there. Perhaps the most splendid was that given in honor of the King of Denmark in 1768. His Majesty was fairly bewildered with the splendor. There was in the court what was called "a pantheon," illuminated by 4,000 lamps. The King, as he sat down to supper, at the table to which he had expressly invited twenty guests out of the hundreds assembled, said to the Duke, "How did you contrive to light it all in time?" "I had two hundred lamplighters," replied the Duke. "That was a stretch," wrote candid Mrs. Delany; "a dozen could have done the business;" which was true.

The Duchess, who in early life was, in delicacy of form, like one of the Graces, became, in her more mature years, fatter than if the whole three had been rolled into one in her person. With obesity came "an exposition to sleep," as Bottom has it. At "drawing-rooms" she no sooner sank on a sofa than she was deep in slumber; but while she was awake she would make jokes that were laughed at and censured the next day all over London. Her Grace would sit at a window in Covent Garden, and be *hail fellow well met* with every one of a mob of tipsy and not too cleanly spoken electors. On these occasions it was said she "signaled herself with intrepidity." She could bend, too, with cleverness to the humors of more hostile mobs; and when the Wilkes rioters besieged the ducal mansion, she and the Duke appeared at a window, did salutation to their masters, and performed homage to the demagogue by drinking his health in ale.

Horace Walpole affected to ridicule the ability of the Duchess as a verse writer. At Lady Miller's at Batheaston some rhyming words were given out to the company, and any one who could, was required to add lines to them so as to make sense with the rhymes furnished for the end of each line. This sort of dancing in fetters was called *bouts rimés*. "On my faith," cried Walpole, in 1775, "there are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland." It may be questioned whether anybody could have surmounted the difficulty more cleverly than her Grace. For example:—

The pen which I now take and	brandish,
Has long lain useless in my	standish.
Know, every maid, from her own	patten
To her who shines in glossy	satin,
That could they now prepare an	oglio
From best receipt of book in	folio,
Ever so fine, for all their	puffing,
I should prefer a buttered	muffin;
A muffin, Jove himself might	feast on,
If eaten with Miller, at	Batheaston.

To return to the house itself. There is no doubt that no mansion of such pretensions and containing such treasures has been so thoroughly kept from the vulgar eye. There

is one exception, however, to this remark. The Duke (Algeron) who was alive at the period of the first Exhibition threw open the house in the Strand to the public without reserve. The public, without being ungrateful, thought it rather a gloomy residence. Shut in and darkened as it now is by surrounding buildings—canopied as it now is by clouds of London smoke—it is less cheerful and airy than the Tower, where the Wizard Earl studied in his prison room, or counted the turn she made when pacing his prison yard. The Duke last referred to was in his youth at Algiers under Exmouth, and in his later years a Lord of the Admiralty. As Lord Prudhoe, he was a traveller in far-away countries, and he had the faculty of seeing what he saw, for which many travellers, though they have eyes, are not qualified. At the pleasant Smithsonian house at Stanwick, when he was a bachelor, his household was rather remarkable for the plainness of the female servants. Satirical people used to say the youngest of them was a grandmother. Others, more charitable or scandalous, asserted that Lord Prudhoe was looked upon as a father by many in the country round, who would have been puzzled where else to look for one. It was his elder brother Hugh (whom Lord Prudhoe succeeded) who represented England as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of Charles the Tenth at Rheims. Paris was lost in admiration at the splendor of this embassy, and never since has the *hôtel* in the Rue de Bac possessed such a gathering of royal and noble personages as at the fêtes given there by the Duke of Northumberland. His sister, Lady Glenlyon, then resided in a portion of the fine house in the Rue de Bourbon, owned and in part occupied by the rough but cheery old warrior, the Comte de Lobau. When that lady was Lady Emily Percy, she was married to the eccentric Lord James Murray, afterwards Lord Glenlyon. The bridegroom was rather of an oblivious turn of mind, and it is said that when the wedding morn arrived, his servant had some difficulty in persuading him that it was the day on which he had to get up and be married.

There remains only to be remarked, that as the Percy line has been often represented only by an heiress, there have not been wanting individuals who boasted of male heirship.

Two years after the death of Joscelin Percy in 1670, who died the last male heir of the line, leaving an only child, a daughter, who married the Duke of Somerset, there appeared, supported by the Earl of Anglesea, a most impudent claimant (as next male heir) in the person of James Percy, an Irish trunk-maker. This individual professed to be a descendant of Sir Ingram Percy, who was in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and was brother of the sixth Earl. The claim was proved to be unfounded; but it may have rested on an *illegitimate* foundation. As the pretender continued to call himself Earl of Northumberland, Elizabeth, daughter of Joscelin, "took the law" of him. Ultimately he was condemned to be taken into the four law courts in Westminster Hall, with a paper pinned to his breast, bearing these words: "The foolish and impudent pretender to the earldom of Northumberland."

In the succeeding century, the well-known Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, believed himself to be the true male representative of the ancient line of Percy. He built no claims on such belief; but the belief was not only confirmed by genealogists, it was admitted by the second heiress Elizabeth, who married Hugh Smithson. Dr. Percy so far asserted his blood as to let it boil over in wrath against Pennant when the latter described Alnwick Castle in these disparaging words: "At Alnwick no remains of chivalry are perceptible; no respectable train of attendants; the furniture and gardens inconsistent; and nothing, except the numbers of unindustrious poor at the castle gate, excited any one idea of its former circumstances."

"Duke and Duchess of Charing Cross," or "their Majesties of Middlesex," were the mock titles which Horace Walpole flung at the ducal couple of his day who resided at Northumberland House, London, or at Sion House, Brentford. Walpole accepted and satirized the hospitality of the London house, and he almost hated the ducal host

and hostess at Sion, because they seemed to overshadow his mimic feudal state at Strawberry! After all, neither early nor late circumstance connected with Northumberland House is confined to memories of the inmates. Ben Jonson comes out upon us from Hartshorn Lane with more majesty than any of the Earls; and greatness has sprung from neighboring shops, and has flourished as gloriously as any of which Percy can boast. Half a century ago, there was a long low house, a single story high, the ground floor of which was a saddler's shop. It was on the west side of the old Golden Cross, and nearly opposite Northumberland House. The worthy saddler founded a noble line. Of four sons, three were distinguished as Sir David, Sir Frederick, and Sir George. Two of the workmen became Lord Mayors of London; and an attorney's clerk, who used to go in at night and chat with the men, married the granddaughter of a king, and became Lord Chancellor.

THE IDEAS OF MADAME AUBRAY AND OF THE REV. JULIAN GRAY.

THE monopoly of that mysterious subject which in the French phrase "*La Femme*" seems to mean something different from and more than it means in the English phrase "*Woman*," is no longer in the hands of French dramatists and French actors. In one sense, and from the social point of view, they have hitherto held that monopoly, as in another sense, and from the political point of view, woman is considered, discussed, and *exploité* in this country, but has until now not been studied after the morbid-anatomy fashion of the school whose leading representative is M. Alexandre Dumas fils. The days when "*La Dame aux Camélias*" appealed in vain to the stern sense of duty of "*La Censure*" in England, even under the musical form whose absurdity is popularly supposed to modify its impropriety, are in the far past; not only is "*La Traviata*" naturalized, but the "*New Magdalen*" brings her penitence to a very different conclusion from that of the magnanimous *poitrinaire*, and we have an opportunity of studying, side by side with this modern version of the duties of English Society towards its "soiled doves," the other side of the thesis which M. Alexandre Dumas fils resumed last year, for the instruction of French society, by the satisfactory formula, "*Tue-la!*" We really do not see how it would be possible to put two more immoral plays on the stage, than the two which represent the ideas of Madame Aubray and those of Julian Gray in their respective application. The French play is not, indeed, even the more immoral of the two, though it involves a larger number of situations essentially false and perverted, in principle, in feeling, and in action. It does not depend only on its leading characters for its inversion of right and wrong; its falsehood is as thorough as its cynicism is profound, and as its wit is brilliant, — but not delightful, the unwholesomeness of it is never sufficiently disguised for that; the material of the meal is rotten beyond the power of *sauce piquante*. In the English play, apart from the chief situation, some are natural and true enough. But let us glance first at the *entourage* of Madame Aubray. Her son, Camille, a young man of twenty-four, is a ranting egotist, who talks of himself and of his pure life; of his mother, the perfection of womanhood, and of the injustice of society to women, and the intensity of his own emotions, after a fashion which is always unmanly, and generally unpleasant. He has been in love for a year with a woman to whom he has never spoken, so that there is no pretence of mind, or taste, or sympathy in the matter, and when, in the working-out of the play, his mother, whose "ideas" have formed him, has to tell him that this woman is the unmarried mother of the child of a man whom she never loved, — the woman (Jeannine) having told her the story of her life with perfect candor, — he receives the information without the least feeling that it ought to make him less desirous to marry Jeannine, but with a keen sense of his mother's inconsistency in objecting. This is the result of a life of purity, and of the teaching of the

best of mothers. But this is simple, in comparison with the falseness of the climax. Madame Aubray has an extreme horror of falsehood, but she has ideas of what it is that constitutes truth which are about as edifying as her son's ideas of purity. Jeannine, touched by Madame Aubray's kindness after she has told her the story of her life, resolves to disenchant Camille, in order to make his obedience to his mother's wishes less difficult, and so she proclaims herself a worse sinner than they know her to be. "*La faute que vous me pardonnez,*" she says, "*parceque vous la croyez unique dans ma vie, n'est pas la seule que j'ai commise. . . . A côté de cette faute, qui a une excuse dans la misère, il y en a d'autres qui n'ont pour cause que la fantaisie et la désordre. Certaines femmes en arrivent à ne plus rougir des faits, et à ne plus se souvenir des noms. J'ai été une de ces femmes. Je vous l'avoue et je vous quitte.*" Then Madame Aubray, "*unable*" (so runs the stage direction) "*to restrain the cry of her conscience.*" exclaims, "*Elle ment!*" and turning to her son, commands him, "*Épouse-la!*" She clasps the magnanimous Jeannine in her arms, a woman whom, in the preceding act, she had found profoundly unconscious of crime and totally unmoved by remorse, and thus explains the movement: "*Me faire complice du mensonge, même pour sauver mon fils! Était-ce possible? Quel châtiement de mes hésitations Dieu m'a infligé là! Vous êtes ma fille!*" It is hardly necessary to observe that Jeannine has previously offered to get them all out of their difficulties by committing suicide. Then there is M. Rabantin, Madame Aubray's confidant, a most amusing personage, who tells M. Valmoreau, also an amusing personage, and Camille's friend, that his wife is dead, whereas she is not, but is only living with a lover, of whom she is tired; and there is his daughter, Lucienne, brought up by Madame Aubray, and designed for Camille's future, and *ingenue* with a bullfinch in a bird-cage, whose complete unconsciousness and want of knowledge of life is made the occasion of the most unpleasant wit, and who comes in when Madame Aubray releases Jeannine from her maternal embrace, and assures her that she too will love her. And the young men talk, Valmoreau his lively libertinism, and Camille his egotistic philanthropy, to the old man, who talks to them his profound cynicism and *spirituel* good sense; while he makes Valmoreau pay a tax on his profligacies to a *bonne œuvre*. Madame Aubray proposes to Valmoreau to realize one of her ideas by marrying Jeannine, because an habitual seducer of women cannot do better, by way of reformation, than restore to her place in society a woman whose "protector" has put it out of his power to marry her by marrying some one else! This "restoration to a place in society" is, it seems, the justice due to the daughter of poor parents of the *ouvrier* class, who simply regarded her condition of *femme entretenue* as a "position." In explaining her story to Madame Aubray, Jeannine had said she was "*reconnaissant*," to M. Tellier, who provided for her and her child like an "*honnête homme*." Such are the ideas of Madame Aubray, who, according to the author's dedication of the play, signifies, "*Faith, Devotion, and Sacrifice.*" It would be only amazing and ludicrous, but that it is also sad and revolting. There is really nothing to choose between the "*Tue-la!*" of "*L'Homme-Femme*," and the "*Épouse-la!*" of "*Les Idées de Madame Aubray.*"

The motive of the "*New Magdalen*" is identical. "The day of punishment and vengeance is over, the day of pardon has come!" says the French lady, who supplies the text on which the sermons of Mr. Julian Gray are preached in the English play. We do not intend to imply that Mr. Wilkie Collins has taken either his story or its treatment from M. Alexandre Dumas. There are certain resemblances in detail, but they are unimportant; the momentous resemblance is in the inversion of truth and falsehood, and of right and wrong, and in the imputation of a grand class of virtues — truth, courage, high-mindedness, nobility of soul — to a person with whose actions such qualities are incompatible. It is a dangerously false picture also, because the woman whom the "*New Magdalen*" chiefly wrongs is made singularly unattractive; and the man who is the victim, not of the first deception only, but of a long train of decep-

tions, is denounced by Mr. Julian Gray, the contributor of "ideas," in this instance, because he does not discover such sublimity in the telling of the truth in a single instance as would induce him to marry a fallen woman, who is also a thief and an impostor, and whose sudden conversion is, much more evidently than the author supposes, the mingled result of imminent detection and the personal influence of Mr. Julian Gray. The ostensible purpose of both these plays is to plead for the pitying pardon of society for the "outcast," driven to a life of sin by the hard conditions of the world, which render hopeless poverty, with its degradation and its suffering, the only birthright of so many women. To such a purpose we have nothing to accord but praise; that sinners of this class may add do repent, and deserve rehabilitation, we thankfully believe; but we protest against their degradation being invested with poetic and heroic attributes, and their rehabilitation being turned into glorification. When Jeannine is clasped in Madame Aubray's arms, it is promotion, not restoration, that befalls her; and when Mercy Merrick laments in the tent, just before she robs a supposed corpse, and plans an infamous conspiracy, that she "can't get back," she can hardly be contemplating in retrospect the life of Mablethorpe House, or the social position of a clergyman's wife. This is even more apparent in the dramatic than in the narrative version of the "New Magdalen," because in the latter the author explains at length how Mercy Merrick fell step by step, until she was received into the Refuge, out of the streets; but in the play, the shock comes all at once, and with it the absurdity of a person whose real sphere of respectability, the sphere she has a right to covet and to regret, is that of a domestic servant—she tells how she lost her places, through "the taint of the Refuge"—contemplating the assumption of the character of the adopted daughter of a lady of rank, as a balancing of the account between herself and society. To gratify her longing for home, friends, name, position—there is not one word about lost innocence or an offended God in all the protest of the "outcast"—this woman, on whom the author confers magnificent qualities and great beauty, deliberately becomes a thief, an impostor, and a liar on a tremendous scale. She cheats every one, and she actually engages herself to marry a gentleman of such old descent that he presents her with a pearl necklace which has been in his family for four centuries, and also of independent fortune, though he is a Special Correspondent. But then, Horace Holmcroft is a Special Correspondent only because Mr. Wilkie Collins wants him to meet Mercy Merrick on the war fields, and to provoke Lady Janet Roy's caustic observations about the Press, which are very amusing indeed. Mercy Merrick loves Horace Holmcroft, she tells the audience, and she is not altogether happy and comfortable in her usurped place, even before she is confronted—by the unlucky philanthropy of the Rev. Julian Gray—with the real Grace Roseberry, who has been restored to life by a German surgeon, in a singularly unpleasant scene, and who has, very naturally, no friendly feelings towards the "woman from the Refuge" who has robbed and personated her. But if there had been one spark of good in this woman, one lingering trace of decency, one faint suggestion of honesty, would she have ever contemplated marrying any man, at all events under a false character? She is made interesting, and called noble, through a series of iniquities; and when she tells the truth to Horace Holmcroft, who is quite reasonably jealous of Julian Gray, so clearly in the confidence of his betrothed, while he is so mysteriously excluded, she is lauded in terms which might befit the grandest act of martyrdom, and the curtain falls upon her, locked in the arms of the Rev. Julian Gray, who, hailing her as a purified soul, exhorts her to look upward to the angels, declares that she has taken her place among the noblest of human beings, and that the world, which he is reasonably prepared to find not on his side in this matter, could give him nothing so precious as she is! This is indeed "repentance in a coach-and-six," and this fine climax is reached within a few minutes after the explanation between Horace Holmcroft and Mercy Merrick as betrothed lovers,

within a week of their wedding, and in the interim Lady Janet Roy has declared that she has bestowed upon the "outcast" (in her capacity of swindler and impostor) a mother's love, which she cannot recall, for what is there a mother cannot forgive! If these be debts of reparation which society owes to persons of the Mercy Merrick class, we earnestly hope society will continue to repudiate them, and will not be induced by such tawdry fallacies to substitute a premium for a penalty, only because the penalty is so often shamefully disproportionate to the sin. Julian Gray is as unlike a conventional clergyman as Mr. Wilkie Collins could wish him to be, but then he is equally unlike a gentleman. We are not, however, concerned with his manners,—with his sitting down unbidden in the presence of a stranger lady, to eat and drink, and talk about what he is eating and drinking; with his bursting into an exposition of his sayings and doings, his notions on political economy, or with his getting so deeply involved in the Agricultural Laborers' question, that when he turns out afterwards to have fallen in love with his cousin's betrothed during this interview, one is profoundly puzzled as to how he managed to do it, while so absorbingly occupied with himself. We are concerned with his ideas, the notions of morality he entertains, the views of charity he promulgates, the worthless emotion to which he assigns the solemn virtue and grace of repentance, the woman without honor, conscience, or decency, who could hardly have changed her lovers with more promptitude before she went into the Refuge than she changes them in the presence of the audience, whom he calls, with a suggestiveness on which the age and the stage are not to be congratulated, the *New Magdalen*.

WAITING FOR PRINCE PRETTYMAN.

WHATEVER the strong-minded sisterhood may say, marriage is the great object of most women's lives; their chief thought when they are young, their greatest regret, if missed, when they are old. Almost all women of normal healthy development desire to be wives and mothers, and feel that the best of life has been foregone if fate and circumstance have forbidden it. It is a truism to say that the world would not go on else; and there is no reason to be ashamed of the fact or its avowal. There is more need to be ashamed of its denial, representing as this does the absence of some of the noblest and tenderest qualities of womanhood, which yet have to be kept in hand till the fitting moment has arrived. Negation and control, however, are different things. The question, then, with those who have what the world calls "chances," is not, save in rare, exceptional cases, Shall I refuse them all? but, Which shall I take? It is a grave question, as every woman knows who has at the same moment a *bonâ fide* lover of a good kind and a potential hanger-on of a better; and it is a question in which soul and sense, prudence and passion, the lovely dreams of romance and the greatest chance of practical prosaic happiness, seldom unite. Many girls, chiefly family favorites and considered pretty in their circle, in which opinion they themselves concur, but also some who are neither, refuse all sorts of fair-seeming offers out of the pure unreason of youth and for the sake of the dazzling possibilities of the future. They do not know how many golden balls, ever so much bigger and richer than this, may not be thrown at their feet; and they reject the actual and living man who would really make them very happy if they would only think so, waiting for that apocryphal Prince Prettyman who never comes. They are dimly conscious too that when a woman gives herself in marriage she has lost her present form of intoxicating supremacy, though by tact and temper she may gain another of a more sober and durable kind. The courting time is her time of queenhood; and so long as she keeps from uttering that fatal Yes, she is mistress of the situation, as the one who has to decide for the misery or happiness of both, and who can confer a favor and grant a prayer. Naturally she is anxious to prolong her

sovereignty, knowing that when she marries she sinks from a queen into a slave, and that the lover who fawned upon her as humbly as a dog becomes her master, more or less severe, as soon as the law makes him her husband. All girls feel this; and those among them who have most of what is called maidenly pride in their intuitive knowledge of what their self-surrender means, half-unconsciously, half-consciously prolong that moment of surrender, as any one else would delay any action by which power was lost, though, in a sense, security was gained. This is one reason why girls with chances hesitate, and why they are sometimes so long in making up their minds that the chances pass them by, and leave them stranded for the remainder of their days.

Another reason of their delay is Prince Prettyman. There are women who are always waiting for the coming of the Prince, like the high-born maidens in the palace towers of romance and fairy-land, and who will be content with nothing less than their ideal realized. Nobody is good enough for them; and their friends stare at the infatuation which led them to refuse such suitable, such excellent offers, for no one knows what reason. Smith is one of the aspirants. He is really a very good fellow, with a nice present income, fair prospects, and no hereditary disease that the world knows of. To be sure he is no Rothschild; and his sharp-featured mother, with his tribe of busy maiden sisters and industrious brothers, do not take rank among the idealities of the human race. But so far as he himself goes, you might find many a worse man, if some better; and Clorinda would not do amiss if she chose him. Clorinda rejects him. She is waiting for Prince Prettyman — Prince Prettyman, who has no sharp-featured old mother with strict notions about Sundays and chignons; no busy maiden sisters who talk three at a time, and who would consider her house, her maids, and her babies as much theirs as her own; no industrious brothers of all sorts of queer professions, and no amount of "style." Smith's income and prospects and good condition generally are not sufficient for her, penniless as she is. She must have perfection all round — Prince Prettyman, and never a flaw in his circumstances, personal or relative. The consequence of which is that at forty she subsists on charitable contributions from her friends, and music-lessons when she can get pupils. Brown comes to the front, and lays siege to the fair Amanda's heart as Smith had done to Clorinda's. He gratifies her romantic aspirations as little as in the other case. He is as worthy a fellow as ever stepped; and he too has enough and to spare for comfort. He would be a quiet, placable kind of husband, who would use his latchkey with discretion, and not make her temper bad by the sourness of his own. He would not philander after pretty women abroad, and he would not rage in the sanctuary at home. He would give her a liberal allowance for pins and housekeeping; and he would take the boys off her hands at holiday time, and be generally willing to save her both trouble and annoyance. But with all these slices of solid pudding he is not Prince Prettyman; consequently he is nowhere in the running. His eyes are small, his nose composes badly in a photograph, his voice is unmelodious, and his hands are uncomfortable about the oints. Nevertheless, small eyes, a mean nose, and uncomfortably articulated hands, united with a good home life and a kind husband, are better than beauty and a bad heart, rapture in the honeymoon and repentance ever after. Yet Amanda, like her sister, refuses honest, homely Brown in favor of the beautiful Prince over the seas; and the chances are so many as to make a certainty that the Prince will never cross those seas at all, and that Amanda too will go husbandless through life because of the tinsel picture which romance had drawn on her young soul, and which there was not enough common-sense about her to rub out; or perchance, worse still, she will end with marrying Brown's clerk, who has every disadvantage his master had, and nothing of his compensations.

Prince Prettyman has many impersonations — as many as there are silly girls who wait for him. With some it is absolutely necessary that he should be in the army. The glitter of epaulets and the jingle of spurs are worth any

amount of stupid, civilian, workaday virtues, and nothing but a well-set-up cavalry officer can get a hearing from the garrison belles who have learnt but one litany of love. With others a man whose soul is devoted to dogs and horses is the only kind of person who carries Prince Prettyman's credentials. Talk of a well-conditioned City merchant, with a sprinkling of gray hairs and suspicious tracts of shining scalp, or of a rising young professional who could as soon mount a camel as a horse, to those sweet creatures whose fancy paints the gallant hussar or the fast young squire — talk of fidelity, tenderness, truth and the like, without dash, without personal beauty, without the glittering insignia of Prince Prettyman — and you talk to the deaf. They have their ideal man and their ideal conditions, and nothing short of either will be accepted. A beautiful young painter or poet, with soft eyes and a silvery voice, well up in the religion of art and cultivated to the highest point in æsthetics, is Prince Prettyman to one. This is in all probability the kind which talks of the union of souls, and forgets the butcher's bill. It is a way both he and his admirers have; the debasing considerations of filthy lucre chilling the ardor of the soul in a remarkable manner. It is a pity that the tax-gatherer should be so odorous; and that Prince Prettyman, sailing over the silver sea of creative fancy, should be brought up every now and then with a round turn to the barren stake of poverty, or grounded on the grating shallows of domestic bills with no effects to meet them. A high-class diplomatic-looking person is the hero of one young maiden, who has ideas; and she will accept no offer, however eligible, if the maker thereof stands below six feet, is rotund in body, and of an indiscriminate kind of social position. So it goes on; Prince Prettyman, whatever his special form, always looming in the horizon, always being waited for, and in the great majority of cases never coming.

It is a complaint as old as man, that we only know how to live when we have done with life. The saying is essentially true of marriage and of the right kind of person to choose. Girls of romantic tendencies think they ought not to marry unless with the most passionate *furor* of love. They do not know that respect and compatibility of temper are better sureties for a happy life than a passion which must in time wear itself out, however strong it may be now, and of which the best hope is that it may become friendship. Good plain common-sense men, who would make excellent husbands, but are nothing to look at, are refused by certain of the feather-headed, in favor of a dream that will never be realized, a fancy that has no more substance than a soap-bubble. Or personal worth is refused for mere wealth, quite as often as for penniless romance. The man of a girl's fancy is too handsome to be a traitor, a *roué*, weak, or of so wayward a temper that her life, if she marries him, will be simply a torture. She is sure of him, she says with indignation, when stony-hearted wisdom points out his patent flaws, and experience preaches caution and renunciation. She knows that love will not fly out of her window when poverty stalks in at the door; or she does not believe he is a *roué* now, whatever the evidence. And even if he is, she comforts herself with the sensible reflection that a reformed rake makes notoriously the best husband; and no woman is proof against the seduction of reforming the man she loves, and bringing him to virtue by means of her wiles. She is in love, and she believes that her love is eternal. Pretty girls of poor circumstances and belonging to large families, whom it would be an incalculable relief to get well settled, have been known to refuse eligible offers from good men, because of this fancy of theirs about Prince Prettyman. Of course one would not like to see women give themselves to any one, no matter who he might be, for the sake of getting married; but the solid things of life should be taught them as well as its poetic beauties; and false hopes, false ideals, unsubstantial loves, should be rigorously excluded. A bad marriage or a loveless life is not a pleasant *coda* to that never-acted romance; nor is the disenchantment which comes with such cruel certainty on the heels

of the love-sick and unsuitable marriage a blessing to be desired. Beauty fades, passion cools, the blindness of romance gets couched when so-ering is too late; poetry does not pay the butcher; and gallantry of bearing of the "long-sword, saddle, bridle" kind is apt to lose itself in domestic bad language when the pot is empty of pudding, and half a dozen children swarm about the musty lodgings or dingy quarters to which love and folly have reduced the gay lieutenant and his bride. On the whole, Prince Prettyman is a dangerous fellow either to get or to wait for, having the trick of unsubstantiality throughout. Romantic girls would do well to reflect that, if they are to have only one gown in a lifetime, they had better buy one that will wash and wear creditably to the end, rather than a flimsy bit of finery that looks well only in the beginning, and goes to pieces before the first year is out.

TROUBLED TIMES IN SPAIN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THERE are eleven weary leagues of sandy road between Madrid and the city of sword-blades; and the diligence being but a crazy affair, and the horses gaunt and worn-out animals, whose next employment would probably be to show sport to staring thousands in the gore-stained bull-ring, it was dark night when we rumbled into Toledo. The companions of my hot and dusty journey were not very notable: a priest in a portentous hat and cassock smeared with snuff; a cattle-farmer; a peasant-woman with yellow gold ear-rings, and a kirtle of many colors; and a small shopkeeper, with his wife, returning from the capital with an assortment of goods.

A very small shopkeeper, in every sense of the word; he was short and slight of build, with hay-colored hair, a long upper lip, and prominent blue eyes that were never at rest. That the little man was a hairdresser, I was not surprised to hear, and indeed he was just such a barber as figures in scores of old, old Spanish stories, garrulous, inquisitive, vain, timid, eager to have a finger in any pie whence might be extracted the plums of profit. He was a Liberal barber too — perhaps the brethren of the brush know too much of the shams and hollowness of a bewigged and bechignoned world to retain much power of veneration — and he ventured to hint at sentiments widely differing from those of his reverence the cura and the *Peñon du Fé* newspaper.

I freely admit that the barber was as prosy, and still more long-winded a bore than the priest, yet I endured his prolixity with exemplary patience, and was rather amused than otherwise to mark the contrast between the wiry little tonsor and his plump wife, who obviously limited her cares to the till and the *puchero*, and left politics and ethics to the department of her diminutive liege lord. On the network of western railways I am afraid poor Jago Perez would not have found in me the much-enduring listener that he evidently prized so highly. But in a semi-oriental country like Spain, he that would travel safely must, according to the Arabic proverb, drape himself in the mantle of patience. In that queer country, where accidents are, so to speak, normal, and men's lives regulated on principles long obsolete among ourselves, it is but the veriest common-sense to provide a friend for the time of need. The mouse can, and very often does, help the lion out of the meshes. Now, there is nothing very leonine, I dare say, in the nature of Robert Thorp, yet the little barber approved himself a very serviceable mouse in this instance, and richly rewarded the good-humored toleration with which I treated him.

"So your Grace wants to get on quickly, yet without spending the eyes out of your head, to Catalonia," said the shaver of chins. "Quite right, too. Terrible thieves are those postmasters, and the vile postilions are no better than so many turbaned Moors in their greed for silver. Now, as good-luck and my patron of the Pillar — not that

I believe in that old story, fit to amuse children, but not credible by a man of (ahem!) education — will have it, I know a friend whose beard I shall take off before I sip my chocolate to-morrow, and who purposes to leave Toledo at noon, eastwards, with seventy as gallant horses as ever pranced in a Saracen camp, cavalier."

On inquiry, it appeared that this opulent customer was a horse-dealer from Andalusia, on his way to sell a number of the fleet-limbed steeds of the south at the great horse-fair of Montjuich, near Barcelona. Ruy Gomez was known in every market from Vigo to Velez Malaga. He was a valiant person and a man of honor — though not an old Christian, as my informant, Perez, was, having the taint of much Arab blood in his veins; but we cannot be all perfect — and would treat me well, and speed me on my way. He was an old acquaintance of the barber's, sponsor to one of his children, and would take at once to a friend of his; and he, Jago Perez, would recommend me warmly to the horse-dealer's good offices, for the sake of the English nation and the memory of Milor Vilainton, and — a consideration. Nor has a gold ounce often been better bestowed than that which I slipped into the barber's itching palm when, on the following morning, his introduction to Don Ruy Gomez y Manillo — he wrote himself no less — had led to a satisfactory arrangement for my travelling with the horse-dealer's swift-moving stock-in-trade.

"Twenty duros, Mr. Englishman, for horse-hire, board, and bed — such as it will be, for I warn you we don't sleep on the soft, or eat of the dainty; yet, you see, I am no starveling," said, with a laugh, jolly Ruy Gomez, who was a dark, stout man of forty, burned by the sun until his swarthy face was as tawny as those of his Morisco ancestors. "I hope, for your own sake, you can ride, for those" — pointing to the drove of handsome horses, all young, and for the most part full of spirit — "are no asses for the use of market-women. However, if you break your bones, it's no fault of mine; and if not, I'll see you safe to the banks of the Llobregat, if every *ra/ero* in Spain beset the highway. We don't trust altogether to the carabinieri to protect us, you see."

And indeed Don Ruy and his eight or ten sturdy subordinates were well equipped with gun, sword, and pistol, and had a rough, dare-devil look that few footpads would have disregarded.

It was an admirable opportunity for expeditious yet economical travelling, since the chief of the caravan was in a hurry to reach the fair by the appointed day, and was not disturbed by those fears of not bringing in his four-footed wares in good condition, which would have hampered the movements of an English horse-dealer. The fiery young nags, low in flesh, but full of mettle and hardihood, due to the Arab blood to which they owed their fleet limbs and shapely strength, did wonders in pushing on; while, by changing the saddles from one steed to another, we lightened their toil, and were able to make such marches as would have excited the envy of the most enterprising cavalry officer. Don Ruy was as good as his word. He took right hospitable care of his guest, and I had nothing to complain of but the unavoidable hardships of the road, and these I was robust enough to regard lightly; so that when, at Montjuich, I hired a calessa to reach Barcelona, it was with some regret that I gave a farewell shake of the hand to bold Ruy Gomez. The rest of the journey, performed as it was in wheels, and on one of the only two carriage-roads that enter Spain from the French side, was easy and uneventful. An imposing force of troops happened to be on its way to the frontier, and I obtained permission to mingle with the lengthy column until I got within sight of the tricolored posts that marked the limits of the French territory. My papers satisfied the severe inspection of the officials, and I met with no hindrance in traversing the boundary.

Monsieur Dubois, whom I found disconsolately lingering at the Hôtel de la Poste, and drawing uncivil parallels between Paris and Perpignan, readily made over to me, on the production of my credentials, the funds of which he was the bearer. "*Bon voyage*," he said to me at parting, with

one of those inimitable Gallic shrugs of which only a Frenchman has the secret. "I wish you a good journey, Monsieur Thorp, for you are not only a *gentil garçon*, but a man of courage, parbleu! I am no *blanc-bec* myself—fought at Isly under Marshal Bugeaud when I was conscripted for African service, and have made my proofs in the Bois de Boulogne since then—but though Anatole Dubois is no poltroon, he prefers to keep clear of those brigand savages across the border. Do you know that El' Mozo's band take all foreigners for spies, and that to fall into their hands is to be tarred and feathered first—aye, and set into a light flame afterwards, that roasts the flesh from the bones! Have you heard that another guerrilla captain, Garcia, sent the ears of a provincial counsellor to his wife in Pampeluna along with the letter that fixed the price of his ransom, and that, when the money was carried up to the appointed place, rather after date, all they found was the dead body of the poor wretch nailed to a tree! Why, I could tell you fifty such stories, each uglier than the last—cruelties that would sicken even a Bedouin. I tell you frankly, sir, I'd not be in your shoes to have half my patron's profits, and I shall be glad to be back again on the boulevards, where things are at least civilized."

Plainly, Monsieur Dubois had kept his ears pretty widely open to all the flying gossip that in war-time filters across a frontier, and much that he had heard was probably exaggerated; but I had never tried to dissemble from myself that my return would be a work of peril and of difficulty. Once it occurred to me to attempt to reënter Spain by the broad carriage-road that leads to Barcelona, but this would be to disobey the direct orders of the heads of the house. Besides, the troops had probably been already withdrawn from the frontier-line, and if so, the guerrilla bands would be sure to prowl, like so many hordes of wolves, in the rear of the retiring military, while I might very likely be imprisoned as a Carlist agent bringing supplies of money to the insurgents. I consulted the map carefully, and after some hesitation between two routes, that which traverses the tiny republic of Andorre, and the more picturesque pass called the Port of Venasque, I decided on a more central but less frequented track by which to cross the Pyrenees.

Up to the present time, I had been singularly fortunate, for without visible danger or undue delay, I had achieved one half of my allotted task. All things had gone smoothly with me, and I looked on myself as already a partner in the firm of Stanbury and King, and spun many a pleasant day-dream as to the future distribution of the comfortable income with which Ruth and I, full of hope and joy, were to commence housekeeping. Yet as I turned my face towards the south, boding fears, too shadowy to be put into shape, crept in upon me, and the memory of Ruth's melancholy, of Ruth's apprehensions, arose before me at the instant of parting. More than once on the road, as we climbed the wild and gloomy sierra of Albarracin, or as the tramp of the many horses resounded over the plains of La Mancha and through the Catalan valleys, had I thought, with more uneasiness than I cared to admit, of Ruth's dream and of her words when I left her.

The point at which I had decided to cross was situated in the ancient county of Foix, and not very remote from the quaint little capital of those turbulent counts, vassals and allies, as the case might be, of the kings of France and Aragon, or of the Moors themselves, and whose name figures so often in mediæval history. The French custom-house was reached at last, a whitewashed building of rough stone, and looking, with its iron-barred windows and loop-holed wall, as if it were meant to sustain a siege. It stood on a bleak plateau, and near it was a dirty hamlet of half a dozen cottages, standing in the midst of some poor patches of potatoes and dreary oats, the last dwellings in France.

"Hum! hum! Thorp—Robert—British subject," said the chief officer of the douane, as he perused my passport with the aid of his horn-rimmed spectacles; "age twenty-seven, height—color of hair. Aye! *visas* and *signalement* are all right;" and so saying he refolded and returned the

document. "I wish I could say as much for you, Monsieur," he added, with some sympathy in his coarse face; "it is not over-safe yonder. Well, well, if you must go, you must." So the other guards of the post opined. "You'll have a smart walk, yet, to the Spanish frontier," said a douanier, pointing out the rugged track that led upwards; "and the first inn—and a dog-kennel it is for a gentleman to put up at—lies two long leagues down the valley; but such as it is, it offers the only accommodation nearer than Rialp or Urgel. Keep your eyes open, Monsieur. The sound of firing reached our ears only yesterday, and for a week past not so much as a smuggler has come across the line." I thanked him for his information, and pressed on.

Wild as the French side of the frontier had been, that on the Spanish side proved far wilder. The pass, locally called a "port," was a mere gash cut, as by the stroke of the giant's sword, through the mighty barrier of mountains. It was narrow, torn by winter torrents, strewn with splintered fragments of rock and water-worn boulders, and darkened by the frown of the beetling cliffs above. There was little vegetation beyond an overgrowth of bushes and rank grass, with some stunted pines. The road was a mule-track; and the whole gorge, with its savage ravines, and sudden ascents and descents, its table-lands of rough shingle, and its horrent rocks bending as if to crush the traveller beneath their toppling weight, was incomparably sterile, desolate, and mournful. From time to time a gust of icy wind rustled the hazel boughs, or the shrill cry of a bird of prey resounded among the rocks, but otherwise there was the stillness of death.

I reached the Spanish custom-house, with its painted posts, red and yellow, standing quite alone on a rising ground, but it was empty and deserted. About a mile or so beyond this building I saw a dismal proof of what civil war brings in its train. By the side of the stony bridle-road had been planted, in a row, four rude gibbets made of young pine-trees, and on these swung, in chains, the half picked skeletons of four men—malefactors taken red-handed, as I guessed, and hung there *in terrorem* to their accomplices. A grim sight it was, in that desert spot; and, as I drew near, my footfall scared a vulture and several carrion crows from their hideous feast, and with harsh-complaining cry, they flapped their foul wings in the air overhead, and finally perched upon a crag, whence they peered down upon me, impatient for my departure. Some gun-shot distance off I heard the tinkle of bells, and seeing a goat-herd, whose charge were browsing the rank herbage, while their keeper sat smoking his blackened pipe upon a mossy boulder of rock, I accosted him. A wild, uncouth mortal was the goat-herd, dressed in skins, like a less amiable copy of Robinson Crusoe, and tanned by the sun until his complexion was that of an old mahogany dinner-table. He was taciturn, as most mountaineers are, from habit and nature; but he gave me to understand, in a jargon that was but faintly akin to my classical Castilian, that the gibbeted victims had met their doom at the hands of the troops, that he had witnessed the execution, that they had died like good Catholics, and that their last act had been to confide the contents of their purses to the chaplain who accompanied the military, and who promised to hand the dollars and doubloons over to the Bishop of Urgel in payment for masses to be said for their souls.

This was all that I could extract from the goat-herd, who was in truth but a surly fellow, and whose scowl, when he mentioned the soldiers, plainly showed that his sympathies were not on the side of constituted authority. I tried to glean from him some tidings as to the present condition of the road beyond, but he could not or would not impart any; and not even a gift of some good tobacco could mollify him. I left him then, and continued my route, but not very far, for before I had gone a mile along the dale, a piercing whistle rang forth, issuing apparently from a clump of pine-trees, and simultaneously I beheld, rising over the summit of a flat-topped rock in front of me, two villainous countenances, crowned by battered hats with the true brigand breadth of brim. It scarcely needed the long

guns that, an instant later, were levelled at my person, to establish to what profession these obtrusive gentlemen belonged. Again the shrill whistle was heard, and on turning towards the pine-clump, I saw the gleam of three more gun-barrels pointed towards me, and then came the well-known watchword of the Spanish highwaymen: "Mouth to the dust!"

That I had fallen among thieves was clear; that resistance would be madness was equally so; but I could not without repugnance obey the contemptuous order to lie down on my face, and besides, of what conceivable use was such a time-honored ceremony, when the odds were so decisive!

"Señores" — I began, but was cut short by a fierce howl from one of the ruffians among the trees.

"Vaya usted a los infiernos!" bawled the scoundrel, and as he spoke he took as cool an aim at me as if I had been a target, and fired; but there was some scuffling, and I think a comrade purposely struck up his gun, for ping! the shot sang harmlessly overhead. After this warning I did lie down, and in a minute more was dragged to my feet by the robbers, who began rummaging in my knapsack, and turning out the contents of my pockets with the most free-and-easy expeditiousness.

They were six — the men whose prisoner I had become — and one wore a sword and pistols, while the other five had guns, and all wore in their red sashes the long Catalan knife. Yet they were not Catalans, nor, so far as I could guess, were they guerrillas — absolute brigands rather, and from Aragon, to judge by their striped serapés of black and white, and the fashion of their antique sandals, the thongs of which were twisted around their ankles, and adorned by brass and pewter buttons, that jingled as they walked. One of them was very ferocious-looking — a sturdy, evil-eyed fellow, younger than the others, but by far the fiercest. He it was who had fired at me, and his natural brutality led him to treat me more roughly than did the others, shaking me violently by the shoulders, and addressing me as "Perro Francese!" or "Dog of a Frenchman!" as he brandished his knife in awkward proximity to my throat. The others, however, were milder of mood; and the man with the sword, who was evidently in some authority, interfered to protect me.

"Let the prisoner be, Diego! Why, confound it, butcher, a man is not a sheep, that you should think yourself always in your slaughter-house in the Calle Viejo. We must keep him for the disposal of El Gran Capitan."

Sincerely trusting that this illustrious commander, on whose fiat my fate depended, would prove a lenient judge, I held out my hands when desired to do so, and submitted to have my wrists bound together with a scrap of cord. A handkerchief taken from my own pocket was next tied over my eyes, and thus blindfolded, I was placed between two of the bandits, each of whom grasped me by the arm.

"Now march, Señor traveller, and do not spare shoe-leather. We have to walk a goodish bit, I warn you, before we clatter spoons round the soup-kettle at supper," said the leader, who was a somewhat jocular rogue in his way, and certainly the most humane of the party; and we started.

It was well for me that I was robust and active, for anything like the fatigues of that forced march I had never been subjected to before. Our way lay up the steep hill-sides, now threading our course up the pebbly bed of a dried-up torrent; now pushing through bushes, that lashed my unprotected face as I burst their tangled barrier; and then pursuing some slippery sheep-track with, no doubt, a precipice below and a wall of rock above. The brigands were as agile as so many mountain goats, and their life of ceaseless hardship had injured their limbs to almost any amount of walking; but I, although no bad pedestrian, presently found my sinews terribly strained by the constant exertion. It is difficult, too, to walk among sharp rocks and loose shale blindfolded and bound, and I should frequently have fallen, had it not been for the gripe of the two strong men who were my custodians; but no rest or breathing-time was allowed me. Diego, the savage butcher,

walked behind, and whenever I faltered or stumbled, he stimulated my movements by giving me a smart push between the shoulders with the butt-end of his gun.

By what paths we proceeded, or in which direction, I could not guess, but our course was, as a rule, upwards; and the chill of the mountain air and the force of the breeze became more and more perceptible. Presently my feet sank into something soft and cold, snow slowly melting in some shaded cleft or hollow of the sierra, no doubt. By this I conjectured that we had already reached a great height, and that our wearisome route was nearly at an end, and I was thankful for this, for I was half-fainting with toil and heat, in spite of the rarity of the air which fanned my cheek. At last we stopped, and the bandage was removed from my eyes.

"Drink this; you'll need to clear your throat to answer what the captain says to you," observed the leader of the detachment, filling a tin pannikin with the water that oozed from a small belt of blue ice and indurated snow, a glacier in miniature, close to which we stood. "It isn't champagne; but a drop of this elixir of mine" — and he uncorked with his teeth a small yellow flask, made of the husk of a dried gourd, and tilted a small quantity of the fiery aguardiente that it held into the pure cold water — "will put life into you again. You look pale, but you trudged well."

I drank, and felt greatly refreshed. I was on a high table-land, where rough rocks, like the bones of an ill-buried giant, protruded from the soil, and where stunted bushes, or pebbly wastes, bordered by banks of snow, wherever there was shelter from the sun, alternated with crisp green grass, enamelled by a thousand wild flowers. The plateau was of small extent, and evidently at a great elevation. I could distinguish through the gathering twilight quite a panorama of mountain peaks to left and right, crowned by one towering colossus, with a crest of eternal snow, and which I guessed to be the mighty Maladetta itself. But what interested me more than any prospect was the sight, within a hundred yards or so, of half a dozen red and smoky camp-fires, around which several forms, some of which were in female attire, were busied, apparently in cooking; while sundry groups, wildly picturesque in attitude and garb, were scattered on the grass around. This, doubtless, was the brigands' bivouac. I had just time, as I was hustled along, to remark that some of these knots were in the dress of Aragon or Navarre, while others were habited in the gaudy Catalan costume, and that all the women, of whom some dozen left off stirring the contents of the capacious soup-kettles to stare at me as I passed, were apparently of Catalonian race, before I was hurried into the presence of the bandit chief.

He lay, wrapped in his cloak — a handsome Portuguese mantle of brown wool and white silk, disposed in alternate stripes, fringed and tasselled with silver bullion, but stained and tarnished — propped on one elbow, as he lazily puffed at the cigarettes which his young Catalan wife, crouched in Oriental fashion on a cushion at his feet, was deftly manufacturing for his use, with blue rice-paper and golden-leafed tobacco. He thrust back the hat that he wore slouched over his forehead, the better to contemplate the captive.

"A proper prize!" said he, with a disdainful laugh. "Why, idiots, do you bring such scarecrows here?"

I must confess that the epithet which El Gran Capitan had applied to me was more appropriate than polite. A rueful object I was, weary, dishevelled, tattered, and bleeding from the thorns and brambles through which I had been forced, and bareheaded, since my hat had been plucked off or knocked away from me in the first scuffle. I was very simply attired, the better to pass for the poor painter that I feigned to be; and now, with streaks of blood and dust on my hands and face, and my pockets turned inside out I seemed by no means that sort of substantial prisoner who is welcome in a robber-camp.

"Are you a barber, you shabby fellow, or what are you?" roared the captain.

My escort now exhibited my knapsack, with its contents, and the few articles taken from my pockets.

"An artist! By the Flying House of Loretto, if it isn't a dauber of canvas you have trapped this day, instead of a plump canon or a rich alcalde!" cried the chief; and, as if the idea had tickled his fancy, he burst into a formidable guffaw.

His young wife, as if encouraged by her lord's good-humor, now clapped her hands in childish mirth.

"An artist!" she said, in bad and broken Castilian. "What a stroke of luck! Pepita, Juanita, do you hear — he shall take all our portraits!"

"And charge us nothing!" chimed in a fat little man, who seemed to be the wag of the band.

But the hilarity of the captain soon died away, and there was nothing very pleasant in his look as he turned to me.

"Do you know who I am, my chicken?" he asked harshly.

I could but make a humble confession of ignorance.

"I am Don Balthazar de Castellanos y Garcia," said he, watching my face with the malevolent satisfaction of one who glories in the fear that he inspires; "but they call me Garcia, for short."

The blood ran cold through my veins at this announcement. Garcia, the escaped galley-slave, the noted jail-breaker, the murderous villain on whose soul rested the stain, if fame spoke truly, of crimes unnumbered, was notorious for acts of wanton barbarity. If half the direful tales of the man's cruelty that were current had any foundation in fact, I could not, among utter savages, have fallen into more ruthless hands. I must own that the robber captain looked worthy of his reputation. He was a big, burly man, whose scowling ugliness of visage was rendered more repulsive by the deep scar of a sabre-cut that had ploughed his face, gashing the cheek and cleaving the upper lip. The cicatrice of a dull and livid purple, only reached to the lip, which remained partially cloven, thus giving a peculiar expression of ogreish malignity to the grin which, with Garcia, did duty for a smile. His unkempt hair, partially grizzled, hung loose from under his hat, in the gold cord of which was placed a silver crucifix; but the marauder was close shaven, had a fine ruby glistening on the ring-finger of one unwashed hand, and, to judge by the gold chains that hung round his neck, and the bullion buttons of his frayed suit of green velvet, was a dandy in his way. He spoke, as I noticed, very pure Spanish, and indeed, as I afterwards heard, had been a student at some clerical seminary before his vicious conduct made him an outlaw.

"A spy, eh?" said the captain, eying me as a cat contemplates a half-dead mouse. "Do you know what we do with those gentry? Do you see the fire there? How if I bade my lads tie you up yonder, just where the spit is turning with the roasted kid upon it! A fine carbonado you would make, like the police bloodhound we caught last week, with his instructions in cipher, forsooth — he tried to die mute, fox-fashion, but the fire was too hot, and death too slow in coming, for that!" And again this monster laughed, and several of the men gathered around laughed too, Diego loudest.

Preserving an attitude of respectful composure, as the one least likely to provoke the wild beast in Garcia's nature to break forth, I yet managed to observe the faces of those around. Some of them were as hideous as ignorance and evil passions could make them, but others expressed mere hardihood, often accompanied by a sort of grotesque good-nature. The women in especial, I thought, had countenances not utterly bad. Some of them eyed me, as I fancied, with a kind of compassion; and when the chief, after asking me a few questions as to name and nationality, said, "So — an Ingles! we'll settle your ransom to-morrow: well, dauber, since you are here, you may as well stop and take our likenesses; and if you make us all very beautiful, *muy bellos*, perhaps you may come to sleep within stone walls once more: I make no promise, mind: so now for the puchero and the wine-skins!" — there was another and a more genial outburst of merriment. So far as I could see, the majority of those present felt a species of relief at my having come off, so far, scot-free. This humanized sen-

timent, which manifested itself in pattings on the back and grins of congratulation, was probably but shallow and short-lived, and by no means inconsistent with an amused interest in my being put to death to slow music, should the chief's whim hereafter exact it, but just then it was not unwelcome.

A Gargantuan repast was the supper that ensued. The appetites of the company, sharpened by exertion and thin air, were only equalled by the profusion of the fare. There were kids and sheep roasted whole, caldrons of soup that might have nourished an *orda* of janizaries, ears of baked maize, and hot chestnuts by the basketful. Nor was liquor lacking, as the presence of a dozen shapeless pig-skins, full of red strong Aragonese wine, and of kegs and jars of coarse brandy, fully proved; while every sort of drinking-vessel, from gold and silver cups stolen from churches, to the most rustic horn, or commonest mug of English crockery, with perhaps "A present from Gravesend" in faded letters on its white ground, were in requisition. I was myself too tired and hungry to be nice as to diet or table equipage, and certainly the wild beings who sat around me showed no wish to stint the prisoner; and it seemed to be a kind of amusement to them to ply me with food and strong drink, while half a score of guitars were tinkling, and as many deep voices trolling out rival ditties, towards the close of the entertainment. Singing, smoking, and story-telling went on for about an hour after all had satisfied their hunger, and then the motley members of the camp disposed themselves to sleep turning their feet to the fire, and wrapping themselves in cloaks and rugs as a protection against the chill of the night-air in that elevated spot.

I remember how strange was the sensation of lying down to rest in the midst of these queer companions, and how the keen, cold air of night seemed gradually to freeze the very marrow of my bones, as a white frost-rime gathered on the grass-blades and heather, and the full clear moon looked down upon my vigil with steel-blue light. I remember, too, that one of the younger women, in pity, gave me a blanket to keep me warm, that Diego came up and snatched it away, asking me scoffingly whether I thought I was at some fine Madrid hotel, and since when French hounds — or English — it was all one — had been so tenderly cherished among gentlemen and Spaniards. And I also recollect that the man who lay beside me, and who told me that he had been a bull-fighter, and shaken a red flag in the arena, and who had the marks of fetters on wrist and ankle, good-naturedly spared me part of the large and cumbersome capote that covered him. It was but a frowsy and flea-invested old cloak, but it was heavy and warm, and I was grateful for the kindness that enabled me to cease shivering and obtain some welcome hours of sleep.

An odd life it was that I led for the next three days in robber-camp. My wild captors went and came. Parties of them were astir before the dawn, and booty was sometimes brought in, but no captives, while more than once bandits returned baffled and wounded. The time was spent in apathetic indolence or in restless stir, according to the news brought in by scouts. Plenty, however, prevailed in the bivouac, and I was not, as a rule, ill-used. The captain having desired me to mention the quarter to which application for my ransom might be addressed, I had prudently refrained from breathing the names of Stanbury and King. "The consul of her Britannic Majesty," I said, "might do something for me, as an Englishman in distress. But it would be useless to ask too much, for in England, as in Spain, little account was made of a poor devil like myself."

"Look here," said Garcia, with his ogre's grin; "I'm an old rat, not easy to put off with poisoned cheese. I only half-believe, my fine fellow, that you *are* an artist, though I'll not deny that you handle your pencil and colors like a workman" (and indeed I had been constantly engaged in taking flattering likenesses of some of the most atrocious visages ever seen out of Newgate); "but whatever you may be, you'll pay somehow, in coin or with your skin. Your Queen could buy Spain, and never feel the loss of the cash; and unless your consul, or your ambassador, loosens

his purse-strings pretty freely, I'll — No; I won't tell you what I'll do — only it shall be something new, something that all the north shall ring with. Write your letter, then; and when my messenger gets back, we will see about the rest."

Very few of the band betrayed the slightest ill-feeling towards me. Diego, indeed, my enemy from the first, occasioned me much the same sort of annoyance, when a chance presented itself, that a big, bullying boy at school delights to inflict on a small and weakly one, and his frequent insolence and brutality were the severest trials that my temper had to undergo, while two or three of the worst-disposed were tempted to follow his example. But the others, especially after they had found out that I could leap and wrestle with the best of them, regarded me with favor, and repeatedly interposed between me and my tormentor.

"Let the Ingleses alone," they would say; "he is a good fellow, and more of a man than you are, butcher, for all your frowns and your fingering at the *navaja* in your sash. Tut, lad, does no one wear a knife but yourself, I wonder! The Englishman is going to shew us another trick or two at cards, and then to finish Sancho's picture: why, it's a staring likeness already."

The women were, after a rough fashion, my patronesses. They were all, as I have said, of Catalan race; and since I, a Monmouthshire boy, had in my childhood had a fair knowledge of the Welsh tongue, I brushed up my recollections of Cambrian gutturals to the best of my power, and was thus able to make myself intelligible in the semi-Celtic dialect of these rude mountaineers. On the whole, I should say that I was a popular prisoner; but so great was Garcia's authority, that I well knew that one command of his would consign me, hopelessly, to the direst doom that his fiendish ingenuity could invent. All this time it must not be supposed that I had forgotten Ruth, dear, soft, loving Ruth, whose boding words often rang in my ears as I sat looking at the ruffianly forms and wild surroundings that hemmed me in; or that I was oblivious of Stanbury and King, or of the fact that my non-arrival at Madrid before the day when the fatal bills of exchange should fall due, would bring ruin and disgrace to the famous old house in which I had hoped to be a partner. Ah! it was sad to remember my old, bright day-dreams, now that the season of fruition seemed to be put off forever.

How strange, too, was it to remember that I — I, Robert Thorp — portrait-painter in ordinary to a horde of banditti, and with the alternative of an extortionate ransom or a cruel death — had actually concealed about my person a great sum of money. The notes of the Bank of France that lay in the belt of soft wash-leather which I wore beneath my clothes, would have been indeed a glorious haul for Messrs. Garcia & Co. Beyond turning out my pockets, the brigands had never searched me, so completely did my bearing and my clothes confirm the idea that I was the needy artist that I professed to be. So there I was, in the centre of this greedy band, any member of which, however jovial when in well-fed good humor, would have cheerfully cut a throat to get at one of the thousand-franc promises to pay of which I was the bearer, and the hidden treasure was as useless to them as it was to myself or to its proper owners. At last a messenger came, hurrying in with bad tidings, as I conjectured, for the captain himself instantly set off at the head of four fifths of the fighting-men, leaving Diego in command of the scanty detachment that was to watch over the women and the baggage of the bivouac.

"I have given orders," said Garcia grimly, before he went, "that in case a sudden move becomes necessary, Diego is to 'take care' of you, Ingleses. It would be a bad example if an unransomed bird got out of the cage with whole feathers."

Once in unchecked authority, the natural malignity of Diego's nature soon asserted itself: my rations were reduced to some broken victuals, washed down by snow-water, "good enough," as the ruffian said, "for a heretic swine from over-sea;" and I was no longer allowed the range of the camp, but compelled to pass the night, with no covering but that of a tattered serape, on a ledge of earth

overlooking a precipitous descent which no human foot could have scaled, at the giddy verge of the flat-topped mountain on which the camp had been formed.

Early on the following morning, a peasant-boy from the valley brought some intelligence which produced a great deal of stir in the bivouac. There was bustle, confusion, hasty packing, screams from the women, oaths from the men. Clearly the position was about to be abandoned, and such a movement, as I well knew, was fraught with peril to me. Presently, the women, all heavily laden with bundles and cooking utensils, plodded off along the steep and narrow paths, and then Diego, followed by the eight or nine brigands who still lingered, approached me.

"You heard El Capitan's words, my fine Englishman," said he, with a sneer of unconcealed malice. "March! is the order, and we cannot be hampered with prisoners. I am come to 'take care' of you. Santos! many's the calf I've cared for in the same style;" and he drew his knife and bared his arms.

There was a murmur among the men. "Come, come, Diego," said one stout young fellow whose good-will I had won by teaching him the art and mystery of winding up a watch (my own watch, by the way, now tenanted by his pocket); "let the poor devil have a chance. I'll answer for it he shall not give us the slip, and he can foot it nearly as well as we can; so he may as well go with us."

"And El Capitan's orders? Do I command here to-day, or you, squire from the swine?" retorted the ex-butcher, who really had a love for the exercise of his former profession; and he bade two of the bandits grasp my arms tightly, and prepared to strike.

There arose another mutter of remonstrance from the gang. "Not so quick, anyway, Señor Lieutenant. Give him half an hour to pray; yes, yes, that can't do any harm — half an hour." And although Diego demanded of what use were the prayers of a maldicho schismatic, he was obliged to yield a sullen assent; and the whole party left me, and seated themselves under the lee of a rock some yards distant, where, lighting their cigars and wrapped in their striped mantles, they coolly awaited the end of the brief respite that was allowed me.

It would be hard to analyze my own feelings during that half hour that intervened between the lawless sentence and its ruthless execution. The pity of some benevolent brigand had induced him to leave me two or three cigars, so that, if I preferred to do so, I might solace my list moments with tobacco; and another had silently laid his rosary on the ground beside me. I remember that I strove to pray, to compose my mind, to make ready for the awful change so near; but my brain was in a whirl, and the loss of life, the loss of Ruth, mingled in my thoughts with the most trivial memories of childish joys and sorrows, and that all these musings were compatible with a sort of mechanical perception of the slightest weather symptoms, and of the most common objects within my vision. A storm was brewing; yes, that was certain. The sky was no longer of the usual hot, green-blue tint, but violet, and darkening as a black haze of cloud came creeping over it like a funeral pall. The wind blew in fierce and short-lived gusts. A drop or two of rain, flat, heavy, rattled on the gravel, and there was an ominous growl of thunder afar off. What an ending to all my hopes, to all my ambitions! Would it hurt much — the death-stroke of the sharp knife which even then I could see the volunteer executioner whet upon his sandal? And the money, the French notes, would they ever be found? Most likely not. My corpse would be tossed over into some gully, frequented only by the hill-fox; and when the vultures of the Pyrenees had picked my bones bare, the belt and its contents would have become shapeless pulp. What was that in the valley, far below, something glancing like a river? Not water, no, but steel! I knew the glimmer of bayonets; and through the dust I saw the blue uniforms advancing in columns up a narrow ribbon of road. Soldiers! and I was to perish, with rescue so near! Ah! here was the storm! And down came the mountain tempest, with flash on flash, and roll on roll of the artillery of heaven, while hail and rain lashed the

hillsides, and the wind raged and howled in its wildest fury.

My senses had probably been sharpened by the unnatural tension of the nerves, but the brigands' life is one that demands very great keenness of perception, and within ten minutes of the time when I first distinguished the soldiery, a quick cry of alarm told that they too were aware of the unwelcome apparition. The sight of the troops was the signal for my murder.

"Come and hold his hands," shouted Diego: "we'll finish with the Englishman, and be off, before yonder beagles of the queen scent us out."

And the wretches came hurrying up to conclude their butcher work, while I sprang to my feet with some vague purpose of resistance; but as I did so, there came a wilder gust of wind than before, and with a thrill of horror, I felt that the ground beneath me was in motion. Yes, it was no fancy. Stones, earth, and bushes, were all torn from their hold, and slipping away, fast and faster still, down the precipice. Lower and lower yet they slid, bearing me helplessly along with them, with very much the sensations of one who feels a trap-door give way beneath his tread; and as I sank, the memory of Ruth's dream came rushing in upon my troubled mind, until I was almost doubted if I were awake or the victim of a nightmare. Mingling with the noise of the elemental war, I heard the roar of half-incredulous fury with which the baffled robbers beheld their prey passing away beyond their reach; and I caught a glimpse of their wild forms and savage faces, and then there was nothing to be seen but dust and rolling stones, and the swaying stems of the pine-trees past which I was being borne in that mad rush down the mountain-side; and I tried to grasp at the trees, but failed; and then all grew dark, and I fainted, for my next recollection is that I was lying on the long grass of a little field, in the centre of a chaotic heap of gravel, stones, and bushes that the landslide had carried down with it, and that the meadow was full of soldiers, while a rubicund regimental surgeon was feeling my pulse, and a woman, a sort of vivandière, was trying to pour a few drops of brandy between my shut teeth. Another good Samaritan, in a captain's uniform, looked down on me kindly enough.

"No bones broken, doctor? That's right. Give him another sip from your canteen, Doña Dolores. He's no brigand — an escaped prisoner, more likely. I should say a foreigner. Can you find your tongue to tell us who you are, my poor fellow? Anyhow, you are safe."

I tried to thank him, but fainted afresh.

I have little more to tell. That I reached Madrid in good time, with the belt and its valuable inclosure, and that the French bank-notes enabled Stanbury and King to meet the dreaded bills of exchange with honor and credit — that the heads of the house as honorably kept their promise to raise me to a partnership — that good days and renewed prosperity were in store for the noble old firm, and for myself as the happy husband of darling Ruth, may easily be conjectured. But deep and fervent as was my gratitude for my wonderful preservation from a double death, I have never been fond of discussing the history of those terrible few moments on the mountain-side, or of dwelling on my own feelings while it lasted. Suffice it that the memory of that brief space, fraught as with the agony of a lifetime, long haunted me in the wakeful hours of the night, and that it was not till the course of years had in some degree blunted the force of the impressions, that I was able calmly to record them on paper.

LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BUT for Pepys and Evelyn we should know but little of the social life of the seventeenth century. A host of letter-writers — Walpole, Mrs. Delany, and Mrs. Montagu, at the head of them — may be said to have photographed the next century for us. Lord Malmesbury, Lord Auckland, and some others succeeded; and now we are beginning to

have revelations exclusively of the first years of the nineteenth century. The most important contributor to our knowledge in this respect is the late Sir George Jackson, whose recently published volumes will afford us samples of the times in which our grandmothers were young and had awains at their feet — unless war called them away.

Gay people on the Continent had a bad time of it when war broke out in 1803, and the French government issued orders for the arrest of all English persons on whom hands could be laid. Bath expected to be more brilliant than ever by the return of the absentees; but their difficulty was *how* to return. All who were in France were made prisoners. A precipitate flight of crowds of English travellers from Geneva suddenly took place. They were not safe on any part of the Continent; but some, in disguise and on foot, reached Berlin, others got to the sea and arrived in England; but Bath was not sensible of any increase in numbers or gayety, for the times were out of joint, though dowagers still played whist and young couples danced minuets.

Many of those who were shut up at Verdun chafed under the restraint as intolerable. Some, however, bore it philosophically, others gayly. A few took to French mistresses; other few to French wives. The French officials made "a good thing" out of those who had money, granting them partial liberty for so many days or hours, according to the "consideration." Two or three, having spent hundreds of pounds in their bribes, at last took "French leave," and were lucky in not being recaptured. Their course is not to be commended. We have a higher opinion of Sir Sidney Smith, who, when a prisoner in the Temple, refused to have his parole, used to tell the governor to be vigilant, as he would be off on the first opportunity, and ultimately kept his word, broke prison, and found his painful way to England.

The seriousness of the times and their events little affected the Prince of Wales. He was indeed thought to be ill in the early part of 1804; but the illness arose, it was said, from the fact that the Prince and the Duke of Norfolk had been so drunk, for three whole days, that the former at last fell like a pig, and would have died like one, but for prompt and copious bleeding. How rude the "first gentleman" could be, when he chose, to his wife, is well known. At a drawing-room, held by Queen Charlotte in June, 1807, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, he took no notice of the Princess. Turning his back upon her, he stood between her and the Queen, and as long as the Princess remained he kept up a conversation with his sisters, thereby preventing them from addressing a word to his wife. This feeling against his wife he paraded everywhere. He was jealous of her popularity — quite unnecessarily, for she made herself ridiculous, and the subject of scornful criticism, by her lavish display at evening parties of her protuberant beauties. At these parties, the Prince would stare at ladies whom he knew, without speaking to them. His condescending speech was addressed only to his first wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and her sister, Lady Haggerstone. The first of these ladies lived at Brighton with the state of a queen and the spirit of a goddess of mirth. Meanwhile, his Royal Highness flirted with his "future Duchess," the Marchioness of Hertford. One of Queen Fitzherbert's merriest tales related how a man had sent to her some lemonade powders he had invented, on the ground that they were highly approved and constantly used by the Marchioness in question.

In 1802 Bath was surprised by a visit from the Duke of York. He brought the Duchess with him, and left her there next day. Her friends reported that she had been bitten in the hand by one of her numerous pet dogs, and that the wound was privately pumped upon daily. But the public story was, that his Royal Highness had lost £200,000 at play, and had been compelled to break up his town establishment. The scandalous story of the Duke and Mrs. Clarke, a mistress, who sold places and commissions, is pleasantly balanced by an incident respecting a son of the Duke of Clarence and his mistress, Mrs. Jordan — Lieutenant Fitzclarence — in 1809. He was in Spain

with our army in that year, and he reversed La Fontaine's fable of the mule who was always talking of his mother the mare, but said little of his father the ass. The lieutenant was the foolish aide-de-camp of a foolish General Shaw, who was always showing him about to the Spaniards as the King of England's grandson.

That grandson was about to be dispatched on a mission to the Continent in 1813, but ministers changed their minds. They were afraid he would write everything to his father, who would publish it in Bond Street; and so the gentleman was kept at home to sun himself in the bow window at White's.

The grandest fête of sixty years since was the one given by the Prince, at Carlton House, in 1811. The King was in such ill health and the Princess Amelia in such a precarious condition, that it was often deferred; and Jekyll remarked that no one could ever again say, "Fixed as fate!" At length it came off, and, for one happy invited guest, made a hundred mad who were not invited. The Queen and Princesses declined to be present; but Louis the Eighteenth and the sad-looking Duchess of Angoulême appeared there, and the Prince received the former as a sovereign *de facto*. "I am only a Comte de Lille," said Louis, modestly. "Sire," said the Prince, "you are the King of France and Navarre;" and he treated his guest accordingly. Both the Prince's wives (Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Princess of Wales) sat at home by themselves; but the "favorite" was honored by a command to attend the festival. One of the Prince's ideas was to divorce his second wife and shut her up in Holyrood House forever. This grand fête, it may be added, was soon forgotten in the excitement caused by the fight that was to come off between the Baltimore negro, Molyneux, and the chief of English boxers, Tom Cribb! It was a time, moreover, when later hours began to be fashionable. We hear of a ball lasting from twelve till eight; and of another at which the majority of dancers kept it up till ten in the morning.

We go back a couple of years, in order to remark that in 1809, while there was no lack of enjoyment among optimists, the press saw the worst side of everything; and the *Times* especially denied or explained away our victories generally, and that of Talavera in particular. The public seem to have been almost as ill informed as to what was being done abroad as they are now by "our own correspondents," who are sent to describe battle-fields or other troublesome matters, and who write columns on the boiling of their eggs and the obstinacy of their laundresses. "It is too much," says Jackson, "to hear the victory of Talavera called in question by the *Times*; a victory as honorable to British arms and British generalship as any they ever achieved. That paper should be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of the heroes who fell on the Albufera. I have not patience to read it."

In 1814 the Prince Regent had a narrow escape for his life. On one of his evenings of ennui he sent for George Colman to come from the Kings' Bench, where he was a prisoner, to amuse him. Court jester and prince, they passed the night, drinking and fooling, till six o'clock, when his Highness was carried to bed in an apoplexy, from which he only recovered at the cost of seven-and-twenty ounces of blood! He was as near death at this critical juncture as a man could be and yet live. His constitution, however, carried him through. When the allied sovereigns entered London he was ready for all the duties and eager for all the pleasures that the occasion offered; but he shocked some people on one occasion by presiding at a public dinner on a Sunday.

That English society wanted refinement in the first decade of the present century is not to be disputed. When Mr. Jackson returned from long diplomatic service abroad in 1806, he dined one day at Lord Westmoreland's. The guests were chiefly Russians. They were as much out of their element in English society as the young diplomatist says he was after the sociability, ease, and elegance of the society at foreign courts to which he had so long been accustomed.

Some of that foreign society was quite as free as it was

easy. Jackson and other Englishmen at the Prussian court were admitted to the morning toilette of Madame de Vos, the King of Prussia's *grande maîtresse*. While under the hands of her hairdresser she laughed and flirted with the English lords and gentlemen, who paid tribute to her beauty and its uses by making her presents of wine and tea, and other English matters, which she greedily accepted. There are three things, says the Welsh proverb, which always swallow and are never satisfied — the grave, the sea, and a king's concubine.

Austerlitz killed Pitt as surely as Trafalgar killed Nelson. Each died for his country, but that country mourned more deeply for the great admiral, stricken down in the battle where he was the victor, than it did for the great minister who died of a broken heart. The last book he read, at Bath, was Miss Owen's (Lady Morgan's) "Novice of St. Dominic." That now unreadable romance, Pitt said he could not lay down till he had finished it, and thence did the "Novice" come to be the rage for a time. People almost fought to obtain it at the libraries, and nothing in literature was talked of but a book which has long since fallen out of literature and of memory altogether. People, too, fought for another novel, "A Winter in London," in which fashionable life was illustrated by an incapable whose name and whose work are equally wrapt in oblivion.

Fox did not long survive his great rival, Pitt. He died on the 13th of September, 1806. A week previously, when he was already dying, he transacted public business. He gave an audience in his bedroom to George Jackson, with instructions as to how the latter was to act on his new mission to Germany. There was a mixture of the solemn and the ludicrous in the scene. When Jackson was announced, Mrs. Fox, in complete dishabille, was in the room. In her flurry she slipped into a closet, and, as the interview was prolonged, the lightly-draped lady, kept signalling to Mr. Fox, as if he alone could hear her, by little coughs and murmurs, to warn him not to over-exert himself, or to dismiss the envoy, that she might be set free. At a moment when there was a pause in the conversation between the minister and his agent the fair captive tapped at the panel, asked if the young gentleman was not gone, and complained of being cold. The dying statesman looked at Jackson with a languid smile, and with friendly wishes bade him farewell — as it proved, forever.

Descending to minor legislators, we meet with an Irish M. P., who, being told that the favor he asked would be granted on condition of his supporting government, replied that he would not give his *constant* support for so paltry a favor. The Irish member obtained the favor, and voted twice for government in payment for it. This was better diplomacy than Sir Charles Stuart's (Marquis of Londonderry), who, when named to a post in Germany, told people that he was going to Spain, by way of being diplomatic. We were unlucky in our leading diplomatists generally at that time. Lord Aberdeen may serve as an example. He went to Toplitz, as English ambassador, and had the bad taste and idiotic indiscretion to say one day, openly at dinner, that he could not bear the undertaking, and would not go on with it to keep the crowns on the allied heads! One qualification was necessary to even a decently moderate success, namely, the ability to speak French; but Lord Aberdeen not only could not speak two words of French, but had the folly to tell everybody who addressed him in that language that he hated it. There was in some persons as much bad taste in acts as there was in others in words; and it is not without surprise that we hear of gentlemen sight-seers who would pass the morning amid the horrors of a field of recent battle, and the evening at the play, philandering with ladies and talking an infinite deal of nothing. On another occasion, we hear of the gayest and most gigantic of picnics, where luxury abounded, while, within a few miles, French soldiers were dropping dead with hunger as they slowly retreated.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was in the early part of the century the Queen of Brighton, if not of England, and she was popularly called "Mrs. Prince." She certainly was one of the

most queen-like women that ever lived; and stood in favorable contrast with Lady Holland, who is justly described as fussy, almost rude, straining at effect, and losing it in the very effort. There was another lady then in England striving to be effective, Madame de Staël; and she (who horrified Henry Brougham) was pronounced, by female critics as "too anxious to glitter to be intrinsically good." A still more remarkable woman of that day was Lady Caroline Lamb. She was at a party at Lady Heathcote's, had been flirting and quarrelling with Lord Byron, and therefore "stabbed herself with a knife at supper, so that the blood flew about her neighbors." When she came to, after a faint, a glass of water was handed to her, but she smashed the glass and cut herself with the pieces. "A little discipline," said Francis Jackson, "will bring these school-girl fancies into order." A good deal of disorder was to be found at breakfast as well as at supper tables. Lady Caroline Hood was, probably, counselled not to go to the Regent's "breakfast;" but ladies will, under certain circumstances, disregard friends and doctors also. Lady Caroline went, and had only herself to blame when she had to be carried away wrapped up in blankets.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's conduct at Brighton was not always in the best taste. Mrs. Gunn, the bathing-woman, invariably addressed her as "Mrs. Prince;" but the latter did not live at the level of that dignity. She held afternoon gossips in her little drawing-room, hung with black profiles (her *salon aux silhouettes*). Only guests of distinction were admitted here to exchange the stories of the day for piquant anecdotes and a cup of tea. There, too, M. le Prince was a subject of discussion. His sayings and doings were pretty freely handled. It was all done with gusto and elicited much mirth; but some visitors, who were glad to be there, professed to think it all very very naughty and in the worst taste.

The fair one who had the reputation of being fairest where all were fair—the reigning queen of beauty in fact—was Miss Rumbold, daughter of Sir George. She was a "dashing" beauty; but if to be beautiful was not common, to be dashing was to be fashionable. Accordingly, we find Miss Rumbold attended so little to the hints and admonitions of the Bishop of Durham, that the love of showing off an amazingly fine ankle prevented more than one offer from among the crowd of her adorers. The same pretty vanity was strong in the Princess Charlotte, at a later period, but Prince Leopold was not kept thereby from being a suitor. It may be concluded that gentlemen were, after all, not so particular as the adorers of Miss Rumbold, if Texier truly said of his daughter (whose beauty he was always praising in her presence) that there were five hundred lords, any one of whom would have been the happiest of men to have her for his own.

The utmost regularity was not incompatible with much eccentricity in many of the foremost individuals of the time. One of them, the Duke of Bedford, arranged his movements for a whole year in advance; and if one went wrong, his Grace was put out for six or eight months together. The silent Duke was under the thumb of his rattling Duchess, who used to laugh at his announcement, on starting for a long journey, of the precise moment of his return, and what dishes were to be ready for him on his arrival. He would be there, *Il. V.*, of course; but in any case, there he would be. The Duchess was as irregular as the Duke was the opposite. His obedience to her was that of Jerry Sneak. She would cry out in a room full of people, Johnny, do this; Johnny, do that; Johnny, I did not see you bow to such a person! Speak to him directly, and speak German, Johnny—and Duke Johnny answered not, but like a good boy, unhesitatingly obeyed.

Lady Holland, fanciful, sharp, and impertinent, did not attract Jackson's brother Francis. Clever, he allowed that wayward lady to be, but not a wit of the quality she would fain have been thought. "There is too much effort—a straining after effect in all she says and does; and the effect is not always what she wishes or imagines it to be."

In behalf of some of the fine ladies of the time, government officials cheated their own revenue department with-

out scruple. Jackson was, one day in 1810, amused to find the "subs" at the Foreign Office very anxious, at Lord Wellesley's suggestion, to devise means of getting a box of shoes which had been sent from Spain, for Lady Holland, but which had been seized by the Custom House officers. Lady Holland was capricious, and as often insolent as civil; but she was not mean, like Lady Hyde Parker, who gave a ball to a crowd of guests and sent them home without supper. By the way, when there was a ball at Buckingham House, in the opening years of the century, no guests under the rank of earls' sons and daughters were invited; but this exclusiveness had to be laid aside.

Nearly sixty years ago there was a queen of hearts in London who broke as many as she could, voluntarily or involuntarily. She was a Miss Acklom, daughter of a Nottinghamshire squire. Down at Exmouth, amid the loveliness and the idleness of the place, the nymph and a gallant officer named Tilson fell in love, or seemed to do so, with each other. The warrior, at all events, was deeply smitten, and marriage was to plunge him still deeper in love; but, almost at the church door, the cruel nymph declined to go further. The lover went straightway abroad. After a while, Miss Acklom was subdued by another wooer, Mr. Maddox; the beauty consented to become his wife. As the time for the nuptials drew near, the lady's grandfather died. She went into mourning, and came out of it with an announcement of a quality to put her lover into it; namely, that she had changed her mind. Like Tilson, Maddox sought solace in going to the stirring scenes abroad. Jackson wrote from his quarters at Dijon, in 1814, that the swain so ill-treated by Venus was "trying his luck with Mars, as an amateur. . . . From being a very handsome and lively-tempered young man, he has become quite the reverse." While two lovers were despairing, a third presented himself. He was no other than Lord Althorpe, who became so distinguished in the House of Commons as a statesman and a minister. My lord was accepted. Just as the marriage was about to take place this third lover's grandmother died; whereupon the nymph put on mourning and went down to Bath to live in retirement. Old Mrs. Jackson prophesied that Miss Acklom would, on coming out of mourning, jilt the heir to an earldom as she had done "poor Maddox." George replied that Tilson had recently returned to England, a general, and "this perhaps may win her smiles again." Lord Althorpe proved to be the successful swain. Esther Acklom married him, about a month after Mrs. Jackson had presaged that she would play her lover false. The wedding was celebrated in April, 1815, and in little more than three years the once volatile nymph was carried to her grave, leaving a childless widower to mourn a good wife's loss.

The great scandal in high life within the first ten years of this century was the elopement of Lord Paget, afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Anglesea, with Lady Charlotte, wife of Henry Wellesley, nephew of the subsequently famous Arthur, and better known to us as the first Lord Cowley. All the world of fashion had seen what was going on except the lady's husband. The guilty parties pleaded uncontrollable passion. The seducer abandoned his wife and eight children, the lady left a husband and four children; but she asked Mr. Arbuthnot to break the matter gently to their father. Lord Paget, who had told his father that he had sought death in battle in order to avoid the social catastrophe, was challenged by Colonel Cadogan, Lady Charlotte's brother. The colonel declared that one of them must die; but Lord Paget declined the chance on the ground that his life was devoted to the colonel's sister. To this lady he was married in 1810, in which year his union with his first wife was dissolved, and that lady became Duchess of Argyll.

Provincial fine society was somewhat rough but hearty; "all very friendly and hospitable; but as regards stuffing it would be difficult, I confess, to excel them." The allusion is to a Northumbrian high sheriff's dinner party. At Brighton, described in 1809 as a dangerous rival to Bath, we are at a ball given by a Mr. and Mrs. Parker, "good people who have more money than sense or acquaintances,

but who made up for the latter deficiency by giving balls to all whom they did not know and the few whom they did." Illustrious strangers went to dance, eat suppers, and drink champagne, and perhaps laugh at Mrs. Parker, who told everybody on coming in, and by way of compliment, that she had been disappointed of *the flower* of her party — some three or four personages who could not come. The lady was, after all, not such a fool as she looked. There was good satirical humor (when she went up to Lady Boyne, who was then in deep mourning for her daughter) in her request to the exemplary mother to open the ball! And apropos to Brighton, now so rich in vehicles, we smile at the record of the extortion of Brighton chairmen in 1809, and how they were brought to their senses by an ex-coachman to a gentleman. This Jehu bought the old blue coach of the Blackburns, with the cock and trumpet upon it, which had been the glory of Bath; putting a pair of horses to it, the owner conveyed people all over the town at a shilling per person for the trip, before midnight, and one-and-sixpence after. While the chairmen stood upon their rights, earning nothing, this clever coachman whipped up a very pretty little fortune.

One of the most pushing and successful men in Bath in 1809 was Sigmond, who, after being a footman in Germany, set up as a dentist in the City of Hot Waters. His wife had been his mistress. The two together made more dash and lived at more expense than almost anybody in that city. They once invited the Duke of Gloucester to a grand supper, and he so far accepted the invitation as to send one of his gentlemen to represent him. People of better standing than the footman-dentist and his married mistress hardly behaved better. The mother of Sir George Jackson remembered Mrs. Piozzi and Dr. Johnson at Bath, and she could not imagine how Mrs. Piozzi could tolerate so coarse and bear-like a person as the Doctor; though the Doctor's coarseness was matched by the lady's levity. "Their manners," Mrs. Jackson wrote to her son, "were more disgusting than pleasing to most persons. . . . They both ought to have been ashamed of themselves."

Sixty or seventy years ago locomotion was considered rapid when the Newcastle mail left that northern town on a Monday morning and reached London on the ensuing Wednesday at 5 A.M. In these days of electric cables and telegraphs, it is amusing to read of the method taken by a Rothschild to obtain news. We had not then got so far as sending or receiving news by carrier pigeons. In February, 1807, Jackson arrived in London from Munich. The head of the Rothschild firm, hearing of the arrival, waited on the diplomatist, and, as the latter said, probed him dexterously to elicit any secrets he might possess relative to Prussian financial difficulties and state affairs generally. The government was as ill off occasionally as the financier. They at one time depended on the French papers for news from abroad, and for the loan of these ministers were indebted to the charity of the editor of the *Times*.

Looking into private life, we find various illustrations of its character. While war was raging abroad the waltz conquered the prudes of Bath, who, after gracefully battling against it, embraced it and their partners therein with a sort of ecstasy. Those were the days of heavy postage; and we read of a lady who thought to cheat the revenue by stuffing a hare sent to a friend with letters, which that friend was to hand over according to the addresses. The ingenious method failed, inasmuch as the cook who received the hare tossed all the crumpled and blood-stained letters with which it was lined into the fire.

While Mr. Jackson had the affairs of the world to set down on paper, and often rose from the table where he was writing despatches only to catch a hasty glance at a battle, or to be off in a hurry, hardly pressed by a victorious foe, he was overwhelmed with commissions from thoughtless people. Some asked him to purchase for them carriages and horses, others hammers and nails; and, wrote his mother, "If in the course of your rambles through Saxony or Silesia you can meet with a piece of fine cam-

bric for handkerchiefs pray secure it for me, as cambric is now of an exorbitant price in this country." Thousands of men were bleeding to death for want of bandages, and the easy-going old lady at Bath could think only of cheap handkerchiefs for herself.

One incident of the times reads like a page or two from Fielding. It refers to the Irish servant, Pat O'Raffer, who was with George Jackson in Bohemia. Pat was as lean as if he had lived for a month at a French table d'hôte. In Bath, when his master fell in love with Miss Rumbold, Pat fell in love with Miss Rumbold's maid. In absence, however, the abigail gave her company to another young man, but Pat continued to write to her "a very pretty letter" all the same. As one of these letters especially contained a good deal of political and personal gossip, which began to spread through Bath, old Mrs. Jackson thought it would be well to secure it, and to stop the writing of similar epistles for the future; and she sent for the damsel, with the success narrated below.

"The good, stupid wench mentioned regretfully that the postage was two shillings and ninepence. I said, 'Susan, that long story about things that you know nothing of, and can take no interest in, my good girl, has cost you, it seems, far more than it is worth.' 'Yes indeed, ma'am,' she answered, 'it has. I like very well to hear from Mr. Raffer, but I do wish he would pay the postage.' 'Has this thoughtless man often put you to the expense?' I inquired. 'Oh, no, ma'am; it's the first since he went; but he says he shall write again.' 'Shall you answer it, Susan?' I asked. 'Lor, ma'am,' she said, 'I should never know where to find a place to begin upon. Doesn't you think, ma'am, it's more like a piece of reading in the newspaper than a letter? Then I shouldn't like to pay another two-and-ninepence.' 'Then, Susan,' I said, 'as my son's name is mentioned in this letter, suppose I give you five shillings for it — that will pay the postage, and buy you a nice frilled neckerchief.' Susan blushed and smiled with delight. The bargain was struck at once for this and any other despatch Mr. Raffer may send, silence on the subject being promised. . . . My only qualm of conscience in getting hold of the letter was, that I suggested to Susan to buy a *frilled* neckerchief, never allowing my own maids to wear any but plain ones."

In those days mistresses could rule the costume of their maids. In ours the latter dress in the same ill-taste adopted by their mistresses. But chignons, at last, are going out, and with them the abominable smell which "pervaded" the atmosphere.

By 1813 the minuet, a knowledge of dancing which Mrs. Montagu thought of more importance than a knowledge of French, ceased to be known in the ball-room. It lingered on the stage. The Coburg Theatre audiences looked upon the Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte, danced by M. and Mme. Le Clercq, with a sort of wondering delight, and Taglioni and Fanny Elssler danced it on our opera stage, forty years ago, as a lady and cavalier of the time of Louis the Fourteenth. When the waltz first attempted (with its vulgar familiarity and an intimacy which made an Oriental ambassador almost faint) to supplant the minuet, in which the gentleman scarcely touched the tips of the lady's fingers, and seemed abashed at his own audacity, there was a general outcry of *fie* upon it. But young ladies soon learned to laugh at the objections of their mothers, and flung themselves on the shirt-fronts of their partners with alacrity. Fashion sanctified it, and the youthful world thought it ill-bred prudery to set its face against what fashionable people of good taste considered innocent and amusing.

The actors of the first half of the century come pleasantly to the memories of some survivors, and to the knowledge of others who will be glad to become acquainted with them. Graceful Elliston, in Octavian, is said to have been superior to John Kemble. George Frederick Cooke was always fine, but never sober; "often so drunk as not to be able to come on the stage at all, and generally as not to be able to stand when on." We sit with Cooke's exasperated audience, kept half an hour beyond time, when he was to play Mr. Oakley, and we join in the hissing when he does appear, and enjoy the mingled surprise

and indignation that light up his countenance. "He, however, recollected himself, and after one violent effort, in which every feature of his speaking countenance had its peculiar expression, made a sort of half-disdainful, half-respectful bow, and an exit steadier than his entrée, though hardly steady enough for dignity." Cooke's Oakley, in its way, was as good as Emery's Tyke, which, as a bit of *tragi-comedy*, was inexpressibly grand.

In 1809 Kemble was declining. In reference to his *Hamlet*, Jackson says, "Kemble was, of course, great, and his triumph, I believe, complete; but, in my humble opinion, he has gone off a good deal." Of the then new *Covent Garden* (burnt down in 1808), he writes: "It appears to me small, and the prevailing color—brick red—very common and ineffective. The doors too, though they cost a large sum, and will, if they last as long, be very handsome some years hence, have a mean appearance, the mahogany being so very pale." Kemble lingered too long upon the stage. In 1810 we read, in reference to his *Hotspur*, "In some parts he warmed up to the situation and was very good; but he is too old for such a character, and the dress only shows off his unfitness the more. It made him appear decidedly aged, and thus, in a great measure, rendered all he had to say ineffective." But in those last years of his career Kemble flashed forth gleams of his old glory. In the year last named he and Mrs. Siddons played inimitably in "*Isabella*," in which Charles Kemble played Carlos, and showed signs that he was not going to remain the mere "stick" which he had been for many years. Mrs. Siddons was, on the other hand, deteriorating. She had grown enormously large. When she killed herself, in "*Isabella*," and fell to the ground, the stage groaned beneath her; and if, in any character, she knelt, it took two men to get her comfortably on her legs again. The greatest theatrical novelty of the day was when Kemble appeared at court to take leave on his intended departure for America, where he was to play twenty-two nights for six thousand pounds and his expenses paid. After all, Kemble did not go; his appearance at court, "a player," made some people think the world was coming to an end. But there was a worse sign of the times. When Bellingham, after shooting Mr. Perceval, was conveyed in a coach to Newgate, the mob escorted and cheered him, shook hands with him, and congratulated him on having murdered a minister.

It is startling to find Mrs. Siddons accused of want of feeling when she took leave of the stage. As John Kemble continued to linger on it, his power of attracting audiences grew less. In 1812 it is said of his King John, "his conception of the character remains, of course, as excellent as ever; but his voice is gone, and I am told when the play is ended he is so exhausted as hardly to be able to speak or move."

We conclude these desultory samples of by-gone life with an example of the remuneration of a leading barrister of the first years of this century, namely, Garrow. It is said of him that "he went into court one morning at York, made a speech of about twenty minutes, then doffed his wig and gown, pocketed four hundred pounds, besides one hundred pounds for his expenses, and drove off again to London."

Those who have examined these grains from a full measure may find more perfect enjoyment by perusing "*The Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson*," and the interesting second series of the work known as "*The Bath Archives*."

LUTHER AND THE TWO STUDENTS.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

THE following account of an evening spent with Luther, by two poor students, is to be found in a work of Gustave Freytag's, one of the most renowned writers of Germany, who has not only written excellent novels, but has also given to the world a most valuable historical work called

"*Aus dem Jahrhundert der Reformation*." In the course of his book he gives an extract from a work that was left in manuscript by a man of the name of Kessler. It is entitled "*Sabbatha*," and the MS. is to be found in the library of St. Gall.

John Kessler was born at St. Gall of poor parents, in the year 1502. He studied theology at Basle, and in the spring of the year 1522 travelled with a companion to Wittenberg, in the hope of being taught theology by some one of the great reformers. In the autumn of 1523 he returned to his native town, St. Gall. The Reformation was then but beginning to gain any hold upon the inhabitants of that town. Kessler could not, therefore, at that time, obtain a livelihood as a teacher of the reformed doctrines. In order to live, it was necessary that he should employ himself in some handiwork. He chose that of a saddler. He did not, however, neglect that work for which he felt he had a calling; and, while he still pursued his trade, he gathered around him a small company of the faithful, taught them, preached to them, wrote books, and finally became a schoolmaster.

Gustave Freytag says that Kessler was a man "of a pure, gentle nature, making no pretension of any kind, with a heart full of mild warmth, who took no active part in the theological controversies of his times." As Kessler's narrative has interested me much, I conjecture that it will interest others; and as I am not aware of its having been hitherto translated into English, I venture now to do so.

It begins thus:—

As we travelled towards Wittenberg to study the Holy Scriptures, we found ourselves at Jena, in Thuringia. God knows in what a fearful storm we were caught, and after making many inquiries in the town for an inn where we might rest for the night, we could not find any one. Everywhere lodging was denied to us, for it was the eve before Ash Wednesday, and no one had much care for pilgrims and strangers. So we were going out of the town again to continue our journey in the hopes of reaching some village where they would take us in for the night. Then, under the gateway, a respectable man met us, spoke in a friendly manner to us, and asked where we were going away so late: "Could we not, somewhat nearer, find any house or inn where we could be received before dark night should come on? Moreover," he said, "the road is one easy to miss; therefore he would counsel us to remain where we were."

We answered, "Dear father, we have been at all the inns that any one has told us of in this place, but we have been sent away from all of them, and have been denied admittance. Thus, we are obliged to proceed further."

Then he asked us whether we had made any inquiry at the inn with the sign of the Black Bear. We replied, "Dear sir, we have not met with any such inn. Tell us where we shall find it." Whereupon he pointed it out to us, a little way from the town. And as we came and saw the Black Bear, behold, though all the other innkeepers had refused us shelter, on the contrary, the landlord of the Black Bear came out and received us, declaring himself quite willing to give us shelter, and he led us into the inn parlor.

There we found a man sitting alone at the table, and before him a book was lying. He greeted us kindly, bade us come nearer, and seat ourselves near to him at the table. But our shoes were, if we may say so, so muddy and filthy, that from shame we did not like to enter the room; and we seated ourselves by the door on a little bench. Then he invited us to drink, which we could not refuse. Indeed, as we recognized his friendliness and kindness, we sat ourselves near him, as he had asked us to do, at his table. Then we called for a measure of wine, with which we in our turn asked him to honor us by drinking it with us. We had no other idea but that he was a trooper, who, according to the custom of the country, sat there with a red leather cap, in hose and doublet, without armor, his sword by his side, his right hand upon the pommel of his sword, and the other holding the handle. His eyes were black

and deep set, shining and sparkling like stars, so that you could not well look at them.

Soon he began to ask us where we were born. Then he gave himself the answer. "You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland do you come?" We answered, "From St. Gall." Then he said, "If you go from here, as I understand you are going, to Wittenberg, you will find there good fellow-countrymen of yours, namely, Dr. Hieronimus Schurf, and his brother, Dr. Augustine."

We said, "We have letters to them," and then we asked him, "Good sir, can you inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg, or at what other place?"

He answered, "I have certain knowledge that Luther is not now at Wittenberg; he will, however, soon come there. But Philip Melancthon is there; he teaches the Greek language, and there are others also who teach Hebrew. In truth, I would advise you to study both languages, for they are necessary, in order to understand the Holy Scriptures."

Then we answered, "God be praised! If God should spare our lives, we will not desist till we see and hear the man; for on his account it is that we have undertaken this journey. For we heard that he would overthrow the priesthood and the mass as an unwarranted service to God. Now we from our youth have been brought up by our elders to become priests; therefore we would willingly hear what kind of instruction he would give us, and how he would prove his proposition."

After this he asked, "Where have you hitherto studied?" (Answer) "At Basel." Then said he, "How goes it at Basel? Is Erasmus of Rotterdam still himself, and what is he doing?"

"Sir," we answered, "we know nothing more but that he is well; Erasmus is there, but what he is doing is hidden and not known to any man, for he keeps himself very quiet and secret."

Talk of this kind seemed to us very strange as coming from a trooper, that he should speak about the two Schurfs, of Philip Melancthon, and Erasmus. Also about the necessity of learning the Greek and Hebrew tongues. He had also occasionally uttered some Latin words, so that we could not but think that he must be a different person from a common trooper.

"My friends," he said to us, "what do they hold in Switzerland about Luther?"

"Good sir, there are there, as everywhere, various opinions about him. Many cannot sufficiently exalt him, and thank God for God's truth made manifest through him, and that he has caused errors to be known. But many curse him as a profligate heretic, and especially the clergy do so."

Then he said, "I can well believe it; those are the parsons."

In the course of such conversation he had become quite familiar with us, so that my companion ventured to take up the book which was before him and open it. It was a Hebrew psalter. Then he laid it quickly down, and the trooper drew it to himself. My companion then said, "I would give a finger from this hand to understand that language." The trooper answered, "You would soon learn it if you would be diligent; I too desire to have more knowledge of it, and I exercise myself daily therein."

Meanwhile the day declined, and it became very dark, when the landlord came to the table. As he had heard our desire and longing to see Martin Luther, he said, "Dear comrades, had you been here two days before, your desire would have been gratified, for he has sat at that table and—here he pointed with his finger—in that place." This vexed us greatly, and we were angry with ourselves that we had tarried; but we were chiefly angry with the miry and wretched road which had hindered us. Then we said, "Still we are glad that we are in the house and sit at the table where he sat." Thereupon the landlord could not help laughing, and he went out to the door.

After a little while the landlord called me; I must come to him outside the door. I was frightened, and thought to myself what I had done that was improper, or what innocent cause I had given for anger.

Then the landlord said to me, "Because I know that you have a strong desire to hear and see Luther: he it is who sits beside you."

These words I took as a joke, and said, "You have pleasure in turning me into ridicule, and would satisfy my desire by a counterfeit Luther."

His answer was, "He it is indeed; but take care and do nothing to show that you recognize him."

I agreed to this, but I could not believe that it was Luther. I went back into the room, sat myself down again at the table, and longed to tell my companion what the landlord had disclosed to me. At last, I turned to him, and whispered secretly, "The landlord has told me that he is the Luther." But my companion also, like myself, would not believe it, and said, "He perhaps said it is Hutten, and you have misunderstood him." And I, since the guise and gestures of a trooper reminded me more of Hutten than of Luther, a monk, let myself be persuaded that the landlord had said, "It is Hutten," for the first syllable of both names sounds very much alike. What therefore I afterwards said, I said as if I were addressing Huldreich Von Hutten, the knight.

Meanwhile, there came in two travelling merchants, who also wished to stay for the night at the inn; and, after they had uncloaked themselves, and taken off their spurs, one of them laid upon the table by him an unbound book. Thereupon the trooper asked what kind of book that was. The merchant answered, "It is Dr. Luther's exposition of some of the Gospels and Epistles, just lately printed and published: have you not seen it?" The trooper said, "It will soon come to me."

Then the landlord said, "Now seat yourselves at the table; we must have our supper." But we begged the landlord that he would have forbearance with us, and give us something separate. Then the landlord said, "My dear companions, seat yourselves at the table with the gentlemen. I will deal with you reasonably." When the trooper heard this, he said, "Come here, I will see to the settlement with the landlord."

During the meal he spoke many pious friendly words, so that the merchants and we were astonished at him, and paid more attention to his words than to all the good things of the supper. And, amidst these sayings, he bemoaned with a sigh how the lords and princes were assembled at the Imperial diet at Nuremberg on account of God's word, to consider these imminent affairs and the burdens of the German nation; but were to nothing more inclined than to waste the good time in costly tournaments, sledgings, courtly pomp, and wickedness of all kinds, which would be much better devoted to the fear of God and Christian prayer to God. "But these are our Christian princes!" Furthermore he said that he was in hopes that the Evangelical truth would bring forth more fruit in our children and descendants who were not poisoned by papistical error, but were already planted upon pure truth and God's word, than it could do with the older ones in whom errors were so inrooted that with difficulty they could be uprooted. Thereupon, the merchants also gave their opinions, and the elder one said, "I am a simple, plain layman; I understand nothing especially about this business; but I must say, now I look at the thing, Luther must either be an angel from heaven, or a devil from hell. I would with pleasure give him ten gulden if I might confess him, for I believe he could and would enlighten my conscience." Just then the landlord came to us and whispered, "Martin has paid for the supper for you." That gladdened us much, not on account of the money and the enjoyment, but because this man had made us guest free. After the supper the merchants rose up and went into the stables to look after their horses. Meanwhile Martin remained with us alone in the chamber, and we thanked him for the honor he had done us, and the cost he had been at for us, and we said that we had taken him for Huldreich Von Hutten; but he replied, "I am not."

Thereupon comes in the landlord, and Martin said, "I have become to-night a nobleman, for these Swiss take me for Huldreich Von Hutten!" The host said, "You are not

that, but Martin Luther." Then he laughed so merrily! "They," he said, "take me for Hutten — you for Luther, soon I shall be Markolfus."

[Markolfus was a comical figure that delighted the common people, a sort of German Punch.]

After talk of this kind, he lifted up a beer glass and said, according to the custom of the country, "Swiss, drink to me a friendly drink for a blessing." And as I was about to take the glass from him he changed it and asked for a glass with wine, saying, "Beer is not a home drink of yours; you are unaccustomed to it, drink the wine." Then he stood up, threw his trooper's cloak on his shoulder, and took leave. As he did so he offered us his hand and said, "When you get to Wittenberg, greet for me Dr. Hieronimus Schurf." We said, "We will willingly do so, but we must give your name that he may know who it is greets him." He replied, "Say nothing more than 'He who is coming greets you.' He will at once understand the words." Then he left us to go to his chamber.

Afterwards the merchants came back into the room and called the landlord to bring them a drink, during which they had much discourse about the guest, who indeed he could be. Whereupon the landlord let them know that he took him for Luther. Then the merchants talked over the matter, and vexed themselves greatly that they had spoken in so unseemly a manner before him: And they said they would get up early in the morning, before he took his departure, and would beg him not to be angry with them, and not take it ill that they had not recognized his person. This they did, and they found him in the morning in the stable; but Martin answered them, "Last night, at supper, you said that you would give ten gulden to Luther to confess him. When you do confess him, you will well see and know whether I am Martin Luther." Further he did not allow himself to be recognized; but rose up and went to Wittenberg.

On the same day we set off for Naumburg, and we came to a village (it is situated on a hill, and I think the hill is called Orlamunde, and the village Nasshausen), and through it there ran a flood, which had broke forth by reason of the great rains, and it had partly carried away a part of the bridge, so that no one could pass over it on horseback. We returned to the village, and chanced to find the two merchants in the inn, who also, for Luther's sake, paid our reckoning.

On the next Saturday, the day before the first Sunday in Lent, we paid a visit to Dr. Hieronimus Schurf, to deliver our letters of recommendation. As we were called into the room, behold, we find the trooper Martin, just as he was at Jena. With him were Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodochus, Jonas Nicholas, Armsdorf, and Dr. Augustine Schurf. They were telling him what had happened at Wittenberg during his absence. He greets us, and laughs, points with his finger, and says, "This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I spoke to you."

Thus ends this interesting narrative. The remark of Gustave Freytag upon it is: "In the true-hearted representation of Kresler nothing is more worthy of notice than the serene peacefulness of the strong man, who is riding through Thuringia under the banner of the Empire, with passionate care at his heart in respect of the great danger which threatened his teaching from the fanaticism of his own partisans."

I would venture to add that nothing is more remarkable in this true-hearted narrative than the exceeding kindness, and even politeness, which the great man showed to these poor students, even manifested in such a little thing as providing for them their accustomed beverage, wine, when they drank together the cup of benediction on parting for the evening.

ROSIERES.

THE last Sunday in May and the first two Sundays in June are dates of yearly rejoicing to a certain number of

French young ladies, who, having trodden the paths of virtue up to the age of eighteen, are rewarded for this pilgrimage by a crown of white roses. We may be sure that virtue being its own ample reward, as is daily proved by a number of conspicuous instances, no roses would be needed to preserve the maidens of Suresnes, Nanterre, and Salency free from all guile and misfortune; but roses have a charm which may strengthen into a firm resolve that which was but a fluttering instinct, and this may the more surely be hoped when the roses are escorted by a gold watch and chain and bank-notes to the value of \$200. The custom of electing Rosières took its rise in the benevolence of a great lady of the last century, whose acquaintance with virtue was rather one of hearsay than of personal knowledge. She beguiled the last years of an experienced life in encouraging that which was universally preached and little practiced, and died happy in the consciousness of having witnessed so novel a sight as Virtue pocketing a 1,000*fr.* note to the unmixed satisfaction of everybody. In time her example was followed by other superannuated ladies, and the institution of Rosière prizes came to be a fashionable way of proclaiming that one intended to renounce temptations which were no longer very forward in offering themselves. The three villages above mentioned became renowned for their Rosières, because of their vicinity to Paris; but some fifty communes besides these elect Rosières every year, and if we visit the peaceful hamlet of Sanssouci-des-Fleurettes, we may learn what steps are taken there to discover virtue in its retiring abodes and to raise it to honor when detected.

Sanssouci-des-Fleurettes is blessed with five hundred souls, and with a municipal council, symbol of the progress of this age. At first the parish priest and a quorum of village notables selected the Rosières; but it was contended that the organ of the confessional might know too much about parish virtue and the notables too little, so the municipal council, by nature discreet and exempt from bias, has taken the matter into his own hands, and examines the claims of competing virtues as it would the sealed tenders for road-cutting. The door of the council-room is closed during the momentous debate, and no prying tattler may linger within earshot. Now and again only the strident exclamations of some village oppositionist may reveal to the outer world that the question is being argued on its merits, and without any ignoble spirit of mutual concession. Then the voice of the majority, asserting its wisdom against the tongue of faction, drowns adverse clamor in a shout, and there is silence while the conscript fathers vote. Then the door opens, and the oppositionists hurry out with lips a-sneer and their shoulders on the shrug, swearing it is the old story over again — that virtue has been viewed and magnified through the spectacles of party tactics, and that if it had not been for such and such ones playing into each other's hands for the behoof of family interests, the results must have been very different. Behind come the majority grave with the immutability of settled purpose, and at their head waddles the mayor with a gold-fringed sash of red, white, and blue girt round his middle; at the tail steps the schoolmaster, who has engrossed the deliberations of the council on a page of vellum, bought beforehand to this end. The procession trudges up the straggling village street — past the church, past the red-tiled parsonage through whose windows the curé's ripe housekeeper peeps curiously, past the first few cottages, on the thresholds of which many a matron stands wondering whether offspring of hers will get the roses, whilst indoors the virgins who are eligible for the prize sit working demure as mice and hearkening to the approaching footsteps with throbbing hearts. But the procession straddles on, and, as it goes, the cackling of the mothers breaks loose, till at length, the evidence of the stainless damsel being reached, all the maidens who have been disappointed cluster in the roadway chorusing, "Well, I never! oh, the artful thing!" It may be that in times gone some kings of Poland were elected unanimously, and perhaps a Pope might be named who had enjoyed the same honor; but she would be a twice-blessed Rosière who could

hope to see her dignity ratified by the sweet companions of her own sex. Happily, though, the laws of Sanssouci-des-Fleurettes are as unchangeable as those which went to work on Daniel. Let the maidens and the matrons exclaim that M. le Curé, that keeper of consciences, jumped, as if pricked with a pin, when he heard the choice which the council had made, Mlle. Virginie will not less be crowned with a wreath whose freshness neither time nor scandal can ever wither. If she lived to ninety, the name given her at her baptism will be forgotten in favor of a graceful sobriquet which will ennoble her like a title; and men, women, and children will call her "Mme. La Rose."

But let us not skip the ceremony which is to bring a special trainful of sight-seers to Sanssouci-des-Fleurettes, and to fill the waistcoats of the Municipal Council with meat and drink paid for out of the local rates. A Sunday sun sheds its gilding over the village and brightens a double row of spectators packed close as corn, and forming a lane between the Rosière's house and the church. Three weeks have elapsed since the election, and animosities have had time to be smoothed away and melt. Like other sovereigns, this Queen of Roses rules by accomplished fact; so it is better to smile on her and seem proud of her, in order that strangers may not go away with the impression that tongues are forked and envious at Sanssouci-des-Fleurettes. Twelve o'clock is pealed musically from the church belfry; the bell-pullers ring out the chimes; the corps of communal firemen with brass helmets gleaming in the sun draw up as a guard of honor outside the Rosière's door, and the mayor, glorious in a white cravat, his sash, and a pair of new white cotton gloves, is descried coming in the distance with the garde champêtre, in cocked hat and dirk, stalking in front, and the councillors all trooping behind. The band of the firemen takes up its position, the fireman captain unsheathes his sword, and now the mayor, who has gone into the Rosière's house, emerges with her leaning on his hand; the firemen present arms, the band struts off filling the air with martial music, the firemen wheel round and follow at the quick march; then comes the Rosière in white, and with a veil of muslin; the Rosière of last year walks by her side to the left, and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the on-lookers as they wave their hats or handkerchiefs, shower flowers on the road, and then rush off one on the top of another to try and jam themselves into the church. But the church porch is guarded by that trusty French bundle with glittering halbert, silver baldric, and tapering sword. The seats are all filled, and he would not let his own uncle slip in, so make way, messieurs et dames, for the firemen who stream up the nave like a loud-sounding sea; make way for the Rosière, who looks a little pale and nervous at the cheering; and step aside for M. le Maire, whose face is as a fine new brick just out of the kiln. The gracious lady—duchess, countess, or prêtresse—who is to bestow the crown, is already in her seat near the altar rails; the Rosières of preceding years shine in a row in their special pew up the chancel; the choristers, thurifers, and clergy are arrayed in gorgeous vestments, each at his proper post, and the beadle brings down his halbert with a noise of thunder on the stone flooring to bid the organist strike up a triumphal march. Then when this has been played out and died away under the vaulted roof, mass begins; then ensues the sermon, from which let us draw the comforting moral that life is ever strewn with roses for the virtuous, or at least ought to be, which is the same thing. Then of one accord we all rise on our legs to see the Rosière led up to the altar and kneel to receive the crown of white roses together with the other incentives to continued purity. The Rosière is generally pretty; and if the prating of evil tongues were listened to, we might go to bed with a notion that she is selected rather with a view to her personal attractions than to other points, seeing how painful it would be for any village that respected itself to exhibit to those Parisians, who laugh at everything, a countenance of passing ugliness as the only specimen of local virtue. But let us take things gratefully as they come, without inquiring into causes. Enough for us that the Rosière is fair;

enough that the crown fits her well, and that the plates handed round among the congregation are soon filled with gold and silver sufficient to form a pleasant supplement to the 1,000*fr.* note which the foundress has bequeathed. Let us only hope that the watch and chain, the pair of earrings, and the bracelet—which are the kind though hazardous gifts of the municipality, the neighboring gentry, and the lady patroness respectively—will not imbue the amiable young peasant girl with the belief that perseverance in virtue will help her to complete her stock of jewelry in after-life. Nor let her be persuaded, by and by, as she banquets with the authorities off roast chicken and champagne, which the rate-payers will afford, that mankind is always ready thus to honor with fermented beverages those who distinguish themselves by a display of modest qualities. If the Rosière's experience of life could only cease at the moment when the cloth is removed from the banquetting board, this globe might indeed seem to her, as she floated upwards, the Elysium of the Just. Unfortunately to-morrow lies beyond, and who knows what shocks may await the trusting Rosière who has imagined that bands of music, 18-carat trinkets, and the vintage of Mme. Clicquot are institutions kept alive by, and for the sole use of, the virtuous?

FOREIGN NOTES.

AUBER's native tow, Caen, is thinking of erecting a statue to his memory.

A PARISIAN *restaurateur* has just found in the maw of a salmon a diamond ring of great value.

A PRIZE of £300 has been offered by the Empress of Austria for the best history of the Geneva Convention.

It is asserted that the whole of the intrigue against M. Thiers, which has resulted in his resignation, was directed from Rome.

DR. DOLLINGER has been appointed president of the Royal Academy of Science at Munich, in succession to Baron Liebig.

Two hundred and fifty thousand cartes-de-visite were received by Marshal McMahon in two days. It must have rained the article.

A LONDON paper says: "A very celebrated French-American opera actress, Mlle. Aimée, will probably make her *début* in London this season."

THE Pope has left his fortune, art works, etc., to Count Luigi Mastai Ferretti, his brother's eldest son, who married not long since a princess of the Drago family.

AN exhibition of shirt collars dating from the last century is announced in Paris, as also a collection of boots, shoes, and slippers, belonging to celebrated individuals since the reign of Louis XIV.

MADAME TUSSAUD has added to her wax works life-sized statues of McMahon, Charles Dickens, and the fat Tichborne Claimant. So the world wags—and what a wag Madame Tussaud must be!

MR. GLADSTONE is answerable for the following amphibious metaphor: "It seems requisite that some solid ground should be laid in these known and familiar questions before we put out to sea, as it may be called."

AT the sale of the Marquis de Blaisel's artistic collection, a marble bust, known by the name of "Le Petite Lise," and signed "Houdon, 1775," was adjudged to M. Strauss, the well-known *chef d'orchestre*, for the sum of 8,050 francs.

THE Conservatives in England, who are highly jubilant over their recent successes, are about to start a daily paper of a unique kind, for which they expect a circulation of 250,000. It is to be only a penny a week instead of a penny per copy.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND TYLER, of London, and their pliant editor, Mr. S. O. Beeton (what Mark Twain would call a sort of dead Beeton), make sorry spectacles of themselves in attempting to justify their stolen and incomplete edition of Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies."

A VERY practical idea has come into the head of the rector of the Ball's School, Inverness. He has got the boys taught telegraphy, the railway authorities having allowed telegraph wires and instruments from the railway to be introduced into the school. The result is the boys are caught up for telegraph situations, and find a way into the world at once.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN, the historian, accompanied by the librarian, Mr. Schrader, of Berlin, while travelling recently from Naples to the forest of Camaldoli, were surprised by brigands, robbed of their watches and money, and as they made some resistance, personally ill-treated. The police of Antignano arrested their donkey-driver as a well-known rogue, and with his help the brigands were discovered. They proved to be three goat-herds.

A RECENT copyright trial before one of the Paris tribunals exhibits incidentally the difference of taste between the French and English people. M. Marchal, the painter of Phryne and Penelope, disputed the right of Messrs. Bingham and Marion to reproduce his pictures by photography for sale in England, and demanded ten thousand francs damages. It came out in evidence that Phryne had more success in France than Penelope, but that in England the contrary happened, the firm having sold here 202 proofs of Penelope against 87 of Phryne. The judgment was in favor of the photographers, the painter having to pay the costs.

THE last number of the *London Court Journal* says: "Every steamer arriving at Liverpool from America is now crowded to its utmost capacity, and amongst the passengers this week there have been a number of persons well known in the world of art and literature. Amongst the week's arrivals are Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Camille Dubois, Mlle. Aimée (said by American critics to be superior even to Schneider in opera bouffe), Mr. J. M. Bellevue, Mark Twain, and Mr. J. D. Murphy, the latter an American theatrical manager, who is to arrange for and manage the amusement department of the great centennial celebration of American Independence, to be held in Philadelphia in about three years' time.

A MR. WAYLAND has invented the best thing we have heard of in the way of an apparatus for saving life by drowning. Mr. Wayland's plan is a mattress (a very economical one), and is capable of saving five lives, having a buoyancy at sea equal to 70 pounds. It is for general use at sea, and can easily be thrown overboard in case of shipwreck. Had there been only 100 mattresses on board the unfortunate *Atlantic* or *Northfleet*, 500 lives might have been saved: there would have been time for throwing the mattresses over. They could be put through the port-holes and followed; but if they were wrapped round the body as life-jackets they would be a good protection when dashed against the rocks or coming in contact with spars, etc. Mr. Wayland has fitted the Inman Line of steamers with his life belts, etc.

WHEN Étienne Dumont, in a work published some forty years ago, claimed to have aided Mirabeau in the composition of several of the most memorable speeches which the great orator delivered from the tribune of the National Assembly, his pretensions were generally scouted; but a discovery has recently been made which proves that his statement was correct. A keeper of the Geneva Library, M. Philippe Plan, has lighted upon a series of unpublished documents and letters written by Mirabeau himself which seem to put the matter beyond doubt. These papers were found among the manuscript collection of Reybaz, which has passed into the possession of the Geneva Library. Reybaz, like Dumont and one or two others, was in constant correspondence with Mirabeau, and it is believed that his appointment as envoy from Geneva to the French Republic — an appointment which was made subsequent to the death of Mirabeau — was due principally to the knowledge of his relations with the deceased statesman. Mirabeau's letters to Reybaz make it evident that the former in many instances received speeches ready prepared, which he learned by heart and delivered with all the fire and passion of improvisation. It is to be hoped that the extracts published in the *Journal des Débats* will be followed by a book containing the whole correspondence.

"Tis not in mortals to command success," but they can counterfeit it. General Van Utem, who was lately interred at Batignolles, in Paris, without military honors, adopted this unusual expedient. Finding his merits ignored, and being anxious to rise in his profession, he took to promoting himself. This strange character, who has been known about Paris for forty years, was a Dutchman, who, at the time of the siege of Antwerp in 1831, was a lieutenant in the Dutch army. After that event Van Utem, not knowing what course to take, whether to

become a Belgian or remain a Dutchman, took up his residence in Paris, where he lived ever since on his own means. He would by no means, however, part with his lieutenant's uniform. In 1840, having been some years a lieutenant, he felt that he deserved promotion, and raised himself to the rank of captain, adopting the required uniform. In 1845 he conferred upon himself further advancement, and became major, and soon after lieutenant-colonel. At the time of the Crimean war the necessity of a further rise in his profession naturally suggested itself to his mind, and he promoted himself to a full colonelcy. In 1860 he bestowed on himself the ribbon of a Dutch order, and finding his health fail in 1870, assumed the rank of a general. He was in a fair way to receive further honors when death brought his brilliant professional career to a close.

BEFORE leaving Cairo Madame Parepa-Rosa had a remarkable benefit at the opera-house, of which we cite an account. "The benefit was taken in hand," writes Madame Parepa, "by the best Greek, English, and American residents here, who raised a subscription among themselves to illuminate the theatre with wax candles, and buy up the whole theatre for their own friends, the public having a poor chance for places, and offering any sum for seats and boxes. They ordered 240 bouquets, and in the front of each box were placed two bouquets, and sonnets in different languages, printed on different colored paper. At the eleventh hour (twenty-four hours before the performance) Medini, the basso, who was to have sung a Greek song, was taken ill, and could not sing, so I have had to learn a song in Greek. You may fancy my agony at pronouncing a language I don't know, but they all say I did it very well, and the public nearly went mad over me. The showers of bouquets were wonderful. The stage-clearers had to come and help me. Then I had two lyres presented to me, with a large magnificent gold Egyptian necklace and ear-rings presented by the subscribers. In fact it was an ovation *en règle*, and I was delighted, as you may fancy. After the opera the English Consul and family, the Broadways, and several other ladies and gentlemen, surprised me at home, and a Mr. Johanides, the head of the Greeks here, came to compliment me. We had lots of champagne and supper, and I never laughed so much in my life. I have had since the benefit another pair of ear-rings, and a locket in the shape of a Maltese cross, with gold and white enamel, and a Turkish silk opera handkerchief, all woven in silver, gold, and different silks; also a magnificent fan of ostrich feathers."

It will be strange if with all the digging that is going on now in search of antiquities we do not find something at last. If the Dardanelles correspondent of the *Levant Herald* is accurate, Dr. Schliemann, in the course of his excavations, has come upon an ancient gateway at a considerable depth below the foundations of new Ilium, a city which is supposed to have been built upon the site of Homer's Ilium. The gateway is paved with large flat blocks of stone, and slopes downward towards the plain. The learned excavator himself is of opinion that this is no other than the Scæan gate, which is not impossible; but it might lead to disappointment if the conclusion were hastily adopted that he has lighted on the ruins of old Troy, until further discoveries have been made. It appears that the ruins which have already been brought to light are wanting in that grandeur which from Homer's description of the famous city might have been expected, though, as the *Levant Herald's* correspondent truly remarks, it may be contended on the other hand that "the bard may have availed himself of the poet's license of exaggeration." This is very probable, and if the truth were known, Achilles and Hector were possibly two quarrelsome snobs utterly unworthy our respect or affection. But is there not a danger under these circumstances that we may carry our researches too far, and that in our endeavors to satisfy our curiosity we may awaken from a pleasant dream to find that we have destroyed with the pickaxe the work of the pen?

THE following pathetic history crops out among some recent London police reports:—

If amid all the gayeties of life any one cares to listen to a sad story, they may find their wish gratified by reading the evidence given at an inquest held on Monday at Salford on the body of a comic singer who died of starvation. His name was John Haslam, and he was (said his son) formerly a collier, but had been a comic singer for the last twenty-five years. For some time back he had not had "a proper situation," and had obtained a livelihood by singing in public-houses at night. By this dreary occupation he earned, it is estimated, on an average, two or three shillings a week. It must have been difficult after singing comic songs for a quarter of a century to continue "funny" at the end of it on these terms, and John

Haslam at last succumbed to fate. During the last three weeks he had been unable to earn anything, and a fortnight ago he took to his bed. His family were four in number, and they all lived in a lodging-house, for which they paid 3s. 2d. a week. One son earned 15s. a week; a daughter, who was a domestic servant, had been out of place for seven months, and was unable to leave the house for want of clothing; and the other two were unfit for work. On Thursday last the deceased became worse, notwithstanding some rice and sago which was purchased for him out of the wages earned by his son; and he said to a neighbor, "All I want is something to eat and drink. I have no pain on me." On Saturday he died. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes, accelerated by want of medical attendance and the proper necessities of life," and there is an end of the comic singer.

THE strength and dexterity of the "hamals" of Constantinople in carrying enormous burdens, says the *Levant Herald*, are proverbial, and it is surprising to see one of these poor Eastern porters quietly plodding his way up or down some hilly street with a perfect mountain of material piled upon his back. The loads they carry are most miscellaneous, but even old residents, *blases* on this point, were astonished recently to see a hamal staggering along the Grande Rue de Pera with a large four-wheeled carriage—all complete except the horses—lashed on to his porter's knot. It would be interesting to know what are the habits and diet of this powerful hamal. Is he an early riser? Is he a teetotaller? Does he smoke? and how did he bring himself into such condition that he can carry a carriage instead of requiring a carriage to carry him? His muscular power must far exceed not only that of Milo, but even that of the famous English athlete, Thomas Topham, of Islington, who, on the 21st of April, 1739, advertised himself to perform several feats of strength at the Nag's Head, Gatehead, on the 23d of that month, namely: "He bends an iron poker, three inches in circumference, over his arm, and one of two inches and a quarter round his neck; he breaks a rope that will bear two thousand weight, and with his finger rolls up a pewter dish of seven pounds hard metal; he lays the back part of his head on one chair and his heels on another, and suffering four men to stand on his body, he moves them up and down at pleasure; he lifts a table six feet in length by his teeth, with half a hundred weight hanging at the farther end of it, and lastly, to oblige the public, he will lift a butt full of water." Topham, however, did not, like the hamal of Constantinople, carry a four-wheeled carriage on his back, nor did his extraordinary strength conduce to the equanimity of his temper or to his peace of mind, if we may judge by his end, for in the obituary notices of last century it is stated that on August 10, 1749, "died Thomas Topham, known by the name of the Strong Man, master of a public house in Shoreditch, London. In a fit of jealousy he stabbed his wife, then cut his own throat and stabbed himself, after which he lived two days."

SUNSET WINGS.

TO-NIGHT this sunset spreads two golden wings
Cleaving the western sky;
Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the dove-cote-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
By turns in every copse:

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives, —
But for the whirr within,
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,
To many a refuge tend;
With the first light she laughed, and the last light
Glow round her still; who nathless in the night,
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
- Together sail and soar,
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
No more, farewell, no more!

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?
And oh, thou dying day,
Even as thou goest must she too depart,
And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart
As will not fly away?

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

NEW ROME.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS STORY'S ALBUM.

THE armless Vatican Cupid
Hangs down his beautiful head;
For the priests have got him in prison,
And Psyche long has been dead.

But see, his shaven oppressors
Begin to quake and disband;
And *The Times*, that bright Apollo,
Proclaims salvation at hand.

"And what," cries Cupid, "will save us?"
Says Apollo: "*Modernize Rome!*"
What inns! Your streets, too, how narrow!
Too much of palace and dome!

"Oh learn of London, whose paupers
Are not pushed out by the swells!
Wide streets with fine double trottoirs,
And then — the London hotels!"

The armless Vatican Cupid
Hangs down his head as before.
Through centuries past it has hung so,
And will through centuries more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AT THE GATE.

OUTSIDE the open gate a spirit stood.
One called: "Come in." Then he: "Ah, if I could!
For there within 'tis light and glorious,
But here all cold and darkness dwell with us."
"Then," said the other, "come. The gate is wide."
But he: "I wait two angels who must guide.
I cannot come unto Thee without these;
Repentance first, and Faith Thy face that sees.
I weep and call: they do not hear my voice;
I never shall within the gate rejoice."
"O heart unwise!" the voice did answer him
"I reign o'er all the hosts of seraphim.
Are not these angels also in my hand?
If they come not to thee 'tis my command.
The darkness chills thee, tumult vexes thee;
Are angels more than I? Come in, to me."
Then in the dark and restlessness and woe
That spirit rose and through the gate did go,
Trembling because no angel walked before,
Yet by the voice drawn onward evermore.
So came he weeping where the glory shone,
And fell down crying, "Lord, I come alone."
"And it was thee I called," the voice replied;
"Be welcome." Then Love rose, a mighty tide
That swept all else away. Speech found no place,
But silence, rapt, gazed up unto that face;
Nor saw two angels from the radiance glide,
And take their place forever at his side.

G. E. MEREDITH.

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